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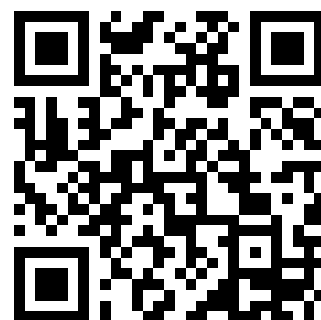
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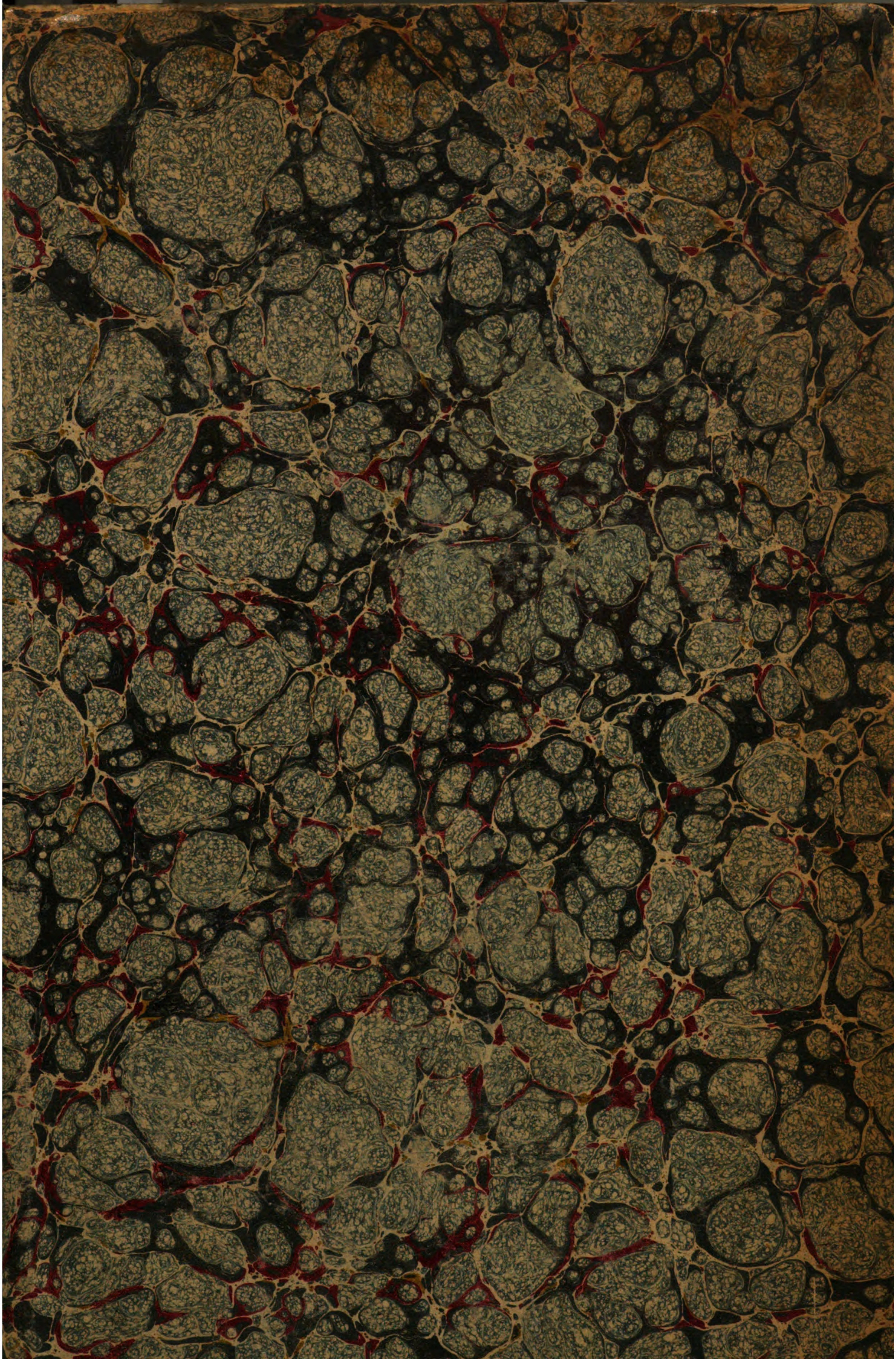


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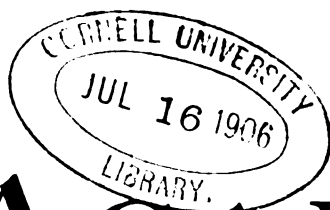
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(OCTOBER 6)

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(NOVEMBER 10)



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1783

JULY 7, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

HAVING been brought up in an old-fashioned school, we were taught to regard all attempts at spelling reform as unscientific, unscholarly and detestable. And yet, when such a scholar as Professor Skeat addresses to such a body as the British Academy a paper which a first glance shows to recommend such an attempt, we feel, even before we have read the pamphlet, that there must be more to be said for the proposal than our traditions and our prejudice have allowed. And to read Professor Skeat's pamphlet is to learn that it is our present spelling which is unscientific, unscholarly and detestable. Why do we write "deal" and "clean" when we say "deel" and "cleen"? Because Norman scribes in the reigns of the first two Edwards did not understand the Anglo-Saxon symbol æ. Why do we write "have" and "give" for "hav" and "giv," and spell the verb "live" in the same way as the adjective "live"? Because we are preserving a use that became useless when *u* ceased to be written for *v*, and the final *e* lost its significance. Why do we write "comfort" and "monkey," when we say "cumfort" and "munkey"? Because the later Norman scribes found that *um* and *un* were indistinct—as they are apt to be to this day—in manuscript. And when we dub "labor" an American form, we are revealing our ignorance of the state of our spelling of the unaccented syllable "before Columbus was born."

These are only a few of the stabs which Professor Skeat deals to our pride of scholarship, in a paper which will, at least, deliver the question of spelling reform from the ridicule it has hitherto endured. His point is this: that we cling to the old forms of spelling, without realising how those old forms were pronounced. Written words are mere symbols of sounds. The spoken forms change from generation to generation (we have touched on this subject occasionally in these columns); the spellings have, indeed, been changed, in the endeavour to get a better representation of the sounds intended to be suggested, but mainly before the increase of printing had made the public so familiar with the printed form as to dissociate it from the spoken, and then only in a half-hearted and often ignorant manner. It follows that "a large number of our words are spelled so as to show how they were *formerly* pronounced, which at once explains why they are no longer phonetically exact."

Besides being cumbrous and troublesome to learn, causing unnecessary trouble to teachers and tears to children, and sending up the printing-bills of the British Empire, according to Professor Skeat's calculation, by some thousands of pounds annually, our spelling is, therefore, unscientific and unscholarly. What is the remedy? According to Professor Skeat, to use our pretty accurate knowledge of how Latin was pronounced in classical times; to pronounce it so ourselves and make our boys pronounce

it so, and to adopt the Italian sounds of vowels as our guide in phonetic spelling. That great simplification would result from a well-considered scheme of spelling reform, no one, we believe, has denied, except some few "hard-shell" objectors who declare that they will be unable to distinguish "sea" from "see," when they find no difficulty in distinguishing "see" (*videre*) from "See" (*sedes*).

And, detestable as we shall continue to consider it to have to write "solv," "promis," "hed," "peepl," "feeld" "looz," cum," "labor," "decalog," "eg," "comand" and other hideous forms which Professor Skeat recommends, we are quite aware that their beauty or ugliness is a matter of familiarity (indeed, we rather like "looz," and "eg" is, at least, no uglier than "egg"); and, in any case, it is better to endure ugliness than to be incorrect. The people who have poured scorn on spelling reform as unscholarly must be the first to adopt a reformed spelling which is proved to be more scholarly than their own. The sentimental objection—that mistakes hallowed by time carry with them a fragrance of association more valuable than mere accuracy—is not one that can outweigh the claims of scholarship and practical use. But the great point—a point on which we have no intention of pronouncing *pro* or *con*—is just that: On which side lies true scholarship? The name of Professor Skeat is a warranty of enormous weight, but—will no champion arise to prove him wrong, and save us our eggs and our heads?

All visitors to Rome know and love the Trinita steps that run up from the Piazza di Spagna; the spot where the flower-sellers and the artists' models gather to make a brilliant patch of colour against the prevailing red-brown tone of the city. Not all visitors, strange to say, have noticed the tablet on the wall of the house at the bottom of the steps on the right as you look up towards the church; a tablet that records the death in that house on February 23, 1821, of John Keats. The attractions of the spot are so well known that it was a foregone conclusion that some day some one would try to build a hotel there; and not long ago the house in which Keats died was threatened with demolition for that purpose. A group of British and American men of letters in Rome, at the initiative—to their honour be it recorded—of the American members, intervened to try and save it. English, Roman and American committees were formed, and after keeping their proceedings as quiet as possible lest publicity should send up the price of the house, they have obtained an option of purchase, and nearly half of the £4000 or thereabouts required for the purchase of the house.

The scheme is now made public and appeals for further donations are issued. In the *New York Times* and *Saturday Review* Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the secretary of the American Committee, states that the project comprises the purchase of the house, the perpetual oversight and defence of the graves of Keats, Shelley and their two friends, Joseph Severn, the artist, and Edward John Trelawney, the author of "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author," who are buried beside them in the cemetery outside the Porta San Paolo; and the establishment in the Keats *appartement* of a memorial library, to include editions of Keats and Shelley, biographies, criticisms, manuscripts, letters, portraits and so forth.

The English Committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Crewe, includes nearly every distinguished man of letters living; and the project has the hearty approval of the King and the President of the United States and King Victor Emmanuel. Donations should be sent either to Mr. Harold Boulton, Honorary Secretary, 120 Victoria Street, S.W., or to Messrs. Child, 1 Fleet Street, for the account of the Keats-Shelley Memorial.

A correspondent asks what is the meaning of the phrase occurring on p. 611 of last week's ACADEMY: "The most illustrious poet who ever was made lawyer." We hasten to explain that "lawyer" should be "Laureate," and that the reference is to Tennyson. "Your encouragement," wrote Palgrave, ungrammatically, in the Dedication to Tennyson of the "Golden Treasury," "given while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas, led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance."

By the time these lines appear the Warwick Pageant will have been visited, described, illustrated and discussed by half Britain and three-quarters of America, and nothing remains to be said about it. It was, from all points of view, completely successful; such a spectacle as has not been seen since the age of Elizabeth, such a concentration of local force on a deed of *pietas* as has not occurred since the palmy days of the Miracles. It is easy to sneer at "parish-patriotism"; it is only from such pride as this that the larger world-patriotism can find development, and he will never be a good citizen of the world who is not a good citizen of his town or village.

With or without the authority of history, Mr. Parker began the story of Warwick with the capture by the Romans of Caradoc; and in doing so he did well from one point of view at least. We are too little interested in these early British heroes—possibly because we ourselves stand to a part of the world in the same relation as Rome once stood to us. People who are old enough to have learned their dates by the now discarded method of *memoria technica* may remember that:

Boadicea, through loss in strife,
In sixty-two destroyed her life,
Caractacus in nine years more
Banged his head against the door.

Delight in those immortal lines and an occasional glance at Bonduca on the Thames embankment limit their interest.

It is curious to note that the Romans themselves made very little of their conquests and deeds of valour in Britain. In a book recently published by the Manchester University Press, "Melandra Castle," we find a very interesting paper by Dora Limebeer, M.A., on "Britain in the Roman Poets," in which are collected all the references. The Romans hated service in Britain. To begin with, it was so far off—in quite another world—"penitus toto divisos orbe . . . Britannos" says Virgil—and "alio in orbe . . . Britannos" says a writer even so late as Claudian; sundered from Rome by a sea which was not only a terror in itself but was "beluosus," the home of the dread "ballaena Britannica." And its inhabitants, as the Roman poets saw them, were blood-thirsty savages, dyed green and blue—a barbarous practice to which Propertius compares the dyed hair of a lady he wishes to insult. It was the Romans who started the fashion of declaring our climate abominable. Service here meant no glory, no plunder, very little pay, and very hard work making roads and bridges, while the nimble Briton, "hospitibus ferus" as ever, darted about in his coracle, heaving more dangerous things than half-bricks at the stranger.

"Grandeur and wildness of scenery," writes Miss Limebeer, "were to most of the Romans merely untidy obstructions to comfort and conquest. . . . And why go to Britain when all that was really pleasant or useful could be enjoyed at Rome? First-rate oysters, for example, and second-rate pearls, and ornamental British chariots for fashionable use. There was British basket work for Roman ladies and hunting dogs for the men.

Divisa Britannia mittit
Veloces, nostrique orbis venatibus aptos."

The hunting of their *world*! "Pictured Britons [even in Virgil's time] were interwoven in the curtains at the theatre, and real Britons really killed each other at the triumphal games of Claudius in a mock attack or an imitation Camolodunum set up in the field of Mars."

One or two deaths that should not pass unrecorded have occurred since the publication of our last number. M. Albert Sorel, a name too little known in this country, was a historian of great eminence, who only a few weeks before his death had been awarded by the Institute the Osiris prize of one hundred thousand francs. His chief work was the unfinished "Europe et la Révolution Française," a subject which his minute research and genius for interpretation had placed in a new light, and in which his admirable literary style was shown at its best. Mr. William Day, of Day and Son, the well-known firm of lithographers, will be remembered by some as having made paper money for Kossuth, and being tried with him on a charge of levying war on the Emperor of Austria. The notes were ordered to be destroyed, but a few copies were saved and are treasured by the family. George Augustus Sala was at one time a draughtsman in his office. The name of Mr. Budgett Meakin is not, perhaps, so familiar to readers of the ACADEMY as his writing, which frequently appeared in these columns. An authority on Morocco and the Moors, Mr. Meakin, who was under forty when he died, acted as special correspondent to the *Tribune* at the Algeiras Conference; and another subject which he had taken up with characteristic enthusiasm was the housing of the poor. His loss will be deeply felt by the British Institute of Social Service, which he helped to found, as well as by a very large number of personal friends. We regret to learn from Budapest that Dr. Joseph Körösy de Szántó, a distinguished member of the Hungarian Academy of Science and of the International Statistical Institute, and founder and director of the Bureau Communal de Statistique of the city of Budapest, died there on June 24.

An interesting and authentic relic of Oliver Goldsmith—the desk chair he used when writing "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village"—is to be offered for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on Tuesday next. At the time of his death Goldsmith was in debt to his intimate friend, Edmund Bott, who had lent him a considerable sum of money; being thus his principal debtor, he at once took possession of the Doctor's effects. The library was sold, but this chair was retained by Bott, as being the most personal and precious relic of his friend, and taken to his house in Christchurch. Its descent through the families of Mowbray and Shaw-Lefevre to its present possessor is known step by step, and documents proving its identity accompany it.

The question of copyright exists in Roumania as elsewhere. By a law passed in 1862, the rights of an author are safeguarded for his life and the ten years following his death, but by Article 9 of the same law a foreigner, to secure these privileges, must deposit four printed copies of his work in Roumania, and must make a written request for its registration. This article, however, fell into desuetude, and in 1904 it was suppressed. Nevertheless, considerable doubt seems to be felt as to the exact position of a foreign author, more especially as by a law of 1885 Roumanian authors must present three copies of their work to the State with a view to the endowment of public libraries. Two French publishers have brought a test case to the courts, and have obtained a verdict in favour of the exemption of French works from Article 9. But the High Court of Appeal has yet to give its decision. The probabilities are that Roumania will ultimately adhere to the Convention of Berne, in order to put the question of copyright on a satisfactory footing once for all.

The Annual Meeting of the Library Association will be held during the first week in September at Bradford, under the presidency of Sir William H. Bailey. The provisional programme foreshadows papers on important subjects. Village Libraries. Libraries for Secondary Schools, and the Relation of Public Libraries to the Present System of Education are amongst the announcements; and a model "bindery" for a library will be exhibited. We are glad to see that, in addition to the exhibition of best books, it is proposed to issue a list of the best books published between January 1905 and March 1906—but why stop at March? Could it not be continued to June? The value of such a list is inestimable, and the more recent it is the greater is its value.

The three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt is to be celebrated in Amsterdam by an exhibition of modern Dutch art, including works by Alma-Tadema, Jacob Maris, Mauve, Josef Israels, and others, to which Queen Wilhelmina is lending some very valuable pictures from the Royal collections. On July 15 there will be a celebration at the statue of Rembrandt, and in the evening a torchlight procession in costume to the strains of a hymn sung by an immense choir. At Leyden a statue of Rembrandt is to be unveiled on the site of the house where he was born, and an exhibition of his pictures and etchings will be opened.

If it be true that foreign opinion anticipates the judgment of posterity, it would seem that the Pre-Raphaelite movement is destined to be misunderstood. To set the world right on this matter Mr. Holman Hunt has written two prolix volumes with which it is to be presumed M. Raymond Laurent has made himself acquainted. This critic, however, in his *Introduction à l'étude du préraphaélisme anglais*, contributed to the last two numbers of the Paris review, *L'Ermitage*, entirely ignores that aspect of Pre-Raphaelitism of which Millais and Holman Hunt were the foremost exponents, and proceeds at considerable length to extract the essence of the movement from the pictures of Rossetti and Burne-Jones and the writings of our nineteenth-century men of letters, who, from Wordsworth to Mr. Bernard Shaw, are all swept into the net of M. Laurent's "préraphaélisme anglais." Setting aside his cardinal blunder in failing to distinguish between the naturalists and the mediævalists, between the progressives and the reactionaries of this school, M. Laurent's analysis of that sentimental archaism which became the Pre-Raphaelitism of Rossetti and his followers is discriminating, if it lacks novelty. But is he not going a little too far in saying that "Death, Tears, Love, these are the sentiments found in every Pre-Raphaelite picture, in every Pre-Raphaelite poem"? Of the partial nature of his investigations no better proof is needed than his final summary: "Des anthropomorphistes, grisés de rêve, épris d'éternité, las de force et de vie passagère, des résumés de tout un grondement de passion s'apaisant, les dernières fleurs épanouies d'un jardin épuisé, gorgé de voluptueuses productions: voilà les préraphaélites."

Two purchases of national interest were made from Messrs. Christie's picture-sale on Saturday. On behalf of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland Messrs. Agnew paid 255 guineas for Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Portrait of Sir John Macpherson*, who succeeded Warren Hastings as Governor-General of India; while Mr. Lionel Cust of the National Portrait Gallery, London, secured for 105 guineas the *Small Portrait of Edward Gibbon*, by H. Walton, which was recently lent by Lord Sheffield to the Oxford Historical Portraits Exhibition. At the same sale two new records were established by the 1150 guineas and 820 guineas given respectively by Mr. Hodgkins for Cosway's drawing, *The Fair Stepmother and Ladies of the Loftus Family*, and Downman's drawing of *John Edwin, Comedian, and Mrs. Mary Wells, Actress (nicknamed "Cowslip") in the Play of "Agreeable Surprises."* The

keenest contest of the day was occasioned by Turner's *The Rape of Europa*, which cost Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi 6400 guineas. If we remember rightly, this sum has only three times been exceeded for a Turner subject, the sale-room record for this master being £8610 given by Messrs. Agnew in 1899 for *A View in Venice*. Compared with the sums given for works by other great masters, these prices are not extravagant, but it must be remembered that the finest examples of Turner's art are, with few exceptions, beyond the reach of dealers, and *The Rape of Europa*, belonging as it does to the period of the recently discovered Turners at the Tate Gallery, is probably the best example that has yet appeared at an auction.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Cecil Sharp was not entirely surrounded by his friends and colleagues when he continued his folk-song propaganda last week by a concert lecture at Æolian Hall. We recognised a good many such present, but his remarks were really addressed to people who still ask: "What is folk-song?" or, "What is the good of it?" He told them what it is and what is the good of it, and also gave us an amusing picture of his methods of collecting these gems of musical and poetic art, which spring straight from the heart of the people. He sits by the roadside while an old stonebreaker sings to him and covers him with a shower of small stones the while, or he braves the atmosphere of washing-day to gather spoils from an old woman, who can only sing while she is at work. All the genuine folk-song singers are very old, which is in itself sufficient reason for making haste to get their songs upon paper. Very soon the chance will be gone for ever.

But Mr. Sharp asks no one to take his word for it that the songs are worth preservation. A number of very beautiful examples were sung and are published in his valuable collections of "Folk-songs from Somerset." These go to show that there is, or was, somewhere in the English people a deep-rooted and delicate sense of musical rhythm, which should have matched our great poetry with great music. Certain adverse circumstances prevented its fruition, but no unrhythmic race could have produced such songs as "I'm seventeen come Sunday" or "Dabbling in the Dew." But, apart from the musical value of the tunes and the indication in them of musical possibilities as yet unfulfilled by the conscious art of the town musician, the subjects of the songs and the general tone of both words and music indicate, as Mr. Sharp pointed out, racial characteristics for which we do not generally give ourselves, or rather our country cousins, credit. Irrepressible merriment, love-making of a careless and jovial kind, the glorification of a roving life and generally of a "gay dog" attitude, with an occasional touch of good-humoured cynicism, are not the qualities usually attributed to the English son of the soil. Yet this is the perpetual tone of English folk-music and folk-poetry, while a strain of deep feeling is not lacking. On the other hand, the sentimentality which extols home-life of "the arm-chair by the fire" type, or the patriotism of "The Soldiers of the Queen," is entirely absent, or, if found, is a sure sign of the invasion of the modern music-hall ballad. It is something to know that we are not the natural inheritors of this disease.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. Friday, July 6.—Sale of Objets d'Art, China, Old Silver, Furniture, etc., including the residue of the property of the late James Staats Forbes.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Thursday, July 5 to Monday July 9 inclusive.—Sale of Books and Manuscript including the library of the late W. Jeeves, the library of Mr. F. S. Stevenson, and a portion of the library of the late Henry Tuke.—Monday and Tuesday, July 9 and 10. Sale of Autograph letters and historical documents, important letters and relics of the Wesley family and the desk chair used by Oliver Goldsmith.—Wednesday, July 11 to Saturday, July 14. Sale of Engravings and Etchings, historical prints and broadsides, from the collection of the late Alfred Morrison.

LITERATURE

AN ENGLISH EPIC

Drake. An English Epic. Books i.-iii. By ALFRED NOYES.
(Blackwood, 6s. net.)

IN his exordium to this poem Mr. Alfred Noyes shows himself well aware of the magnitude of the task he has undertaken. He sees as in a vision England's epic age as a theme "Worthy the great Homeric roll of song." In a note he tells us that he hopes to complete "the unattempted task" in twelve Books, of which we have an instalment of three in the volume before us. It cannot be said that in this he exaggerates at all. The Elizabethan age ranks as one of the greatest in the history of the world, and, if ever a hero deserved to be immortalised in poetry, that hero was Francis Drake. He, in very truth, won the world for England's domain, and while he was doing so the mother country brought forth "souls that have swept the spiritual seas." In the author's own words:

For round the throne of great Elizabeth
Verulam, Burleigh, Sidney, Spenser, More,
Clustered like stars, rare Jonson like the crown
Of Cassiopeia, Marlowe ruddy as Mars,
And over all those mighty hearts arose
The soul of Shakespeare brooding far and wide
Beyond our small horizons, like a light
Thrown from a vaster sun that still illumines
Tracts which the arc of our increasing day
Must still leave undiscovered, unexplored.

It will be noticed that Mr. Noyes has chosen blank verse for his medium of expression, and he manages it well. The lines themselves are at once musical and majestic, the epithets are charged with fire and colour and the tale is carried on with splendid energy. It begins in the Council Chamber of Queen Elizabeth. We see the mighty Bess in perplexity. Full of courage, her woman's heart still inclines to the subtler craft of Burleigh. She knows that Mary of Scotland is waiting for a war with Spain, and that "France o'er a wall of bleeding Huguenots watched for an hour to strike." But in the midst of her deliberation a travel-stained seaman arrives with a tale of torture by the Inquisition. He tells his story in the greatest agitation, but with the fault of too much coherency. In such circumstances we would have expected broken words and elliptical sentences, suggesting rather than telling what he had to tell. Elizabeth arrives at a swift decision:

My lords, this is the last cry they shall wring
From English lips unheeded: we will have
Such remedies for this as all the world
Shall tremble at!

Meanwhile Drake is lying *perdu* in his London lodging nursing dreams of the Spanish Main. To him comes Walsingham, and eventually Queen Elizabeth sends for the sea-hero. The interview is most successfully described. Queen Elizabeth acts right royally, although at the time her heart was torn with her love for Leicester and the obstacle to it raised by the existence of Amy Robsart. While Drake is waiting, he hears a maid singing to her, even as David sang to Saul. This gives occasion for the introduction of one of the many beautiful lyrics that adorn the poem. We quote the first and last verses of the song:

Now the purple night is past,
Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
Roses on thy breast, a rose;
Now the kisses are all done,
Now the world awakes anew,
Now the charmed hour is gone,
Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
Gods are spent like wasting flames,
Hardly the new peoples know
Their divine thrice-worshipped names!

At the last great hour of all,
When Thou makest all things new,
Father, hear Thy children call,
Let not love go, too.

The conclusion of the interview is that the queen gives Drake a private commission. He is to sail the flag of the pirate and stand alone till the end is reached, but he is promised final support and whatever gold is required. Then we have a hint of the intrigue with which these first Books are largely concerned:

But in the room
Where Drake had held his converse with the Queen
The embroidered arras moved, and a lean face,
White with its long eavesdropping upon death,
Crept out and peered as a venomous adder peers
From out dark ferns, then as the reptile flashes
Along a path between two banks of flowers
Almost too swift for sight, a stealthy form
—One of the fifty spies whom Burleigh paid—
Passed down the gold-gloomed corridor to seek
His master, whom among great books he found,
Calm, like a mountain brooding o'er the sea.

The result is that, when Drake starts for his expedition, he is accompanied by a creature of Burleigh's, Thomas Doughty, who wins his way to friendship with the great seaman and acts with more than Mephistophelian treachery. As they enter upon the Channel seas after their departure a very pretty song is introduced as sung by the seamen, of which the following is the last verse:

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
Our Eldorado gleams,
Revealing—as the skies unfold—
A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Doughty sows dissension among the sailors, who fight like sea-wolves whenever they meet a Spaniard, but are invaded by doubt and superstition when they think of the long voyage and its ambiguous ending. Drake's magnificent trustfulness in human nature is finely developed, as well as the meanness of the spy by whom he is accompanied. The end comes when Doughty tries to escape in Drake's ship, the *Golden Hynde*, and he is condemned to death. The end is historical. When his sentence is made known Doughty laughs.

Doughty laughed out and said, "Since I must die,
Let us have one more hour of comradeship,
One hour as old companions. Let us make
A feast here, on this island, ere I go
Where there is no more feasting." So they made
A great and solemn banquet as the day
Decreased; and Doughty bade them all unlock
Their sea-chests and bring out their rich array.
There, by that wondering ocean of the West,
In crimson doublets, lined and slashed with gold,
In brodered lace and double golden chains
Embossed with rubies and great cloudy pearls
They feasted, gentleman adventurers,
Drinking old malmsey, as the sun sank down.

Now Doughty, fronting the rich death of day,
And flourishing a silver pouncet-box
With many a courtly jest and rare conceit,
There as he sat in rich attire, out-braved
The rest.

Finally Doughty and Drake "kissed each other, as brothers, on the cheek." Then Doughty kneeled and Drake beheaded him with the two-edged naked sword.

Our criticism on this part of the story is that it is not prepared for by the figure that Doughty cuts previously. A traitor who day by day worms himself into the confidence of his friend with the intent to betray him, who on several occasions shows the most abject cowardice, and who is neither more nor less than a spy of the worst description, could scarcely have met his end so bravely and gaily. Excepting this one fault, however, there is little but praise to be bestowed on this fine attempt to render in verse what is perhaps the most striking and pregnant epoch in the history of England.

SCHILLER IN ENGLAND

Schiller's Dramas and Poems in England. By THOMAS REA. (Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE greater part of this book is devoted to the dull task of exposing the various degrees of inaccuracy, flatness, and futility which distinguish most of the English versions of works by Schiller. English translators are a notorious race of evil-doers; but was it necessary, in investigating the influence exerted by the German dramatist on our literature, to collect evidence of all the misdemeanours which were committed in his name? We do not think so, especially as Mr. Rea, in his eager pursuit of the offenders, seems to have overlooked the main point of interest in the matter.

In appearance, Schiller is one of the few foreign poets who succeeded in altering the form and spirit of English poetry. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century he had as considerable a following in this country as he afterwards obtained in France. The forty English editions of his works and the seventy-three editions of English versions of his plays and poems are some evidence of this. And there is, besides, Hazlitt's record of the fact that for many years he converted English dramatic literature into a branch of German tragedy. Hazlitt, like Wordsworth, Coleridge and Scott, was among Schiller's admirers. "*The Robbers*," Hazlitt said, "stunned me like a blow. . . . The last interview in *Don Carlos*, I remember, gave me a deep sense of suffering, and a strong desire after good, which has haunted me ever since." In spite, however, of this, he did not attach any great literary significance to "the loud trampling of the German Pegasus on the English stage," for, after all, he concludes that, if the world were only what it pretended to be, "such extravagant and prodigious paradoxes would . . . meet with sympathy in no human breast." And, as a matter of history, "the loud trampling of the German Pegasus on the English stage," was an event of very little literary significance.

For Schiller's influence on English literature was extraordinarily ineffectual in comparison with his influence on French literature. Undoubtedly, this influence can be traced as clearly in the plays of Wordsworth and Coleridge as in the dramas and novels of Victor Hugo and his contemporaries; but in the works of the English poets the ideas of the German dramatist are not expressed with a shadow of the power and splendour with which they are set forth in the works of the French poets. In the literature of the French romantic movement these ideas are predominant. From Schiller the playwrights of the new school derived their inspiration, their art, and much of their subject-matter. In the literature of the English romantic movement, however, the influence of the author of *The Robbers* was a force which tended only to mislead and bring to nought the genius of the best writers. Its effect on Wordsworth is seen in *The Borderers*; its effect on Coleridge is seen in *Osorio*; its effect on other men is seen in some of the worst tragedies of Maturin, M. G. Lewis, and Sheridan Knowles. In fact, no English work, in which the spirit of Schiller is as potent as it is in *Hernani* and *Les Misérables*, is of any great literary value.

That is, we think, the main point of interest in the study of Schiller's influence on English literature. How was it that this influence dulled the genius of Wordsworth, and brightened the genius of Hugo? The question is one in regard to which it is illuminating to note that on the German poets of the romantic school also the influence of Schiller was slight and ineffectual. None of them followed him, when, after a vain attempt to found a national theatre, he led his Muse back to the Canossa of French classicism. They turned instead for fresh inspiration to the folk-songs and traditions of their own people, to the impulses of their own minds, and the passions of their own hearts. And so, at last, did the English poets. There they discovered the authentic power of intuition

which Schiller lacked. For Schiller's intellect, as Carlyle acutely remarked, was systematic and scholastic rather than intuitive.

In all Schiller's earlier writings, nay, more or less in the whole of his writings [said Carlyle], this comparatively barren elevation appears as a leading characteristic. . . . He dwells on old, conventionally noble themes, never looking abroad over the many-coloured stream of life, to elucidate and ennoble it. . . . The interest turns on prescribed, old-established matters; common love-mania, passionate greatness, enthusiasm for liberty and the like.

Schiller was, in fact, a poet of the French Revolution, and, in his plays, less a poet, perhaps, than a rhetorician; as such he naturally appealed more strongly to the French writers who lived on the ideas of that Revolution, than he did to the English and German writers who were seeking for new and deeper sources of poetry. Across the sky, from which Goethe shines tranquil and clear, Schiller, like a meteor, blazed and vanished.

THE LIBER STUDIORUM

Turner's Liber Studiorum. By W. G. RAWLINSON. Second edition. (Macmillan, 20s. net.)

FOR years, collectors and others interested in Turner's "Liber Studiorum" have been awaiting the publication of the second edition of Mr. Rawlinson's catalogue; and, now it has appeared, all Liber lovers will feel a deep debt of gratitude towards the author for the admirable manner in which he has accomplished his task. The first edition appeared in 1878; and since then new facts have been brought to light, new states have been discovered, errors have been detected, modifications have been suggested, and from many sources new material has accumulated to be considered and dealt with. Now, we have the harvest of these many years of watchful work, and are intensely thankful. Mr. Rawlinson is a keen and enthusiastic amateur who has taken up the cause of the Liber with ardent devotion, and the result is no mere compilation, but a work pulsating with vigorous life from beginning to end. Of the Liber Mr. Rawlinson declares: "I believe that to all time it will be regarded as a monumental work of art, and that it will take rank with the highest productions of the greatest landscape-painter which the world has yet seen."

In the book before us Turner's "Liber Studiorum" is reconstructed, from its inception in October 1806 under the spurring influence of the Rev. Henry Trimmer, as related in an invaluable letter by the clergyman's daughter Mrs. Clara Wheeler (by the way, Thornbury in his revised edition, 1877, pp. 234, 491, refers to this letter, and to Mrs. Wheeler as a daughter of Mr. Wells, the artist, of Knockholt), right through its history, without a missing link, down to the admirable plates mezzotinted in recent years by Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A. We watch the plates as they are being engraved under the supervision of the great artist, learn the ridiculously small price paid to the engravers, go with the plates to the printer and find how many first-rate impressions can be taken, ascertain the system of publication, listen to the disagreements between Turner and his interpreters and printsellers, are told in how many states the plates appeared and the precise differences between the states, trace into whose hands the best impressions went, and discover where these best impressions are preserved at the present day. What more could be wished for in such a work? One thing would have added considerably to the value of the book. The late Henry Blackburn used to insist that the slightest outline sketch conveyed to the mind a more vivid impression of a picture than much printed description; and had Mr. Rawlinson placed such a sketch, even though it had been only the size of a postage stamp, in, say, the place occupied by the initial letter of the first paragraph of each number, he would have added much interest. Then, in turning over the leaves of the book, the collector

would grasp the Liber at a glance, for the compositions of the unpublished plates are not familiar to all, while memory may deceive us in regard to others. Let any one place a postage stamp sideways in the spot indicated and judge for himself.

There has been some doubt as to which plate was engraved first. Mr. Rawlinson for several reasons considers the *Bridge and Goats*, aquatinted by F. C. Lewis, the premier plate, and cannot accept the "very ingenious argument" put forward by Mr. C. F. Bell in *The Studio* winter number of 1903. But, as Mr. Rawlinson accepts Mrs. Wheeler's letter (pp. xii.-xiii.) as conclusive evidence of the genesis of the whole work during Turner's visit to her father in October 1806, some weight should be allowed to a statement in the same letter, that "before he [Turner] left us the first five subjects which form the first number were completed and arranged for publication." These five plates were all engraved by Charles Turner and "issued January 20, 1807." The *Bridge and Goats* bears date "April 23, 1812." Mr. Rawlinson thinks this engraved date an error, as Turner "was never an accurate man in such matters"; but he does not cite another plate to support this view. So far as we have tested, the catalogue is very accurate; and Mr. Frank Short's technical help has been of much value. But State ii. of Plate 30 says: "No dot in 'o' of 'Athol' in title"; and State iii.: "A dot added in centre of 'o's' of 'Scotland' and 'Athol' in title." We know a state with a dot in the 'o' of 'Scotland,' but without one in the 'o' of 'Athol.' This state is either not described or is described ambiguously. On p. 192 Mr. Rawlinson tells us: "Kingston Bank has been engraved in pure mezzotint by Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A." This plate can hardly be described as "pure mezzotint," as we have recently seen two etching state impressions. In a foot-note to p. vii. of the first edition complaint was made of the exhibiting the Liber drawings at the National Gallery. "Not only are they becoming utterly faded and in other ways deteriorated by continual exposure. . . ." The drawings are still on public view and the Vaughan bequest has been added to them; but this condemnatory note has been suppressed in the present volume. Does it mean that the author has changed his views?

In the preface Mr. Rawlinson thanks only four helpers, the fourth being described as "last, but not least." But during such a number of years, in a work of this kind, many must have contributed information and assistance, and we expected to find at least an omnibus paragraph of thanks for help received. The work is a second edition; but the alterations are so extensive, the additional descriptions of the engravers' proofs so important and full, and the whole work so thoroughly revised and recast, that it is practically rewritten and virtually a new book. No Liber collector can dare to be without it, nor will any such dream of trying.

THE FROSTY CAUCASUS

Fire and Sword in the Caucasus. By LUIGI VILLARI. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult for Englishmen to take an intelligent interest in the internal affairs of Russia, owing to the vast number of problems involved, all of which depend upon varying local circumstances, and also because comparatively few of us, even as tourists, know the country, and fewer still can speak or read the Russian language. No part of the Russian Empire is more full of interesting problems than the Caucasus, and no part is harder to understand, because of the difficulties of access and of language. Mr. Villari has already, in his "Russia Under the Great Shadow," shown that he is a keen observer and an attractive writer, and by his new book he will add considerably to his reputation. During the summer and autumn of last year he visited every important centre of political unrest in

the Caucasus, and was able to interview men so differently situated as the chief of the secret police, Georgian revolutionary leaders, peasants, editors, and consuls. Even the Russian viceroy granted an audience. Mr. Villari describes him as "a man of excellent intentions and full of goodwill, but far too much of a courtier to deal with the situation"; Prince Louis Napoleon, Governor-General of Erivan, refused to be "drawn," being afraid lest his words "should get into the papers"; and finally the venerable Katholikos of Armenia received this intrepid interviewer. With time at his disposal and with advantages of this kind, it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Villari has been able to produce a most interesting record of his travels and impressions.

The Caucasus is, like every part of Russia, a land of contrasts; but there, where the land is inhabited by alien races, these contrasts are more than ever emphasised. East and West meet at Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Constantinople, and a score of other places, to the joy of the tourist [and the journalist; but in the Caucasus may be found more surprises.

There writes Mr. Villari], side by side with Nationalist claims and bitter racial and religious animosities, we see attempts to realise the conceptions of Social Democracy; together with evidences of mediæval barbarism we find men actually putting the theories of Marx into practice.

In that country, where it appears that a welcome awaits the traveller, may be seen places such as the deserted town of Ani with its massive ruins and cave dwellings, inhabited to this day by Armenian and Tartar troglodytes; Mount Ararat towering above the pigmy mountains which encircle it; and, best of all, the Gurian Republic. Guria is a district of Kutais where all the peculiarities of the Georgian character are seen in their most acute development. Here for two years Social Democracy has been put in practice, and, though Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance is not accepted, the Russian writ no longer runs and gendarmes and *politzmeisters* are vain things. Mr. Villari was present at a sitting of the popular tribunal at Ozurgety, the capital, which, though it may be the most primitive of institutions, is so effective that the local Russian court-house is deserted. The tribunal is held in the open and is composed in a very simple way. Some two hundred people were present when Mr. Villari attended.

There are no judges, no jury, no public prosecutor, no counsel; but every person present, whether man, woman or child, native or foreign, has the right to act in any or all of these capacities, and verdict and sentence are decided by the vote of the majority. One man is elected chairman, but merely for the sake of convenience, and he has no official authority beyond what is derived from the fact that he is old and has studied in a university. Every one, according to this communistic theory, who has an opinion on the matter under discussion has the right to express it, and each vote affects the ultimate decision.

The punishments inflicted are curious, the usual form being a strict boycott for a given period. As a sort of protest against the manners and customs of Russian officials, morals are rigorously protected. A man, who had pleaded guilty to adultery, was forced with his paramour to ride through the village naked on the back of an ass: during the progress they proclaimed their sin before all the assembled villagers, declared their contrition and vowed to lead a pure life in future.

In his travels the author had to put up with many discomforts. He was nearly arrested for taking a harmless photograph on a strategic railway, and at Vladikavkaz, where he was delayed by the railway strike, he witnessed some rioting after the reception of the manifesto which was the Magna Charta of Russian freedom. A procession was organised, consisting chiefly of schoolboys, to celebrate the occasion, but some patriots of the lower classes, who had not read the manifesto, interfered. Troops arrived, shooting became general, and a student who was said to have made an anti-monarchical speech was done to death by hooligans under Mr. Villari's eyes; looting by

Cossacks gave the necessary final touch. Thus was freedom celebrated at the foot of the Caucasus. Daily life, however, was generally of an uneventful description: at Tiflis, for example, he encountered an American scientist who was interested in the country solely from the point of view of bees and was going to Erivan, regardless of the Tartar-Armenian disturbances, to see a rare kind of grey bee, and to the headquarters of the Armenian church to inspect some hives of an unusual type kept by the monks.

Sympathy with the Armenians is certainly demanded of those who read the book, and with good reason, for, if protected from the Tartars, they might, with their devotion to their Church and their extraordinary love of education, become the most valuable asset in the Caucasus. The problem, however, of settling a country where there is no national unity will require all the skill of a liberal and progressive Russia.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, most of which were taken by the author, but has a lurid and sticky cover similar to that of Mr. Villari's last book on Russia. Mr. Villari has by no means a guide-book style, but his book on Russia had so remarkable a cover that it excited the grave suspicions of a gendarme—with a very large sword—at Kronstadt, who found it last summer in the present writer's luggage. To prevent any unpleasantness, the gendarme was told that the work was only a guide-book: the assurance was sufficient. The reviewer's conscience is salved by this confession, but the trouble was all due to the cover.

A MODERN VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT

The Christian Doctrine of Salvation. By GEORGE BARKER STEVENS, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Dwight Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. (T. & T. Clark, 12s.)

THE forensic theory of the Atonement has its commencement in St. Paul's Epistles. The theories of the other New Testament writers are quite distinct, though they have been consistently interpreted in the light of St. Paul's doctrine by Protestant theologians. Even in St. Paul's case it is evident that he is speaking in terms of Jewish legalism, partly as the result of his early training and associations, partly in order that he may refute the Pharisaic doctrine of salvation by ceremonial on its own ground. The theory, though already sufficiently elaborated in his writings to be recognised as the starting-point of its later form, is not yet made absolute, but is counterbalanced by one which has closer kinship with those of the Fourth Gospel and of the Epistle to the Hebrews in its mystical and moral character. It was on the latter lines that the doctrine first took shape in the writings of the Greek Fathers. The Crucifixion was subordinated to the life as a whole, to the Incarnation and pre-existence of the Logos. Individual salvation was conceived as effected by the mystical participation in the life, not by the imputation of the merits of the Passion. The life was appropriated by the individual as a member of that community of which Christ is the Head, by becoming assimilated to Christ in his sufferings and self-devotion. That Dr. Stevens imagines this aspect of St. Paul's teaching to have been neglected by theologians generally is due to the fact that his attention is almost exclusively directed to the developments of Protestant theology. This broader notion has always been the ruling conception of Catholicism, even when it has been rendered ineffective by the later growths of scholastic formalism.

It was indeed inevitable that the tragic and cruel death of such a being as Christ was believed to be, could not but assume sooner or later very deep significance for the Christian consciousness. But during the first five centuries the thought of the Church was mainly absorbed in the Christological speculations which led to the definition of the relations between the divine and human natures.

Theoretically, these definitions aimed at maintaining a just balance between the two, but the result of the general development of the Christian consciousness was to magnify the divinity at the expense of the humanity, a result which is very evident in the teaching of modern Roman Catholic theologians. The effect of this development upon the interpretation of Christ's death was slow in making itself felt. Anselm was the first to formulate a complete forensic theory. But it was in Protestantism that the idea of penal-substitution was elaborated in its most uncompromising form. Having overthrown the idea of the Church, with her visible means of grace, as the mystical Body of Christ whose life is shared by her members, the Reformers found it necessary to substitute something else which could strike the popular thought and feeling with graphic and pictorial effect. This was found in focussing the attention on the Crucifixion as a fact at once historical and mystical. Thus the Reformers went back to St. Paul, but not behind him. They left it to later theologians to bring to light once more the real features of Christ's humanity from behind the veil of theological dogma. Their conception of the Atonement drew its whole significance from the disproportionate growth of the idea of the divinity. But it remained for their successors, as Dr. Stevens shows, to carry the penal-substitution theory to the unreasonable and unethical results which are its logical issue. The bare statement of those results is, as he says, its most complete condemnation. And this is the course he adopts in his admirable historical summary, where the development of what he calls this "Protestant scholasticism" is traced with all the lucidity, conciseness and vigour of diction which characterise the work as a whole. In the constructive portion he considers the doctrine under its several aspects in the light of its history and states in clear terms his own theory, which is of the mystico-ethical order. He is doubtless right in saying that the development had its use in giving prominence to a certain aspect of Christ's work. But its chief value surely consists in showing that the interior dialectic of the theory inevitably leads to its own destruction.

The fresh interest which modern theology is creating in the human aspect of our Lord's life tends to destroy the false and unreal light in which his words and actions have been viewed, and thus permits the actual moral splendour of that life to manifest itself more freely. Protestantism, in fact, is completing the work of the Reformation by going back to the source, and in doing so reaches a region beyond controversy, that of ethical mysticism, which affords common ground to all Christians. This movement has not destroyed dogma as such, but has reversed the old theological method of using it, which was to measure the life and sayings of Jesus by dogmatic teaching; whereas it measures dogma by the standard of the life and teaching of Christ. Any dogma which manifestly conflicts with that moral standard is doomed to destruction, and that is why the penal-substitution theory must disappear. Our view of this theory, our view of theology in general, depends, as Dr. Stevens says, upon our fundamental idea of God. The penal-substitution theory makes God punish the innocent in the place of the guilty, which is immoral, or makes him repent in the sinner's stead, which is impossible. It brings God's attributes of mercy and justice into antagonism, and subordinates the former as optional to the latter as essential, being thus in direct conflict with the harmony of those attributes by which, in the Prophets and Evangelists, righteousness is manifested in mercy and love is the highest expression of divinity.

And Dr. Stevens goes to the root of the matter when he says that the revolution which is being accomplished in theology is due far more to the increased emphasis laid upon the divine immanence than to historical or Biblical criticism.

There are several points in the book which, did space permit, might furnish matter for criticism. But, as these

do not seriously affect the main argument, it is not necessary to do more than take note of the most important. The author seems to assume throughout the volume the historicity of at least the greater portion of the Fourth Gospel, and his argument on page 98 against the sacramental interpretation of John vi. depends entirely upon the truth of this view. Without entering into the question whether such a view may be considered critically sound, it must be pointed out that at this stage of the controversy, it is impossible to found arguments upon it as if it were universally acknowledged.

THE MERRY HEART

Felicity in France. By CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WHEN a stern closing of the consciousness to the fact that cleaner, cooler worlds exist is the one thing to make life endurable in this hot and dusty city, is it fair that Felicity, her aunt and her Gertruda, should be allowed to storm the carefully erected barrier of self-defence? The attack is irresistible; we can only capitulate, and wander, willing captives, through the flowery meads of France, to return to the realities of life with the murmur of the sea of Concarneau in our ears and the songs of the *Félibres* in our hearts. And Aunt Anne—was there ever such a travelling companion? A grandmother, but a grandmother who must be chaperoned. She is "slight and active, even to the point of athletic, her hair is dark, with a gun-metal shade, and curls crisply all over her head. Her eyes dance with mischief on occasions, notably on solemn occasions, like a school-boy's." She is, in fact, "a curious compound of an abnormally intelligent and active boy of sixteen and an exceedingly dignified, stately, and somewhat sarcastic little lady of sixty." Small wonder that Felicity accepts the onerous position of chaperon with a light heart. Small wonder, also, that, after losing her aunt and finding her again; in the sea at Trouville; arm-in-arm with a strange Mayor at Concarneau; in furious altercation with an atheist tourist at Tours; battling with her unwieldy purchases (a woolly lamb, a shawl, a pair of shoes, four white ducks, two black turkeys and a tea-set), in the market at Chinon, Felicity lifts up her voice and cries: "It is not one chaperon you need, Aunt Anne, it is a body-guard!" Aunt Anne fascinates every one, from the fat notary of Chenonceau to the gentle nuns at Chinon. Particularly interesting, just now, is the description of the convent life and the picture of the attitude of the lower classes towards MM. Combes, Pelletan, and the rest. Miss Maud has a full and sympathetic appreciation of the Breton fisherman. With what Stevenson called "his unflinching recognition of his own luck" combined with his deeply mystic side, he will always be an alluring study. The French child we have met before in Miss Maud's pages: it is as precocious and un-English as ever; but we make some delightful new friends as well: the old lady at Quimperlé; the distracted waiter-chambermaid at Blois; the old Grandmère at Tours; last but not least, the little German maid, Gertruda, beloved of *chefs* and *chauffeurs* and distinctly un-German in her pronounced views on matrimony. To the saintly Archevêc, *le père du peuple*, we cannot attempt to do justice here. Suffice it to say that we have met with no more charming figure since the immortal "Sylvestre Bonnard" of M. Anatole France.

The reader must turn for himself to these enchanting pages. If he does not feel the charm of Felicity's progress through Mistral's Provence, he is to be pitied. Avignon, the home of Petrarch's Laura; Arles, so nearly the capital of Constantine's Roman Empire, the birthplace of the "Ecole du Lion" and the *Félibres*, the shrine, for so long, of the famous Venus; Paradou, the home of Charloun, the peasant poet; Marlotte, where Murger wrote his "Vie de Bohême" and Barbizon, Millet's

Barbizon; Felicity visits all these and does homage to them in her graceful fashion. Balzac's house at Bourron she passes; "not an inspiring dwelling, but constructed on the dull, plain pattern of a chest of drawers." No wonder she and Aunt Anne, the latter the heroine of a "chasse à sanglier" and proud possessor of a pair of tusks, turn their backs upon Fair France with such heavy hearts. The book loses nothing by the fact that Miss Maud has to some extent dropped the tediously literal translation from the French, which figured largely in her earlier work; a curious language savouring more of the "Franc-ingle" and "Ingle-franc" of Dumauiet's "Peter Ibbetson" than of any known tongue. Miss Maud dedicates her book to Frédéric Mistral, and, indeed, she does full justice to the land he loves.

A LOVE-STORY OF THE EAST

Laili and Majnun. Translated from Nizami by J. ATKINSON. Edited by L. CRANMER-BYNG. (The Orient Press, Probsthain & Co., 5s.)

IT is only within the last fifty years that we have "heard the East a-calling" with any real appreciation. Before Mr. Quaritch received, in 1868, a certain bundle of translations of Persian quatrains, Oriental study was the occupation of the learned and the specialist. Nor was the change rapid; all the world knows of the five-shilling "Omar" reduced to the penny box. But it is from FitzGerald's translation that may be traced the rise of the present general avidity for scraps of Eastern wisdom and descriptions of Oriental countries. There had, of course, been isolated instances of popularity achieved by tales of the East; putting aside the Arabian Nights, there was Moore's "Lalla Rookh"; but, after all, that was the work of a Western poet who had already made his name. It may have been the interest aroused by this poem which led a certain James Atkinson, between 1830 and 1837, to translate one of the great epic poems of Nizami, and give to the world a version of "Laili and Majnun." A reprint of this poem, edited by Mr. Cranmer-Byng, forms the first of a series of "Love Stories of the East."

It is probably better to have any version of a fine thing than none; but we wish that Mr. Cranmer-Byng had given us a new translation of his own, for James Atkinson was essentially a son of his period, and the glowing Persian story is told with all the finicking precision of a "pretty" age, when "sensibility" was the vogue and real emotion was rare. We should like to accept the generous estimate of Atkinson's work contained in the introduction, but the fatal, unconscious appeals made to our sense of humour are against this. We follow with interest the account of Laili and Kais growing up together, and of the charms of the Arab girl as she left childhood behind. We perceive that Kais will fall in love with her: and then, in four lines, he does so, and

Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow.

When we have recovered from the dance, we are interested again; Laili is separated from her Kais, who goes mad with grief, and is therefore known afterwards as Majnun. His father demands for him the hand of Laili, but her parent will have no madman for a son-in-law: and all appear to overlook the fact that the cause of madness would be removed with the wedding. Several attempts to console him having failed, Majnun flies to the wilderness where his madness has unchecked sway. There he remains for many years, his only companions the beasts of the desert, who form his guard. News comes to him of Laili's marriage to a prosperous merchant, followed by a message from her that she is still true in her soul. She even asks him to go and see her; but at the last moment her courage fails her, and she will not see him. The impression we have of Laili, perhaps due to Atkinson's stilted verse, is that she derived a sort of pensive pleasure from the fact

that she was the heroine of a real love-story; and this impression remains even after the lady's exclamation:

Worse than a thousand madmen now I feel.

In due time her husband dies, and she sends for Majnún; the lovers meet for the first time after long years of sorrow. They sit silent together, till Lailí finds voice. Then the real tragedy occurs; the joy has come too late for Majnún; and even while he gazes into the familiar face madness comes upon him, and, tearing off his festival robes, he breaks away to the desert again. Lailí droops and dies, soon followed by Majnún. The poet has a vision of them united in a very Mohammedan heaven, but it is their lives on earth that hold our attention. In spite of the faults of translation—faults which it is not fair to blame on Mr. Atkinson, but on his age—the tragedy is poignant. It is the eternal story of Romeo and Juliet, common to all climes and all ages, and here and there it has so affected the translator that he rises above his conventions and becomes direct and convincing.

A WOMAN AT WATERLOO

A Week at Waterloo in June 1815. Lady DE LANCEY's narrative. Edited by Major B. R. WARD, R.E. (Murray, 6s.)

To criticise a narrative, which, though it has remained in manuscript for more than eighty years, has received the unstinted praise of Dickens and Scott, would be an impertinence, and to add to their words of praise would certainly be a rash attempt to paint the lily. The two great novelists write of Lady De Lancey's tale of suffering in different ways. Sir Walter Scott had never read anything, so he wrote, which affected his feelings more strongly. Dickens, in a very characteristic letter, wrote: "It is a striking proof of the power of that most extraordinary man Defoe that I seem to recognise in every line of the narrative something of him." And then, after writing of the story with an earnestness which "pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water," he says: "You won't smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things they don't wear out." The story itself is so sad that its publication seems, even after a length of time, to be almost an intrusion into the privacy of the widow's sorrow. Sir William, married only six weeks before the campaign began, died nine days after the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded by a spent cannon-ball. The first six weeks of the marriage had been very happy. Napoleon had landed from Elba, and Wellington, in forming his staff, insisted on having De Lancey appointed as his Quartermaster-General, although the officer really entitled to the post was Sir Hudson Lowe. The young bride accompanied her husband to the Continent, stayed with him at Brussels, was despatched to Antwerp, and thence, after an agony of waiting, enhanced by contradictory news, she was taken to Waterloo, by which time, she says, she had almost lost recollection with the excess of anxiety and suspense.

When I went into the room where he lay, he held out his hand and said, "Come Magdalene, this is a sad business, is it not?" I could not speak, but sat down by him and took his hand. This was my occupation for six days.

The pathos of the story and the simple way in which it is told are shown in those few sentences. Dickens showed in what way the details of the narrative might have been told in fiction by "that most extraordinary man, Defoe." He added:

Of all the beautiful and tender passages—the thinking every day how happy and blest she was—the decorating him for the dinner—the standing in the balcony at night and seeing the troops melt away through the gate—and the rejoining him on his sickbed—I say not a word. They are God's own, and should be sacred.

But Dickens himself could not increase the intensity of those words: "This was my occupation for six days." There is one passage which must be quoted to show that the narrative is not entirely one of sorrow:

He [Sir William De Lancey] went twice to the Duke's; the first time he found him standing looking over a map with a Prussian General, who was in full-dress uniform—with orders and crosses, etc., the Duke was in his chemise and slippers, preparing to dress for the Duchess of Richmond's ball; the two figures were quite admirable. The ball took place notwithstanding the reveillé played through the streets the whole night. Many of the officers danced, and then marched in the morning. About two, Sir William went again to the Duke and he was sleeping sound.

It should be added that Major Ward, the editor, contributes an introduction which, together with the notes by Mr. T. W. Brogden, supply all that is necessary to make the story clear.

FOUR SONGS

(AFTER THE JAPANESE)

I

SCARLET the woods,
Royally robed,
Rich with red gold;—
But dim mine eyes,
Grey-veiled with tears.

II

Is it the music of nightingales' songs
Or thy voice?
The soft murmuring of wind through the pines
Or thy steps?
Only the sound of falling tears, for no more
Wilt thou return.

III

As cries parched earth for rain,
As birds await the dawn,
Cherry-blossom the spring,
So I for thy coming.

IV

Far off the waves beat,
As heart throbs to heart,
But wide seas sunder
Thy dead heart from mine.

M. D. ROUTLEDGE.

AUSTRALIAN COPYRIGHT

WITH the proclamation of the Australian Commonwealth Copyright Act, 1905, a new system of law is introduced throughout Australasia. It seems at first sight to be regrettable that any part of the British Empire should anticipate the Mother Country in a measure of reform which was admitted to be inevitable nearly thirty years ago. It has the look of another example of "the tail wagging the dog." But we have good reason to be thankful for small mercies in copyright reform, and the Australian Act may prove useful in forcing the hand of the home authorities. Ostensibly based on the Monkswell Literary and Artistic Bills in the form in which they left the House of Lords in 1900, the Australian Act integrally possesses an altogether exceptional importance for a Colonial measure. The Act owes its origin to the failure of the laws of the various individual colonies to provide a workable

system of protection for copyright property. Secure in the face of the difficulty of reprisals, the dramatic and literary pirate has made Australasia a happy hunting-ground.

It has never been disputed that it is competent to colonial legislatures to pass local laws limited to works first produced in the colony, and, obviously, the prevention of piracy and the imposition of penalties are matters within their purview. The Australian Commonwealth in framing its new Act upon the English Bills, with some few alterations, has shown an enterprising spirit, and has achieved something more than a merely domestic system. Sooner or later, a code which must be in many respects identical with the new Act must come into force throughout the Empire. The integrity of Imperial Copyright was never endangered by the measure, and is abundantly safeguarded. An altogether unnecessary amount of alarm appears to have been caused in some quarters as to the effect of the Act upon our international obligations, but we do not think that there is much ground for anxiety. It may be questioned, indeed, whether, considered as a measure to protect native labour against the rivalry of aliens, the Act goes as far as it was deliberately intended to do.

The Act confers upon all those who are entitled to come under its provisions many solid advantages. The range of copyright law is widened. Abridgment, translation, and dramatisation are, for the first time in any British enactment, included in copyright. No doubt the construction of the various sections in point will occasion the usual difficulties. We may expect any number of hair-splitting distinctions between "abridgments" which are not "copies" and "dramatisations" which are not infringements. But nevertheless the new departure will be hailed by many people as a distinct advance. Definitions are, no doubt, as somebody once said, "dangerous things" and "pirated books" as "a reproduction of a book, made in any manner without the authority of the owner of the copyright in the book" seem to comprise only actual "copies." If so, it is only to such copies that the prohibition against importation or the right of search and seizure applies. But it must be left to the Australian Courts to construe the Act intelligently. It may be questioned whether any pirate will have the audacity to test the question whether an abridged piratical version can be imported and sold with impunity. Nor will many vendors be anxious to settle the point whether anything they are offering for sale is a "pirated book" within the meaning of section 50, subsec. (a).

The Act bristles with remedies, many of which are new in any British Court. Thus the copyright in a book; the performing right in dramatic or musical work; the lecturing right in a lecture (now first created); the copyright in an artistic work, are surrounded with a network of practical protection sufficient to deter the most determined malefactor. As well as the sale, the distribution or importation of any pirated book or artistic work is punishable by a fine not exceeding five pounds a copy. Similarly a remedy is given against the proprietor, tenant, or occupier of a theatre in the case of the performance of any dramatic or musical work in infringement of the owner's rights, and he, if ignorant, must show that he could not have ascertained the ownership with reasonable care. Penalties are, moreover, recoverable in a Court of Summary jurisdiction. This inaugurates a remedy which has been long clamoured for by the dramatic profession and is here adapted from the provisions of the Monkswell Bill. The right of search and seizure in the case of pirated books or artistic works is also new, and, if drastically exercised, will provide the police with plenty of work. Pirates are likely to have a short shrift if the owner or his agent can lodge a request at a police station and the offence can be dealt with out of hand like an ordinary case of larceny and without the wearisome business of applications for an injunction or actions for damages. This is reform on practical lines and

the working of the penal sections of the Act will be narrowly watched.

The "manufacturing clause" is comprehensive, if somewhat cryptic. It runs:

Copyright shall subsist in every book, whether the author is a British subject or not, which has been printed from type set up in Australia or plates made therefrom or from plates or negatives made in Australia in cases where type is not necessarily used, and has, after the commencement of this Act, been published in Australia, before or simultaneously with its first publication elsewhere.

Doubtless the clause will receive that local elucidation which is desirable, but it may be remarked that a book can be photographed, and the cases dispensing with type seem to be capable of indefinite expansion. The exceptions to the clause are obviously the most important part of the Statute so far as authors outside the Commonwealth are concerned. Now, fortunately, these are free from doubt. All British works are expressly excepted, and all works published in Great Britain or on British territory simultaneously with their first publication. These are excepted as now entitled under the Imperial Acts to protection in Australia. All works published within the Union are similarly protected under the International Copyright Act, 1886. All these can, therefore, be protected in the Australian Commonwealth without any formality whatever, reliance being had on the Imperial law. But, if recourse is desired to the remedies of the Act, alien, like British authors, must register under Part vi. section 62, and make deposit of copies. This, it is said, imposes a condition upon Unionist authors which is not in strict accordance with the Berne Convention, since it is the spirit and intention of the Convention to secure for the citizens of all signatory states the benefit of local laws without other formalities than those of the country of origin: but the International Copyright Act, 1886, simply promises the protection afforded by the Imperial law throughout all British possessions. American books, which are regarded as aimed at by the clause, can clearly still secure protection through British copyright. With the remedies the better opinion appears to be that authors who comply with the conditions of the Act will enjoy its enlarged rights. It is, no doubt, an innovation for a British author to find himself possessed of privileges in the Australian Commonwealth which are denied to him at home. To be able to take summary action for the dramatisation of a novel, which is not an offence at English law, will be a novel experience. Piratical plays will soon be at a discount in Australia.

The Act presents many aspects which tempt criticism. As well as the term of the Act of 1842, many of the old phrases of the Imperial law have been preserved notwithstanding the disputes to which they have given rise. The dramatic rights dealt with by the Act wholly ignore the statutory right in an unpublished play conferred upon the author by the Dramatic Copyright Act of 1838, as soon as it has been composed. The provision that the Common Law of England shall apply throughout the Commonwealth to unpublished works, is, therefore, inoperative so far as dramatic pieces are concerned, since 3 Will. IV. c. 15 would govern. It has, again, been remarked that the new registration system applies only to Australia, and that an Australian author who desires to secure protection in Great Britain or other parts of the Empire must register at Stationers' Hall, London. This is incorrect. It is already provided that local registration shall be equivalent to Imperial registration, and there is no option in the matter where a local system exists. The analogy between the new registration system and that now in force in England is, at least, convenient, although both might be conveniently made compulsory and a condition precedent to copyright. The Act, like all copyright enactments, is a compromise, but it marks a step forward.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

THE ELEVENTH MUSE

IN the closing years of the last century I held the position of a publisher's hack. Having failed in everything except sculpture, I became publisher's reader and adviser. It was the age of the "dicky dongs," and, of course, I only advised the publication of deciduous literature and books which dealt with the history of decay. The business unfortunately closed before my plans were materialised, but we had a really brilliant series of works prepared for an ungrateful public. A cheap and abridged edition of Gibbon was to have heralded the "Ruined Home" Library, as we only dealt with the decline and fall of things and eschewed motley in both senses of the word. *Bad Taste in All Ages* (twelve volumes, edited by myself) would have rivalled some of Mr. Sidney Lee's monumental undertakings. It was a memory of these unfulfilled designs which turned my thoughts to an old note-book—the skeleton of what was destined never to be a book in being.

I have often wondered why no one has ever tried to form an anthology of bad poetry. It would, of course, be easy enough to get together a dreary little volume of unreadable and unsaleable song. There are, however, certain stanzas so exquisite in their unconscious absurdity that an inverted immortality may be claimed for them. It is essential that their authors should have been serious, because parody and light verse have been carried to such a state of perfection that a tenth muse has been created—the muse of Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. St. John Hankin and the author who conceals a delightful identity under the *nom de guerre* of "The Belgian Hare." When the Anakim, men of old which were men of renown, Shelley, Keats or Tennyson, become playful, I confess to a feeling of nervousness: the unpleasant hot sensation you experience when a distinguished man makes a fool of himself. Rossetti—I suppose from his Italian origin—was able to assume the motley without loss of dignity, and that wounded Titan, the late Mr. W. E. Henley, was another exception. Both he and Rossetti had the faculty of being foolish or obscene in verse without impairing the high seriousness of their superb poetic gifts.

But I refer to more serious folly—that of the disciples of Silas Wegg. Some friends of mine in the country employed a ladies' maid with literary proclivities. She was never known to smile; the other servants thought her stuck up; she was a great reader of novels, poetry and popular books on astronomy. One day she gave notice, departed at the end of a month, left no address, and never applied for a character. Beneath the mattress of her bed was found a manuscript of poems. One of these, addressed to our satellite, is based on the scientific fact (of which I was not aware until I read her poem) that we only see one side of the moon. The ode contains this ingenious stanza:

Oh, beautiful moon!
When I gaze on thy face
Careering among the boundaries of space
The thought has often come to my mind
If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.

It was my pleasure to communicate this verse to our greatest living conversationalist—a point I mention because it may, in consequence, be already known to those who, like myself, enjoy the privileges of his inimitable talk. I possess the original manuscript of the poem and can supply copies of the remainder to the curious.

In a magazine managed by the physician of a well-known lunatic asylum I found many inspiring examples. The patients are permitted to contribute: they discuss art and literature, subject, of course, to a stringent editorial discretion. As you might suppose, poetry occupies a good deal of space. It was from that source of clouded English I culled the following:

His hair is red and blue and white,
His face is almost tan,
His brow is wet with blood and sweat,
He steals from where he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
A drunkard and a Man.

I think we have here a Henley *manqué*. In robustious assertion you will not find anything to equal it in the hospital rhymes of that author. I was so much struck by the poem that I obtained permission to correspond with the poet. I discovered that another Sappho might have adorned our literature—that a mute inglorious Elizabeth Barrett had been kept silent on Darien: for the asylum was in the immediate vicinity of the Peak in Derbyshire. Of the correspondence which ensued I will only venture to quote one sentence: "I was brought up to love beauty; my home was more than cultured, it was refined; we took in the *Art Journal* regularly."

Of all modern artists, I suppose that Sir Edward Burne-Jones has inspired more poetry than any other. A whole school of Oxford poets emerged from his fascinating palette, and he is the subject of one of the most exquisite of the Poems and Ballads, the "Dedication," which forms the colophon to that revel of rhymes. I sometimes think that is why his art is out of fashion with modern painters, who may inspire dealers but would never inspire poets. For who could write a sonnet on some uncompromising piece of realism by Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. John or Mr. Orpen? Theirs is an art which speaks for itself. But Sir Edward Burne-Jones seems to have dazzled the undergrowth of Parnassus no less than the higher slopes. In a long and serious epic called "The Pageant of Life," dealing with every conceivable subject, I found:

With some the mention of Burne-Jones
Elicits merely howls and groans;
But those who know each inch of art
Believe that he can bear his part.

I don't remember what he could bear. Perhaps it referred to his election at the Royal Academy. Then, again, in a "Vision" of the next world a poet described how:

Byron, Burne-Jones and Beethoven
Charlotte Brontë and Chopin are there.

I wonder if this has escaped the eagle eye of Mr. Clement Shorter. But perhaps the most delightful nonsense, for which I fear this great painter is partly responsible, is to be found in a recent poem addressed to the memory of Simeon Solomon.

More of Rossetti? Yes:
you follow'd than Burne-Jones,
Your depth of colour *his*
than that of monochromes!
Yes; amber lilies poured, I say,
A joy for thee, than poet's bay.

But while true art refines
and often stimulates—
ART does, at times, I say,
sit grief within our gates!
Art causes men to weep at times—
If you may heed these falt'ring rhymes.

A small volume of lyrics once sent to me for review afforded another flower for my garland:

Where in the spring time leaves are wet,
Oh lay my love beneath the shades.
Where men remember to forget,
And are forgot in Hades.

But I have given enough examples for what would form Part I. of the English anthology. Mr. Churton Collins should, of course, write a preface, because he would give us the origin of all these verses and might point out to us where the prosody was wrong, and the metaphors mixed. He might ably insist, not for the first time, on the disastrous results of neglecting the study of English literature at the Universities, or of studying it too much. Instruction would thus be combined with amusement, and I always think that is the chief use of an anthology.

Part II. would consist of really bad verses from really great poetry :

Auspicious Reverence, Hush all meaner song

is one of the most pompously stupid lines in English poetry. Arnold did not hesitate to quote instances from Shakespeare :

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons.

You would have to sacrifice Browning, because it might fairly be concluded—well, anything might be concluded about Browning. Byron is, of course, a mine. Arthur Hugh Clough is, perhaps, the "flawless numskull," as, I think, Mr. Swinburne calls him. Tennyson surpassed :

A Mr. Wilkinson a clergyman,

in many of his serious poems.

To travellers indeed the sea,
Must always interesting be,

I have heard ascribed to Wordsworth ; but wrongly I believe. I should, of course, exclude from the collection living writers. Only the select dead would be requisitioned. They cannot retort. And the entertaining volume would illustrate that curious artistic law—the *survival of the unfittest*, of which we are only dimly beginning to realise the significance. It is like the immortality of the invalid, now recognised by all men of science. You see it manifested in the plethora of memoirs. All new books not novels are about great dead men by unimportant little living ones. When I am asked, as I have been, to write recollections of certain "people of importance," as Dante says, I feel the force of that law very keenly.

ROBERT ROSS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

PREHISTORIC GHOSTS

SOME years ago M. d'Assier, in *L'homme posthume*, propounded a theory about pre-historic ghosts. There were plenty of recent ghosts; mediæval or classical ghosts were known, but were few in number; nobody, however, had been fortunate enough to encounter, say, a ghost of the old stone age and question him regarding "the manner of primitive man." How was this to be explained? M. d'Assier explained it by saying that ghosts, as time went on, grew thinner and thinner, until finally they disappeared altogether like a blown-out candle flame. This was a comforting doctrine, because, as De Quincey's clever brother put it, it would be nothing short of disastrous for the existing human race if an army of all the ghosts of all the dead were to league together against it. Most savages, however, believe that they have several souls or ghosts which survive death. Pre-historic man may have been no less richly endowed, and, if he were, one of his souls may have lingered to modern days on the survival of the fittest principle. For pre-historic ghosts, though rare, are not quite unknown. A quite authentic one, visible as certain mysterious lights, haunts a bridge near Melfort in Lorne. There, "long ago, in the morning of the world," its owner's body was buried in a cist with his knees tucked up to his chin, and there his skeleton was found, explaining the presence of the lights to everybody's satisfaction. Unfortunately, the lights (or the ghosts) were uncommunicative, or certain *lacuna* in our information about early man in Britain might have been filled up. There was a tradition—possibly handed down from generation to generation in the district from the date of the event—that the owner of the lights had been murdered. Neolithic and bronze-age ghosts still haunt their barrows and still scare the unsophisticated peasantry in the regions where these barrows abound. Weird tales are told how the barrow-

dweller, the hog-boy of the Scandinavians, forced to single combat the intruder upon his bones or his treasure. Alas, the records of scientific tumulus-exploration are destitute of such thrilling encounters! But many ghosts (like fairies), especially Irish ghosts, still preserve the manners and beliefs of the stone age, and are easily disconcerted by any one who has the presence of mind to flourish before them anything made of iron and steel. Those who are flurried, or who do not possess a piece of iron, are liable to be killed by the ghost, like poor Pat Doyle in one of Mr. Curtin's Killarney folk-tales.

Man arrived at the idea of a ghost, spirit, or soul through dreams, through consideration of the phenomena of sleep, death, breathing, the existence of the shadow or reflection. This is an obvious enough origin for the animistic philosophy. Less obvious, perhaps, to the scientific mind is the idea that early man may have been moved to think he was not wholly dust by the appearance of phantasms coincidental with death. These are quite well known to psychical researchers and to readers of the works of Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers. Granting the reality of such phantasms, when did they begin to appear? Or not granting it, when did man first begin to be hallucinated in this way? Information is scarce, as the French lady said of heaven. But, if we may judge from popular tales and sagas, which are certainly not things of yesterday, the experience has been known universally for a very long time. It is not only psychical researchers who know of coincidental phantasms; they are quite well known to the folk, who have been telling stories about them round the fire for generations. And, indeed, many of the things which are universally and firmly grounded in folk-belief—corpse-lights, strange noises, are something more than mere death portents, as they are held to be; in many cases they are seen or heard coincidentally with the death of a relation or friend of the seer or hearer. Thus for generations the peasantry have gone on believing in phantasms, appearances, manifestations coincident with death *à distance*. We are still a long way from pre-historic or primitive man, even if it be conceded that the ineradicable beliefs of the peasant, unchanging through change of dynasties and creeds, are descended in a direct line from quite primitive beliefs.

We turn, therefore, to the savage, who is a strong believer in ghosts of all kinds, "spiritual" manifestations, demonic influences, and whose life is usually filled with abject fear on account of them. Negro or Carib, Polynesian or Australian, he goes "softly all his days" for fear of disturbing ghosts whose temper seems to have become more irritable than when they were in the flesh. Have they any narratives of coincidental phantasms? Most observers of savages have been but little interested in psychical research; consequently, such narratives are few in number. But as they are generally casually reported they may be considered "honest Injun," authentic native tales unaffected by any personal bias of the observer's. Admiral Fitzroy reports the case of Jemmy Button, the Fuegian. At sea, on board the "Beagle," Jemmy told how, during the night, a man came to the side of his hammock and whispered to him that his father was dead. He fully believed that this was the case, and, in fact, his father had died about that time. Here is a Maori instance, related by Mr. Shortland. A party of native hunters were seated round their camp fire in the open at night. Suddenly two of them saw the figure of a relative, who had been kept ill at home, approach them. The "apparition" was invisible to the others, and at once vanished on their uttering a cry of surprise. "When they returned to the village they inquired for the sick man, and then learned that he had died about the time he was said to have been seen." Another Maori instance is cited, on the authority of Mr. F. D. Denton, in "Phantasms of the Living." Two men, assisted by a native, were cutting timber in a very lonely part of the country, away from all human habitation. While so engaged the native exclaimed: "What are you come for?" and, on being questioned as to his meaning, said he was speaking to his brother, whom he saw

behind one of the Englishmen. He was visible to the Maori alone, and suddenly vanished. The Maori said he would go home—that his brother must be dead. The others laughed at him, saying his brother had been quite well on the previous Sunday. But he persisted in his intention, and, on leaving home, was met by people who told him that his brother was dead. Similar cases are also reported by that model of what all anthropologists should be, Mr. Man, as occurring from time to time among the Andamanese. Further investigation on these lines among savages will probably be productive of other instances, if discreetly pursued. Thus peoples so widely separated as the Andamanese, the Fuegians and the Maoris believe firmly in coincidental phantasms. Their belief is real, whether the appearances are unreal or not. But the belief did not cause the appearance or the hallucination or the coincidence. Even if there are many cases which were not coincidental, where there was an appearance apart from a death (and savages, though great ghost-fearers, are not great ghost-seers), this need not discredit the reality of the coincidental cases, unless, indeed, we assume, unnecessarily, that the savages "lied pleasantly," like Mendez Pinto. On the contrary, they were much affected and were not to be persuaded that their relatives were not dead.

But coincidental phantasms are not the only phenomena of the X region occurring among savages. There is hardly a matter which has been investigated by the S.P.R. to which parallels could not be produced from the lower races. *Séances* are held among Red Indians, Australians and Maoris, and the spirits "manifest" by speaking in a whistling kind of voice. The dead are believed to come to the living, in dreams or otherwise, to comfort or to warn them against coming danger, or they appear to the dying to call them to the spirit-land. The *poltergeist* is known, and trance utterance, with messages from the dead, is customary. These things may be fond imaginations on the part of savages, delusions, frauds, or lies. The curious and unexplained thing is that they occur precisely in the same way among civilised men, and have been done so throughout historic times. If they are real, they are most interesting; if they are unreal, if they are delusions, they still are fascinating. Why should savages, cultured Greeks and Egyptians long ago, and modern Europeans, ignorant peasants and educated citizens, all be deluded in the same way? Here are some examples of these happenings among savages. When a good Haida Indian is about to die, he sees a canoe manned by some of his dead friends, who come with the tide to welcome him to their domain. They are held to be sent by the god of Death. A similar belief is found among the seafaring Celts of Brittany and the Western Highlands. Such things also happen in Australia. A Maneroo black fellow related that during the night he had seen his father, his father's friend and an unrecognised female spirit. They told him he would die next day and that they would wait for him. This is a usual occurrence preceding the death of a black fellow. The death might be explained, however, through nervous fear following upon the (dream) announcement, just as savages frequently die when they discover that they have unconsciously broken a tabu, the penalty for which is death. But civilised men like Lord Lyttelton have died at the time predicted by the "ghost." Here is an affecting Australian instance of the spirit giving comfort. An old man of the Chepara tribe said with much feeling that his little daughter had appeared to him in sleep the night after her death, and once, when he was ill, he felt her near him. Her presence caused him to sleep soundly, and next morning he was better. This instance is almost Tennysonian:

Thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

The Australian blacks are not commonly credited with much sentiment, but the truth is that they have a good deal of it. They also believe that the dead forewarn them of

danger. A man of the Mukjarawaint tribe said that his father had come to him in a dream and told him that he must look out for himself, else he would be killed. Soon after, he came to the place which he had seen in his dream and immediately ran off, so that his enemies did not catch him. Spirit-rappings and the *poltergeist* occur among many widely separated savage people—African and West Indian Negroes, the Sea Dyaks, Chinese Tartars, and Red Indians. Thus the head-hunting Sea Dyaks believe that, until they procure a head, the spirit of their latest dead relation will haunt the house, making its presence known by rappings. But the unappeased ghost in British Columbia is more energetic. He disturbs his friends by continual unseemly scratchings and knockings until his bones are disinterred and buried afresh, clad in new robes and garments—a disgusting and expensive process for the living, who, however, are anxious to have peace at any price. Spirit *séances* used to be common in Red Indian medicine-lodges and among the Maoris; they occur still with the Australians and Melanesians. With the last we have something exactly like table-tilting. The spirit of a dead warrior intimates his presence thus. Several men sit in a canoe in still water with paddles uplifted. The names of several "tindalos," spirits of the dead, are then called over. At the name of the dead warrior the canoe will shake violently, thus establishing his reputation as a spirit-helper to the living, who thereupon go raiding. Finally corpse-cradles, so common in the Highlands (the writer heard of one which was seen quite recently), and other strange lights during occult manifestations—"rudimentary visual phantasms"—are known to the Eskimo, the Red Indians and Indian peasants, as they were to ancient Greeks and Scandinavians.

Our list of savage spooks might easily be extended. Enough has been said to show that savage, European peasant, and cultivated twentieth-century people, like cultivated Greeks long ago, find themselves in presence of the same occult phenomena, or, if this is to beg the question, are affected in precisely the same way and believe the same things about communications from the dead. Obviously, there is something universal in all this, the working of some faculty which is common to all men everywhere. If so, then it must have been shared by pre-historic man, especially as it is so common among savages who, presumably, are like pre-historic man in their ways of thought and their manner of belief. Delusion or reality, hallucination false or veridical, the more universal it is, the further back must we seek its beginnings among men. And it may therefore be justly claimed as having helped to establish the universal belief in a spirit or soul or other self in man. The time arrived, after long ages perhaps, that, like M. Jourdain, man found he had been all along possessed of a soul with knowing it. Henceforth he "believed in soul, was very sure of God." Pre-historic man "saw things," as the Highlander would say. And these "things" were in the same tale with the ghosts and occult happenings of savage and European.

J. A. MACCULLOCH.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Elie Metchnikoff," by W. P. Pycraft.]

FICTION

Clemency Shafto. By FRANCES BURMESTER. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THERE are good things in Miss Burmester's latest book, notably the descriptions of Brussels and the description of a thunderstorm: the actual plot, too, is handled with skill, and the plot is a good one in some respects. But the book as a whole is a disappointment. Great issues are at stake, great questions are raised, and the point of view from which they are treated is out of all proportion

small—small as a pin's head. A sense of sin predominates, and the characters are forced to fit into its little compass; and in the process they become depressingly unreal. Lady Polesdown, when she was very young, made the mistake of marrying a fool and loving a knave, and when the story opens she is shown as a clever woman of the world with a brilliant daughter, whom she does not like, and forty years, which she likes even less. She is talking with the knave, whom she has met, after twenty years, for the first time, in Brussels, and the knave leaves her after a stormy scene to die in the Bois. Knowing what she knows of her daughter's birth and what she alone can know, it is almost incredible that she should have stayed on in Brussels and allowed John Darenth, the knave's son, to meet her daughter. But he does meet her and falls in love with her and she with him. That part of the story, however, is so cleverly manipulated that it is at least made to appear credible. After it, the story falls to pieces. We are expected to sympathise with the woman's full and cruel confession, and to be moved by what is called her repentance; whereas we can only execrate her stupidity and marvel at her weakness. The whole position, instead of being tragic, becomes ridiculous under the roseate hues of sentiment which are cast relentlessly upon it. The effect is shocking, as only conventional morality, which assiduously turns its gaze from truth towards some shape of its own bad manufacture, can shock. Under its influence the characters lose all their personality and become horrible spectres of hypocrisy, grinning and repentant. And so a book with many good points has been spoiled, as many another book has been spoiled before it.

Suzanne. By VALENTINA HAWTREY. (Murray, 6s.)

To write a thoroughly interesting story of provincial life in France in the fourteenth century is no light task, and Miss Hawtreys is to be congratulated upon her success in "Suzanne." From the first page, the characters, their environment, the motives that actuate them, arrest attention. A third of the volume passes and finds us too deeply absorbed in the affair of the Châtelfors household to regret the tardy appearance of the real heroine, Suzanne, whose coming practically divides the story into two parts, the domestic and the adventurous. Matthieu, Sieur de Châtelfors, rules his family and his serfs with cheerful despotism, a twinkle in the eye, and a grim set of the mouth, disregarding the wishes of his formidable grandmother and his sharp-tongued betrothed, who has spent her girlhood fretting against his indifference. With a sad want of chivalry he refuses to marry Huette until such time as it pleases him to fulfil his bargain. Leaving her enraged and humiliated by her false position, Matthieu departs for the wars, and on the march rescues and marries Suzanne, a comely peasant girl. Thereafter follow adventures in camp and field, and at the sieges of Bergues and Gravelines. To do Matthieu justice, he is faithful to Suzanne, who is in all essentials worthy of her position. The tragic ending of the story is inevitable, its pathos heightened by Huette's vindictiveness towards her innocent supplanter. Among the many characters that play their parts in these crowded and varied scenes is Jehan, the shepherd, the sort of malicious fool it is difficult to suffer gladly more than once or twice. To those who have admired the author's previous work it is sufficient to say that "Suzanne" reaches her usual high standard in interest and execution. The story runs as smoothly and naturally as if the people and events were of to-day, and the style is irreproachable.

The Undertaker's Field. By HERBERT COMPTON. (Bachelor & Benedict, 6s.)

MR. COMPTON has deserted Kensington Palace and the unfortunate Brunswick princess and has drawn his inspiration from the smell of rum and the sound of creaking timbers. We do not need the terrifying assurance that

"The Ship" and the "Undertaker's Field" really exist; "within twenty-five miles of Charing Cross"; the author set out to "make our flesh creep" and he succeeds. Rum is not the only spirit in these pages: there is another, an awesome shadow, decorated with an uncomfortable Malay "kris" in the region of the heart. This terrible apparition, pirate and fratricide in the flesh, must have expended his last atom of homicidal energy on his own suicide, for surely a more easily appeased spectre never walked; a jug of hot water and a tumbler of grog have but to be placed in his path and he haunts no more that night. But we are not dependent on this half-hearted villain for the curdling of our blood. There is a blasted oak, from which a rusty chain hangs creaking; a closed chamber; a murder on the high seas, and, wafted through it all, the mysterious, inexplicable odour of rum. The accidental stumbling upon a pair of ancestors, pickled (in rum!), and a buried treasure is a mere incident in this tragic tale. The fact that it deals with the direct descendants of a buccaneer and the daughter of the Great Mogul may account for this lurid family history. In the intervals of his arduous task of heaping horror upon horror, Mr. Compton finds time for a very pleasant love-story. The hero is really lovable, and the heroine, in spite of her unfortunate ancestry, charming. The cad is such a cad that it is an effort to go through the first chapter in his company, and his last letter from his betrothed fills us with unmixed satisfaction. "Brute, Go!" is all it contains. In the use of nicknames the author has given full scope to his fancy. The "Rapid Rhone" and the "Venerable Venables," are merely playful examples of alliteration: the minds revolts against an Editor called "Lotus-lily"! But "in romance all things are permissible," we are told. We lay down the book with the old Scotch prayer upon our lips: "From ghouls and ghosts and lang-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night, gude Lord deliver us."

Traitor and True. By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON. (Long, 6s.)

IT is not often that a title suggests the nature of a book so admirably as in the present case. "Traitor and True" is a proper foreshadowing in every sense of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's romance. "Traitor or True," with a mark of interrogation, would have been commonplace. The bold, incisive linking of contradictions beyond question was necessary. So we expected to have our feelings torn and harrowed, our interest stirred to the pitch of excitement; we expected to meet a hero worthy of admiration, a villain worth hating, a wronged woman who in spite of her mistakes awakens unmitigated pity. All our expectations were realised. The book opens with the dark plots of rascal soldados, and gradually light is thrown upon their evil design, which is no less than to put Louis the King from his throne and foist into his place a usurper. But Humphrey West, a young Englishman, overhears these truculent villains, and by his daring foils their wickedness, and by his virtue withstands even the charms of the adventuress who cannot help being traitor to her king and true to her passionate love for the usurper. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has gained a large circle of readers and admirers by his romances: they will certainly hail his latest with approving delight. He has never written anything more amazing and adventurous and breathless.

FINE ART

THE GUILDHALL EXHIBITION

THE early Flemish schools of painting are pre-eminently the happy hunting-ground of the experts, a hunting-ground in which the game is mutual slaughter rather than ascriptions. Mr. Weale, Mr. Marks, and M. Bouchot are usually engaged in a triangular duel, and M. Camille Benoit, Sir

Walter Armstrong, Sir Martin Conway, and others occasionally "chip in."

Just read this account of *St. Victor with a donor* :

This work was originally attributed to Mabuse, but latterly, by Sir Walter Armstrong, to Hugo van der Goes. Herr Schone, Dr. Bode, and M. J. Wauters think it to be by John van Eyck, while M. von Seidlitz recognises a closer relationship to Memling than to any other master. M. Camille Benoit considers it to be the work of a French painter of the close of the fifteenth century, the *Maitre des Portraits* of 1488; and M. René de Vauloger . . .

Really, one's brain reels under this sort of infliction. No doubt these learned gentlemen can and do defend their ascriptions with great cogency and force, but to the layman the effect is that of justifying him in not looking at the pictures.

I mean, not looking at them simply with a view to enjoying them, but of getting the "straight tip." I was distressed to see stockbrokers, instead of treating a visit to the Guildhall as a holiday, continuing their usual pursuits and discussing the pictures with the help of the catalogue as if they were shares in the market. Since there is no sort of sporting interest in the modern masters, the consequence is that they are apt to be neglected.

The acknowledged masters, the Van Eycks, Van Orley, Mabuse, Lucas de Heere, are admirably represented, as well as the later Flemings, Rubens, Van Dyck, etc.; but I must say that I am more interested in the efforts of contemporary artists. Their problems are our problems, and, if their solutions are not as perfect as those of the Old Masters, our sympathies ought to be the more readily extended to them. The modern Belgians, however, have maintained the traditions of their superb past more faithfully than any other painters. The historical school, which is strongly represented in Louis Gallait, Baron Leys, Emile Wauters, Willem Geets, is composed of the direct descendants of the Early Flemings, and their work is technically more accomplished than that of our Abbays and Alma Tademas. It is a cold and dead art, perhaps, but its perfection is remarkable.

It is a pity that the egregious van Beers is only represented by his later work, the vulgar and tedious portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. Those who have never seen his *Trial of a Witch*, a picture with about 300 portraits, all unflinchingly depicted by a modern Quentin Matsys, or the *Death-bed of an Ecclesiastic*, with its marvellous study of an aged nude torso, have not realised what a great artist was lost when he began to debase his talent. Théophile Lybaert and Henri de Braekeleer are more directly imitators of the old Flemings and Dutchmen. The exquisite workmanship of the latter's *Hall of the Brewers House, Antwerp*, is reminiscent of Van der Meer; *The Curtain* leans more to Van Eyck, and *A Girl Reading* to De Hoogh. *After the Wedding* by Willem Linnig, a study of the disorder of a wedding breakfast is, on the other hand, entirely of its period and is a magnificent performance. This painter, like Emile Sacré, whose *Young Woman with a Fan* is almost worthy of Manet, died early.

Alfred Stevens is one of the many painters of our time in whom a certain strain of vulgarity, not unpleasant at first and even containing a certain charm, the charm of naïve power, becomes disagreeable when that power declines. The *Young Girl reading* is a delightful "crinoline" creation, date 1856. *India in Paris*, of perhaps a rather later period, is masterly in its handling of the bric-à-brac as well as in the painting of the beautiful woman's head. On the other hand, *Fedora*, dated 1882, is quite dreadful, vulgar yet incompetent.

B. S.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

THOUGH a newcomer to London, M. Naoum Aronson, the Russian sculptor, whose group of statuary dominates the Summer Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery (5 Regent Street), already enjoys a considerable reputation on the Continent,

and this reputation would be justified if his only exhibit here were the *Beethoven*, which must certainly be reckoned among the most remarkable busts of modern times. Many busts of Beethoven have been exhibited recently, but almost all have been reproductions of the death-mask; and, since in taking this mask the upper lip of the composer was accidentally twisted, modern sculptors have been in the habit of giving Beethoven a deformity from which he did not suffer. M. Aronson's avoidance of this error is not the greatest merit of a work which is creative as well as representative. The modelling is profoundly expressive, and the brooding pose of the head is so subtly eloquent of genius that the bust is worthy to take its allotted place in the Beethoven Museum at Bonn. A bust of Tolstoy and a head of an old woman further testify to M. Aronson's gift for seizing character, while the graceful lines of the *Statuette*, designed for a fountain ornament, show a constructive ability which few modern sculptors possess. To appreciate M. Aronson's mastery of art and the diversity of his technique, it is sufficient to compare the rugged, Rodinesque strength of his *Beethoven* with the suave charm of such delicate, highly finished marble busts as the *Marseillaise* and *Petit Romain*.

In its painting section the Goupil has to offer us not so much novelties as good examples of old favourites. Mr. Grosvenor Thomas (22), Mr. A. D. Peppercorn (25), and Mr. Bertram Priestman (23, 24) are seen at their best, and at their best they are very good indeed. Whistler (*The Girl in Red*), Anton Mauve, Corot, Dupré, and other painters of greater present fame are satisfactorily represented, but the examples of their well-known art scarcely call for detailed comment. For novelties we must turn to the drawings shown in this comprehensive exhibition, drawings, with two exceptions, by young artists who have yet to win their spurs. To Miss Enid Jackson's virile portrait-studies reference has already been made in these columns, while the architectural studies in pen and ink of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher confirm the promise of his exhibit in the Academy Black-and-White room; but the romantic landscapes and vigorous portrait-study, all in charcoal, by Mr. Paul Henry, are altogether a surprise. Mr. Henry, if we remember rightly, has exhibited in Paris and done some illustrative work for Mr. John Lane, but these decorative drawings, charged with a Celtic emotiveness, reveal a serious talent which has hitherto escaped detection.

At the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street), where many talented young artists have made their *début*, two further surprises await the student of contemporary painting. On entering the gallery he will imagine there is some error in the catalogue, and that certain works by Messrs. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon have found their way to the walls unrecorded. Investigation shows, however, that paintings which possess many of the distinctive qualities usually identified with these two artists, must be attributed to Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, a painter who has barely turned twenty-one. If at this age the quality of his paint, the dignity and inventiveness of his designs, and his melodious, reticent colour can rival that of his self-appointed models, to what heights should he not attain by the time he has reached their present age? His tendency—most fashionable nowadays—unduly to degrade the flesh tints, he will outgrow; and if he be not in too great a hurry to dispense with the model, his drawing, already simple and expressive, may acquire that strength and inevitableness that show the master. Meanwhile, the high seriousness of this young painter is the best augury for the development of his indisputable genius.

Mr. Louis A. Sargent, another of Mr. Baillie's discoveries, is an artist of a very different type. His natural medium is not oil-paint, but water-colour; his natural bent not realistic or decorative, but imaginative and illustrative. At present pastel would suit him even better than water-colour, for even with the last he approaches nearer to the bloom of pastel than to that limpid freshness of colour which is the hall-mark of the *aquarelle*. Mr. Sargent is

seen at his best in his blue-grey, imaginative landscapes which have a mysterious charm and grave style that are quite his own, but the strange designs to which he has been inspired by Coleridge, Nietzsche, and Blake suggest that he would prove an effective and original illustrator to literature which does not easily lend itself to pictorial treatment.

Of the remaining exhibitors at Mr. Baillie's the most important is Mr. Montague Smyth, who has been to China and Japan and painted them pleasantly, if not strikingly, in the Modern Dutch manner. It is difficult to believe that these Far-Eastern scenes are always so cool and grey as they are depicted by Mr. Smyth, or that these dull moments are their most characteristic. But, if they would be improved by a readier acknowledgment of the sun's power, these landscapes are uniformly decorative, the point of view being well chosen, whilst the water-colours are delightful and strongly personal examples of the pure and proper use of that medium.

Mr. J. Kerr-Lawson's decorative panels, which Messrs. Carfax are exhibiting at the Alpine Club, consist of paintings some six feet high of familiar scenes in Rome, Florence and Venice, and they are so disposed in the gallery as approximately to reproduce their general effect when placed in the drawing-room at Stoke Rochford, Grantham, for which they are intended. The quiet blue-grey tints, which predominate, admirably harmonise with the white scheme of the room, and the whole should form what Major Pendennis would have called a "vewychaste" apartment. Although well-painted views of the Forum, the Colleone Monument, The Baptistery, Florence, etc., are decorative and reposeful ornaments for a drawing-room, they do not give a painter much scope for the humour that in him is. Mr. Kerr-Lawson, however, has overcome the difficulty to some extent in *San Firenze*, whose shops are allotted to Mr. Bernhard Berenson—as a purveyor of "Tactile Values"—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and other celebrated persons.

MUSIC

THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

IN face of the reproach that London, with its millions from which to draw its material, cannot boast a single first-rate chorus, we are generally very ready to retort with the excellence of our orchestral music. We have good cause to be proud of possessing two such organisations as the London Symphony and the Queen's Hall orchestras, not only because of the high artistic level of their performances, but also because there are very few among the younger generation of music-lovers in London (we might almost say in England) who do not owe a very large part of their musical education to the efforts of these two societies. Most of us have sat, or more often stood at their feet in the promenade concert season, both when the present London Symphony orchestra was called by the name of the other and was conducted by Mr. Wood, and since the formation of the present Queen's Hall orchestra. There, as well as at the symphony concerts of both societies, many of us have heard important new works for the first time or grown familiar with old ones; but, besides this, they have brought us into such close touch with the orchestra as practically to place it within the means of every one to acquire the necessary technique of listening to orchestral music. I remember well how, as a boy—the first time I had an opportunity of listening regularly to a full orchestra—the sound would prevent me hearing the music, and consequently how difficult it was to follow works which, if played on the piano, my musical intelligence would have readily grasped. At the time I write of I had had considerable musical education, but none in the subject of orchestral colour, so that I knew enough to be conscious of my disability. Many people

are not conscious of it, or rather of its cause, but, when they are baffled by the myriad shades of colour produced, they go away imagining that they must be unmusical, whereas practice would give them this technique of hearing as it will any other where the temperament is fitted to the task. This important branch of musical education—to the average amateur it is perhaps the most important—our permanent orchestras have made the most accessible, with the result that the power of enjoying orchestral music is at present the most widespread form of musical ability amongst Londoners. I venture to preface my remarks thus to avoid misunderstanding, because I am going to suggest that we have lately had a revelation in orchestral playing in the visit of the Vienna Philharmonic Society. Considering all that has been done for us in orchestral education, people might have shown more enterprise by attending the first concert on June 26 in larger numbers; but this was only an instance of the complaisant British attitude towards a new experience. Whatever may be thought of this orchestra as compared with English orchestras, there can be no doubt that to hear it was an entirely new experience, and one which, like most genuine musical experiences, cannot be put upon paper. It was not merely that they played with wonderful precision, that the wind was wonderfully refined (there were no quacking oboes or blazing brass): our English orchestras can achieve all this; but either in Herr Schalk or his men, or in both, for they seem as one, there rests a consummate sense of proportion. This gives to each movement as they play it a perfect draughtsmanship. The figure is conceived in its entirety, but every feature is perfectly articulated. There is, on the one hand, no mere sketch of detail to give a complete effect, on the other no clumsy exaggeration of any one feature. If this is true: "It is the work of the conductor," will be the reply; and it may be, probably it is so. But, here again, orchestra and conductor form such a complete organism that to differentiate between them would seem as absurd as to single out for remark the work of the solo violoncellist or clarinettist.

It was in works not remarkable for perfect balance of shape—I avoid the word "form" because it has been so misused as the catch-word of the pedant—that this wonderful quality seemed to take command, so to speak, in the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic Society. In the C minor Symphony of Beethoven we lost sight of it in the magnificent proportions of the work itself, but in Weber's *Oberon* Overture and Elgar's Variations it was most powerfully illustrated. Now, in both of these delightful works the "form" (used in the technical sense) is quite irreproachable. Weber's is the conventional form of the concert overture, Elgar's the time-honoured form of a theme with variations; but with the first, composed as it is of fragments of the opera woven with ingenuity into a single piece, it is more remarkable for its charming scraps of melody and its picturesque colouring than for any particular nobility of structure. The same is true of Elgar's works as a whole, and, though the precise form of the work performed saves it from the defects common to many of his other works, it is like a set of delightful water-colour sketches rather than a greatly conceived picture. To continue the picture simile, scenes from the *Oberon* opera are placed together on one canvas in the overture, the scenes from the lives of Elgar and his friends are framed separately and hung in a row in his "Enigma" Variations, but in neither case is the inner unity of design at first sight apparent. This the orchestra brought out in a way I have never heard elsewhere, and it was done by this perfectly poised sense of the relative importance of each detail to the whole. So what the conventional programme book describes as "a brilliant coda concluding the overture," sounded like a splendid summary of its emotion, the achievement of its end, its τέλος. In the variations, although marred by the ill-judged applause of the British public, who seemed surprised that the foreigners so well understood its hero, yet it was the relation of

one variation to its surrounding ones and the articulation of all the musical material, which with Elgar is too apt to become merged in a vague sense of colour, that gave the performance its distinction. Every one has been ready to remark on the extraordinary vigour of the playing, of the strings especially, but, after all, vigour is no new quality to the *habitués* of Queen's Hall. I doubt whether the Queen's Hall orchestra could well be surpassed in vigour and energy, or the London Symphony Orchestra in beauty and refinement of tone. But in the Vienna Philharmonic there is a principle beyond these qualities which at a first hearing may be mistaken for a more complete possession of them. Indeed, it practically amounts to this, since it is the ordering and adjustment of all these resources to their true function of interpretation, in fact the perfect technique, subjecting itself to artistic ends, which raises their playing to its commanding level. This perfect sense of proportion and the power to achieve it the crowning graces of a complete art, and can never be present in a young and growing artistic movement. It is the same with schools of composition as with schools of performance. It is as lacking in the pioneer works of Monteverde, Philip Emanuel Bach and Wagner as it is present in those of Handel and Beethoven and of Brahms. The musical life of England, and especially the cultivation of orchestral technique both as regards conductors and players, is in a state of ardent, almost feverish development. It has so grown up even within the short memories of the youngest of us that this quality, the result of generations of thoughtful application to its problems, is not to be expected, but it is all the more worth appreciating where it is to be found. England's adulation of all that was foreign in music was once a symptom of her disease, which brought her art almost to death's door; her present rather wilful repudiation of it is a sign of convalescence growing into health. We want to do things for ourselves and not to be nursed any longer, and it is well that we should do so, in spite of the fact that the nurse can still perhaps do better. And it so happened that we were not very anxious to find anything in the Viennese playing beyond what we already know. However, luckily their playing was so good as to compel us to reflect, and reflecting to learn, so that their visit cannot have been in vain.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. HEINEMANN announces for publication in the early autumn "Madame Récamier and her Friends," by M. Herriot. At the last meeting of the French Academy it was decided to award one thousand francs of the Bordin Prize to M. Herriot, in recognition of the value of this book.

Messrs. Bemrose will publish shortly two new volumes in their "Memorials of the Counties of England Series," "Wiltshire," edited by Alice Dryden, and "Somerset," edited by F. J. Snell, M.A.

Mr. Horace Cox announces that early in July he will issue a book entitled "Central African Game and its Spoor," by Capt. C. H. Stigand, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., and D. D. Lyell—a complete hunter's guide on big game, shooting, tracking, etc., in Central Africa. It is to be copiously illustrated with photographs of game and many drawings of their spoor.

A further interesting announcement is made in connection with the "Stratford Town" Shakespeare, of which vol. vii. will shortly be issued. The Shakespeare Head Press will give as frontispiece to vol. viii. the first direct reproduction of the famous Garrick Club bust of Shakespeare. Hitherto all representations of this bust have been made from one of the two plaster casts, as it was said to be impossible to obtain a successful photograph of the original black terra-cotta bust. This difficulty has, however, been overcome, and the result

is an admirable addition to the extant portraits of Shakespeare. The publishers have secured the services of Mr. M. H. Spielmann to contribute an elaborate essay on Shakespeare portraits to the last volume of this edition.

The serial publication of a new novel—"Running Water"—by Mr. A. E. W. Mason will begin in the August number of *The Century Magazine*.

Mr. Eugene Merrill is publishing with Mr. Werner Laurie "Art in the Dumps," a satire on the commercialism of British literature, drama, painting and music, presented under the guise of a Tariff Commission Report.

"The Finality of the Christian Religion," by Professor G. B. Foster, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on July 9. The book, which is partly philosophical and partly historical in character, is written from an advanced theological and critical standpoint. Its object is to set forth Christianity, not as a religion dependent on miraculous facts or authoritative dogmas, but as an inward religion of spirit and personality. Another theological book which Mr. Unwin will publish on the same day is a work on "The Messianic Hope in the New Testament," by Mr. Shailer Mathews.

"The Ha'penny Millionaire," by George Sunbury, which Messrs. Methuen have in the press, concerns a bank porter, who, after forty years spent in opening and shutting the bank door, received a handsome pension, and sets out at the age of fifty-six with the intention of "seeing life." His innocent explorations take him into the frivolous society of sea-side entertainers, pierrots, and nigger-minstrels. He essays love, finance, and athletics, and finally, having tried every form of gaiety that he can imagine, arrives at a comfortable conclusion.

The Rev. Bridgeman Boughton-Leigh's "Memorials of a Warwickshire Family" will be published this month by Mr. Henry Frowde.

Messrs. Otto Schulze and Co., of Edinburgh, announce a new translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," by M. S. Henry, versified by Edward W. Thomson. The edition (limited to five hundred) will be a quarto printed on hand-made paper and ornamented by Celtic initials, head and tail-pieces.—The same firm have in preparation Part iii. of their Early English Prose Romances, edited by William J. Thoms and ornamented by Harold Nelson: "The Famous History of Fryer Bacon." The two first parts, "The Lyfe of Robert the Deuyll" and "The Noble Birth and Gallant Atchievements of that remarkable Outlaw Robin Hood," are already published, and the fourth part, "A Pleasant Historie of Frier Rush," will complete the volume.

We are presently to have a new edition of Mr. Swinburne's critical study of William Blake, with a new preface, in which Mr. Swinburne makes statements regarding the origin of Celticism, Matthew Arnold's connection therewith, and Blake in relation thereto. Further evidence of revived interest in Blake is the fact that Mr. Arthur Symonds has nearly finished a study of the man, the poet, and the painter, with contemporary estimates.

A volume of reminiscences by Mr. Frederic Harrison, will be published shortly. It is forty-four years since Mr. Harrison published his first book, "The Meaning of History." Mr. Harrison's memoirs will contain several articles contributed to English and American reviews, and will be entitled "Memories and Thoughts—Stories of Books—Men—Places—Art."

The "Life and Letters of Sir Leslie Stephen," with which Professor Maitland has for some time past been occupied, will be one of the most interesting of the coming autumn publications. As first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," Leslie Stephen had a herculean task in marshalling the army of contributors for that great work, and in the correspondence involved there are revealed traits of character and sidelights on literary and historical personages that give a peculiar value to the work.

CORRESPONDENCE

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In this jerry-building age, when quantity is preferred to quality and notoriety is made the criterion of eminence, it would be surprising if the nature of art were understood of the multitude. Nevertheless, it is with pained astonishment that I find a contributor to your columns condemning the "petty cry of Art for Art's sake" as the "latest expression of the baseborn craving after professional gentility." If it be snobbish, as C. B. contends, to declare "the subject unworthy of treatment," what is his quarrel with the artist for art's sake who maintains that every subject is worthy of treatment, who echoes the advice of Old Crome: "John my boy, if your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it"?

In an unguarded moment Tennyson observed to Mr. Gosse, "it matters very little what we say, it is how we say it—though the fools don't know it." Now this is a half-truth, and it is one of those mischievous half-truths which do infinite harm to the cause the poet had at heart. It matters a great deal morally what we say. It matters a great deal artistically how we say it. Every human activity, complete or incomplete, may be regarded from two standpoints; we may consider what the action is, or how it is done. If we consider what the action is, our attitude is that of the statesman or moralist; if we consider how it is done, our attitude is that of the artist. From a purely artistic standpoint, then, it does matter very little what we write, what we paint, and a great deal how we write, how we paint; for reduced to its essentials the doctrine of art for art's sake is no more—and no less—than a modernised version of the old saw, "If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well." This is the common sense of "art for art's sake," and I cannot conceive why so modest and honest an ambition should be termed snobbery by C. B., and by Mr. Quiller-Couch "chatter which died a dishonoured death but a short while ago, and which it is still one of the joys of life to have outlived." (Does the survival explain the "and which"?)

But it may be urged that a work of art must be judged by a wider outlook than that of the craftsman, that in every picture, in every poem there is in addition to the art a conscious or unconscious philosophy of life which the artist, strive as he may, cannot conceal. Granted that this be so, painters and poets are men as well as artists, and if good artists be also good men they will see to it that their paintings and writings do not offend statesmen and moralists. Happily or unhappily, men of low moral character have been gifted with high artistic talent, and shallow minds, seizing upon eccentricity as a substitute for the originality they lack, have argued on the *post hoc propter hoc* principle that the immoral is the artistic. Silly chatter is this in truth, for although the fact of a man being a poisoner may not affect the merits of his prose, we should admire the prose not because but in spite of the criminality of the writer. From the time of Aristotle it has been clear to all who have made a serious study of aesthetics that art and morals are not in the same category, and but for the confusion of thought which has been created by recent writers on art it would be unnecessary to discuss a question which has been answered so eloquently, lucidly and indisputably by Mr. Swinburne in his essay on Hugo's *L'Année Terrible*.

"We admit then that the worth of a poem has properly nothing to do with its moral meaning or design, that the praise of a Cæsar as sung by Virgil, of a Stuart as sung by Dryden, is preferable to the most magnanimous invective against tyranny which love of country and of liberty could wring from a Bavarian or a Settler; but on the other hand we refuse to admit that art of the highest kind may not ally itself with moral or religious passion, with the ethics or the politics of a nation or an age. It does not detract from the poetic supremacy of Æschylus and of Dante, of Milton and of Shelley, that they should have been pleased to put their art to such use; nor does it detract from the sovereign greatness of other poets that they should have had no note of song for any such theme."

It is the "how" and not the "what" that ultimately decides the value of any work of art. No artist had a greater regard for morality than the late G. F. Watts. No painter sought more consistently to choose subjects with a noble purpose. Theoretically he would have repudiated the doctrine of art for art's sake, which he did not understand, yet the honesty of the man wrung from his heart a confirmatory confession of its truth when he wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*: "Heroic art must be noble in its treatment of the means at its disposition, line, colour, and texture, and must have a correspondingly noble subject, though subject has perhaps less to do with it than character of utterance."

FRANK RUTTER.

HERESIES ON STYLE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The article with the above title, which appeared in your issue of June 30, must have appealed to many of your readers. For all who are interested in the ACADEMY are attracted more or less by the questions discussed in that article. The writer is certainly right when he emphasises the fact that if a book is to live it must contain ideas which will suggest thoughts to the reader. Such books are sure to be possessions for ever. The world will never willingly let them die if the writer has taken pains to make himself understood and to clothe his ideas in suitable language. This doubtless

is the chief function of style—to help in the dissemination of great ideas. But the world is growing old and new ideas of value to the human race are not often met with. Therefore literature has to deal with commonplace thoughts that belong to writer and reader alike. In such a case it is not so much what the author says as how he says it that matters. Your contributor suggests that Pater may have hoped that his books would live on account of his style. Well, Pater has some claim to be regarded as a Platonist and his reverence for his master may have led him to take a humble view of his own ideas. He determined at any rate to clothe them in as fitting a garb as he could.

H. P. WRIGHT.

SHELLEY'S RELIGION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In spite of the quotation from "Adonais" cited by Mr. Edward Wright, I, for one, have difficulty in thinking Shelley "a man with a divided mind." Rather am I inclined to think this solitary instance was a lapse from what Shelley deemed a higher faith than belief in a deity; a lapse, possibly due to mental suffering in the face of death, accompanied by the human craving for consolation.

The incomparable "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" seems to me to state clearly Shelley's creed.

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantom of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express."

And did not Richard Jefferies in "The Story of My Heart" display the same faith? What, too, says William Watson?

"Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

MAX FLOWMAN.

July 1.

"AMERICA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I suppose the usage or non-usage of "America" (to describe the U.S.A.) is really a question of verbal convenience.

Whatever may have been the case three hundred years ago, to-day in common parlance America is not a hemisphere (as you suggest) but a single country.

If the Canadians and Mexicans do not object why should we? Why not let the Americans possess America, even as the Dutch have captured Holland.

E. D. RAMSEY.

June 30.

POET, NOVELIST AND CRITIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The minor poet—why "minor"? We do not say a "minor" critic, a "minor" novelist, a "minor" editor. Poetry as distinguished from verification, is different in kind, and should be valued according to its merits in its own class. Gray never gathered into a world-sweeping epic the tempestuous experiences of some untamable or unconquerable soul. Is Gray a "minor" poet? Shall we dub Keats a "minor" poet because no great drama stands to his credit? or disparage the charms of Herrick because his lines lack the austere majesty of Milton's? Each of these poets is a master in his own province. There has been a Sainte-Beuve in the world, shall we therefore stigmatise the criticisms of a Hazlitt? A wayside flower may be no rose, but in its humility and loveliness it may say more to us than some gorgeous sister in the garden. We do not call it a "minor" flower.

Somewhat timorously I would touch on a topic suggested by a paragraph in your editorial columns. You say, "Because he knows that is exactly why a man is selected by an Editor to be a reviewer." You remember the lines,

"But seldom comes the poet here,

And the critic's rarer still?"

Now have the reviewers selected by editors that indubitable knowledge claimed for them? We may, we probably do, feel a sincere respect for reviewers, and yet we may also have serious doubts as to the infallibility of their judgments. If half a dozen responsible critics were to discuss a production in verse by some eminent contemporary would they be unanimous on all points? Would there not rather be six different opinions at each stage of discussion? If their verdict were unanimous would it also be final?

Grant the critic knowledge: yet he must have more than this. Great criticism transcends mere knowing, it is inspiration. In all the arts the highway to fame is strewn with the scattered fragments of altars raised to forgotten deities by *men who knew*; and not a few who in times past were bespattered with the mud of a contemptuous criticism, or insulted by the condescending patronage of the arbitrary wise, sit now on their thrones and smile. The gods who reign in the world of art may be indeed grateful for the infinite diversity of human opinion and for the fallibility of wise men. Knowledge never yet made a poet, nor will mere knowledge ever make a great critic, for truth in this, as in not a few other things, is with those who, having other eminently essential qualities, *feel* most deeply.

Now have our reviewers—I do not speak of the privileged critic, elevated and remote, whose vision is unobscured by the floating mists of controversy, whose judgments are mellowed by long contemplation, but of those less fortunate reviewers who toil for their guineas in the vortex of things—have these reviewers, I ask, any time to feel? Very often perforce they can but glance and press on. The niceties of true criticism cannot be reconciled with the pressure of present-day conditions; that placid lucidity of mind, that fine sense of the fit and the perfect, and that ready, luminous sympathy which leaps as it were to an author's heart and grasps the pith and tendency of his thought—these qualities, rare in themselves, rare indeed in conjunction, can we expect to find then sweetly balanced and conjoined in those whose heads throb with the pitiless hum of the hurrying hours, and whose brains are dazed with the weariless whirl of words? It would seem, however conscientious a busy reviewer may be, that he is of necessity compelled, such are the conditions, to ignore much in order to give a quantum of consideration to a little, thus he can be neither altogether just to himself nor to those authors whose work comes to him for review, for true criticism, like true poetry, has birth in the tranquil communion of mind and heart.

With regard to poets and reviewers: I believe I voice a thought which lies in the minds of many when I say that the interests of literature would be better served if something of that tolerance were extended to poetry which is so readily accorded to fiction. The mediocrity, which in a novelist is too frequently connived at, brings on a poet the most severe condemnation. I do not quarrel with the castigation of mediocrity, I sue for no favours, but that fairness in a fair field which is ever readily conceded to all by true Englishmen, which is the privilege of the criminal in the dock and of the wrestler in the ring—this the poet has a right to expect. At his worst the young writer of verse, with very rare exceptions, panders to no vices, nor does he palliate the delinquencies of society; his ideas may not infrequently be worn threadbare, but they are clean and healthy; can more be said for the average popular novelist?

I would not appear to disparage or underestimate the value of fiction. The novelist wields a power whose far-reaching influence, for good and evil, is altogether unguessed at; his is a power which, to no insignificant extent, is silently shaping our national destiny;—for this reason then, if for no other, would not benefit accrue if a modicum of that consideration, so unstintingly bestowed on novels more or less noxious, were given to poetry?—for it is our poetry which has made our literature glorious in the past, and this cold, even insolent, neglect of contemporary verse is unwarranted.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

PLACE-NAMES AS EVIDENCE OF FEMALE OWNERSHIP IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the many difficulties which attend the theory that the primitive land-holding unit in Anglo-Saxon law was the exclusive family group or "clan," reckoning descent through males only, the fact that at an early period females were capable of transmitting rights of inheritance in land to their descendants holds a prominent place. The fact itself is certain, but in view of the scarcity of early legal documents bearing upon this point it may be well to note that a certain amount of relevant evidence can be derived from a study of local nomenclature. There exists a distinct class of English place-names in which one of the familiar suffixes *tun, ham, leah*, etc., is compounded with a female personal name in a way which can only denote ownership of the place in question on the part of the person whose name is represented in the prefix. The cumulative significance of names of this type could only be determined by a minute study of place-names all over England, but we may give as examples from the midland counties Adderbury, Oxfordshire; Kenilworth, Warwickshire; Chelington, Bedfordshire; Kemerton, Worcestershire, and Eddington, Berkshire; which are compounded respectively with the female names Eadburh, Cynechild, Ceolwynn, Cyneburh and Eadgifu. The exact dialectical form in which these latter names appear in early records does not concern us here, but they are enough to prove the female ownership of sites which ultimately became recognised as centres of habitation in the current local nomenclature, and a collection of such names would form an argument of some force against the universal extension of the agnatic village community.

F. M. STENTON.

June 30.

"LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—In Mr. Sherard's recent *Life of Oscar Wilde* pages 316–319, allusion is made to a particular copy of "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime"

which is inscribed "Constance from Oscar July '91." Mr. Sherard says that certain passages, which he quotes, have been underlined by the author "to call attention to them"; and on this theory he writes a good deal of malapropos moralising. May I say the little book was once mine, and that I underlined the passages because I admired them, and that another twinge is added to my regret at having parted with it?

J. M. F. COOKE.

July 3.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Rembrandt: A Memorial 1606–1906. Part ix. 14½ x 10½. Pp. 6, with 7 plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

Melandra Castle: being the report of the Manchester and District branch of the Classical Association for 1905. Edited by R. S. Conway, Litt.D., Professor of Latin. With an Introduction by the Rev. E. L. Hicks, Canon of Manchester; President of the Branch. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xvi, 167. Manchester: The University Press (Sheppard & Hughes), 5s. net. [Almost entirely concerned with the excavations and discoveries at Melandra Castle near Glossop in Derbyshire. See p. 4.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Menpes, Mortimer. *Henry Irving*. With twelve portraits in colour. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 50. Black. Portrait Biographies. 2s. net.

CLASSICS.

Libellus de Sublimitate Dionysio Longino fere adscriptus. Accedunt excerpta quaedam e Cassii Longini operibus. Recognovit brevique annotatione critica instruxit Arturus Octavius Prickard. 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 73. Oxonii: Typographeo Clarendoniano. Scriptorum Classicorum Bibl. Oxoniensis. 2s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Scenes from the Great Novelists, adapted and arranged for amateur performance by Elsie Fogerty. Costume Plates by Isabel Bonus. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 67. Swan Sonnenschein, Standard Plays for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. 6d. net.

[Miss Fogerty, who has lately been before the public as the moving spirit of the performance of *Atalanta in Calydon*, contributes a valuable introduction on acting, costumes, properties, etc. The scenes are from Scott, George Eliot and Dickens.]

ECONOMICS.

Economic and Statistical Studies, 1840–1890. By John Towne Danson. With a brief memoir by his daughter, Mary Norman Hill, and an Introduction by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., Brunner Professor of Economic Science, Liverpool University. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 282. Unwin, 21s. net.

[The main contents of the book are a number of statistical diagrams and charts drawn up by the late Mr. Danson, and two papers—one on the changes in the condition of the people between the harvest of 1839 and the harvest of 1847, another on the commercial progress of the Colonial Dependencies of the United Kingdom between 1827 and 1840; both read before the Statistical Society of London in 1848 and 1849 respectively, and privately printed by that body.]

EDUCATION.

Nicklin, Rev. T. *Old Testament History* for sixth form boys. Part I. From the Call of Abraham to the Death of Joshua. With 13 illustrations and 4 maps. 7 x 4½. Black, 3s.

[A companion volume by Mr. Nicklin, Part III., "From the Death of Jehoshaphat," was published last year and won golden opinions.]

Batchelor, Miss F. M. S. *Dent's First Exercises in French Grammar.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. vii, 83. Dent's Modern Language Series. 1s. net. [Entirely in French. Preface by H. E. Berthon.]

FICTION.

Benson, Robert Hugh. *The Queen's Tragedy.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 381. Pitman, 6s.

Hawtre, Valentina. *Susanne.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Murray, 6s. (See p. 16.) Wintle, Gilbert. *Mesher of Mischance.* Illustrations by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Leighton, Marie Connor. *Sealed Lips.* Illustrations by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 368. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Nesbit, E. *Man and Maid.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.

[Thirteen short stories.]

Arnold, Edmund. *Ted Buss, the Cripple, and his marvellous experiments.* A story for boys, young and old, with twelve full-page illustrations by E. A. Holloway. 7½ x 5. Pp. 218. Drane, 3s. 6d.

Smith, Margaret. *Frere's Housekeeper.* 8 x 5. Pp. 338. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Mastin, John. *The Stolen Planet.* A scientific romance. 7½ x 5½. Weirby, 3s. 6d.

[“Written,” says the author, “in the hope that it may prove the means of giving to our youths technical instruction, combined with excitement of a healthy kind.”]

LITERATURE.

The British Academy. Skeat, the Rev. Professor W. W., Fellow of the Academy. *The Problem of Spelling Reform.* From the Proceedings of the British Academy, vol. ii. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 18. Frowde, 1s. net. (See p. 3.)

The Oxford English Dictionary. *A New English Dictionary* on Historical Principles founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. PH.—PIPER (Vol. vii.) 13½ x 10½. Pp. 138. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Double Section, 5s.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN a learned and interesting paper read before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis in September 1904 and recently contributed, with additions and alterations, to a contemporary, Professor E. A. Sonnenschein deals with "Latin as an Intellectual Force," tracing its unbroken influence on modern thought, modern religion, modern law, modern poetry, and modern art, and declaring that the study of the Greek and Latin Classics "is in reality a study of our own past—our very own—divorced from which all that is most characteristic in the present is only half intelligible." "It is," he continues, "because . . . modern life is soaked with Greek and still more with Latin influences, that it will always depend for its complete interpretation on a study of the classics—that is, so long as the landmarks of our present culture remain unshifted."

Wise words; and they seem all the wiser after a perusal of Dr. Sonnenschein's article, which shows, among other things, the remarkable part played by Stoicism in its highest form in the development of our own thought and morality. But there is a point of special interest in the paper, which is our real reason for referring to it. Dr. Sonnenschein illustrates the influence of Latin upon English literature by a fact which he discovered some two years ago. Portia's speech on mercy is based, in his opinion, upon Seneca's tract "De Clementia." The parallel passages were communicated by Dr. Sonnenschein to a contemporary some two years ago, but their importance is so great that the possibility of their having escaped the notice of many students of Shakespeare induces us to give them here in full:

It becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown. (*M. of V.* iv. 1.)
Nullum clementia ex omnibus magis quam regem aut principem decet. (*Seneca, De Clementia*, i. 3, 3.)

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

Eo scilicet formosius id esse magnificentiusque fatebimur quo in maiore praestabitur potestate (i. 19, 1):

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:

It is an attribute of God himself.

Quod si di placabiles et aequi delicta potentium non statim fulminibus persequuntur, quanto aequius est hominem hominibus praepositum miti animo exercere imperium? (i. 7, 2):

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice.

Quid autem? Non proximum eis (dis) locum tenet is qui se ex deorum natura gerit beneficus et largus et in melius potens? (i. 19, 9):

Consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation.

Cogitato . . . quanta solitudo et vastitas futura sit si nihil relinquitur nisi quod iudex severus absolverit (i. 6, 1).

Professor Sonnenschein's advice to students of Shakespeare: "Study the prose works of Seneca," seems very pertinent after the perusal of these remarkable parallels.

Between 1894 and 1898 there was in existence a Review of current scientific investigation called *Science Progress*, conducted by Sir Henry Burdett, K.C.B., and edited by Professor J. Bretland Farmer. Since 1898, when the original *Science Progress* ceased publication, there has been "no British science journal, devoted to those comprehensive summaries of recent work, to those general discussions of topics of interest to workers in all branches of science, which were the predominant features of the old publication and for which it was rightly valued." We draw those words from the "Editorial" to the new *Science Progress in the Twentieth Century*, a quarterly journal of scientific thought, of which the first number (Murray, 5s. net) lies before us. The Editors of the new journal are Dr. N. H. Alcock and Mr. W. G. Freeman, and there is an advisory committee of thirteen, containing many names well known in the world of science.

The "Editorial" referred to gives a very clear idea of the views of the Editors. The first is to present summaries ("as far as possible of a non-technical character") of important recent work in any branch of science, to show the progress achieved and, if possible, to indicate something of the line of further advance. Specialists in one subject will thus be enabled to keep up with the doings of specialists in other subjects; the public that is interested in science will obtain trustworthy information in not too technical language, and teachers and students will feel less the lack of original matter and find more guidance in the use of it. By this means also the scientific workers in all parts of the Empire may obtain a meeting-ground for the exchange of information and ideas. Finally, the "practical" aspects of science are not to be neglected, and the relationship of "pure" science to industries, hygiene and so forth will be kept in view.

This first number contains twelve papers. Mr. W. J. Ashley, the Professor of Commerce in the University of Birmingham, leads off with a paper on a Science of Commerce, and the other articles belong to pure Chemistry, Agricultural Chemistry, Physical Geography as a subject for Education, Botany, Entomology, Zoology, and Geology applied to mining. The contents show, in fact, that both pure and applied science are to have fair play; and the first number promises a very high quality, practical and theoretical, to a publication to which we wish every kind of success.

In the latest number (1903-4) of that invaluable publication, the "London Topographical Record," which is the organ of the London Topographical Society, appears a paper by Mr. J. George Head on the alterations which have taken place in the northern portion of St. Marylebone in the last fifteen years. The circumstances have been exceptional, perhaps, since three railways (one of them the Great Central) and two electric light corporations have been allowed to lay hands on the district within that time; but the list of interesting houses that have been removed makes sad reading. Sarah Siddons's House, 27 Upper Baker Street, where she lived from her retirement in 1817 till her death in 1831, George IV. having promised that her windows should not be overlooked by Nash's new houses in Regent's Park; three houses of George Eliot, 10 Harewood Square, 16 Blandford Square, where she wrote "Silas Marner" and "Romola," and 21 North Bank, where she wrote "Felix Holt," "Daniel Deronda" and other works; the house, 18 St. John's Wood Road, where Landseer was living when he designed the lions in Trafalgar Square; Huxley's two houses, 14 Waverley Place (where Tyndall succeeded him) and 41 North Bank, and the house in Alpha Road where Mary Lamb ended her days.

These are only a few from Mr. Head's list, which contains also Old Harley House and the Manor House at the junction of Lisson (Lilestone) Grove and Marylebone Road. It is true that Mr. Head, with praiseworthy cheerfulness, dwells on the advantages gained by the clearing out of crowded and inferior quarters and the creation by railways and electric light works of what are to some extent open spaces. That, no doubt, is gratifying to the residents in the district, if but small consolation to those who live elsewhere. And those who remember old Paris, those who have watched Rome being cleaned and tidied and smartened up and made as nice and neat and new as Paris, will spare a sigh of regret for lost associations—the associations that help to bring the great dead vividly to the imagination.

A contributor to a contemporary has been making a pilgrimage in "The English Engadine" (as the advertisements of a certain railway company have it), and, standing before Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, "where the poet worked on the all but finished manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, dictating his noble lines to any one of the household who happened to be near at the time," dreamed a very pretty dream. In imagination he heard "the dictation of the organ-sounding verses which re-echo to this time in the minds of men . . ." and conjured up a vision of the way the poet's days were spent, till "the years slipped by and the time came for the return to London." At Chalfont, says our pilgrim, "he was induced by his friend, to whom he had given the manuscript of his greatest poem, to undertake the writing of *Paradise Regained*."

The vision as a whole is pleasing, but, unfortunately, there is a good deal of dreaming and very little fact. The poet did not "work on the all but finished manuscript of *Paradise Lost*" in his cottage, for the simple reason that it was finished before he went to Chalfont, and this unhappily prevented "any one of the household who happened to be near" from putting the "noble lines" on paper. Again, the years had no opportunity of slipping by as our pilgrim supposes: Milton did not stay long at Chalfont. Last, he was not "induced" by Ellwood to write "*Paradise Regained*," nor did he "undertake" to do so. Ellwood did not even suggest a poem. At Chalfont, being shown the manuscript of "*Paradise Lost*" and asked how he liked it, "I modestly but freely told him," says Ellwood, in his History, which we shall notice before long, "and after some further Discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much here of *Paradise lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*? He made me no Answer, but sate some time in a Muse; then brake off that Discourse, and fell upon another Subject. . . . And when afterwards I went to wait on him [in London] he showed me his Second Poem . . . and in a pleasant Tone said to me, *This is owing to you: for you put it into my Head by the Question you put to me at Chalfont*; which before I had not thought of."

The Public Libraries Committee of Hampstead have published an exceedingly able catalogue of their central library. Although in plan and style it does not differ from the catalogues of other libraries, it has improved upon them by adding notes descriptive of almost every book catalogued. These notes as a rule run to five or six lines of small print, and they summarise the principal subject-matter or argument of the books they refer to, and point out the class of readers the authors have held in view. Thus, the readers at this library are told whether a book is technical, or popular, or non-mathematical; or that a certain preparation is necessary before they can read this or that book. The work is well done; the guidance being offered tactfully, and criticism being subordinated to careful analysis of the contents of books. The public libraries of this country would be of much greater educational value if many more catalogues of this

type were issued, but the expenses of publication are considerable—the Hampstead catalogue embraces about eighteen thousand books and runs to over five hundred pages—and library authorities naturally hesitate before embarking upon enterprises of the sort. Considering that the number of important books published in English is, after all, not very large it is extraordinary that some effort has not been made by public libraries to provide the means of describing current publications once for all libraries.

Of course, descriptive lists of books are issued by many libraries, among which may be noted those at Croydon, Finsbury, Kingston-upon-Thames and West Ham, where very good periodical lists or "magazines" are published. But the majority of municipal libraries, whether able to afford magazines or not, are securing publicity for their books by means of manuscript lists or small exhibitions of books dealing with topics of a day's interest. Thus quite recently libraries have been endeavouring to interest the public in such various subjects as earthquakes, State education, Henrik Ibsen, and Spain. Every adventitious aid to pushing books is as readily taken advantage of by library authorities as by booksellers. Some people may be inclined to smile or to sneer at such semi-commercial methods of educating the public, but the librarians are right: they have to serve a section of the public whose taste for literature is confined to sensational fiction, but who may be induced, if their literary palates are tickled, to read a better class of book, in the first place out of curiosity, secondly from habit and preference. Librarians can put up with the smiles at the means they adopt, as long as they know that the desired end is in some cases achieved.

Not long ago news came from Rome that the Rome correspondent of *Le Temps* has discovered in a second-hand dealer's shop an Aldine Press copy of Plutarch's "*Moralia*," bearing the autograph, "*Francisci Rabelesi Chinonen*," i.e., François Rabelais of Chinon, where the author of "*Pantagruel*" was born. There are also a number of notes on the title-page, which appear to be in the handwriting of Rabelais. That Rabelais was indebted to Plutarch, every Rabelaisian knows; but the correspondent referred to, M. Pierre-Paul Plan, has illustrated this indebtedness by a number of comparisons, which previous commentators have overlooked. If his contention proves to be true, this will be one of the historic finds in the "twopenny box," which become rarer every year.

The most interesting among many interesting things in Mr. Tregaskis's new catalogue is René-Auguste-Constantin de Renneville's "*Otia Bastiliaca*," a unique work. De Renneville was the author of the famous history of the Bastille, written in this country after his release. He was imprisoned—no one quite knows why—from May 1702 till June 1713, and suffered, during much of that time, very severe treatment. One of his consolations was the composition of poems, which he wrote, with ink made of soot, wine and bone, in between the lines of a copy of "*Auteurs Deguisez*" (Paris, 1690), which he bought from another prisoner, the Capuchin Florent de Brandebourg. This is the volume Mr. Tregaskis now offers for sale. It was left behind by de Renneville on his release, having been previously confiscated, and formed part of the Bastille Library; after which it appears from the binding to have become the property of Louis XV.

A curious point is that Voltaire was supposed to have seen this volume and to have taken from one of de Renneville's poems, called "*A Vision, or Caprice*," the idea—and even more than the idea—of the seventh song in "*La Henriade*." Voltaire was imprisoned in the Bastille from May 1717 to May 1718. A certain M. La Baumele, who was in the Bastille about the middle of the eighteenth century, tore out the leaves containing the poem, in order

to expose the plagiarism of Voltaire to the world. The leaves were discovered in his hat, and taken from him on his release. The fortunate possessor of the volume will have an interesting task in determining how far the charge is true.

A letter published recently in Germany gives an account of the death of Goethe, which differs in some respects from other accounts, though it does not necessarily contradict them. The letter was written in 1832 by a student of painting, who was an intimate friend of Goethe's family. Goethe had been laid up with a bad cold and was being nursed by his daughter-in-law, Ottilie. At seven o'clock in the morning of the day on which he died he asked her to bring him a portfolio full of diagrams, and for a while they studied optics together. Feeling much better, he began to talk about the coming spring and of his recovery. He even tried to write, numbering the pages of a manuscript. At ten o'clock he could scarcely speak, but kept on saying endearing phrases to Ottilie, who held his hand between hers. His eyes closed, but he opened them for a moment and looked affectionately at his daughter-in-law, and then died at half-past eleven. It will be seen that in the above account there is no mention of the famous phrase: "Light, more light!"

The Cheltenham Ladies' College Guild produced last week an Egyptian play called *Hatshepsut*, by Miss Rose Seaton, with the idea of helping those who saw it to "appreciate the labours of that earnest race of scholars, French, English and German, who have extracted from the hieroglyphs their secret, and made the dead speak." The play gave nothing more than a series of scenes in the life of the greatest of Egypt's queens, but the scenery by Mr. Sydney Herbert was well worth seeing. The dresses also were of considerable interest, as it is difficult to grasp from conventional line-drawings the form and material of the Egyptian costumes. Miss Seaton wrote the play "under circumstances of great anxiety and sorrow." From the educational point of view she was very successful, since she managed to put into it a vast amount of historical detail, for the understanding of which a book of the words, with notes, was necessary. We can only regret that an able piece of work should have been prefaced by a foolishly laudatory introduction.

If you walk from the Hammersmith Broadway down the narrow noisy street along which the trams make their strident way to the country, you will come to a winding passage called Hampshire Hog Lane, silent probably but for the echo of your own footsteps. At the very end of it stands a rambling little old house, with a porch and a garden in front where round tables and chairs are set. It is the Hampshire House Social Club for men, and here a Free Picture Exhibition is being held which is, in its way, unique. In the first room, where stands the billiard table ready for use, are the oil-paintings, lent by the artists and hung by an artist. There is a charming Camille Pissarro, *Route de Versailles à Louveciennes*; a portrait of William Morris, whose house stands hard by, by Sir W. B. Richmond, who opened the exhibition; a fantastic, lightly mauve landscape by Lucian Pissarro, and many other pictures, each with an individuality of its own.

So through the Bar Parlour and the Newspaper Room up strange old stairs to the Reading Room, and you find the gems of the exhibition. Three exquisite drawings by A. E. John, the drawing of a girl's head leaning forward by Watts, *The Knight's Farewell* in pen and ink by Burne-Jones, a wonderful lithograph by Charles Shannon in his most romantic and terrible mood—it is called *The Breakwater*—much beauty is in that quaintly shaped room, looking out on the fifteen allotments in the garden below.

Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so
Lending our minds out,

said Browning's Lippo Lippi, and this might be the motto of this club. It is well worth a visit for many reasons, and visitors will not fail to be delighted by the refreshing frankness with which several neatly-written placards invite them to subscribe liberally towards the expenses.

Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips have held during the last twelve months at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, a series of Exhibitions of French Art which has included the work of Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Harpignies and J. E. Blanche. These are now followed by an exhibition of the work of two eminent painters—Eugène Boudin and Albert Lebourg, which was opened on Thursday last at these galleries. The famous marine painter is represented by twenty characteristic works, and it is the first occasion on which a collection of Lebourg's paintings has been shown in this country, although several exhibitions of this artist's works have been held during the last few years in Paris, where he is much esteemed. There is on view at the same time a choice collection of water-colours and drawings by deceased and living Masters of the English School.

LITERATURE

TOWARDS JOY ?

Vers La Joie. Ames Païennes, Ames Chrétiennes. Par LUCIE FÉLIX-FAURE GOYAU. (Paris: Perrin, 3 fr. 50.)

THERE may be some doubt as to the soundness of the philosophy of this book; there can be none as to the charm with which it is written and the fine taste and insight which render it a delight to read. The main thesis of the author is that the ancient pagan under a gay and light exterior concealed an undying pain and sorrow, whereas the Christian, borne down by his load of grief, weary and worn and sad, nevertheless has that inward peace which atones for all. Many will wish that they could accept the argument, but, to quote a passage from the book: "the finest gift of Prometheus to mortals is found to be illusion: 'I have hindered mortals from foreseeing their fate.' 'By what remedy hast thou cured them of this evil?' 'I have placed within them blind hopes.' . . ." It has recently been pointed out in these columns that the message of science is one antagonistic to Christian belief. The most profound students agree with M. Metchnikoff that, as far as human knowledge can go, it points to annihilation and death, and says that, as far as the individual is concerned, the hereafter must be one of darkness and oblivion. If that be so, then the consolation offered by Lucie Félix-Faure Goyau is but another of the "blind hopes" with which the compassionate Prometheus dowered mankind. But, as we have already hinted, the interest of the book does not lie in its philosophy but in the interpretation of the deepest thoughts of men. The lesson set forth is in itself good. The virtues it inculcates are those which tend to be forgotten and neglected in a world which is in danger of returning to the paganism from which it emerged. They are obedience, humility, patience, renunciation. They have formed no small part of the Christian equipment and even though science should declare that religion itself is but a fable their value to the human race will remain the same. At any rate, they are essentially modern. The author has found illustrations of them in Christina Rossetti, Eugénie De Guérin, and Saint Catherine of Siena, of whom biographical sketches close the argument; but the general interest of the book lies in its preliminary analysis of the soul of paganism. The essential thoughts of the Greeks are traced in the revelations afforded by the poetry, art, ornaments placed on tombs, epitaphs, and in those white jars, the *lécythes blancs*. In reality, this involves a survey of the choicest

literature and the deepest thought of the period. In every direction what is found is a great depth of sadness. Homer sang that the race of men were but as leaves that the wind blows away and that return with the spring-time. A little later Moschus took up the same burden:

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep.

In all there is the same note of sadness. "Mortals have no escape from destined woe," says the Chorus in the *Antigone*. "A man never bathes twice in the same wave," runs an old proverb; and we all know Menander's oft-quoted words: "Whom the gods love die young." Homer's idea of death has been described by M. Girard as gross and material.

Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles Peleus' son, the vain wrath that brought on the Achæans woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave themselves to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls.

The commentator goes on:

Themselves, that is, their body with their blood, their nerves and the principles and agents of their strength; we must add even their passions and their intellect. For see what is the nature of those souls who run to the call of Ulysses. Before they have drunk the blood of the victims, they are without knowledge and without remembrance, incorporeal images of beings who once existed. It is this blood which, poured into their faded limbs, rekindles in them for a few moments feeling and intelligence. Real existence is attached, then, to the body; separation from it is no deliverance, it is a diminution scarcely short of annihilation.

Mr. Swinburne has tried to render that Greek idea of the soul in "*Atalanta in Calydon*," where he says:

But thou, O Mother,
The dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams

When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by impassable streams?

The idea is borne out by figures on the *lécythes blancs*. As the author says:

This poor little shuddering and naked thing that the soul then seems to be, murmurs with a vague wail that is stifled by the tomb. It is represented on the beautiful white jars with a gracious elegance it appears there in the shape of a little winged figure which is flying away.

The clear daylight of Greece or of Sicily does not shine on the fatulous mead of asphodels where the poets placed their dead. The monuments stood on the margin of the sea, by the roadside, under the myrtles and the oleanders, in the sunshine they loved. Their epitaphs generally attested their desire to mingle again with life. Women are continually shown weeping at these memorials. M. Pottier, who has made a study of the Greek white jars, says that generally their attitudes are more pathetic and more violent than in other scenes of grief. The description of the figures deserves to be quoted:

Two spirits, Hypnos and Thanatos, appear to receive the corpses from the hands of the mourners. Hypnos and Thanatos, sleep and death, twin sons of the night, both winged, one black and the other white. . . . To take the soul to the dwellings of Hades, Hermes, Psychopompe and the ferryman Charon also appear. . . . Little winged figures, images of the flying soul, hover, we might say, on the jars and reproduce the sorrowful features of the bystanders. No one tries to rebel against fate, and we remember Homer's verse: "The gods have endowed man with a patient heart."

The very essence of the Greek idea of the soul is conveyed in the famous lines of the Emperor Hadrian:

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?

If we look at the epitaphs we find them at least in perfect harmony with this:

Hail, Earth, our common mother. Weigh not too heavily on Oesigenes; he has weighed but lightly upon thee.

A modern cemetery shows us the most extraordinarily vulgar exhibition of sentiment that can be imagined, in the epitaphs commonly placed on the tombs of little children. The Greeks loved their children too, but how different is the epitaph:

The little girl went away before her time, in her seventh year, to Hades whither she preceded many companions of her own age, wishing, unhappy one! to see her little brother of twenty months, a tiny child who had suffered pitiless death. Alas! Peristeris, mark for so much affliction, what heavy trials a god always ready to impose on men!

Perhaps the most pathetic epitaph quoted is the brief one: "I am the tomb of her who was called Glauce." We knew nothing of her who was called Glauce, as we knew nothing of those who loved to call her so. The name of a forgotten being, says our author, is it not an empty emblem, an indecipherable enigma? The epitaph on the ship-wrecked sailors foretells oblivion:

Man, husband your life. In evil weather hoist not your sail: at the best, life is not very long! Unfortunate Cleonice, you set sail in utmost haste towards opulent Thasos, an adventurer from Coele-Syria; you crossed the sea what time the Pleiades fall, and with the Pleiades thou art fallen for ever.

Our author points out that the smiling Ionian sea, the azure Tyrrhene, and the blue Aegean are all alike, the faithless sea of mourning and of funerals.

Sailors [says another inscription], why do you bury me near the sea? . . . I tremble at the sound of the waves, the cause of my death. Yet, even so, greeting and joy to you who had pity on Nicetas.

It would be easy to multiply the evidence of that sadness with which the Greeks met death. "There is lacking to all," says our author, "even after so many troubles and burdens, the seal of the Christian sepulchres whose calmness spreads from death into life: the *Requiescat in pace*." But we hear the voice of one murmuring: "Is this not another of the *espérances aveugles*?"

In Roman literature we find but an echo of the Greek, and the author has not done badly in taking Lucretius and Horace as its exponents. We need not follow the argument too closely. If Lucie Félix-Faure Goyau had made the same researches into the deepest and most heartfelt poetry of the last two thousand years, she would have had but the same tale to tell. The greatest of our poets has branded, as with red-hot irons, such sentences as these on the human memory: "Life . . . is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." While Christianity endures, it must carry with it a belief in the resurrection, and our memorials of the dead bear a testimony—which is very frequently conventional though it may often be sincere—to this faith and hope, but at bottom there seems always to have been a fear, if not a consciousness, that oblivion is waiting for souls. Even a man of such simple and fine piety as George Herbert, when he came to talk of going down to the dust, used exactly the same language as might have been employed by the most pagan of the ancient Greeks. If modern literature were subjected to the same research that has been expended on the old, it would be found that human nature has possessed at all times the same doubts and hopes and fears; yet it cannot but be admitted that the Christian faith contains the best wisdom that mankind has yet developed. It has sustained those who were inclined to despond, given hope to the despairing, refreshment to the sad and weary; nor could three more brilliant examples of its influence have been chosen than those of which our author has made so careful a study. Each conquered in her place and in her own way—Christina Rossetti, Eugénie de Guérin, and St. Catherine of Sienna. They are three names well worthy of being joined together.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902. Compiled by direction of his Majesty's Government by Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.B., with a staff of officers. Vol. i. (Hurst & Blackett, 17s. 6d. net.)

It is just three years since Sir Frederick Maurice took over the task of compiling the official history of the war, and he tells us in the preface that Colonel Henderson had not then written either narrative of, or comments on, the military operations. The delay in publication is apparently due to the fact that the late Government did not decide until November of last year that it was undesirable to discuss in the history:

any questions that had been at issue between them and the rulers of the two republics, or any points that had been in dispute at home, and to confine this history [*sic*] to the military contest.

This decision was undoubtedly wise, but if it had been made earlier there would have been less cause for complaint of the historians, who have, for no fault of their own, through delay, incurred much censure. The volume deals with the campaign on the Natal side up to Colenso; in the East of Cape Colony—Gatacre's country, up to Stormberg; in the centre of Cape Colony, French's operations round Colesberg up to the time when he joined Lord Roberts's main army; in the western part of the theatre of war, Lord Methuen's four big fights; and Lord Roberts's arrival at Cape Town and his re-organisation and concentration on the Modder for the relief of Kimberley and invasion of the Orange Free State.

The early chapters of the volume deal with the preparation for, and outbreak of, war; the theatre of war; the armies of the belligerents and the Navy in the Boer War. These chapters are good of their kind, but that which deals with the British Army appears to be a short adaptation of part of the *Times* History chapter on the British military system. That on the Navy is more original, but like many other parts of the book offers platitudes instead of criticism. The following is a sample:

Happily our public services, both civil and military, have grown up in the traditions that each branch and department, while it has special grooves in which its own particular duty runs, is at all times on the look-out to help any other department. The Navy and Army are no strangers to this practice of mutual aid. Their special duties have in times past so often led to each helping the other in some way, that perhaps there exists between them in a rather special degree that feeling of comradeship which is engendered by sharing the same duties and the same perils and hardships; just as boys who have gone through the same mill at school, and got into and out of the same scrapes together, are undoubtedly imbued with an *esprit de corps* which is often a valuable possession in after-life.

This pretty sentiment should be particularly gratifying to the Treasury, which naturally is included as one of those civil public services which is always so friendly with the War Office: the acknowledgment is all the more graceful because so much money has been spent on the production of this book.

It is impossible to criticise in detail a volume which covers so large a period of the operations, but the general impression obtained from reading it is that it is very solid and non-committal. It is the very antithesis of the German staff history, in which criticism of the operations is frequent, though often based on an inadequate knowledge of the facts, and it cannot, of course, be compared with the *Times* history in which every body and thing is regarded, and rightly, as a fair object for criticism. The result is that here we get a large quantity of facts, and little more than facts. Occasionally, however, there is noticeable a tendency to present the facts in the most favourable light; as an example may be quoted two extracts bearing on Colonel Baden-Powell's mission:

(I.) p. 39. The War Office despatched Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, with a staff of special service officers, to organise a force in southern Rhodesia. It was hoped that, in the event of war, his column might detain a portion of the Boer commandos in that quarter, since its

position threatened the northern Transvaal. To his task was subsequently added the organisation of a mounted infantry corps which, based on Mafeking, might similarly hold back the burghers of the western districts of the South African Republic.

(II.) p. 44. At Mafeking it was realised that Col. Baden-Powell's troops would be unable to do more than protect the large quantities of stores accumulated by merchants at that station against the formidable Boer force which was concentrating for attack upon it. Nevertheless, by so doing, Baden-Powell would fulfil the rôle assigned to him, since he would prevent large numbers of the enemy from engaging in the serious invasion of the exposed frontier territories of Cape Colony.

These statements, we maintain, are incorrect because Baden-Powell was meant to take an offensive part in the war: that he was ultimately instrumental in "containing" large numbers of the enemy for a considerable time has nothing to do with the question. It is true that his part was, as carried out, most successful, but it was not "the rôle assigned to him," which was a sort of roving commission to make raids in the American fashion on the enemy. The fault lay not with Baden-Powell but with the original scheme, which did not provide him with a force large enough for the purpose of raiding. To surmise facts like this is a common habit, and it is this practice which leads even official historians to write of "untoward events" without explaining the causes which made those events untoward. It is possible, in spite of this, to feel a keen sympathy with the historian, since he sent proofs to all the principal actors of the war, so that "much fresh evidence has been received and embodied:" we can imagine also that a good deal of what had been written was excised by the same actors, and that the editor had to respect their wishes. If this is the case, we can understand the real meaning of the word "compiled" on the title-page.

The prospectus of the history says that "the work is something more than a dull record of fact," and adds that "comparisons are drawn from the military history of both Great Britain and America, and the influence of character, both individual and national, on the course of events receives due attention." We regret that we are unable to agree with the prospectus. The record is not dull, but the history is little more than a record. The facts, being official, are presumably correct as far as they go, but even if more accurate, which for several reasons they should be, than those in the *Times* history, they are not presented in so picturesque a manner. It is not only criticism and historical parallels that we miss, but explanations. The account of Magersfontein is typical. We have here no explanation of Lord Methuen's inactivity during the eleven days before the battle. Of criticism there is nothing, which is not to be wondered at, since the chief performer is still on the active list; but the battle was, after all, one of the most controversial episodes in the war. Tacked on at the end of the chapter is a nice little note about the occupation of the reverse slope of a hill, which is very interesting in its way and of that allusive kind which would win marks in an examination. Why the Highland brigade was not supported directly it was known that the night attack had failed; why no provision had been made for the possible failure of the attack which was to form the pivot of the whole plan of operations; what was the reason for the extraordinary order to Colville—and so on: there are a dozen disputed points about the fight to which the official historian turns a deaf ear. And where is the promised comment and comparison? Here was a chance for General Maurice to show his knowledge, but even that authority on the Franco-German War has refrained from introducing anything obvious about the Guards at St. Privat when he is writing of Magersfontein. Of the battle of Colenso the only criticism is, apparently, that of Sir Redvers Buller himself, that "the plan for the passage of the Tugela was undoubtedly so hazardous that only the most exact sequence of the phases of its execution could have brought it to a successful issue." Mr. Amery's remark on the battle is by now proverbial: "It was the

general who, at the critical moment, failed his troops." The German official history said much the same thing; and it would be impossible, we should have imagined, for the editor of this book to have abstained from comment. As General Maurice, however, finds no fault with Sir Redvers Buller's remark, he presumably approves the tactics of the battle. Here, surely, was scope for criticism, but the fact that the military interest of the war is chiefly tactical does not seem to be appreciated in Pall Mall. We begin to wonder for whom the history is intended. Not for the civilian, surely; because for him the inferences from the facts must be drawn: he wants to know why a battle was lost and why a movement was made. Nor can it be for the soldier: there is no need to explain to him the meaning of terms like "dead-ground," and he, too, might like guidance in matters tactical from so distinguished an officer as the official historian.

The book itself is wonderfully cheap, and the portfolio of good maps and sketches supplied with it is a valuable addition to our knowledge. That the lessons of the war have not yet been taken to heart is shown by a note at the beginning of the volume in connection with the maps, from which we learn that no systematic, detailed survey has ever been made by any of the South African colonies or states, and that most of the existing maps are of little military use. If the history had been up to the level of the maps it would have been a delightful book; but we hope for better things when the historians get into their stride. The next volume deals, *inter alia*, with Paardeberg, Sannah's Post, Ladysmith, and Spion Kop, so perhaps we shall find in it the numerous comments promised to the reader, adorned with all the metaphors and epithets deleted from the manuscript of volume i.

THE ART OF APPRECIATION

Whistler and Others. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. (Pitman, 6s. net.)

In a brief appreciation of Ruskin, which is decidedly not the least welcome contribution to this volume of collected essays, Mr. Wedmore observes:

It has been said . . . that if you asked painters whether he was a critic of Painting, they would say: "No: he was perhaps a critic of Architecture"; and if you asked architects whether he was a critic of Architecture, they would say: "No: but perhaps he was a critic of Painting." . . . But you will not find the Writer who shall tell you that Ruskin knew little about writing.

Of the critical writings of Mr. Wedmore similar remarks have been made. Painters will acknowledge him to be an authority on etching; etchers will say: "Yes; he knows something about states, but he probably excels as a critic of painting." Again, a more generous, and possibly a more just estimation of Mr. Wedmore's genius will come from students of letters who will agree: "Of the things said we know nothing; but from the way in which they are said, from the delicate phrasing, and fastidiously chosen epithet we know the artist in prose."

It is true that Mr. Wedmore rejects "the craftsman's pretension to be the judge without appeal, as to who is the real critic of his particular craft," and by this rejection he shows that it is not for the craftsman he writes, as R. A. M. Stevenson did. Neither does he write for the crowd, for the "average citizen," to whose opinions about art Mr. Wedmore is "not inclined to attach any overweening importance."

It would be a satisfaction to suppose that as Time passed, as opportunities increased, there was amongst the large English public some appreciable progress in tasteful perception and in sincere and personal enjoyment of the things of Art. Honestly, I cannot aver that this satisfaction is mine. There is something in our Race that makes it a difficulty to extract either from the admitted bourgeois or the "cultivated" person who has rushed to Sienna or the Lombard plains, any judgment upon Art comparable in sagacity or clearness

with that of the first artisan you may collar in the first French provincial Museum.

Between the crowd and the craftsmen comes the army of connoisseurs, and it is for the better sort of connoisseur, the man who prizes beauty and expressiveness above rarity and monetary value, that Mr. Wedmore writes. In the essay on "The Field of the Print Collector" he is seen at his best, gently chiding the present cult of the coloured engraving, "the spoilt Morland, the enfeebled Wheatley, the sugary Bartolozzi, meretricious and elegant," paternally advising the collector to let be this "prettyish, momentarily engaging, easily-tired-of thing," and firmly exhorting him to turn to better ways. He dwells briefly, but suggestively, on the more solid qualities of Jacquemart, Bega, Hollar, Ribot, Jongkind, and many another sterling etcher whose works are within the reach of but modestly furnished purses. Soothingly he points out that examples of the great Dutchman are not beyond the scope of moderate means:

Is it not a welcome thought, a grateful, satisfactory reflection, that if there are certain prints of Rembrandt's, which—in given states at all events—cost, each of them, the price of a small house, or the price of a farm in Wiltshire, there are also certain prints of his, good and desirable, which cost, each of them, only the price of a second-rate bicycle, of a hired brougham to go to three parties, or a Box to see Miss Adeline Genée or Miss Gabrielle Ray?

In this field of criticism Mr. Wedmore is without a peer, but it is only fair to add that, if he rarely condescends to analyse those technical qualities which are the be-all and the end-all of the craftsman, it is not that he is impervious to their charm, but because these come within the region of facts and Mr. Wedmore's aim is to contribute ideas rather than facts. Throughout these papers, many of them extending to little over a page, Mr. Wedmore shows his intense love of beauty, his just appreciation of the fit. His critical method is not exhaustive but suggestive, and no inventory of qualities could so stimulate the imagination as one of his pregnant summaries. "The warm correctness of Fantin's draughtsmanship" . . . "Water-colour drawing, though it has no reason to be petty, has no permission to be huge." . . . "Enjoying a great inheritance from the Venetians and a little legacy from Boucher" (of Etty)—these are pronouncements whose nicety will commend them to craftsmen no less than to amateurs.

The appreciation of Whistler, to which precedence is given in the book as well as in the title, is not the most satisfying of these essays, but the genius of this artist was so complex and so various that it is impossible to treat of it adequately in so limited a space. Mr. Wedmore, however, sets the reader on the right road, touching on Whistler's pre-occupation with the decorative side of painting, his "nature essentially aristocratic," his beautifying acceptance of "the very things that seem most commonplace to commonplace people," his "own special revelation of character, through pose, instead of through feature," and, naturally, dwelling at greater length on those etchings which will "lie unabashed for ever by the side of the noblest Rembrandts." Fantin-Latour, Crome, Cotman, Hine, Brabazon, Constable and Lucas—the art of all these receives sympathetic and suggestive treatment, while Boudin inspires Mr. Wedmore to an entrancing essay, in which discreet biography and critical appreciation are flawlessly blended. But the keynote to Mr. Wedmore's critical outlook is given best of all in a mere note on "Still life," where, replying to those who say that real flowers, "the actual things," must be better than painted flowers, he solemnly avers:

But they forget that in the picture, wise men have the things—their charm at least—and the Art beside the things—the painter's own great way of looking at and rendering them—a humble truth which I commend to the reflection of those who do not quite understand that in Art that which endures and vivifies is the temperament of the artist.

A PRINCE OF GOD

The Ascent of Mount Carmel. By ST. JOHN of the Cross. Translated by DAVID LEWIS. With a prefatory essay by BENEDICT ZIMMERMANN, O.C.D. (Thomas Baker, 7s. 6d.)

To read Saint John of the Cross attentively and intelligently—remembering that he is an expert in the science of God, and therefore to be listened to, not criticised—is to find oneself presently regarding the entire range of existence at a very strange angle. From this point of view there is but one supreme reality, which is God; other things share only in that reality in proportion as they are in adjusted relations with Him, and according to the degree in which they transmit His light. He is Immanent certainly, but He is Transcendent also. The most direct way, therefore, by which He may be approached and His reality attained, is to pass as swiftly as possible from the dominion of all things relative; and the first step of this process is to detach the soul from every lingering affection towards the things of sense, from every natural impulse, from every preference for one thing more than another; the purgation must be complete and unreserved, since evil lies not in the creature but in desire. But this is only the initial step in the terrible ascent of Carmel; for it brings the soul to the region of thought and imagination, where anthropomorphic gods are fashioned and divine attributes are pictured under symbols of human action.

No knowledge, therefore, and no conceptions in this mortal life can serve as proximate means of this high union of the love of God. All that the understanding may comprehend; all that the will may be satisfied with; and all that the imagination may conceive, is most unlike to God, and most disproportionate to Him.

This realm, then, too, must be traversed and left behind, giving place to the "dark night of faith." And even here the soul must not be content, for this dark region is pierced sometimes by gleams of light—thrills that radiate from the God who hides Himself, taking shape, it may be, in locutions or visions presented to the faculties of the purified soul. But even these spiritual favours and divine visitations must but be tasted and left, for the Lord is neither in the fire nor the earthquake nor the wind, though they come from Him. The soul must not linger here, that desires perfection itself.

Would that I could persuade spiritual persons that the way of God consisteth not in the multiplicity of meditations, songs of devotion or sweetness, though these may be necessary for beginners, but . . . in knowing how to deny themselves in earnest, inwardly and outwardly, giving themselves up to suffer for Christ's sake, and annihilating themselves utterly.

Finally, then, from this last "obscure night," upborne by divine action, in a supreme flight the naked, blind, dumb and deaf soul soars into that Reality itself towards which material things, imaginative symbols and spiritual presentations bear no adequate proportion, and is at peace.

In that happy night, in secret seen of none, seeing nought myself, without other light or guide, save that which in my heart was burning; That light guided me more surely than the noonday sun, to the place where He was waiting for me, Whom I knew well, and where none appeared. . . . As His hair floated in the breeze that blew from the turret, He struck me on the neck with His gentle hand, and all sensation left me. I continued in oblivion lost; my head was resting on my love; lost to all things and myself: And, amid the lilies forgotten, threw all my cares away.

Yet with this master of the mystical life there is none of that individualism that has wrecked so many, no personal arrogance or self-sufficiency.

I trust neither to experience nor to knowledge, for both may mislead me; but solely to the Scriptures. . . . If through ignorance I should err, it is not my intention to depart from the sound doctrine of our holy mother the Catholic Church. I resign myself absolutely to her light.

Neither is there that mistaken Puritanism which, because it perceives that the things of sense are not ends in themselves, rejects them altogether.

A devout man grounds his devotion chiefly on the invisible, he requires but few images. . . . [He] makes use of images and oratories, yet it is only as it were in passing, and the mind at once rests in God, forgetting all sensible objects.

The soul, then, may only poise itself on such material and imaginative aids, as a bird crossing the sea may perch for an instant on some swaying mast in readiness for the further flight. One exception only is made:

This deliberate forgetfulness and rejection of all knowledge and of forms must never be extended to Christ and His Sacred Humanity. Sometimes, indeed, in the height of contemplation and pure intuition of the divinity, the soul does not remember the Sacred Humanity . . . but, for all this, studiously to forget it is by no means right; for the contemplation of the Sacred Humanity . . . will keep us to all good, and it is by It that we shall ascend most easily to the highest state of union.

Neither, then, has this doctrine anything in common with the spiritual suicide of *Nirvana*, for God Himself, the supreme and unique Being in whom souls find their life and their highest personal consciousness, was Himself Incarnate for their sakes.

Christ is the Way . . . and the way [for us] is to die to our natural self in all that relates to sense and spirit . . . in imitation of Christ, for He is our light and our example. . . . And when [the spiritual man] shall have been brought to nothing, when his humility is perfect, then will take place the union of the soul and God, which is the highest and noblest estate attainable in this life. This consisteth not in spiritual refreshments, sweetness or sentiments, but in the living death of the cross, sensually and spiritually, outwardly and inwardly.

This then, in brief, is the appalling doctrine of Saint John of the Cross—a doctrine which teaches us that the way to perfection lies in a mortification of which probably not one in ten thousand persons has ever dreamed—a mortification of not only the things of sense—this is but the initial step—but a renouncing first of all aids of the imagination, all devout fancies and symbolisms, and finally of even the high mystical communications which take place between God and the soaring soul. Nothing, says John, with cruel logic, can satisfy the soul that has set out on the divine quest, save the object of that quest, which is God as He is, not as He acts. The unutterable song of the redeemed, the radiations from the Throne of Glory, even the very utterances of God Himself—these are no more than shadows and reflections to be traversed and left behind by the soul that would lose herself in Him.

Yet this man practised what he preached, and upon him the Mother of Saints has set her seal that he attained what he desired. We seem to see him now, across three hundred years, imprisoned in soul as well as in body, or, rather, utterly free in both. Whether he is in his dungeon, staring at the motes that dance in the narrow sunbeam, and learning from them that the purer the light the less can it be perceived, or whether he is talking slowly with Teresa through the grating, with long silences—this makes no difference; for in either place, or bowed in his plain silent oratory, he looks out with blind and bloodshot eyes on and beyond the world which he has conquered, emaciated, scarred, gigantic, terribly alone, and, as it were, aghast at the God whom he loves so passionately.

No wonder [writes a modern mystic] the Jew held the vision of God to mean death, and the Gentile believed that to enter into relations with Him was the beginning of madness. . . . Religious suffering is distinguished from other suffering, in that it is inevitably involved in the relation itself. Man is to live in a medium that conflicts with his essential nature: a finite being is to live in the infinite; yet he is here a fish upon dry land.

This, then, is something very different from the drawing-room quietism of our own day, so much entangled as it is with psychical sensation, so dependent on mood and temperament and religiosity, so greedy of experiences and preternatural communications. Yet, in spite of our comfortable insistence that all things work together for good, and that the artist following his art, and the lover his beloved, are alike laying hold of God, if we have even a touch of devout humility, we are absolutely silent as we look on this man alone with the Alone. We can no more

criticise or disagree than we can disagree with a supreme mountain. There it is, sublime and self-contained, in a light so pure that it appears to us as darkness, far above the warring clouds of philosophy and systems of thought. And we—we are like very little blind beetles—the smaller the better—very busy at our mud-holes and the gathering of twigs and fragments of edible dirt. We may say—and most of us do—that that life is not for us, that we do not aim at such perfection; we may prefer to turn to where Teresa sits with her human laughter and shrewdness veiling her burning heart, or follow on beneath Francis as he sings to Brother Sun and Sister Moon, jeering at, rather than hating Brother Ass on whom he rides; or we may turn to Mother Julian who “saw God in a point” and all that is made, of the size of a “hazel-nut as round as a ball.” We may prefer to picture eternity in terms of time, rather than time in terms of eternity. Or we may be content with even less than this, and cling to our idols, our anthropomorphism, our refracted lights, our rosy sunsets and the song of birds and running water, our timid hopes and pious pictures. But we do not criticise Saint John of the Cross: for, as we look at this gaunt Carmelite sitting up there in the space and silence, among his icy lilies and beneath his windy turret, we see that he sees something of which we can scarcely bear the reflected reflection—that through his ears pass unregarded words from God that we would die sooner than hear, and that that seemingly frozen and bloodless heart is instinct with an ichor that is an ecstatic torment even to think upon. And if we do not understand him as he speaks, is that any wonder, when we consider what it is of which he speaks, and our own heaviness, and the great winds that blow on the peaks where he sits?

And he—what does he think of us? Indeed, he does not despise us, for we “also are His offspring”: he tells us in an aside or two that not all can aspire to perfection; he implies that there is room for “beginners” in God’s world, and that little children who do even less than their best have also a claim upon His Heart. But, frankly, he is not interested in us; and this is as it should be, for, after all, we are not interesting.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

CHATTERTON

The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton. Edited by H. D. ROBERTS. In 2 vols. (Routledge, The Muses’ Library, 1s. and 2s. net each.)

THE long promised Chatterton has now been added to this strongly bound and marvellously cheap series. Each of the early editions of Chatterton’s works possessed an independent interest due to the fact that each one contained new and not previously published matter. Of late years it has been assumed that all material was exhausted, and recent editors have been contented to reprint from the old versions. Mr. H. D. Roberts, who edits the present collection, has set up a higher and proper standard to work to, and, although he has not always accomplished his object of collating his text with the original manuscript or, when that was not feasible, of checking it by the earliest printed copy, he has made some original research, and in certain instances has been enabled to revise, if not improve, the text of his predecessors. From the British Museum manuscript of “The Revenge” he has recovered two additional lines and new readings of a few others. These revisions must not be accepted as proof that previous editors have been careless: they have resorted to other copies, Chatterton having been accustomed to make variations in the transcripts he gave to different people.

There are, also, it should be stated, poems by Chatterton in existence which are not included in the present or any other collection, whilst some of the pieces continually

reprinted as by him are not his. Some portions of “Amphitryon,” which Mr. Roberts has not included in the present collection, and believes never to have been printed, were published in *Harper’s Magazine* for July 1883, as were extracts from other poems with which he does not appear to be acquainted.

The Rowley poems, unquestionably the most important part of Chatterton’s works, fill the second volume of this collection, and in accordance with the method adopted by his more recent predecessors are given by Mr. Roberts in a modernised version of the Chattertonian dialect. Naturally, Mr. Roberts is chiefly indebted to Professor Skeat for his translation, and, like that authority, is frequently obliged to leave many of Chatterton’s words in their original form. If it were possible always to have Chatterton’s own manuscript copies of the Rowley pieces, together with the glossaries he made for them, readers would undoubtedly prefer them as he wrote them to any modernised versions editors could produce; but, as nearly all the copies now procurable have been disfigured by the clumsy emendations of their transcribers, these modernisations are defensible. Many of the poems, as they have reached us, are not in the language or form Chatterton gave them. The boy’s associates, Catcott and Barrett, not deeming the “Rowleys” archaic-looking enough, disguised their transcripts, which are now the only authority for these poems, in pseudo-antique spelling. A manuscript, purporting to be Chatterton’s original sketch of “Ælla,” recently sold for a very large sum of money, on the assumption that it was in Chatterton’s own handwriting, but it was, apparently, written by William Barrett, author of a notorious “History of Bristol.” Some words in the margin of the manuscript, if not written by Chatterton himself, were a good imitation of his calligraphy. The boy poet made use of three kinds of strange or unusual words: genuine archaic words correctly employed; other ancient words, the meaning of which he misunderstood and, therefore, used incorrectly, and, thirdly, words he invented. The suppression or alteration of these various words frequently robs his poetry of much of its original charm.

We may be grateful to Mr. Roberts for what he has done without being obliged to agree with all his comments or statements. He has been misinformed that “the present edition has followed the earliest printed copy as regards text,” of “The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin,” and there was no need to animadvert upon Chatterton’s grammar because he used a singular verb with plural substantives, as by so writing he consistently followed the practice of the older English authors. Mr. Roberts disclaims furnishing anything new or original in his “Biographical Introduction,” but it is unfortunate that he has resorted to doubtful or prejudiced sources for a portion of his information. There does not appear to be any trustworthy evidence that the poet’s father was dissipated; it is unjust to say that, when very young, Chatterton “developed a habit” of speaking untruthfully because an imaginative woman related a silly tale of his childhood; that the lad “made few friends,” is contrary to evidence, and it is not a fact that at the age of fifteen “the object of his affections” was a Miss Rumsey. He wrote verses to that girl, as he did to other girls of his circle, but his acquaintance with her was made avowedly with the hope that female society “might soften the austerity of temper study had occasioned.” What a confession from a boy of fifteen! To style George Catcott a victim of Chatterton is to reverse facts: the unfortunate lad, like his mother later, was victimised by Catcott, who obtained riches and reputation from the poet’s labours. Both Catcott and Barrett reaped where Chatterton had sown. No one who had made a thorough investigation of the facts regarding Walpole’s treatment of Chatterton could possibly arrive at the conclusion that the poet had received “undeserved blame.”

The “Bibliography” is useful as far as it goes, but is capable of considerable extension.

RASH JUDGMENT

METHOUGHT I saw a mountain-wall upthrown,
Interminably confronting boundless space,
With tangled forest-belts about its base,
Wherethrough grave men toil vastly, each alone,
To cleave a little pathway of his own;
And forthrights some, and some menders trace,
But late or soon they end in every case
Blocked blankly by that monstrous bulk of stone.

And this turns back thereon, and at his ease
Makes boast: *I leave behind all barriers.*
And that smites head on rock, and when he sees
Strange gleams before his eyes, anon avers
'Tis light from Heaven. Quoth I: *What fools are these?*
Said one: *Dost thou call fools, Philosophers?*

JANE BARLOW.

SPELLING REFORM

EVER since picture-writing made way for sound-writing—the hieroglyphic system of Egyptian priests for the alphabet of Phœnician traders—the attempt has been made to represent the sounds of living speech by graphic symbols. The practical purpose of every system of writing, of syllabary or alphabet, has been to represent as far possible the sounds of living speech—to be phonetic. But such are the infinite shades and varieties of the sounds which issue from the human larynx, such is the ceaseless movement of speech from generation to generation of living men, that this heroic attempt has ever met with only a partial success. No language has ever had a system of writing which is perfectly phonetic. Spelling is phonetic to a certain extent in varying measure in every language that uses an alphabet, even in modern English. But it must be admitted that especially in our vowel notation we have gone far astray from phonetic righteousness. For instance, we have seven distinct ways of representing in writing the vowel-sound in “go”: (1) cold; (2) toe; (3) loaf; (4) mould; (5) dough; (6) grow; (7) sew. The short vowel in “tin” is represented by seven distinct symbols: (1) fish, (2) sieve, (3) English; (4) been, (5) busy, (6) wych (elm), (7) women. This must be allowed to be a superfluity of means to arrive at one simple end—one vowel-sound. Then, again, in our modern English writing one symbol has many phonetic values. The letter “a” may be pronounced eight different ways: (1) black, (2) many, (3) wasp, (4) path, (5) star, (6) lady, (7) salt, (8) care. In the presence of such an apparently chaotic condition of spelling as these facts show, it is not surprising that men who have caught a vision of the Beauty of Law, and are shocked at such proofs of utter lawlessness should look about, if by any means they may draw attention to the disease, if by any means they may devise a remedy. We have had many Prophets of Reform, but hitherto they have spoken in the wilderness, and but few have gone out to hear them. I need now only mention the names of Max Müller, Sweet, and Skeat, whose words must always have weight in the world of Science and of Letters. Max Müller was an ardent advocate of Phonetic Reform, and, with the poetic idealism that ever characterised him, expressed himself confident in the victory of the cause, feeling convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the principles on which that reform rests. He never doubted that just as men had, from their innate regard for truth and reason, consented to part with all they held most dear and sacred, whether corn-laws, or Stuart dynasties, or Papal legates, or heathen idols, so there was a good time coming when they would give up “the present effete and corrupt orthography.” He would not allow himself to be alarmed even by Mr. Pitman’s (afterwards Sir Isaac Pitman’s) “Fonetic Nuz.” He was not disturbed at all by

the etymological argument urged so eloquently by Archbishop Trench, for, as the professor argued with much cogency: “if our spelling followed strictly and unswervingly the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be of greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing.” Dr. Sweet says: “our present spelling is in many particulars a far from trustworthy guide in etymology and often entirely falsifies history,” and he gives as instances such spellings as island, author, delight, sovereign. “What is wanted [he says] is a simple, consistent, and above all elastic spelling, which, within certain practical limits, will adapt itself to every change of pronunciation.” Dr. Sweet mentions, one very important result of a phonetic system and, particularly, of a return to the Roman values of the vowels: it would restore the original harmony of the English with the Continental values of the letters, which would much facilitate the acquisition of English by foreigners, and of foreign languages by Englishmen. Professor Skeat’s views on this important subject may be seen in his paper “The Problem of Spelling Reform” read at a meeting of the British Academy a few weeks ago. The learned professor points out two great advantages which would certainly result even from a moderate instalment of spelling reform: the saving of many thousands of pounds in the printing of books in consequence of the disuse of a large number of useless letters, and, secondly, the simplification of the task of learning to read, which would bring about a considerable shortening of time in achieving that task, and consequently the saving of considerable sums of money to the payer of rates and taxes.

From what has been said it may be inferred that there is a general agreement among scholars on the importance, I might almost say the necessity, of some measure of spelling reform; but when we come to the question of the measure or extent or method, to the task of putting the principle into practice, we find that opinions differ. Some scholars advocate a policy of “thorough,” of rigour and vigour, others are in favour of “small instalments of spelling reform,” and make suggestions of “partial reforms.” Dr. Sweet has given us in his “Handbook of Phonetics,” and in his “Elementarbuch des gesprochenen Englisch,” varieties of a perfectly consistent system of phonetic spelling, which generally goes by the name of Romic. Dr. Skeat is content to ask for the adoption of “small instalments.” Dr. Sweet’s Romic scheme may be conveniently consulted in Skeat’s “Principles of English Etymology,” p. 336. On p. 118 of Sweet’s “Handbook” the anxious inquirer will find a specimen of Romic spelling which he may consult with advantage. He will find no difficulty in reading the piece which I copy out if he is familiar with the poem:

Swiftle waok ouvædhæ westæn weiv
spiritæv nait,
autævdhæ miste iystæn keiv,
whær aoldhæ loqænd loun dei lait
dhau wouvest drymzæv joien fiæ,
whic meikdhiv terebælæn diæ,
swiftbiydhæi flait

It cannot be denied that this has the merit of fearless consistency. Let us now examine Professor Skeat’s “small instalments,” “a few simple cases in which our spelling might be improved.” They had all been duly noted by Dr. Sweet in a paper which he wrote with the title of “Partial Corections of English Spellings aproovd of by the Philological Society, 1881.” Professor Skeat’s principal suggestion is that useless letters should be omitted, e.g., the *e* in such words as have, give, above, come, freeze, little, double, icicle, heart, sieve (both *e*’s), pulled, driven, written; the *a* in breadth, meadow, head, breakfast, and the like; the *o* in leopard, jeopardy, flourish, journey, touch, courage, cousin; the *u* in honour, labour; the *u* in harangue, tongue, decalogue and the like; the *b* in debt, lamb, limb, numb, thumb; the simplification of the double consonant in add, odd, egg, full, stiff, battle, traveller, affair, arrive, command. The professor also

recommends the restoration of the Tudor forms (with *oo*) in lose, move, improve, and the correction of wrong spellings, such as ache (which should be ake), anchor (which should be anker) and choir, which should invariably be spelt quire.

I cannot see how it would be possible for any reasonable being to find fault with any of these suggestions, but the question must be asked: Is there any probability that such suggestions, although offered by one so competent to offer them as Professor Skeat, will have any practical effect? It seems to me very likely that "partial reforms" such as these will be acceptable to no one. They will not satisfy the student of language or the practical linguist, because they leave so many inconsistencies and contradictions untouched. And yet the changes would be quite numerous enough to irritate the man of letters, the man of business, or the man in the street. I have no doubt that Professor Skeat would agree with me that Dr. Sweet's Romic system is theoretically preferable to a mode of spelling only partially reformed, but he would say that the adoption of such a system is not to be hoped for in the present century, that the better must not be the enemy of the good. Well, is there much better chance that Dr. Skeat's very moderate and sensible suggestions will be adopted? The history of the movement in the past is not calculated to make us very sanguine on this point. Augustus Hare, Julius Hare, Whewell, Thirlwall worked in the past, Dr. Furnival is still working, not by precept only but by example, towards the improvement of our spelling, but only one or two here and there have been induced to adopt their improved orthography. Still, I would say to philologists that what is needed is not so much exhortation on paper as the dynamic force of a good example. Nothing would further the cause of spelling reform more than the adoption of Professor Skeat's suggestions by the British Academy. Let Professor Skeat's "The Problem of Spelling Reform" be printed with Professor Skeat's spellings—that is, provided the compositors can be persuaded not to strike in protest against the innovation. Let the philologists begin. Let Professor Skeat show his faith by his works—including his Etymological Dictionary. Writers and practical men will never be influenced by theoretical suggestions alone, however good. What will influence them will be the practice and example of the best writers and the most eminent scholars. Usage—the usage of the best men in literature and philology—is the only criterion between what is good and bad, between what is allowable and what is not allowable in the written word. I am afraid that in consequence of the well-known conservatism of the printing-press, progress towards better spelling must be very slow; but it will be sure, if only scholars are faithful in pointing out defects, and if they are careful to practise what they preach. Professor Skeat, like Moses on a lonely mountain height, surveys the Promised Land from afar; I wonder when the Children of Light will find a Joshua whose valiant deeds would be the surest pledge of ultimate success.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ELIE METCHNIKOFF

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show.

KNOWLEDGE for its own sake is a commodity that most of us have yet to learn is worth having: worth striving for: that it is more likely to bring about the regeneration of the world than any of the nostrums so far tried. And for the comfort of the "practically" minded it may be pointed out that in the future, no less than in the past, discoveries will arise therefrom that will lead to the amassing of great

fortunes, and to increase of our creature comforts, as well as to the "merely interesting."

In support of this contention we might cite many instances; but none more striking than that afforded by the life of Elie Metchnikoff—happily still with us. Born in 1845 in a village of the Government of Kharkoff, he was educated at the Gymnasium and the University of Kharkoff. At nineteen years of age he began to take up his life's work—zoology; studying for six years under Leuckart, Henle, and von Siebold, names well known to zoologists. His period of probation over, he was then made Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Odessa. Here he devoted himself to some of the most difficult work that biology offers—the tracing out of the embryological history of insects, echinoderms, worms and jelly-fish. This work, however, came to an end when, in 1882, he resigned the Professorship and became Director of the Municipal Bacteriological Laboratory, a change destined to have momentous results, for in 1888 the mantle of Pasteur fell upon him, and he was translated to the Pasteur Institute, Paris; where he still remains.

By the layman the place of bacteria in the scheme of Nature, and the part they play, more especially with regard to health and disease, are but dimly understood; and this is but natural, since a first-hand acquaintance therewith demands an extensive biological training and great technical skill. But for this work Metchnikoff was peculiarly suited, and has proved himself as great a master of his subject as Pasteur, whom he succeeded. In their achievements these two men, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, stand unrivalled as benefactors of the human race. Pasteur, who, as Professor Ray Lankester remarks, before he took up the study of bacteria had attained distinction as a chemist:

Saved the silk-worm industry of France and Italy from destruction, taught the French wine makers to quickly mature their wine . . . effected an enormous improvement and economy in the manufacture of beer, . . . rescued the sheep and cattle of Europe from the fatal disease "anthrax," and it is probable . . . has rendered hydrophobia a thing of the past.

Metchnikoff, originally a zoologist pure and simple, has applied himself more especially to the relations of bacteria to man himself, earning thereby our profound gratitude, as well as lasting fame.

His work at the Pasteur Institute, however, though confined to microscopic forms of life, has not been wholly bacteriological. For it was here that he conducted his memorable researches on the natural history of inflammation, completely changing the views hitherto held on this most important subject. The memoir which he wrote on this theme was a remarkable one in many ways. For in the first place he demonstrated that pathology and biology, so far from being widely separated subjects, are, in reality, intimately connected: inasmuch as the symptoms of disease do but represent the results of the attacks of minute parasitic plants and animals on their host—man. Thus he put pathology before us, and before medical men especially, in an entirely new light. This choice of the study of the phenomena of inflammation as a means of proving his contention was a wise one, affording striking evidence in support of his thesis. Briefly, he showed that the heat, redness, and swelling, hitherto regarded as the essential factors of inflammation were really but secondary phenomena; that many diseases never before suspected to have any connection with inflammation were really inflammatory. That, in short, "inflammation" is the outward and visible sign of the inward battle of the organism with foreign matter—living or dead—introduced from without. This battle is carried on, in the higher animals, by means of hosts of microscopic bodies called "phagocytes" whose work is to police the system. Where the mischief is local, and superficial, as in the case of wounds, these phagocytes migrate to the seat of mischief to seize, and if possible devour, the invading matter, such as bacteria; while such as perish in the struggle are in turn devoured by

phagocytes of another order: hence the exudation and swelling of inflammation, and its ultimate reduction.

This far-reaching discovery arose out of observations originally made on "water-fleas"! And more than this: for his researches on these phagocytes, many of which are always to be found in the blood of the higher animals, led to the discovery that it was to the agency of these bodies that the bleaching of the hair in old age is due! There is something almost weird about the transformation: something uncanny in the reflection that the silver hairs we venerate have acquired this honourable hue as the result of a species of internal digestion. But it is a fact that, at the stimulus of some subtle influence, certain minute particles of living matter within the centre of the hair become suddenly active, and devour all the pigment within their reach. Once filled with the coloured particles—which till now hid the glint from the hour-glass of Time—these cells become migratory, and, quitting the hair, either find their way under the skin or leave the body, bearing with them the cherished sign of vigour, which can never be replaced.

But it is through his latest book, the "Nature of Man," that Metchnikoff will probably be most widely known. It is a strangely fascinating book, yet one to be avoided by those who do not like to entertain Truth unadorned. Omar Khayyám, of blessed memory, described himself as one "who stitched the tents of Science," and we are led, almost, to regard Prof. Metchnikoff as Omar re-incarnate: returned purged of his old enthusiasm for the wine-bottle, and advocating in place thereof a severe course of abstinence, of plain living and high thinking. Like Omar, he will have it that:

I came like Water, and like Wind I go.

Yet in spite of this conviction he will not say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," but rather regards this inevitable end as an event far off, and some day to be desired, as a tired child desires sleep. Death, he assures us, is only terrible because, save to one in a million, he comes too soon: before we have become tired of living; that, in short, when the fires of life burn low, the instinctive desire to live becomes replaced by a no less ardent desire to die.

In a series of most fascinating essays he unveils a picture of human frailties of a nature that few have ever suspected, as well as of many that we have regarded as inevitable, but which, it would seem, are not necessarily so.

Man, he holds, more than any other animal, is out of harmony with his environment. And this because his evolution into a "rational animal" has been unduly rapid. The refinements of civilisation have made demands on his animal frame too heavy to meet; and to this we may trace, if not all, at least most of "the ills that flesh is heir to." And not the least of these, it will surprise many and grieve not a few to learn, have arisen from what most of us insist on calling the "Consolations of Religion." These, he holds, are born of our dread of Death, which comes to us before we have really exhausted the capacity for life. We have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge prematurely; before our mental digestion was ripe for its assimilation; hence Religion is a form of mental indigestion. Similarly, in forswearing, or, on the other hand, misusing our natural animal appetites and customs we have shown ourselves out of harmony with our physical environment. Furthermore, on account of our artificial life we find ourselves burdened with organs no longer useful, while others, on the verge of disappearance, which in the natural course of events would have vanished without disturbing the system, are now a source of grave and hourly danger.

The almost imperceptible downy hairs which cover our bodies, for example, are all that remain of the hairy investment of our ape-like ancestors. No longer useful as a source of warmth, they have now become a real danger; the follicles, or little pits in the skin,

from which they arise, form admirable lurking-places for microbes, giving rise to acne and pimples: and even chronic skin-diseases. Our "wisdom" teeth, no longer useful, are in process of suppression, appearing late in life and sometimes being delayed till extreme old age. These, too, are a source of danger. No other teeth, indeed, are so subject to accident, leading sometimes to grave diseases, and even to death. That little blind appendage to the intestine, the "Vermiform appendix," has earned, of late years, something like notoriety on account of the disease known as "appendicitis," to which it gives rise; and at the same time we have learned that it may be removed with impunity. But the fact that we could dispense with our stomachs and a few yards of our intestines will probably come as a surprise to the layman. The loss of the greater part of the large intestine, indeed, would, it seems, be extremely to our advantage, since it harbours swarms of poison-secreting microbes. The luxuriance of this bacterial flora may be gathered from the fact that recent research has shown that the bacteria of the human intestine increase at the rate of 128,000,000,000,000 each day, the greater part being found in the large intestine. No wonder, with such a poison factory within him, that man's life is prematurely shortened. Metchnikoff would remedy this by transforming the "wild population of the intestine into a cultured population." This he proposes to effect by appropriate serums, and a liberal use of sour milk, the lactic acid of which is inimical to the growth of putrefactive bacteria.

That gravest of problems to-day, the falling birth-rate, and the "Disharmonies of Reproduction" in general are thoughtfully and suggestively reviewed: some aspects of the question opening up, as he remarks, "a problem to which the attention of moralists and legislators alike may well be directed."

All Metchnikoff's work, of late years, has been devoted to the study, not so much of prolonging life, as of preserving life until it has run its natural course; which, it appears, is by no means bounded by the proverbial three-score years and ten: indeed, at this age man, the Professor holds, has but reached middle life, since normal death should not take place before one hundred and forty or thereabouts.

But this task is a formidable one. To achieve success it will not be sufficient to control the harmful bacterial flora of the body, or to remove vestiges of organs which endanger life: besides these alien hosts and these remnants of the past, man, late in life, becomes the victim of the natural products of his own body—the phagocytes. In the hey-day of life these bodies act as the police of the system: but with the slowing down of vitality they proceed to feed upon the tissues they have so jealously protected from foreign invasion. Verily, we are fearfully and wonderfully made. But Professor Metchnikoff, unappalled at the discovery he has made, is ready with a remedy: though he is careful to explain that it is but a possible remedy. The measures, then, which he would take to stay this work of revolution are drastic, since he would restore order by the administration of a species of witch's broth; an elixir obtained from the bodies of such of our fellow men as have fallen by the way. This rejuvenating potion is to be obtained by injecting, say, a horse, with "finely minced atoms of human organs, such as brain, heart, liver, kidney, etc." Thereby he would obtain serums which could be drawn off and introduced into the body of the failing one, the nature of the injection being determined by the organ to be renovated.

Sinister as this proposal seems at first sight, it will appear less so, if, setting prejudice aside, we endeavour to measure the gain to humanity that such a treatment might ensure.

Old age [says Metchnikoff] is repulsive at present, because it is an old age devoid of its true meaning, full of egoism, narrowness of view, and malignancy. The physiological old age of the future assuredly will be very different . . . at present practically a useless burden on the community, [it] will become a period of work valuable

to the community. As the old man will no longer be subject to loss of memory or to intellectual weakness, he will be able to apply his great experience to the most complicated and the most delicate parts of the social life.

But, though death may be bidden to wait awhile, he cannot be evaded. Will he, Metchnikoff asks, ever be welcomed? It is not enough for him that:

... When that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

He expresses a hope that, so far from shrinking, the drink shall be eagerly quaffed. And this hope is based on the belief that, latent and long-forgotten, locked within his breast, man holds at least a vestige of a once active desire for death: an instinct that comes to all when the normal course of life has run. Has not the enormous period during which it has remained latent led to atrophy? he asks. And to this question he replies: "The Science of the future alone can answer." Among the old Jewish patriarchs, it must not be forgotten, there appears to have been some such instinct, and these men, as Metchnikoff points out, lived far beyond what we now regard as the normal span of life.

It would be idle to expect that the Gospel of Life according to Metchnikoff will be regarded among the majority of men of to-day as anything better than a Gospel of Despair: too appalling to contemplate. Rather, they will say with St. Paul: "If only in this life we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." Be that as it may, and let Professor Metchnikoff's views on this great question be what they will, there can be no doubt but that, among the scientific men of to-day, he holds one of the foremost places. He will even stand as a reproach to those who insist that the study of the lower animals may be all very well for those who have nothing particular to do, but that it is by no means a pursuit to be encouraged, either by the State, or by teaching Institutions, State-aided or otherwise.

When Pope insisted that "the proper study of mankind is man" he probably had no idea of where this study might lead him. But Metchnikoff took him in deadly earnest; and in the true scientific spirit began his work by studying man as an animal—to the lasting benefit of his race. For the most part, however, his labours can be appreciated only by the expert—the biologist, and those in the honoured profession of medicine. And among these his name will ever be revered as that of a man of high ideals, and great scientific attainments. Probably those best able to appreciate his work will feel that he may most justly be described as a genius. It is however by this, his latest book, that Elie Metchnikoff will best be known to those who are not biologists. Herein they will gather an insight into human nature and the problems of Life and Death, such as will be found nowhere else. And if he had done no more than this, he would have secured for himself the grateful thanks of us all.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A favourite epithet of Wordsworth's," by C. Fisher.]

FICTION

The Saint. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Translated from the Italian by M. PRICHARD-AGNETTI. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

Le Saint. Par ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Traduit de l'Italien par G. HÉRELLE. (Hachette, 3fr. 50.)

"I ASK you and other prudent persons like you, where is your faith? Would you hesitate to serve Christ from fear of Peter?" The question put by the enthusiastic Liberal Catholic Professor, Andrea Minucci, to the Abbé Marinier,

the worldly ecclesiastic with a career, strikes the keynote of this novel, which has had the distinction (rare for a novel) of being put on the *Index*. But it is not in the least a disguised tract or treatise, not even a novel "with a purpose" in the opprobrious sense of that phrase. Conclusions, morals perhaps, may be drawn from it, but only as one draws them from real life, naturally and inevitably. The life that it describes is passed in an environment very unfamiliar to most Englishmen, and therefore all the more interesting since the author knows it intimately from the inside.

The story is a simple one. Piero Maironi, a young Brescian, is summoned from an intrigue with a married woman, Jeanne Dessalle, to the deathbed of his wife, who has been for some time in a lunatic asylum but recovers her reason just before her death. In the little church adjoining the asylum Maironi has a vision which alters the whole course of his life. He leaves the world and adopts the name of Benedetto, but remains a layman and joins no religious Order. Driven from the monastery in the precincts of which he has taken refuge, he goes forth to preach to the people and is hailed by the peasants as a saint and miracle-worker. He disclaims miraculous power; and a sick man, who is brought to him to be healed, dies under his roof, repentant through his influence but without the last Sacraments, which are brought too late. Naturally, Benedetto is discarded by his ignorant followers, only one of whom, the village schoolmistress, remains faithful, and he goes to Rome, where he becomes the leader of a movement for the reform of the Church. Naturally, again, he comes into conflict with ecclesiastical authority, and, although he has an audience of the Pope, who is benevolent but helpless, he is relentlessly pursued by Vatican intrigue. The Sanhedrim hands him over to Pontius Pilate; in other words, a bargain is struck between the Vatican and the Italian Government: the Vatican agrees to withdraw an episcopal nomination that is distasteful to the Government if the latter will get the troublesome Maironi out of Rome. Ministerial pressure is put on a friendly senator who has given Benedetto shelter: the latter is practically turned into the streets, but is taken in by an agnostic professor, Mayda, in whose house he dies, apparently a failure, but foretelling with undying faith the triumph of his cause in the person of his disciples.

Benedetto is a twentieth-century St. Francis—not the literal Francis of history, but such as he might have been in the different circumstances and environment of the twentieth century. The author sets him down in modern Italy and the modern Roman Church, and shows what would inevitably happen to him—or perhaps even to a greater than St. Francis, for that is undoubtedly hinted at. The "Scribes and Pharisees" of twentieth-century Rome, as the author paints them, bear a striking resemblance to their prototypes of the first century in Palestine, and it is impossible not to feel that, in the same circumstances, they would probably act in the same way. This being so, it is, perhaps, hardly surprising that the book is on the *Index*.

Apart from its special interest as a study of Italian religious life, "The Saint" is a novel worthy of its author's great reputation. There are elements, no doubt, in the character of Benedetto which will not appeal strongly to the average Englishman, but even he must admit that the character is wonderfully convincing. The author does not tell us about Benedetto's influence; he makes us realise and understand it. The least mystical of readers will scarcely resist the charm of this remarkable figure, ascetic yet human, profoundly mystical yet zealous for practical reform and not at all self-centred. Benedetto's claim to be considered a saint has been hotly contested in certain theological circles, and, in truth, he is not of the type that modern Rome raises as a rule to her altars. He belongs to the family of the great saints, canonised and uncanonised, those who, like Origen, Theodoret, Francis of Assisi, or Thomas More (to mention very

different examples) have been, in M. Joly's words, "the greatest heresiarchs, that is to say, the boldest innovators, the most eager searchers after truth." Probably only a Catholic could have created such a character, but Benedetto, like his prototypes, will belong to the world at large, for he will certainly take his place among the great characters of fiction.

The author has been no less successful with Jeanne Dessalle. When the book opens, her lover has already fled from the world; her husband and Maironi's wife are dead so that there is no obstacle to their legal union, and her whole energies are bent on finding her lover and winning him back. When she does find him, it is not Piero Maironi that she finds but a new man. The process by which her passion becomes purified and spiritualised and she gradually finds that faith is quite natural and entirely consistent with her character. The other characters of the book are representative of many types, religious and irreligious, sincere and insincere; it is a gallery of modern Italian portraits. With even the least important the author has taken pains; they are no mere types, but living men and women. Nowhere is the author's creative power more conspicuous than in the description of the Liberal Catholic meeting in the house of Giovanni Selva, the Biblical critic and intellectual reformer. The different characters of the ecclesiastics and laymen present are sketched with the pencil of a master, and some of them might without difficulty be identified. The most dramatic scene in the book—perhaps it is a little melodramatic—is the private audience in which Benedetto denounces to the Pope the four "spirits of evil" in the Church. In vain the author gives the Pope a "thin, waxen face"; his identity cannot be mistaken. Profoundly pious and entirely well-meaning, feeling that something is wrong but ignorant what it is, overpowered by a position for which he knows himself to be incapable and helpless in a nest of intrigue, he is a pathetic figure. Benedetto's interview with the Minister of the Interior is perhaps more convincing: "My friend is not Herod and I am not Pilate," says the Minister; but we know better.

The English version reads fairly well as a piece of English, but as a translation it is not satisfactory and the author's meaning is often inadequately represented or even distorted. But it will give the English reader a very fair idea of the book as a whole, and he will miss nothing essential. As for the French translation, it is a brilliant piece of work which, but for the title-page, one would not recognise as a translation at all; those who read it will scarcely be at a disadvantage as compared with readers of the original Italian.

Frere's Housekeeper. By MARGARET SMITH. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THAT men and women are made up of mingled good and evil, that no one is all white or black, is a truth that we recognise in practice and too often forget in our fiction. Therefore, when we found the Squire in Miss Margaret Smith's very clever and well-written book behaving at first like a cad and trying to make illicit love to "Frere's housekeeper," we concluded that he was going to behave like a cad all through—going, in fact, to be a "villain." It is true that there was what average morality might consider some excuse for him: the girl was acting as unpaid housekeeper to a young widower; her position was compromising, and a "man of the world" might, with the characteristic ignorance which the title implies, take her for the kind of woman to accept his advances. But the general reader is so little used to finding in novels the mingled black and white of human nature, that, in spite of the extenuating circumstances, he may be surprised to find out that Pearce Hardy is not, after all, the "villain," and turns out in the end an honest fellow. There is no villain, indeed, in the story. All the characters are mingled black and white, and Miss Smith knows how to make them live under our eyes. We end, after an interesting and sometimes exciting story, with wedding-bells. The Squire

marries the housekeeper, the woman of inferior and even disgraceful family connection; and we leave them to a life that may be happy, may be unhappy, will probably be, like that of most married couples, of mingled black and white, but will certainly not be, like that of many married couples, of a uniform dull grey. We shall look out for Miss Smith's next book. An author who can so delineate character is worth watching.

Phoebe of the White Farm. By MAY CROMMELIN. (Long, 6s.)

NOTHING could be more innocent and rural than the peaceful domestic scene which introduces "Phoebe of the White Farm." A kind-hearted couple with a devoted and dutiful niece, basking in the beneficent care of Phoebe's rich god-mother, are not the materials out of which tragedies are usually made. Even the shocking end of the uncle and aunt, who are overturned into a pond and drowned, does not lead us to expect anything more stirring than a pleasant country idyll. The stalwart young hero has just arrived from Canada; the breathless Phoebe is already listening, open-mouthed, to his tales of travel, thereby sowing seeds of jealousy in the heart of her cousin, Edgar, and we seem well on our way through a pretty love-tale, with nothing more exciting in view than the usual lovers' quarrels. Then Phoebe goes to France as confidential maid to her god-mother, Miss Cunningham, a volatile maiden lady; and we discover that this apparently peaceful romance is sensational to the last degree. The appearance of Phoebe's long-lost father, erstwhile burglar and convict, is the signal for this sudden change. Cunning, cruel and unscrupulous, he pursues his daughter round the Continent, intent upon the family pearls of her mistress. It is only by an intelligence and audacity doubtless inherited from her criminal parent that Phoebe is enabled to outwit him and his confederates, and save the jewels. Many and ingenious are his attempts to attain his nefarious end, and the last bold *coup*, which costs him his life, is very nearly successful. All ends well, however; Phoebe, rid of her unpleasant parent, marries the stalwart hero, whose adventuress wife has been opportunely burnt up in a cellar. Even Miss Cunningham is provided for, and bestows her hand and her pearls on a jovial Irish widower. Miss Crommelin is to be congratulated on her portrayal of Charles Grainger, the ex-convict, and her story is both ingenious and amusing.

FINE ART

THE GENIUS OF REMBRANDT

THE pendulum of critical opinion as the years go by swings in a shorter crescent. In viewing the old masters we no longer sweep from one extreme to the other, alternating between a state of ecstatic praise and one of entire indifference: the inevitable ebb and flow of our thoughts constantly tends towards an equilibrium. Nevertheless, the ideal state of perfect balance, that millennium in which the artist and the archivist can lie down together is still far away, and we must not, on the whole, regret its remoteness. Not only would such a condition of complete equanimity deprive those of us who write on art of most of our material, but art itself might languish from lack of the stimulus provided by discussion.

To-day, while we celebrate the tercentenary of Rembrandt's birth, we may, perhaps, flatter ourselves that we are wiser than our sires and no longer regard him as a man who could not draw and who treated lofty subjects in a base and degraded style. That was the fashion fifty years ago, but there cannot now be any reasonable doubt that in regarding Rembrandt as one of the greatest and most profound artists in any medium whom the world has ever produced we are much nearer the truth. Possibly some future generation will find that even our soundest critics have gone a little too far in the direction of panegyric,

may hold that we have given too many marks to character and insight and too few to outward beauty and attractiveness. Such considerations, however, need not trouble us seriously. We cannot anticipate the verdict of posterity, even though we may sometimes widen our horizon by thinking about it.

Yet, if the relative place of Rembrandt's genius is thus more or less a matter of certainty, its true nature appears to be an open question still. During the last few months two books have been published in Germany by the same firm and in the same series, the one dealing with Rembrandt's painting and the other (and the more recent) with his etchings. Now, these two books take views of Rembrandt so diametrically opposed to each other that the student of his work who turns to them may well be puzzled; the more so because each book represents the opinion of a recognised group of authorities.

The first of the two, which deals with Rembrandt's paintings, is based upon the researches of Dr. Bode. In it, we find almost all the paintings attributed by Dr. Bode to Rembrandt arranged in chronological order, from the year 1627, when Rembrandt started an independent career as an artist at the age of twenty-one, to the year 1669, in which he died, a forgotten pauper. This long series of nearly 600 pictures includes a mass of work so various that a great portion of it for years passed unrecognised except as the work of Rembrandt's scholars or assistants. We find a large proportion of the paintings ascribed to the first ten years of his career which are tentative or experimental—paintings which are sometimes clumsy in technique, sometimes distinctly weak in drawing, while many are awkward in arrangement or unpleasant in colour. In the paintings ascribed to Rembrandt's old age we meet with similar inequalities. Only in middle life does the master seem to have worked, I will not say faultlessly but, with a certain even sureness of accomplishment, which makes it easy to recognise his hand in all that it touches.

In fact, in this book on Rembrandt's painting we see him passing through the same stages of development which are noticeable in more commonplace men. In youth he has to teach himself to break away from the stilted conventional tradition in which he was trained, and by dint of constant experiment in many styles to create a style of his own exactly suited to the thoughts he felt compelled to express. Those thoughts in themselves were such as no other artist before him had conceived; there was, thus, no forerunner to point the way, so through constant effort and trial of new devices of lighting, handling and design, he was compelled to work out his salvation for himself.

The book on Rembrandt's etchings approaches the master from an entirely different standpoint. Its learned author evidently holds strongly to the opinion that Rembrandt's natural gifts were infallible, but that he had many pupils, and that to them must be attributed every work bearing his signature that has any faults of design or execution. Although the chief critics of Rembrandt's etchings have differed on minor points, those who have hitherto carried the most weight have agreed in attributing to him some three hundred plates. That number, in this new book on the subject, is reduced to nearly one half by the omission of every plate which bears the least trace of haste, inexperience or excessive elaboration, with the result that Rembrandt is presented as an artist almost impeccable, whose genius was sufficient to overleap in an instant all the limitations and conventions of the feeble tradition in which he was trained, and in the course of a long life to do no single etching which was unworthy of his noblest moments.

That these two conceptions of Rembrandt are mutually destructive will be clear at a glance. The etcher who produced less than two hundred plates of evenly sustained merit is an entirely different personality from the painter who produced during the same period nearly six hundred

pictures of most unequal merit. If we accept the one Rembrandt, we must, to be logical, deny the other.

The general tendency of modern criticism undoubtedly favours Dr. Singer's theory to a considerable extent, and it has previously been expounded in other forms by Sir Francis Seymour Haden and Professor Legros. Leonardo, Michelangelo, Giorgione and Titian have also recently undergone the same treatment. The works which tradition had attributed to them have been sifted and whittled down until the best modern criticism accepts without reserve only those pictures in which their genius shines undimmed, giving to assistants, friend or pupils everything which does not attain to a like supreme standard of perfection. So far, indeed, has the process gone that signs of reaction are setting in, and men are beginning to ask whether it is invariably safe to suppose that pupils whose extant signed works are uniformly indifferent could on occasion attain to a degree of success so complete that their contemporaries, and the connoisseurs of two or three succeeding centuries, failed to distinguish them from that of the mighty master with whom they were associated.

This difference of critical opinion as to the nature and essence of genius is neither absurd nor unnatural, since it springs from two very natural tendencies of the human mind. The first of these tendencies regards the man of genius as something so far removed from our common humanity as to be no longer subject to the laws which govern ordinary mortals, as to be one born without the taint of fallibility which makes human work imperfect, whose progress from infancy to old age is marked by a series of masterpieces in which there can be no place for experiment or failure. That is the popular view; and the opinion that the man of genius is a man of the same clay as ourselves, subject to the same infirmities and rising above them only by the possession of superior intellect and more profound insight, is too vulgar and commonplace to attract the vote of the majority. Nevertheless, in England, at least, we are bound to take it seriously, for it was held and clearly enunciated by the great head and founder of our English school, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Discourses of Reynolds are one long statement of the speaker's profound conviction that the degree of intellect which we term genius differs from lesser degrees of intellect mainly in virtue of its quality and intensity; that the mind of a man of genius develops just as the mind of a man of talent, though far more rapidly, and that it works on principles no less really definite, if infinitely more difficult to express, than those which guide able men in other walks of life.

If we consider Rembrandt's genius in the light of Reynolds's theory, it is impossible not to see that many of our difficulties in the way of appreciating him are at once removed. In the long series of paintings attributed to him by Dr. Bode, we recognise at once a gradual and natural process of development. Here and there we may omit some particular picture as entirely unworthy of Rembrandt, but on the whole we cannot help confessing that the mental image we form from the series is a consistent one. Rembrandt in youth appears to make just the mistakes and experiments that we expect a clever young man to make. When he grows old, failing sight and failing health once more impair his powers, just as they have impaired the powers of the other great artists who have reached old age.

Dr. Singer's theory, on the other hand, has to deny that Rembrandt had a share in nearly all the etchings which date from his youth, and in many of those which belong to his old age. He thus rejects alike almost all the early portraits and sketches, and later marvels such as the *Ephraim Bonus* and the large *Coppenol*! If Dr. Singer be correct, Dr. Bode must likewise eliminate quite half of the paintings he has included in his series. Yet when the process of reduction is carried thus far, we feel inclined to ask: "If Rembrandt did not execute the greater portion of the paintings and etchings attributed to him, who did?"

Now, we know enough about the work of every pupil and follower that Rembrandt ever had to say that this question is unanswerable. Lievens, Van Vliet, Dou, Bol, the de Konings, Fabritius, Aart de Gelder and others have all left us specimens of their work, by which we can judge their capacity, and by the help of which we may occasionally think we see reasons for presuming their assistance in some particular work attributed to Rembrandt. Such instances, however, are few; and until the destructive critics can construct some more efficient *alumni* than these we may quite safely assume that the traditional view of Rembrandt's work is correct, and that the bulk of the etching and painting that bears his signature is substantially from his hand.

Do we lose much by taking this view? Surely we lose nothing? In some respects, indeed, we are the gainers, since we can regard the profound and majestic genius of Rembrandt as a thing not wholly alien from us; as an intellect which, however great it was potentially at the outset, developed slowly through persistent study, self-criticism and continual experiment, until it reached its superb meridian; to decline at the last, as all human effort must in some degree decline, when old age lays heavy hands upon it. No more inspiring and splendid example could be set before young ambition.

C. J. HOLMES.

MUSIC

A CRITIC'S BOOK

"MUSIC AND MUSICIANS" is a comprehensive title, which leaves the author free to roam where his fancy takes him, or rather, since the book with this title is a compilation, leaves him free to include any or all of the thoughts about music, which the musical life of London of the past twelve years has suggested to him, and which have appeared in various papers at the appropriate moments. In a short preface to his book Mr. E. A. Baughan says:

I have been brought face to face with some revelations of mental development which I had not expected. At first a chronological arrangement seemed to be the proper plan, but on consideration I felt that the public would not be as interested in the development of my critical sense as I myself have been, and a certain chaos would have resulted.

This sentence seems to be the key to the whole book; it suggests what is its charm, its strength and its weakness, its interest and the reason why it occasionally palls. It also leads to the reflection that the title, for all its apparent largeness, does not really fit the book, for, whatever may have been the case when these papers first appeared and were read by a public fresh from the experiences of which they treat, it is certainly not so much the music and musicians discussed as Mr. Baughan himself and his development as a critic which are of interest to the reader, who now sits down to study these essays, not disjointedly in a daily or weekly paper, but consecutively in one neatly got up volume. So I, for one, think that the author miscalculated in making the assumption quoted from the preface, and this breaking up of the chronological order has just spoiled, by making less clear, the chief interest of the book. Still, I am rather glad he made the mistake, because it is of a piece with the perfect modesty of his tone throughout. Any one who reads the musical criticism of the *Daily News*, knows that the articles signed E. A. B. therein are given as a purely personal expression of opinion, and without the almighty "we" which lends importance to the utterance of most "dailies." So these essays, many of which have made a first appearance in the *Daily News*, or some other periodical, are a frank expression of fresh musical impressions, unpremeditated and therefore not very judicious—often, indeed, rather self-contradictory, since they are affected strongly by the mood of the author at the moment—but valuable, as honesty and simplicity always must be.

The first part, under the collective heading "Random Reflections," is to my mind by far the most interesting. To quote the titles from the list of contents would show that there is very little about music, meaning thereby certain specified compositions, still less about musicians, but a great deal about how different types of music, either of composition or performance, affect the author. To get the greatest amount of pleasure from this, it must be read as autobiography, and to this we should certainly have been helped if the author had let us know when we are reading what he thought twelve years ago, and when what he thinks now. Not knowing that, I can only point to a few papers which seem to me most suggestive. In the first place, those dealing with that troublesome creature, "the critic," are full of ideas. Mr. Baughan, unlike most critics, stands up for his own kind. True, he does not think very much of any one living specimen, but he believes in the function of the critic, as Matthew Arnold did, as a creative one, and he looks forward with a child-like optimism to the arrival of the perfect critic.

I want to see a man come forward who shall have the authority of a Davidson or a Chorley, but with a much wider grasp of musical æsthetics than these. He should have deep musical knowledge both practical and theoretical, and, in addition to this knowledge, he should possess a sensitive and poetic temperament balanced by keen judgment, and, above all, a fine, nervous, plastic style of writing.

This is splendid; certainly there never was greater need for such a guiding hand than at the present time, nor a wider field open to the man who is strong enough to take it.

Mr. Baughan's own development as a critic, though, is more clearly to be traced in such papers as "The Symphonic poem—an interview with Wagner," a decidedly original way of conveying his opinions; "The Obvious in Music"; "Some Reactions"; "The Art of Restraint"; "Poisonous Appreciations"; "The Hooligan in Music," and some others, all with characteristic titles. I do not know exactly from where Mr. Baughan started, but I take it that he must have been fed and nourished on *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and, indeed, all the modern pre-Straussian types of music, and have started out on his critical career with the firm conviction that to defend Wagner and Tschaikovsky against all comers was the duty of the true knight of the forward school of musical criticism. Then he evidently began to think, and from his "random reflections" come such remarks as these:

I shall not care if twelve months elapse before I hear Tschaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony again. . . . Its gloom no longer seems to me the gloom of a mind noble, but of a mind sick.

There is much in the Wagner music-dramas which seems to me false as art, however "effective" it may be as music. It is an emotional Turkish bath; a plaster to arouse emotion nearly dead from inanition.

It is hardly fair to make these quotations, because they are only small excerpts from a really large point of view. It is evident, though, from their appearance, following upon the blind idolatry of Wagner, which is as much the creed of our school as the idolatry of Beethoven is of another school of critics, that the writer has found that beyond what he appreciates in these heroes music has other possibilities, which they do not fulfil. His anti-Wagnerian tendencies go on getting stronger and stronger, and eventually find full expression in some papers devoted to the subject. But—and this is the best point about Mr. Baughan's work—his enthusiasm never cools, his admiration for Wagner remains as strong as, perhaps stronger than, when he was a whole-hearted Wagnerian; only he has found out that Wagner and Tschaikovsky and others no longer need the support of his lance, that, indeed, the art needs some defence against their influence. So he tilts hard against the unreality and exaggerated emotion of *Tristan*, the "Hooliganism" of the *1812* overture, all the time clearing and widening his own point of view, sometimes at the expense of his reader, who is apt to expect a critic to have settled all his opinions before he

begins to write, not to go on developing them as he writes. But what Mr. Baughan is really striving for is to be rid of the absurdities and conventions which still cling round our art. It is what his hero, Wagner, strove for, though in the end he succeeded in implanting a fresh crop of them upon the field of the art in which he worked. Of course, Mr. Baughan has found a new hero, and, of course, that hero is the composer of *Ein Heldenleben*. To the symphonic poems of Richard Strauss he has devoted the last part of his book, the part which I must confess to finding least interesting, because least individual. His essays on this subject are a blend of hero-worship and criticism which leaves a vague impression of temporising. We, the public, have not yet reached such a position with regard to Strauss that we can be much helped by this sort of thing; we are more helped by comparing the bigoted, one-sided views of each party, than by a point of view which is evidently almost as much in the making as our own. For instance, it is rather staggering after reading through several essays of description and some eulogy to come upon this sentence:

With regard to Strauss, I have not yet heard anything of his which seems to be the utterance of a great genius;

because, up to that moment, I—and I suspect others with me—was under the impression that Mr. Baughan saw in Strauss the genius of the future, whatever faults he might see in his individual works. Here, I think, Mr. Baughan has overstepped the limits of the freedom which a critic can allow himself. However much we may respect the open mind, the power to revise opinion and retract in favour of a more mature judgment, it becomes an evil when it results in the hasty expression of an unformed opinion, which is readily withdrawn for the sake of another not much more mature. Perhaps fuller revision might have saved the book from inconsistency and so improved it. Mr. Baughan is not in himself inconsistent—at least, not more so than any honest human being who allows himself to think—but perhaps he should compel his thoughts to form conclusions rather more definitely before committing them to paper, or at any rate before transferring them from the momentary publicity of the Press to the permanency which they now occupy. None the less for this, however, “Music and Musicians” is a valuable contribution to present-day thought on music, and a book which has the rare merit that in it the reader learns to know the author.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

“THE Canadian War of 1812,” by Mr. C. P. Lucas, will be issued immediately by the Oxford University Press. The book has been compiled as far as possible from the despatches on both sides relating to the war. Six out of the eight maps which accompany the letterpress are contemporary American maps reproduced from a little volume in the Colonial Office Library.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is to edit the volume of Browning's poems in Messrs. Jack's forthcoming “Golden Poets.” The volumes, of which six will appear during the present year, will present several interesting features, such, for instance, as the inclusion of a series of dainty coloured plates. Among other editors are: Mr. W. B. Yeats (Spenser), Mr. A. C. Benson (Whittier), Professor Dowden (Coleridge), Professor Saintsbury (Longfellow), Professor MacNeile Dixon (Wordsworth), Canon Beeching (Herrick), Mr. Charles Whibley (Byron), Mr. Arthur Symonds (Keats), Professor J. Churton Collins (Shelley).

Mr. John Lane will publish Sienkiewicz's novel, “The Field of Glory”—an historical romance dealing with Poland's struggle for independence—on Tuesday, July 17.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will before long publish a volume in their St. Martin's Library containing R. L.

Stevenson's complete poems: “Ballads,” “Underwoods,” and “Songs of Travel.” The exclusion of his “Child's Garden of Verses” will, however, be regretted. A booklet similar to Stevenson's Prayers, containing his “Christmas Prayers” is also being prepared by the same publishers.

A travel book entitled “Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan” will be published by Mr. Unwin on July 16. The author is Mr. Charles M. Taylor. Among the places described in the volume are: Honolulu, the volcano of Kilauea, Yokohama, Tokyo, and the Temples of Nikko, Kyoto, Kobe and Osaka, and there are also accounts of journeys in the country districts of Japan, with descriptions of scenery and local customs.—Mr. Unwin has also in the press a book on “The Nature and Purpose of the Universe,” by John Denham Parsons.

Another volume, commemorative of the George Buchanan quater-centenary celebrations, is to be published by the University Press, St. Andrews, next month. Several professors of Scotch and French Universities are contributing to the volume, which will be entitled “George Buchanan: a Memorial, 1506-1906”; it will contain appreciative papers on the various aspects of the great humanist's life and work, as well as translations of his verse by students of St. Andrews, Paris and Bordeaux; and it is passing through the press under the supervision of Mr. Millar, editor of the *St. Andrews University Magazine*.

Mr. Francis Griffiths has almost ready a little book entitled “Electioneering Up-to-Date,” with Suggestions for Amending the Corrupt Practices Act, by Charles Roden Buxton and J. C. Haig. Mr. Haig has contributed the chapters dealing with the Case of Thanet, and Mr. Buxton is responsible for the section on the bribery and corruption which invariably attend a general election.

Mr. Werner Laurie will publish shortly Pierre Loti's “India,” translated by Mr. George A. F. Inman and edited by Robert Harborough Sherard. Loti's idea in going to India was to discover whether in the Buddhist faith he could find anything to replace the Catholic religion in which he could no longer believe. The book traces his journeying through India till, finally, he visits the high priests of Theosophy who have sought refuge in India away from the tumult of life, and finds what his soul craves for.

The works of Mr. Herbert Strang, undoubtedly the best modern writer for boys, will in future be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, who have three new books from his pen in the press: “One of Clive's Heroes: a Story of the Fight for India”; “Samba: a Story of the Rubber Slaves of the Congo Free State”; and “Jack Harvey: or a Hundred Years Ago.”

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., have arranged to publish in volume form Father Bernard Vaughan's series of sermons on the “Sins of Society,” which he is now preaching in Mayfair, with a preface and appendix. The work will be issued in the autumn.

It has been rumoured that Professor Knight's memorial volume of Thomas Davidson is not likely to appear. We are able to state on the best authority, that the monograph on the Wandering Scholar, on which Dr. Knight has spent much time and spared no pains, will be published in the autumn.

CORRESPONDENCE

AUSTRALIAN RELIGION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I correct an inadvertent misrepresentation of Mr. Howitt, in my “Secret of the Totem” (pp. 197-200) and elsewhere? In his page 500 (“Native Tribes of South-East Australia”) I understood Mr. Howitt to say that the belief in an “All Father” does not occur in South-Eastern tribes which have not made “the advance from descent in the female to that in the male line.” I added that the statement was in collision with facts vouched for by Mr. Howitt himself. But he explains, in a paper in *Folk Lore* (June 1906), that his meaning was not what I understood it to be, and,

consequently, there is no inconsistency in his statements. I am sorry that I misapprehended his meaning, and of course, withdraw my criticism, both as regards Mr. Howitt and Mr. Fraser, as far as he is involved in it.

A. LANG.

July 8.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—All things are a question of proportion. What is of undoubted importance from one point of view may from a central standpoint appear lop-sided and disproportionate. My objection to the cry of Art for Art's sake is that in its ordinary meaning it implies the glorification of technique for the sake of technique, of the symbol for the sake of the symbol, which inevitably ends in virtuosity and hieroglyphics. Art, like poetry, is one of the media through which life expresses itself. To proclaim Art for Art's sake as the last word on Art is to cut Art off from its source of inspiration. In Mr. Rutter's own words it "is a half-truth, and it is one of those half-truths which do infinite harm to the cause the poet (and I would add the artist) has at heart." I quite agree with him that "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." But the whole matter depends on whether it is worth doing. And only a reference to life can answer that question. Fronto wrote a very clever panegyric on dust. I question its value not because of the quality of his art, but because I doubt whether it was worth doing.

Mr. Rutter seems to misunderstand my position because he thinks I consider that Art should be mixed with morality. Morality is far too narrow a word. In its broadest sense it means what is considered good form at the time. All I require of Art and Poetry is that they should be criticisms and interpretations of life—which is something infinitely wider. Hence my plea for the recognition of the oneness of things which the Greeks so wonderfully realised, and which we, who live to-day in half a dozen different water-tight compartments, have such a difficulty in even apprehending. My article was really a protest not against a literary or artistic class, but against a literary or artistic *caste* which such shibboleths as Art for Art's sake inevitably tend to produce. My plea was for the *carrière ouverte au Talents*, for the free admission to the guild of all who show originality, who have some new interpretation or reading of life to bring forward, whether in verse or in paint—in a word a protest against those who think there is any finality in the art of expression or that every page in the great book of life has now been reproduced with an exactness which might be called photographic. This is what the Romantic school in the early part of the nineteenth century successfully fought against. I am the last person in the world to despise the old bottles and the old vintages, but I none the less think there is—and ever will be—a necessity for new wine and new bottles. To construct bottles without reference to the wine is to manufacture mere toys. The vessel derives its ultimate meaning from the purpose for which it was fashioned.

C. B.

"LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was interested in the letter from a Mr. Cooke, which, under the above heading, you publish in this week's ACADEMY. The possibility had never occurred to me that any friend of Mr. Wilde's having come into possession of a relic so precious as the book referred to, would sell it. Hence my error.

I have communicated the letter to the two gentlemen who are translating my book into German and French, and in the new edition of my biography I will make the necessary correction.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

Guilborough Hall, Northampton.

July 7.

CARACTACUS IN ENGLISH DRAMA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Bonduca and Caractacus, as actual persons, might have their interest limited for us, as you say, to the lines you quote from an old *Memoria technica* and to the monument to the former on the Thames Embankment; but fortunately for our splendid literature the latter has been made by Beaumont and Fletcher the very type of what a truly brave soldier ought to be. It were well if the editors of our Jingo papers and all our braggadocio Imperialists would make it a rule to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest their *Tragedy of Bonduca*; in every scene of which, in which he appears, from the first act wherein he calls his cousin Bonduca to account for empty boasting of her victory over the Romans, to the very end of the play which is finished by Suetonius, "General to the Roman Army in Britain," saying,

"March on, and thro' the camp, in every tongue,

The virtues of great Caratach be sung,"

in every scene, I say, "Caratach" appears the "very parfit gentil knight." I enclose a few quotations from they play. Perhaps if you can make room for them you will.

JAMES J. RAMSEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BOADICEA. The hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!

Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

Enter CARATACH.

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but our Rome, and our Cæsar?

Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scattered 'em,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: And a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans!

CAR. So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.

BOND. Who's that?

CAR. I.

BOND. Cousin! d'you grieve my fortunes?

CAR. No, Bonduca;

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail; discretion

And hardy valour are the twins of honour,

And, nurs'd together make a conqueror;

Divided but a talker. 'Tis a truth

That Rome has fled before us twice and routed;

A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,

And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,

Nor in our ends more than the noble bearing;

For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady.

And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,

When we insult upon our honour's subject.

(Caratach, referring to the folly of triumphing over a soi-disant despicable enemy, proceeds):

"Where is your conquest then?

Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers?

Why are these triumphs, lady? For a may-game?

For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?

Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,

Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrow,

A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,

A glow-worm's tail too full of flame."

(The whole of this scene ought to be quoted, but one may hope you'll be the means, by admitting these few extracts, of sending a good many readers to the play; as good as any, I beg to say I think it, on account of the character of Caratach, in all our dramatic literature. These quotations give the key-note to Caratach's character which is finely sustained throughout.)

ISAIAH vii. 14

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having read the article on "The Old Testament in Greek" in your last issue [June 30], and having particularly noticed your Reviewer's remarks on the above text, may I be allowed to make a few suggestions.

First that the text cannot be intended as a prediction of the birth of Christ. The whole sense of the chapter is adverse to this. Ahaz King of Judah is in great trouble and consternation on account of the confederacy which Pekah King of Israel and Rezin King of Syria had formed to besiege and subjugate Jerusalem. A sign is given to Ahaz to cheer his heart. "Behold the young woman is with child and she will bear a son" (this I have been assured by Hebrew scholars is the correct rendering). Surely this refers to the prophetess, see Isaiah viii. 3, the child in question being Maher-shalal-hash-baz. "For," says Isaiah, "before the child shall know how to refuse evil and choose the good the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both of her kings." Isaiah vii. 16; see also Isaiah viii. 4.

Before three years had elapsed after this announcement, we learn that the Syrians and many of the Israelites, with the Kings Rezin and Pekah were carried as captives to Assyria, thus the prophecy was fulfilled.

Secondly I would ask how could Ahaz be concerned in a sign that could only be realised many centuries after his death, or how could any promise cheer his heart that was not to be verified in his own days?

There can, I think, therefore be only one conclusion to be drawn, that the child referred to was Maher-shalal-hash-baz, especially when we reflect what the name signified—"Speed the plunder, hasten the spoil."

WILFRED DALE.

July 4.

A MODERN VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your readers are familiar with the name of Mary Carpenter whose marble tablet is fixed in the wall of Bristol Cathedral, with an inscription of national gratitude to her on account of her Reformatory Schools, but they do not perhaps know that Mary Carpenter's father, and afterwards her brother, studied very deeply this subject of the reformation of sin, and its connection with the doctrine of the Atonement and with God's conditions of forgiveness as shown to us in the

teachings of Christ. The Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, this brother, has left us a most able little volume—not orthodox of course, but taking up the modern view that your pages draw attention to—which should be read by every one who will read all sides of this momentous subject; "The Atonement or Reconciliation through Christ," by R. L. Carpenter, B.A. Essex Hall, London.

E. S.

THE ELEVENTH MUSE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one of your constant readers I am indebted to Mr. R. Ross for his amusing essay on the Eleventh Muse. At first reading, the lines by a lunatic seem to be nonsense-verses, but careful consideration has convinced me that they are allegorical, as I propose to show.

His hair is red and blue and white,
His face is almost tan.

The colour of the man's hair is unusual, but here we have the key to the enigma. Red, white and blue, are the national colours, hence it is clear the man is John Bull, and this is confirmed by the next two lines:

His brow is wet with blood and sweat,
He steals from where he can.

These verses were probably written when John Bull was at war annexing, conveying, or, as the poet puts it, "stealing," another man's land.

And looks the whole world in the face
A drunkard and a man.

Drunkard here means drunk with glory, possession, and self-satisfaction; and unabashed he looks the whole world in the face. His manhood will not be disputed by any one. I conclude from this analysis that the writer is a little Britainer, probably driven mad by dwelling on Imperialism. This letter I trust will give a clue to his keepers as to his treatment.

H. DONALD BARCLAY.

July 10.

THE "NATIVE TONGUE" OF THE IRISH

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Nutt speaks of the Irish being fond of their "native tongue." Quite proper; but the native tongue of eighty-five per cent. of the Irish people in the whole of Ireland and of ninety-five per cent. of the inhabitants of the eastern half is English. That is to say, English is the only language which they or their parents or grandparents have ever spoken or known. I take the figures from the census of 1901. The assumption that the language of the Irish people must be Irish is an instance of the influence of words on thought. We might as well assume that Cornish is the native tongue of Cornish men or British (*i.e.*, Celtic) of the people of Great Britain.

A.

A PASSAGE OF SHAKESPEARE

"O my Lord, my Lord. . . with a halter as another."
1 *Henry IV.* Act ii. Scene iv.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the various explanations of the above passage, sufficient attention, I think, has not been paid to the present mood of Sir John Falstaff, and the bearing of the word "major." Staunton represents Sir John as vehemently protesting against the admittance of the Sheriff and the Watch. On the contrary, Sir John resents the interruptions of Bardolph and the Hostess with a view to their exclusion, as a mere piece of irrelevancy to the more serious business in hand—his self-laudation: "Play out the play," he has said.

The words, "Dost thou hear, Hal?" are intended to recall the Prince's distracted attention to the interrupted theme, which he again pursues with, "Never call a true piece of gold [meaning himself] a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so." The personal turn (to the Prince) that Falstaff's instancing of the genuine article suddenly takes provokes (as might be expected) the retort discourteous from Prince Hal: "And thou a natural coward,—without instinct."

Now Sir John is nothing if not a dialectician; hence his affectation of the term "major" (*i.e.*, premise) and the recurrence of the "if" later on. This categorical proposition of the Prince's—for he will have none of the qualified cowardice of the earlier part of the evening—is the "major" of the text; and Sir John denies it; it is moreover in the power of the Prince to disprove it.

"If you will deny the Sheriff, so."

We all know Sir John's "so," with its mingled tone of resignation and commiseration; if you deny him (he says in effect), there is an end of it; I cannot disprove it; but if you let him enter (and he contemplates with composure the extreme eventualities of an arrest) I will "become a cart" like a "thoroughbred," and so give the lie to your charge of cowardice.

Such is the connection of ideas, obscured (it may be) by Sir John's preference for the syllogistic over the more simple and direct method of statement.

REGINALD GEARE.

July 10.

"CONCEALED POETS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“Minor Poets” are by no means secretive, but perhaps unduly *blatant*; while the true modesty that keeps a “poet” inedited, is never outspoken.

As to *concealed* poets, we have to penetrate a concealed meaning; as a fact, however, Francis, commonly called Lord Bacon, a ruined politician, a discredited official, called “the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,” the author of the term “concealed poet,” is himself a paradox.

An attempt has been made to place him at the head of our literature as the *concealed* author of the Shakespearean drama, and this casual remark found among his literary remains is held as evidence thereof.

The term “concealed” might include anonymous and inedited; and we have evidence of the latter, too close to Bacon himself to have escaped his notice. He was a younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Seal under two monarchs; and a worthy bibliophile, Mr. Bertram Dobell of Charing Cross Road, has disinterred twenty or thirty poems written by Sir Nicholas, hitherto unpublished, fully qualifying him as a *concealed* poet; for even the elaborate account of Sir Nicholas in the D.N.B., has not prepared us for this fact. Can we thus reduce the ambiguous term “concealed poets” to mere commonplace?

A. HALL.

LAILÍ AND MAJNÚN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The appearance of a new reprint of Atkinson's version of Lailí and Majnún reviewed in your last issue is another example of a tendency most gratifying for printers, paper-makers and dealers in waste paper, but the advantage of which for other members of the community is not so apparent—to reprint without necessity. My firm reprinted this version in 1894 after it had been out of print for some fifty years. I shall be happy to supply as many copies as are likely to be required, so far as my experience teaches, at 1s. 4d. each. It is difficult to understand the *raison d'être* of a new reprint.

ALFRED NUTT.

July 10.

THE YOUNGER PITT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Dr. J. Holland Rose is engaged on a work dealing with the later years of the second William Pitt in which he hopes to avail himself of a good deal of hitherto unused material.

Will you kindly allow us an opportunity of saying that if any of your readers should possess any original MSS. or letters bearing on the life or work of Pitt they will greatly oblige Dr. Rose by lending them, or sending copies of them to us for his inspection.

GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

July 11.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Smith, G. Le Blanc. *Haddon: The Manor, the Hall, its Lords and Traditions.* With illustrations by the author. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xii, 166. Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.

[A beautiful book profusely illustrated. Mr. Le Blanc Smith, to our great relief, shows the romantic nonsense about Dorothy Vernon's elopement with Manners to be devoid of fact.]

Michel, Emile. *Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn: A Memorial of his Tercentenary.* MDCVI: MCMVI. With 70 Plates. 14½ x 11. Pp. 118. Heinemann, 30s. net.

[See p. 46.]

Yearly Meeting, 1860. From original Pen-and Ink Sketches by J. J. Willson. 8½ x 11. Headley, 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.

[Seven very clever and humorous drawings, dated 1860, of Friends in London for the Yearly Meeting. The Distractions of Derby Day—Meeting-house, Devonshire Yard—The Men's Side—The Women's Side—Hill's, the Confectioner's—Capper's, the Draper's—The Royal Academy; the last containing a sketch of *The Black Brunswicker*, which was the picture of the year.]

Report of the Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures. Presented to the Congress of Archaeological Societies, July 4, 1909.

Sussex. Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.E. 9 x 6½. Pp. 197. Plates 75. *Warwickshire.* Painted by Frederick Whitehead, R.B.A., described by Clive Holland. 9 x 6½. Pp. 364. Plates 75. Black, 20s. net each.

EDUCATION.

Middlesex. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 128. The English Counties: A Series of Supplementary Readers. Blackie, 8d.

[Illustrated.]

Arnold's Home and Abroad Readers. Book III.—A. *The British Isles.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 224. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

[Illustrated.]

Adair, H. N. *French Historical Reader.* With illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. vii., 138. Bell, 1s. 6d.

[Scenes from French history, taken from the French historians and simplified. Notes and Vocabulary.]

Forbes, Avarly H. *A Concise History of Europe*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 203. Ralph, Holland, 2s. net.

[Designed to meet the Board of Education's prescription, for Teacher's Certificates, of some knowledge of European History.]

Epochs of English Literature. Vol. ii. Stobart, J. C. *The Age of Spenser, 1500-1600*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. viii, 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

[Future copies are to be entitled *The Spenser Epoch*, in order to avoid confusion with another series. Introduction, Excerpts, Notes, Glossarial Index. Ancient spelling preserved.]

Blunt, Gerald. *General Intelligence Papers*, with Exercises in English Composition. Second Edition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. x, 121. School Examination Series. Bell.

L. Estrange, P. H. *A Progressive Course of Comparative Geography on the Concentric System*. Illustrated by 177 pictures and diagrams in the text and accompanied by 172 maps and diagrams in colour, with Index, forming a complete Atlas. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9. Pp. xii, 148. Philip.

Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. *Britain Long Ago: Stories from old English and Celtic Sources*. Pp. xvi, 240. Havell, H. L. *Stories from Greek Tragedy*. Pp. xxiv, 232. Each 7 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. "Told through the Ages." Harrap, 2s. 6d. net each.

[Each volume is illustrated and provided with a "pronouncing Index."]

Kirkman, J. P. and Little, J. T. *Arnold's Shilling Arithmetic*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 184. Arnold, 1s.

[“Written on the lines suggested by recent reforms.” Decimal notation for fractions has been introduced at an early stage to avoid difficulties consequent on their treatment after vulgar fractions. Contracted methods and approximations have been freely used, and a chapter has been added on forming, solving and testing equations.]

Macbeth. With introduction, full text and notes, appendix, examination questions, glossary, and index to notes, by C. W. Crook. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. lviii, 127. Ralph, Holland, 2s.

[The introduction contains notes on The Theatre before and during the Time of Shakespeare; the Source of the Plot of *Macbeth*, Date, Characters, Language and Metre of the Play; and Witchcraft. Blank pages interleaved in the text.]

FICTION.

Rolind, Philip W. *Jim Carter, or the Peasant made Schoolmaster*. In three vols. Vol. i. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 96. Price, 18 Havil Street, Camberwell, 1s. net.

Morgan, William De. *Joseph Vance*. An ill-written biography. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 509. Heinemann, 6s.

Phelps, Sydney; and O'Reilly, Bridey M. *Where Two Worlds Met*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 256. Griffiths, 6s.

Sergeant, Adeline. *The Coming of the Randolphs*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 307. Methuen, 6s.

Churchill, Winston. *Coniston*. With illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 543. Macmillan, 6s.

Wales, Hubert. *Mr. and Mrs. Villiers*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Lewis, Helen Prothero. *The Unguarded Taper*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 377. Long, 6s.

Simpson, Lucie. *That Ambitious She*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 317. Greening, 6s.

Harris-Burland, J. B. *The Financier*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

HISTORY.

Oman, Charles. *The Great Revolt of 1381*. With 2 maps. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 219 Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net.

[A new history of "Wat Tyler's Rebellion" and the general revolt of which that was only a part. Based on André Réville's unfinished "Soulèvement des travailleurs d'Angleterre en 1381"; with appendices of documents. Index.]

Owen of Henllys, George, Lord of Kemes. *The Description of Penbroke-shire*. Edited, with notes and an appendix, by Henry Owen. Part III. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 360. Charles J. Clark. Cymmudion Record Series, No. I. 12s. 6d. net.

[This volume contains "The Dialogue of the Government of Wales"; the "Cruell Lawes against Welshmen"; the "Treatise of Lordships Marchers in Wales," now first proved to be Owen's, and part of the "Description of Wales." Part IV. will contain the remainder of the "Description of Wales," "The Treatise of Marle," and Index, and will conclude the work.]

Summers, W. H. *The Lollards of the Chiltern Hills*. Glimpses of English Dissent in the Middle Ages. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 186. Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.

[In 1888 a series of articles, by the same author, appeared in the *South Bucks Free Press*, and these form the basis of the present book. Extracts from the Latin are given in English, and the old English has been modernised "where it is likely to present a difficulty." This is to be regretted; but on the whole the volume presents an interesting and substantially accurate sketch of Lollard days in the county of which it has been said that "it had more martyrs and confessors in it before the time of Luther than all the kingdom besides."]

LAW.

Clark, E. C. *History of Roman Private Law*. Part i.—Sources and Chronological Sketch. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. viii, 168. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.

[An endeavour to trace the development and sequence of cause and effect in that part of Roman Law which has more particularly survived to modern thoughts and times, "as an example and a lesson of experience for practical politics and actual life." Table of Juristic Writers and Index.]

LITERATURE.

Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Vol. xxi: No. 2. New Series. Vol. xiv. No. 2. June 1906. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 240-107. Walker Street, Cambridge, Mass., \$1.00.

[Contains a long study by W. W. Comfort of Character Types in the old French *Chansons de Geste*: Gismond of Salerne, by J. W. Cunliffe: On the date of *King Lear*, by R. A. Law; the Duration of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, by J. S. P. Tatlock, and Chaucer's "Prioresses Tale" and its analogues, by C. F. Brown.]

Bormann, Edwin. *Francis Bacon's Cryptic Rhymes and the Truth They Reveal*. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 251. Siegle, Hill.

[What "the truth" was our readers can guess. Poor Shakespeare is made out to have been even more ignorant than other Baconians have supposed.]

Duff Brown, J. *Subject Classification*: with tables, indexes, etc., for the sub-division of subjects. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 423. Library Supply Co. 15s. net.

[An extended version of "Adjustable Classification," 1898. A "simple, fairly logical and practical method" of classification for libraries.]

Goyau, Lucie Félix-Faure. *Vers la joie. Ames Patennes. Ames Chrétiennes*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xlvii, 279. Paris: Perrin, 3f. 50.

[See p. 29.]

MILITARY.

History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902. Compiled by Direction of His Majesty's Government by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B., with a staff of officers. Volume i. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xx, 526. Maps to vol. i. in separate case. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hurst and Blackett, 21s. net. To subscribers for the whole set of four volumes, 17s. 6d. net. (See p. 31.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Montague, E. R. *Tales from the Talmud*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. x, 290. Blackwood, 6s.

[Mainly taken from the Talmud; some from the Targums, the Pirke Rabbi Eliezer and other works. A long introductory chapter, dealing partly with the interpretations put on the legendary part of the Talmud.]

The Year Book of Photography and Amateurs' Guide for 1906-7. Edited by F. J. Mortimer. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 618. The Photographic News, 1s.

The National Trust for places of Historic Interest or National Beauty. *Report for the Year 1905-1906*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 56. 25 Victoria Street, S.W.

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library, Newark, N.J., 1905.

Department of Applied Mathematics, University College, University of London. *Drapers' Company Research Memoirs: Studies in National Deterioration—I. On the Relation of Fertility in Man to Social Status and on the Changes in this Relation that have Taken Place during the Last Fifty Years*. By David Heron. 12 x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 22. Dulau, 3s.

Library of Congress: *Select List of Books on Municipal Affairs*, with special reference to Municipal Ownership. With appendix—select list of State documents. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clark Griffin. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.

Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science: *The Finance of American Trade Unions*. By A. M. Sakolski. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6. *Early Diplomatic Negotiations of the United States with Russia*. By John C. Hildt. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6. Pp. 195. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Crosland, T. W. H. *The Country Life*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 149. Greening, 2s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

Eisenhans, Dr. Theodor. *Fries und Kant: ein Beitrag zur Geschichte und zur systematischen Grundlegung der Erkenntnistheorie*. I. Historischer Theil: *Jakob Friedrich Fries als Erkenntnistheoretiker und sein Verhältnis zu Kant*. 9 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xxviii, 347. Giessen: Töpelmann; London: Williams & Norgate, M.8.

[To be complete in two vols. The second vol. is in the press. The author is a Privatdozent of Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg.]

POETRY.

Watson, Edith E. *A Forfeited Eden* and other poems (mainly echoes from the City Temple). 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 50. The Christian Commonwealth Co., 1s.

[Short poems, many in blank verse, remarkable rather for devotional feeling than poetic accomplishment.]

Cox, F. J. *Songs of the Car, with "De Omnibus" Rhymes*. Illustrated by Howard Somerville. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 124. Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.

Watson, G. L. de St. M. *With Brandished Bawble*. Light Verse and Parody. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 96. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

de Coulevain, Pierre. *L'île inconnue*. 24^{me} édition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. viii, 592. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3f. 50.

[Pages from the diary of M. de Coulevain, written at Wimbledon, in London, and at a large English country-house—the object being to bring the French better acquainted with people whom they know only—according to the author—as having won the battle of Waterloo, going to the Paris Opera in tourist suits and filling up the railway carriages with parcels.]

Wilde, Oscar. *Poems in Prose*. Pp. xvi, 54. Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. *Hand and Soul*. Pp. viii, 53. de Queiroz, Eça. *The Sweet Miracle*. Done into English by Edgar Prestage. Pp. viii, 33. Each 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Whitman, Walt. *A little book of Nature Thoughts*. Selected by Anne Montgomerie Traubel. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3. Pp. vi, 88. Portland, Maine: Mosher.

[Dainty little books in boxes.]

The Belles-Lettres Series. Section III. The English Drama. Beaumont, Francis, and Fletcher, John. *The Maid's Tragedy and Philaster*. Edited by Ashley H. Thorndike. Pp. xlii, 346. Lillo, George. *The London Merchant, or The History of George Barnwell and Fatal Curiosity*. Edited by Adolphus William Ward. Pp. lx, 247. Each 6 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Heath, 2s. 6d. net each.

[The text of the B. and F. plays is Q2, with readings adapted from Q1 and certain variants given in the notes, and in both volumes a note on the text tells the reader exactly what it is that he is reading. Old spelling, modernised punctuation. Biography, Introduction, Notes, Bibliography, and a glossary to the B. and F. Dr. Ward prints as an appendix the "Newes from Perin in Cornwall" (1618), which formed the source of *Fatal Curiosity*. The names of the editors are guarantees of good scholarship.]

- Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Ireland.* Seventh edition, revised and edited by John Cooke. With 43 maps and plans. 7×4½. Pp. 575. Stanford, 9s.
- [A section summarising the leading features of the history, literature, and language has been added to the present edition; and a short glossary of Irish roots has been appended, with a few examples of derivatives. To the General Introduction a section dealing with motoring has been added.]
- Doyle, A. Conan. *Uncle Bernac.* A Memory of the Empire. Third impression. The Waterloo Library. 7½×5. Pp. 300. Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.
- Wood, Mrs. Henry. *East Lynne.* 6½×4½. Pp. 497. Sixpenny Classics. Nelson.
- Travers, Graham. *Mona Maclean, Medical Student.* A novel. 8½×5½. Pp. 180. Sixpenny edition. Blackwood.
- Haggard, H. Rider. *Pearl Maiden.* Illustrated by Byam Shaw. 8½×6. Pp. 182. Sixpenny Novels, Illustrated. Newnes.
- Hungerford, Mrs. *Phyllis.* Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. 8½×5½. Pp. 180. Sixpenny Novels, Illustrated. Newnes.
- Tolstoy, Leo. *The Divine and the Human, and other Stories.* A Volume of Stories on Revolution; Crime and Death; Regeneration; and Eternal Life. Translated by V. Tchertkoff with the assistance of I. F. M. and E. A. 7½×5½. Pp. 136. The Free Age Press, Christchurch, Hants, 1s. 6d.
- Chambers, Robert W. *A King and a Few Dukes.* Popular edition. 8½×5½. Pp. 128. Greening, 6d.

SCIENCE.

- Scientific Memoirs by Officers of the Medical and Sanitary Departments of the Governments of India: *On a Parasite found in the White Corpuscles of the Blood of Palm Squirrels.* By Captain W. S. Patton, M.B., I.M.S. 11½×9½. Pp. 13. Annas 12, or 1s. 2d. *The Anatomy and Histology of Ticks.* By Captain S. R. Christophers, M.B., I.M.S. 11½×9½. Pp. 55. Plates 6. Rupees 3, or 4s. 6d. Issued under the authority of the Government of India by the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, Simla. Calcutta: Office of the Supt. of Govt. Printing.

SPORT.

- Beldam, George W., and Charles B. Fry. *Great Bowlers and Fielders.* Their methods at a glance. Illustrated by 464 action-photographs. 9×5½. Pp. 547. Macmillan, 21s. net.
- [Chapters on Bowling by F. R. Spofforth, and on Fielding by G. L. Jessop. A special section of the action-photographs is devoted to wicket-keepers and their methods.]

THEOLOGY.

- The Virgin Birth and the Divinity of Christ.* By the Rev. Walter F. Adeney. Pp. 48. *Original Sin.* By the Rev. F. R. Tennant. Pp. 35. *The Consciousness of Jesus.* By the Rev. Charles Moinet. Pp. 39. *The Permanent Elements of Religion.* By Prof. D. S. Margoliouth. Pp. 38. *Revelation by Visions and Voices.* By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott. Pp. 34. Essays for the Times, Nos. 11-15. 7½×5. Griffiths, 6d. net each.
- Frere, E. F. H. *The Dominion of Christ: a Criticism of Christian Science and a plea for the Church's healing.* With a Preface by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth. 5½×3½. Pp. viii, 102. Mowbray, 9d. net.
- [Mr. Frere attacks Christian Science "for claiming to be a Christian, or to be a religion, or a philosophy, or a science," and shows the way in which the revelation of the Incarnation surpasses it. The second part shows the dominion of Christ in nature and science, and states the Church's position.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- de Lajonquière, Commandant E. Lunet. *Le Siam et les Siamois.* 7½×4½. Pp. 358. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.
- [The author was in charge of a mission of archaeological research in the valleys of Menam and Mekhong, and made the observations on the kingdom and people of Siam, the government, trade, manners and customs, and the influence brought to bear on them, here published.]
- Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea, and Japan.* Notes and Recollections by Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. With illustrations. 9×5½. Pp. 399. Murray, 15s. net.
- [The greater part of the author's life has been devoted to the study of the work of the Roman Catholic Church in all parts of the world, and the present volume describes one of his journeys made just before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.]
- Dancey, Mrs. Campbell. *An Englishwoman in the Philippines.* With illustrations and a map. 9×6. Pp. 350. Murray, 12s. net.
- [Letters, written during a stay of nine months in the Philippine Islands, in which the author tried to convey to those at home "a faithful impression of the country I was in and the people I met."]

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. HEINEMANN has reached the end of his enterprise of *Rembrandt, A Memorial*, of which we have the complete work (30s. net) before us. Each of the ten numbers contained three facsimile plates by Schmidt of Paris, and four "Rembrandt" photogravure plates from pictures; and, as each number appeared, we have noted its contents. In the eighth part the Schmidt plates are the famous *Three Crosses* etching (1653), the equally famous *Faustus* (c. 1651), and Mr. Heseltine's pen and sepia drawing of *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*. The photogravures show the Buckingham Palace picture of *The Lady with the Fan*; *The Supper at Emmaus* (Louvre); *The Blinding of Samson* (Frank-

fort); and the *Titus van Rijn* in the collection of the late M. Rodolphe Kann. The remainder of the plates in the volume are as follows: Schmidt plates; *Life-study of a young man*, pen and wash (Heseltine); *Rembrandt's Mother* (circa 1631); The "Hundred Guilder" etching, *Christ healing the Sick*; *A man watching a woman with a sleeping child in her arms*, pen and wash (Heseltine); *Portrait of Uytenbogaerd*, etching; and *Rembrandt's Studio*, pen and wash (Louvre); Photogravures: *Portrait of Elizabeth Bas* (Amsterdam); *The Mill* (Lord Lansdowne); *Portrait of a Lady* (Amsterdam); *Man in Armour* (Glasgow); *Tobit and his wife with the goat* (Berlin); *A Winter Landscape* (Cassel); *Portrait of Jan Six* (Six Collections, Amsterdam); and *The Ship-builder and his wife* (Buckingham Palace). The photogravures are all excellent; if we have a fault to find with any of the plates in the volume it is that the paper on which some of the etchings have been printed is so shiny that the effect of the etching is lost, and the blacks have not the value that they should have. But it is so exceptional to have cause for complaint with any feature of this beautiful book that it seems almost unfair to call attention to a defect. The plates have not been arranged in chronological order in this work, but since each is dated the student or amateur, now the book is complete, will have no difficulty in following the progress of the artist's development with the help of M. Emile Michel's very able monograph, a few pages of which were contained in each number. Here, indeed, is a worthy memorial of the great artist, a work of art in itself and one which will do justice to the art it celebrates. Considering the price usually charged for large art quartos, the production is remarkably cheap, heralding, we hope, an era in which other publishers will be able to follow Mr. Heinemann's example. We notice that those who desire it can obtain at inexpensive rates of Mr. Heinemann "Burlington" proofs in a large size of the following reproductions: *The Night Watch*, *Samson's Marriage Feast*, *Elizabeth Bas*, *An Old Rabbi*, *Saskia van Uijlenburgh*, and *Titus van Rijn*.

The latest addition to Messrs. Geo. Newnes's unique Art Library is *Delacroix* (3s. 6d. net). At first sight it might be supposed that, Delacroix being, like Titian and Rubens, before all things a great colourist, it might be waste labour to attempt to give any idea of his paintings by reproductions in black and white; but, as M. Henri Frantz points out in a brief but admirable introductory note on the painter, Delacroix was more than a great colourist. He was, in his own peculiar way, a great draughtsman; and even those who have never seen in the Louvre or at Versailles the originals of any of the forty-nine pictures reproduced in this volume will be able to gather from the reproductions a very good idea of the splendour of Delacroix's composition, the richness of his light and shade, the depth and majesty of his conception, and the extraordinary passion with which he animated his pictures. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Hamlet and Polonius*, *The Shipwreck of Don Juan*, *The Battle of Taillebourg*, to name but a few, are superb compositions, glowing with passion, a passion which reached its utmost extremity in the extraordinary *Liberty Guiding the People*, a very *Carmagnole* in paint, in which the half-nude woman with rifle and banner soars up in her irresistible course over shattered houses and dead and dying bodies. In every case, it is surprising how clear an idea of the workmanship of the great impassioned artist, so different from an Ingres or a David, may be gained by studying these reproductions, which will certainly, moreover, inspire all who see them to go and admire the originals.

The New Russia. By Lionel Declé. (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Declé gives us no definition of the word "popular," which is an unfortunate omission inasmuch as he has written this book to supply the "urgent need" of a "popular book giving in a concise and clear form a general *aperçu* of the present system under which the administration, the law, education, taxation are organised in Russia." It would be an insult to apply the epithet of popular to Sir Donald Wallace's great book, but at the same time it supplies most admirably the work of which Mr. Declé is apparently ignorant. To take "popular" in another sense is still less satisfactory, for Mr. Declé's *apologia* for Count Witte will hardly find sympathy in England. It is interesting to meet with a writer who can end every chapter with a little song of praise in honour of the statesman who, he says, will be revered by future generations as the founder of a New Russia, but, as the author also says, Russians are slow of conception. It requires, indeed, a vivid and quick imagination to find in Count Witte the saviour of Russia. If, however, the crushing of the revolution at Moscow was the triumph of law and order, as is affirmed in this book, all things are possible. Mr. Declé no doubt regards the little demonstration at Tiflis in September last as a wonderful example of Christian charity, and General Yatzkievich as a model of all the virtues, but that view would find few supporters outside the circle of Russian bureaucrats. The Czar, we are told, will leave an immortal name for having given to his people a Constitution; and so Mr. Declé prophesies, in spite of his concluding dictum that "there is only one thing impossible in Russia, and that is to understand the Russians." The wisdom of this remark is all the greater because its author is, to judge from his spelling of Russian words, unacquainted with the Russian language. Those final words, however, are a fitting corollary to the opening sentence of the book, in which it is said that Russia is still a land of mystery utterly irreducible to any formula. What object is attained by reducing a land to a formula we do not know. Count Witte should have written an introduction and explained how it is done. Possibly the recipe involves what Mr. Declé calls a *progrom*, a mysterious thing suggestive of a *progrom*; but no authority on Russia would be so careless.

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Mr. Witt's tragic death in a London omnibus recently is probably fresh in the memory of most people. He was a general favourite, and this very pleasant and readable volume of his reminiscences during the last forty years will be welcomed by many. The work is full of personal anecdotes of well-known legal luminaries.

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A Story of Irish School-Boy Life. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. 6s.

WERNER LAURIE, Clifford's Inn, London.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE following resolutions were passed by the Publishers' Association and cordially supported by the Associated Booksellers at their annual meeting at Oxford:

1. That second-hand copies of net books shall not be sold under the published price within six months of publication.

2. That new copies of net books shall not be treated as dead stock within twelve months of the date of purchase, nor shall at any time afterwards be sold at a reduction without having been first offered to the publisher at cost price, or at the proposed reduced price, whichever is the lower.

In comment on these resolutions, a librarian sends us the communication that follows. We print the whole of it as it reached us, if only to afford an opportunity for its refutation, and without in any way giving it our support, or agreeing with the opinions expressed in it.

"The 'close time for net books,'" he writes, "is only another step in the endeavour to injure public libraries. It is true the *Times* is an offender against what are said to be the 'best interests' of the smaller booksellers, but the T.B.C. [Times Book Club] is in a great measure only the whipping-boy. Previous to 1901, booksellers recognised that public libraries were amongst their best customers. Library orders gave no trouble, as the whole of the details of the books required were given; the orders came in regularly in bulk; and from a commercial standpoint libraries required and received preferential treatment, in the matter of discount, over the occasional purchaser of single volumes. In 1901 the number of net books published was 2322 and the value was £983. Last year the number had increased to 4617 and the value had risen to £1480. Side by side with this hardening of the price, a marked deterioration of the material and binding has been going on. Wherever a discount was offered and accepted on net books an opposition tradesman was found to give information to the Association, with the result that the offending tradesman was threatened with a boycott. This caused an increased demand for early second-hand copies of net books. It naturally followed that the larger circulating libraries, which are treated as 'trade,' laid in a stock of a new net book knowing that they could get rid of their surplus copies at a good price—usually at about cost—after they had been in circulation some two or three months. It is this system that the 'close time' has been instituted to combat.

"In the United States, the home of the net book system, the claim of the public library to consideration is recognised, and retailers are allowed to give a discount off net books to these public institutions. No librarian objects to the net book system—it is a perfectly logical one—he only objects to the refusal of publishing houses

and booksellers to grant him the same terms that any other tradesman would give to a large buyer. Apart from the books which publishers are only able to put upon the market with success by the support of the larger public libraries, the public library has made markets which otherwise would be non-existent. In addition to the thousands of books required in opening new libraries, at least three hundred and fifty thousand volumes are bought by these 'co-operative book-clubs' yearly. And the more the net book system is extended, and the more cast-iron its regulations become, so much the more will the spending powers of the public libraries be restricted until the removal of the rate limitation is accomplished. The idea seems to be now that public libraries have formed the 'reading-habit' in many millions of people, to abolish them for the benefit of the booksellers.

"Unless publishers and booksellers as a body come to recognise the fact that their 'best interests' are not served by antagonising the public library, the only solution of the difficulty appears to lie in the formation of a co-operative library-booksellers' union; and if an endeavour should be made to treat this as outside the 'trade,' it would naturally undertake publishing also. As it would be able to give a safe market up to a certain point, it could offer the best terms to authors. There is no thought of a threat in this—the matter has never been discussed, or even broached before—it would be but the natural outcome of unnatural conditions. The turnover of such a co-operative society, amongst its public library members alone, would amount, in round figures, to at least one hundred thousand pounds a year."

The spelling of French is far more regular than that of English, but even in France they have felt the need of reform. Some little time ago a Commission was appointed to propose measures for the simplification of spelling, and its report was recently issued. From the *Westminster Gazette* we take the following, which are among its recommendations: That the letter "y" shall be suppressed whenever it is pronounced as "i," as in "cristal"; that "s" shall take the place of "x" in such plurals as "chevaux"; that the superfluous "h" shall be dropped in such words as "rétorique" and "têatre"; that the French for "egg" shall henceforth be "euf"; that "pan" shall be written instead of "paon," "prent" instead of "prend," "dizième" instead of "dixième," and "exposicion" instead of "exposition."

It is noteworthy that the Académie française, which has in its time done good service to French spelling, is not to be consulted. The measure is to affect schools only; but in all schools the suggested changes are to be made compulsory by Ministerial decree. It is, that is to say, a purely utilitarian measure, designed to save trouble and expense in teaching and learning orthography. Our contemporary declares it to be "at present an open question" whether the change will be adopted by men of letters, "who are not less interested in the French language than the pedagogues." Imagine M. Anatole France writing *euf*; or M. Brunetière writing of his spiritual head as "Pie Dis," or delivering a *conférence* on the "Téâtre de Molière"!

Nevertheless, if the Ministerial decree is pronounced, in twenty years all France, men of letters and men who drop all the letters they can, will be writing *dizième*, *exposicion* (perhaps we shall be writing that too, since we have given up the word *exhibition*) and *rétorique*. Once start a practice in the schools, there is no stopping it. The flood of early acquired habit will swamp, *proprio motu*, all the barriers set up by scholarship, sentiment or habit.

The International Printing, Stationery and Allied Trades Exhibition, which opened at the Agricultural Hall on

Saturday last, shows a great advance on that of 1904, not only in the quality of the work exhibited, but in methods and machinery construction. By far the largest stand is that of the Linotype Company, in the centre of the hall, at which are shown two Miehle Two-Revolution Presses, coupled together for use as a perfecter, with a separate coupling appliance for printing two colours at one feeding—an entirely new departure. The Monoline matrix type-caster and composer—specially adapted for quick changes in type and length of line—has seldom been seen in this country, though it is well known in Australia and on the Continent. Its advantages are apparent, and it is safe to prophesy that it will be adopted by many visitors to the exhibition.

Much the most important development in machinery is the Stringertype matrix composing and casting machine, now exhibited for the first time. It may be described, in a sentence, as a combination of the Linotype and the Monotype without the disadvantages of either. The Monotype, though it casts separate letters instead of the solid block of the Linotype, has a separate casting apparatus. The Stringertype is a "one-man" machine. With the Linotype a single error entails resetting the whole line, and proofs have frequently to wait until the operator has finished the particular "copy" he is setting. With the Stringertype corrections can be made by hand irrespective of the machine, and in this way time is saved, as proofs can be distributed among a number of compositors. In addition, the alignment is less often at fault, and the metal used is much harder than in the Linotype, thus permitting long runs to be made from the type instead of involving stereotyping before working. Want of space prevents our dealing with many other exhibits of importance, but the exhibition as a whole maintains a high level. It might have been made more interesting to the general public (and incidentally more successful from a financial standpoint) if examples of old presses, old machinery, and "case" composition had been shown.

Twice during the past week has the London County Council taken an important step, one forward, the other backward. Its Improvements Committee has pronounced against the suggestions of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the Further Strand Improvement Committee and the Royal Institute of British Architects with regard to the portion of the Strand between Wellington Street and the Law Courts; and its Parks and Open Spaces Committee has secured the adoption of a recommendation that County Council concerts shall be given indoors in winter, outdoors in summer, with fees charged for seats and programmes.

With the latter—the forward—step, we are in entire agreement. Objections were raised on account of expense: there need be no expense, if the Council will cease to regard itself as a charitable institution and act as if aware that it is among the number of commercial houses. One gentleman called the proposal "the thin edge of the wedge," the wedge, we presume, of a County Council tea-garden or music-hall—an undertaking which might provide not only wholesome amusement, but make a handsome profit. The most ingenious objection came from a Mr. Pigott, who "hoped the parks would be kept for those who went into them to hear the songs of the birds." At eight, nine or ten P.M.? If there is no music in our parks and open spaces, there is apt to be rowdyism, hoarse laughter and screams, enough to frighten even a bird so full of spirit as to sing by night. Music—even the "niggers and pierrots" dreaded by the same objector—smooths the savage beast by occupying its mind. And wholesome amusement is always better than the alternative, unwholesome amusement. The only question is, will the Council be able to find paying audiences? Any attempt to provide further free amusement than is given already must be sternly checked.

The other matter, the refusal to adopt the suggested improvements to the Strand, it is clearly useless to discuss. A unique opportunity was offered, and has been thrown away. The eastern end of the Strand might have been made one of the most beautiful spots in any city in the world. Timidity will have given it the distressing effect of a good thing spoiled. Another question rises in the mind: What sort of building is it that will block up that corner of the eastern horn of the crescent? Something of terra-cotta and plate glass? That we can build still is clear to any one who has studied Mr. Willett's houses and the great new block in Sloane Square: Bond Street has recently seen the other side of the picture.

The recently issued Report of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, for the year 1905-1906, shows much good work done, and many attempts that have unfortunately been frustrated. Lord Cadogan made it impossible for the Trust to save Paradise Row, Chelsea; the quarry-owners are ruining the Cheddar Gorge and the Gorge of the Avon by Bristol; but against these failures we have to set the Gowbarrow and Aira Force purchases and the Hindhead preservation, which have been already widely discussed, and many minor acquisitions and timely interferences with destruction. It is interesting to note that the "small donor" played a large part in finding the money for the purchase of Gowbarrow. One working-woman of Sheffield sent a postal order.

It is much to be hoped that the Trust will be able to find the £1000 necessary to save Barrington Court, Somerset, a sixteenth-century house of Gothic detail that marks, as few others, the transition from pure Gothic to Renaissance. The house has been stripped of all its fittings and is falling to pieces, so that prompt action is necessary. Meanwhile, it is good to note that Mr. R. W. Raper has saved the Herefordshire Beacon in the Malverns from quarrying by purchasing the quarrying rights and making them over under stringent conditions to the Conservators. The Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, whose Report we have also before us, has a long list of destruction, threatened or accomplished, due to quarrying.

The farm of Mont St. Jean, which has been sold and is to be demolished unless a public subscription intervenes, is described by Comte Louis Cavens as "toute pleine de faits d'histoire." The Count hopes that the "act of vandalism" may yet be stopped. Now, the farm in question is on the east side of the Charleroi road, about a quarter of a mile south of the point where, in the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, the *chaussée* to Nivelles branches off to the south-west. Half a mile or so south of the farm the Charleroi road is intersected at right angles by the cross road from Wavre and Obain to Braine l'Allend; that cross road marked the front of Wellington's position with the exception of the advanced posts at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte and La Haye. It will be seen, therefore, that the farm was behind the Allies' line, and is not nearly of so much importance as a relic as, for instance, Hougomont. The Mont St. Jean farm was used as the headquarters of the medical department, and it was probably to one of the barns attached to it that Sir William de Lancey was carried when he was wounded.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Times* states that the museum and hotel at the foot of the Belgian lion are for sale. The museum is well known to all who have visited the battlefield, as it contains a number of interesting and genuine relics. It was founded by Sergt.-Major Cotton, of the 7th Hussars, the author of "A Voice from Waterloo." He lived at Waterloo after being discharged from the regiment, and on his death in 1849 was buried in the orchard of Hougomont by the side of Capt. Blackwood,

who fell in the battle. It is to be hoped that the museum will fall into good hands and that the contents will not be dispersed. The same correspondent states that the whole battlefield appears to be doomed, as the local authorities propose to run a roadway across the centre, with building allotments on either side.

Last Sunday week an interesting performance took place within the walls of the Gallo-Roman theatre now in course of restoration at Champlieu on the edge of the forest of Compiègne; the *Cyclops* and the *Iphigenia* of Euripides were interpreted, in French translations made by M. Alfred Poizat and M. Jean Moreas respectively, by members of the Comédie-Française and the Odéon, including M.M. Coquelin *cadet* and Sylvain. M. Damartin-Beaumetz attended as Under-Secretary of Fine Arts, and of the four thousand or more persons who sought admission many were turned away for want of space. Champlieu has long been known for its Gallo-Roman remains; but the excavations begun under the Second Empire were abandoned and it was not until last year that the Minister of Public Instruction appointed a commission to consider the development of the work.

The renewed clearings confirm the opinion that the theatre was semi-circular, with a diameter of over four hundred feet. The stage and proscenium can be easily traced, while the vomitories remain intact. The tiers of seats have almost entirely disappeared. Close at hand are to be seen a small temple and a bath, together with portions of statues. The performance, a very impressive one under the brilliant sky, was organised by the *Société des Fouilles Archéologiques*, president, M. Babelon, in the interest of a fund for pursuing the excavation and restoration of the remains.

The author of the article on Chatterton's Poems which appeared in last week's ACADEMY desires to say that the word "poet" on p. 34, column 2, four lines from the bottom, should be "nobleman."

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge announce a two days' sale on July 23 and following day of Illuminated Manuscripts, Rare Books and Tracts printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (four with autographs of Ben Jonson) scarce American Tracts, early writings on Astrology and Witchcraft, Missals, and some Historical and Poetical Manuscripts. The books are from the libraries of Mr. Thomas Forbes Kelsall, Mr. F. A. Crisp, and others. One of the most interesting items is a very large and generally sound copy of the 1550 edition printed at Zurich of Coverdale's translation "into Englyshe" of "The Whole Byble." This is the largest and best copy that has been offered for sale for years.

Amongst other important lots are the following: "London's Triumphs, with Speeches and Songs on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, 1677," by Thomas Jordan, City Poet Laureate, 1677 (*an uncut copy*); First Editions of Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia*; the very rare 1817 edition (*first*) of Shelley's *Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom*; First Editions of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, *Alastor*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *The Cenci*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Hellas*, *Adonais*, and other works; first editions of Richardson's *Pamela* (*very scarce*), *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa*; a large paper copy of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, 1807; autograph letters of Benjamin Franklin to one of his sons, dated 1771 and 1773; a very rare Franklin item, *Eloge Civique de Benjamin Franklin*, Paris, 1790; a presentation copy from the author to Charles Cotton of the first edition (1649) of Richard Lovelace's *Lucasta*; the Manuscript of the great preacher Whitefield's *Account of the first part of his Life*, begun in 1739 on board the *Elizabeth* bound from England to Philadelphia; a copy printed on vellum (one of seven) of the Kelmscott Press Edition of

Keats's Poems; a fine copy of the extremely scarce first edition of Thomas Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, which contains a reference on the last leaf to the volume of poems just then published under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrime*.

The Astrological books include Chambers's *Treatise against Judicial Astrologie* (dedicate to the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Sir Thomas Egerton), first edition, 1601; and William Lilly's *Astrological Almanacks* for 1672, 1673 and 1674. Three very scarce tracts occur on the first day on the subject of the Deserved death of the base and insolent Tyrant the Marquis d'Ancre, the most unworthie Marshall of France, 1617; and a curious book to be sold on the same day is *The Church Triumphant, or a Comfortable Treatise, wherein is proved that the number of the Damned is inferior to that of the Elect*, by Jos. Alford, of Oriell College in Oxford, 1649. Some very curious books which will be offered are *The Reformed Commonwealth of Bees*, with the Reformed Virginian Silkworm, containing many choice and excellent secrets, published at the West End of S. Paules, 1655; *The Triall of Witchcraft, shewing the True and Right Methode of the Discovery*, by John Cotta, *original edition*, 1616; Richard Harvey's *Philadelphus, or a Defence of Brutes*, *black letter, Original Edition*, 1593; and Here Begynnethe a Good Boke of Medecins called the *Treasure of Poore Men*, *black letter*, London, about 1540, an extremely scarce book.

The Proprietors of *Tit-Bits*, *The Strand Magazine*, *The Grand Magazine*, and *Woman's Life* have arranged with the Committee of the National Art Union to hold a Great Art Drawing on Wednesday November 21, 1906, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., for the special benefit of the Readers of those papers and magazines. The prizes will be as follows: First Prize, value £500; Second Prize, value £250; Third Prize, value £100; Three Prizes of £50 value each; Five Prizes of £20 value each, and five thousand or more other prizes. The above amounts will be provided and expended by the Committee of the National Art Union, and the pictures will be selected by them (giving the winners a choice) from paintings in the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions. Full particulars may be found in any of the papers mentioned.

The new museum of Malmaison, near Paris, is now open to the public. Malmaison is the house in which Napoleon stayed when First Consul, and whither Joséphine retired to live after her divorce. The house has been much altered by successive owners, but the furniture, much of which has been presented by the Empress Eugénie from her château of Arenenberg near Lake Constance, is all authentically Napoleonic. It includes Napoleon's private correspondence casket, a little mahogany box, Napoleon's bureau, at which he sat planning the campaign of 1805 and the chair he sat in, and Joséphine's harp.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Friday, July 20.—Sale of Books and Manuscripts. Monday, July 23 and Tuesday, July 24.—Sale of Books, Manuscripts and Engravings, including the library of Mr. Thomas Forbes Kelsall and others.

LITERATURE

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOSS

Coniston. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

IF we bear in mind what was accomplished in the way of social reform by the novels of Charles Reade it will be found not easy to condemn the "novel with a purpose." No doubt, the existence of a conscious purpose militates against a romance as a work of art, yet even a pamphlet

may be entertaining. Whatever the original idea with which Mr. Winston Churchill started, he has succeeded in making an amusing book of "Coniston." He has combined an elucidation of the American boss and his system with an engaging love-story. Jethro Bass has had his portrait drawn at full length, and, but for a defect which we shall endeavour to point out, it might well have been ranged in a gallery of masterpieces. But in our opinion the novelist has sacrificed consistency of human nature to the exigencies of his story. Most of the action takes place during the presidency of General Grant, and the characters nearly all begin life at Coniston, a township, or rather district, then in course of development. Jethro's first start as a politician lay in making adroit use of certain mortgages. It will serve our purpose better to quote one little interview that took place before the election than to describe that election at length:

Eben appeared at the door, a little dishevelled in hair and beard, for he had been sleeping.

"Haow be you Jethro?" he said nervously. Jethro nodded.

"Weather looks a mite soft."

No answer.

"About that interest," said Eben, plunging into the dread subject, "don't know as I'm ready this month after all."

"G-goin' to town meetin', Eben?"

"Wahn't callatin' to," answered Eben.

"G-goin' to town meetin', Eben?"

Eben, puzzled and dismayed, ran his hand through his hair.

"Wahn't callatin' to—but I kin—I kin."

"D-Democrat—hain't ye—D-Democrat?"

"I kin be," said Eben. Then he looked at Jethro, and added in a startled voice, "Don't know but what I be—Yes, I guess I be."

"H-heerd the ticket?"

Yes, Eben had heard the ticket. What man had not. Some one has been most industrious, and most disinterested, in distributing that ticket.

"Hain't a mite of hurry about the interest right now—right now," said Jethro. "M-may be along the third week in March—may be—c-can't tell."

And Jethro clucked to his horse, and drove away.

Here we have the American politician in embryo; but it was necessary that the novelist should make a complex personality of him, and we have the finer part coming out in his love for the beauty of Coniston, Cynthia Ware. But at the critical moment, when, after much waiting, he finds out that his love is returned, he will not make the sacrifice required, which is that he should forego the political influence illegitimately won by the power of the mortgage. She was ready, like ripe fruit, to fall into his arms, but not unless he made that sacrifice to her integrity.

"You did not know what you were doing," she said. "I was sure of it, or I would not have come to you. Oh, Jethro! you must stop it—you must prevent this election."

Her eyes met his, her own pleading, and the very wind without seemed to pause for his answer. But what she asked was impossible. That wind which he himself had loosed, which was to topple over institutions, was rising, and he could no more have stopped it than he could have hushed the storm.

"You will not do what I ask—now?" she said, very slowly. Then her voice failed her, she drew her hands together, and it was as if her heart had ceased to beat. Sorrow and anger and fierce shame overwhelmed her, and she turned from him in silence and went to the door.

"Cynthy," he cried hoarsely, "Cynthy!"

"You must never speak to me again," she said, and was gone into the storm.

Yes, she had failed. But she did not know that she had left something behind which he treasured as long as he lived.

This was part of the unscrupulousness later to be urged against him without defence, and we are told that it persisted throughout his life. But then he appears continually in the light of a philanthropist; and that is, we think, where Mr. Winston Churchill fails. It is Sir Thomas Browne, we believe, who says something to the effect that the light sin plays only like a summer cloud over the soul of youth and leaves no mark behind it, but after thirty the occasional error deepens and hardens into a habit of vice. As Robert Burns sing of a different fault: "But oh, it it hardens a' within and petrifies the feelings." In the case

of Jethro Bass we find that instead of this natural development his long course of unscrupulous intrigue only makes him the more sentimental. The love-story to which we have alluded is only a prelude to the real drama. Cynthia Ware departs, becomes a school teacher and eventually marries a literary man, who is something less than a poet and more than a journalist. To him she bears a daughter, Cynthia Wetherell, the real heroine of the story. Jethro loves her as though she had been his own child, and by one of those coincidences which are permitted to novelists this girl falls in love with the son of his greatest rival. The battle of these two raged over a very small matter, namely the appointment of a local postmaster. Jethro Bass wins with the aid of one of those acute dodges which seem to come natural to him; but his rival thereupon opens a terrific campaign in the Press, his most important artillery coming in the shape of a leading article which seems to sum up, in a way that renders reply impossible, the character and career of Jethro Bass. The following is a description of this attack:

The article was an arraignment of Jethro Bass—and a terrible arraignment indeed. Step by step it traced his career from the beginning, showing first of all how he had debauched his own town of Coniston; how, enlarging on the same methods, he had gradually extended his grip over the county, and finally over the state; how he had bought and sold men for his own power and profit, deceived those who had trusted in him, corrupted governors and legislators, congressmen and senators, and even justices of the courts; how he had trafficked ruthlessly in the enterprises of the people. Instance upon instance was given, and men of high prominence from whom he had received bribes were named, not the least important of these being the Honorable Alva Hopkins of Gosport.

This, no doubt, is a very fair description of the American boss of the time. Mr. Winston Churchill is doing good service by exposing him, but, if the accusations were—as they seem to have been—unanswerable, it is pretty evident that, in a slang phrase appropriate to the occasion, at threescore and ten Mr. Jethro Bass must have been "a hard nut," and the very last person in whom we should expect to find a development of remorse. When Cynthia hears of the attack, following the instinct of a lady, she goes direct to her guardian, and this is how she found out:

He was standing with his foot upon the sawbuck and the saw across his knee, he was staring at the woodpile, and there was stamped upon his face a look which no man or woman had ever seen there, a look of utter loneliness and desolation, a look as of a soul condemned to wander forever through the infinite, cold spaces between the worlds—alone.

It is here that we think a false note is struck. It would surprise us very much indeed to find the bosses of to-day, the iron and cotton and oil kings who have been guilty of practices at least as shameful as any of those laid to the charge of Jethro Bass, torn with regret for their misdeeds. In other words, the novel, when tried on the touchstone of nature, does not stand the test. It is a version of the trick of the old-fashioned romantics, who were in the habit of showing tears of repentance in the eyes of the most hoary-headed sinners just before the climax was reached. Needless to say, Jethro gives up his evil ways at the request of this girl, whom he regards with paternal love, although in the days of his generous youth he would not yield to her passionately adored mother on a smaller point of the same kind. He retires to his shop, only to emerge once more for the purpose of checking the last villainy of his great rival. But now he is no longer an unscrupulous adventurer, but a noble knight sallying forth to redeem a lady's fortune. Thus, we think, our assertion is made good that the author of this remarkable novel just falls short of real greatness. It is as if Dumas had given a death-bed repentance to Mazarin, or as if Smollett had put a virtuous crown on the life of Count Fathom. In other respects, however, the novel is one well worthy of attention. Its characters are, perhaps, too numerous, reminding us in their multitude and complexity of America itself, but they are all drawn with vigour and animation. The women are delightful, and a genuine humour twinkles over the whole book, making it very pleasant indeed to read.

MODERN LATIN VERSE

The Ancient Mariner. Rendered into Latin elegiacs by Rev. REGINALD BROUGHTON, M.A. (Oxford: Parker, 1s. net.)

It was a very difficult task which Mr. Broughton essayed when he rendered "The Ancient Mariner" into elegiac verse. When a fond mother told Dr. Johnson how difficult was the piece which her daughter had just played on the piano, the grim critic said: "Madam, I would it had been impossible." We are disposed to say the same about Mr. Broughton's feat. He is obviously an excellent scholar of great taste and saturated with Ovid. But the measures of Ovid are alien from "The Ancient Mariner." Hexameters would have been far more suitable. A glorified ballad which takes the form of a weird narrative would go best of all in the galliambics of the "Atys" of Catullus; but that difficult metre could hardly be successfully maintained through more than five hundred verses. The art of translating English into Latin or Greek poetry is a charming one, and we are pleased to find that it still has its fascination for scholars; but we think it is far better applied to short pieces than to poems of five or six hundred lines. Translations into Latin and Greek verse ought to be as perfect as cameos, and this flawlessness cannot be assured for hundreds of lines. There will be here and there a failure. "May'st hear the merry din" does not find its true counterpart in "Audin' ut erumpant murmura laetitiae"; and the same may be said of "Quales accipiat mens stupefacta sonos" for "Like noises in a swoon" and of "Exhausit trepidus cor mihi molle pavor" for "Fear at my heart as at a cup my life-blood seem'd to sip." Would one without the English understand:

Scilicet e nebulis nivibusque advenerat ulnis
Altior usque novem pone secutus iter?

Is there any authority for *reptilia* with the ante-penult long? The word is quite post-classical, and would more naturally be *reptilis* than *reptilis*. If there is any authority for the quantity which Mr. Broughton has assumed, perhaps he will write to the ACADEMY, and I will gladly cry *peccavi*. There are passages where a word must have been omitted, where the verse cannot be scanned as printed. Such are:

Corpore tute es longo macer oreque fulvo
Nunc porro enixa aegre nunc ire retrorsum

Again, *barbarus* is not "cruel" and *sinus* is not "the heart":

Pulvere fiebat siccior inde sinus

is not Latin for "made my heart as dry as dust."

∴ Mr. Broughton has shown much scholarship and ingenuity in accomplishing his difficult task; he has used *abscondere* and *imbuerere* idiomatically and well, and we could quote many ingenious passages. We must content ourselves with one or two—the beautiful passage about "the leafy month of June":

Vox ea desiderat; gratum tamen inde susurrum
Fecere ad medium carbasa mota diem,
Quale ciet in murmur, cum Junia frondibus arbor
Luxuriat, tecto tramite rivus aquae,
Qui tacitis silvis mollique sopore sepultis
Nocturnus blandum temperat usque modum.

Again:

The air is cut away before
And closes from behind

is a difficult phrase to render neatly, but the difficulty is adroitly met by:

Scilicet ante ratem lentus proscinditur aer,
Orbis et a tergo sectus uterque coit.

In a word, the poem is too long for a Latin version, especially in elegiacs. Even the late Dean Merivale's "Hyperion" suffered from its length, though it was a fine piece of work in spite of one false quantity, *vilitantis*.

Verses in the dead languages are most pleasing when they are short, perhaps most of all when they are more or less comic, bringing out the contrast between the dignified language and the ridiculous theme. That delightful book, "Oxford Echoes" has many such pieces; for instance, the "Ode to Tobacco" in finished iambs by that admirable scholar, A. Sidgwick:

ἐνεγκάτω τις πῦρ βρυαντομαϊκόν,
(καύσαι δ' ἀδύνατον μὴ οὐχὶ πρὸς κίστην τριβέειν).

Bryant and May ought to have this inscription on their matches "igniting only on the box."

Let the fortunate possessor of "Oxford Echoes" turn to the same scholar's version of the piece set to Verdant Green at his sham matriculation: "She went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie." . . . "What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," appears thus:

τί γάρ; κοίτας ἄρ' ἔχει σ' ἀγγλία;
ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπώλεθ'· ἡ δ' ἀπροσκόπος κακοῦ
κῆδος ξυνήψε τῷ ξύρῳ ἐπιστάτη.

The "laudes oti" by A. Godley is charming:

Nota discunt alii remigandi iura,
Qua premendus arte sit venter inter crura;
Haec est vitae ratio longe nimis dura:
Nulla nobis cutis est deterendae cura.

Habitu levissimo magna pars induto
Pellunt pilas pedibus, concidunt in luto:
Hos, si potest fieri, stultiores puto
Atque tantum similes animali bruto.

Aliis contrariis usus disciplinis
Procul rivo vivit et Torpidorum vinis:
Nullus unquam ponitur huic legendi finis:
Vescitur radicibus Graecis et Latinis:

Mihi cum ut subeam Moderationes
Tutor suadet anxius "frustra" inquam "mones:
Per me licet ignibus universas dones
Aeschylī palmarias emendationes."

There is another admirable bit of Latin rhyme touching the Agricultural Depression and its impoverishing effect on the College of St. John:

Praesidens confectus annis
Sedet vix opertus pannis
In Collegio Johannis.

Nam nec praedia vendendo
Nec impensas minueudo
Erit amplius solvendo.

Dicit "Agriculturalis
Nunc Depressio fit talis
Ut conficiamur malis.

Summus inter Praesidentes,
Sociique esurientes,
Egestatem vix ferentes,

Quondam sole sub sereno
Qui gaudebant sinu pleno
Labant aere alieno."

These verses are not, of course, classical. *Agriculturalis Depressio* is not Ciceronian; but yet one can see that the writer is a scholar. It is, however, quite possible to write comic Latin verses without violating the Ciceronian idiom. Verses like those in the "Oxford Echoes" will have more readers than versions of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" or Keats's "Hyperion."

In illustration of a remark made above, that the humour lies in the contrast between the inanity of the English and the dignity of the dead language, we would add a Greek and a Latin version from E. Lear's Book of Nonsense. The first ends with an Aeschylean two-worded senarius; the second has the Ennian *imesis* of *cerebrum*.

There once was a lady of Russia
Who scream'd so that no one could hush her,
Her screams were extreme,
You ne'er heard such a scream
As was scream'd by this lady of Russia.

γυνή ποτ' ἀβάτοις ἔμπολις Σκυθῶν γύαις
 ἔρρηξ' ἰσχυρὴ οὐ φίλοις κατὰσχετον,
 λαμπρὰν, διατόρον, οὐχ ὑπερτοξεύσιμον
 γυναικογυρτοῖσιν ὀρθιδάμασιν.

There once was a lady of Troy
 Whom sev'ral small flies did annoy :
 Some she kill'd with a thump,
 Some she drown'd at the pump,
 And some she took with her to Troy.

Troada ne taceam praestantem Troasin : illa,
 Forte lacessita heu ! muscis et peste minuta,
 Ingestis colaphis harum cere comminuit brum.
 Has autem ad puteum raptas absumpsit in undis,
 At reliquas reduces cum virgine Troia recepit.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN FRANCE

À Propos de la Séparation des Églises et de l'État. Par PAUL SABATIER. (Paris, Librairie Fischbacher, 3 fr.)

Disestablishment in France. By PAUL SABATIER. With a Preface by the translator, ROBERT DELL. (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

AMONG the publications on the subject of the separation of religious communities from the State in France few have attracted wider attention than the work of M. Paul Sabatier which has now reached a fourth edition. It has been translated by Mr. Robert Dell, who has written an interesting and instructive preface and added an appendix giving the text of the Separation Law of December 10, 1905, both in French and English, accompanied by valuable notes.

M. Sabatier is a disciple of Rénan. Like that brilliant person he has written on St. Francis of Assisi in a manner revealing deep spiritual insight and wide sympathy with various manifestations of religious life. In the book under review he contends that the separation of Church from State was, sooner or later, inevitable, and has not been forced upon France by an organised band of anti-Christian fanatics. To this extent he is right, but he is not completely just to those Frenchmen who look askance at the recent ecclesiastical legislation. Many regard it as an attempt to destroy the Christian religion and a legacy from the great Revolution. But it is untrue to say that there was in 1789 a general desire to make war upon the Church. Sieyès, in one of the most remarkable of his writings, "Délibérations à prendre par les Assemblées des Bailliages," explains the objects of the Revolution and does not even allude to ecclesiastical questions as among the problems pressing for solution. A few years later, however, an organised anti-Christian movement became perceptible and has ever since, notwithstanding periods of reaction, grown in strength. A leading member of the present French Ministry expressed a wish to see the Madeleine turned into a place of amusement and a hope that France would renounce the Oriental religion she has professed so long. M. Sabatier exposes with great skill the follies of the clericals, but does not explain with equal clearness that the extreme anti-Christian faction, from the days of Chaumette and Romme to the present hour, has steadily strengthened the power of the Obscurantist and Ultramontane section in the French Church. These antagonistic forces—the anti-Christian and the Ultramontane—have, each in its different way, worked evil to the Christian religion. It may, however, fairly be contended that the Ultramontane has been the more mischievous of the two. Its conduct as regards Leo Taxil is a striking instance in point. This man whose real name was Gabriel Jogand-Pagès was educated by the Jesuits. He became a journalist and, about 1879, made himself conspicuous by attacks on the clergy. He published an infamous book entitled "Les Amours Secrètes de Pie IX" and other works so abominable that all respectable people were disgusted. To acquire a new position he suddenly, in April 1885, announced his conversion. This was regarded in

Ultramontane circles as a miracle of grace, and the Papal Nuncio himself relieved him of the excommunication *de lata sententia*. Taxil then proceeded in numerous writings to reveal the secrets of Freemasonry. These productions, full of the most indecent and unspeakably absurd stories, were widely read and implicitly believed by simple-minded people. The basis of his "Revelations" was that Freemasons worshipped the Devil. Others took up the tale, among them an Italian, Domenico Margotta, who published at Grenoble a volume on the worship of Satan, prefaced by the apostolic benediction of Mgr. Fava, Bishop of the Diocese. Leo XIII. showed his approval of the work by conferring on its author the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Mgr. Fava himself produced a book entitled "Le Secret de la Franc-Maçonnerie," the appearance of which was greeted by the Pope with a Latin poem which appeared in the *Univers* of June 7, 1898. All ecclesiastical journals in France devoted a portion of their space to "Revelations" and Leo XIII. appointed in 1896 a Commission to inquire into Freemasonry, which convened an International Congress at Trent. This Congress, at which thirty-six bishops were present, met at the end of September, and Leo Taxil was the hero of the hour. He professed to have received some of his "Revelations" from a young Englishwoman, Diana Vaughan. Among her marvellous stories was one of a *séance* at Malta during which Lucifer himself appeared and, at her request, conjured up one of her ancestors. She alleged that Admiral Markham, on receiving his command in the Mediterranean, was made "grand maître d'honneur" of the "Parfait triangle" at Malta which possessed a wonderful talisman, "la flèche de fer." When he read her account of that *séance* he expressed his disbelief in it to Captain Hughes, whereupon "la flèche de fer" planted itself in his breast and carried him to Charlestown, where, becoming alive, it asked him: "Dost thou now believe?" On his replying in the affirmative, he was transported back to Malta and there relieved of the talisman in the presence of Captain Hughes. This preposterous story may be read in the "Mémoires d'une ex-Palladiste, parfaite initiée, indépendante," by any one who has a reader's ticket for the British Museum. At the Congress of Trent four German priests had common sense enough to press for some definite information about Diana Vaughan, and ultimately Taxil was forced to announce that he would bring her to a meeting in Paris convened for April 19, 1897. He appeared there and told his audience that Diana Vaughan was a myth and that he had been trying for ten years to sound the unfathomable stupidity of Catholics. He then escaped and has never been heard of since. Mr. Dell reminds us that Cardinal Meiry del Val, one of the dupes of Taxil, is now the Papal Secretary of State and the right-hand man of Pius X. Perhaps one of the most stinging remarks in Loisy's "Autour d'un petit livre" is that the official Church has never shown disapprobation of the imposture. He might have added that, on the contrary, marks of favour and distinction have been showered on men who were its conspicuous supporters.

The attitude of ecclesiastical authority in this matter could not but strengthen the conviction of those anti-clericals who hold that the Church exercises a debasing influence on mankind. They forget, however, that while its rulers remain obscurantist a remarkable change is taking place, particularly among the younger clergy. M. Sabatier points out that Loisy's works must at first have been read chiefly in clerical circles. He soon, however, riveted the eyes of all and has become the champion of a movement irresistible and certain to influence profoundly the Catholic mind of Europe. Its progress cannot now be arrested seriously by any action of the official Church, for, as he says himself of attempts to crush him:

Il s'est trouvé que celui qu'on voulait surtout abattre était un exégète fantôme qui avait derrière lui une Idée. Chaque fois qu'il a mordu la poussière l'Idée s'est relevée l'instant d'après, souriante et

forte et l'Ombre d'exégète a continué ses périlleux exercices. On ne tue pas les Idées à coup de bâton.

A Jesuit, Father Portalié, lifted up his hands to Heaven and cried: "This is the end of Catholicism," but Sabatier is right when he says that it is rather the rising of new sap in the old religious trunk. He quotes from *Demain*, a Catholic periodical lately started at Lyons, the following extract, which illustrates what is passing in the mind of many Frenchmen:

Catholic France is dying, but she is succumbing far less to the attacks of her enemies than to her own short-comings and to the disfigurements which she has inflicted on herself with her own hand. Cursory observers are surprised at the failure of our religion, which, in fact, is neither understood nor practised rightly, to preserve the spiritual life which is ebbing away from us. Yet no phenomenon could be more explicable than this sterility. Catholic France is becoming less and less Christian. Certainly the external forms of religion remain, but the vessel of election is daily voiding itself of its spiritual and moral content. To such an extent is this the case that with many of our people there survives little more than a habit of forms and ceremonies of which they no longer know the inner significance or experience the fruitfulness. Can one be astonished if the phantom of religion continues to be ineffective? It is our business first of all to heal ourselves of our own disease. It is clearly demonstrated that we must seek primarily in ourselves the symptoms of social decadence which so many Pharisees, for ever smiting the breasts of others, take a melancholy pleasure in lamenting, without ever having the humility to lay the blame on themselves. . . .

If Christianity is to survive in France it must cut itself off from all the parties of reaction, from intellectual no less than from political and social reaction. The critical spirit has penetrated every domain. Nothing can stop its progress. The better way is to accommodate ourselves to it and to make use only of scientific methods. For us every demonstrated truth will be a real truth.

M. Sabatier anticipates great and saving results from his country when France begins to recognise as the witnesses for her ancient faith men of intellectual honesty and religious life; loving and loyal children of the past, but not its slaves. It may be that dark and evil days are at hand for those distinguished Roman Catholics who desire to bring the teaching of their Church into harmony with the ascertained truths of science. Though some of them may suffer, they are all animated by the "sure and certain hope" of the ultimate and not far distant triumph of their cause.

"HURLING TIME"

The Great Revolt of 1381. By CHARLES OMAN, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net.)

It has generally been recognised that Wat Tyler's "Hurling Time" forms a landmark in the history of the English peasant. The late Professor Thorold Rogers held that it put an end, practically speaking, to the old manorial system. Professor Oman, with the aid of the documents collected by the late André Réville, has set out to controvert this view. He has succeeded at least in showing that Professor Thorold Rogers drew too broad a generalisation. "Conditions varied from manor to manor, and from county to county, and the action of the lords was dependent on the particular case before them." Mr. Oman's case rests on the proof that there were many different causes for the rebellion. Hitherto it has been associated with the growth of sheep-farming, which, of course, rendered the old style of cultivation inconvenient. That has been the view of our agricultural writers, but, as far as we can see, Mr. Oman has not devoted much attention to that side of the question. He dismisses as not much more than an accident the collection of the poll-tax. No doubt it was unpopular, but the story that Wat Tyler struck down a collector who had insulted his daughter seems to be little more than one of those myths which popular fancy very often attaches to history. Wat Tyler himself, as far as we can learn, was one of the strong and turbulent figures that must have been common in England after a prolonged period of war. He was accused of being a highwayman, and in all probability this was true enough. That he had some knowledge of the organisation of warfare

is quite evident, and we can very easily imagine what Shakespeare would have made of the famous scene between him and King Richard II. In fact, a transposition of names is all that is required to fit into his mouth the words that Shakespeare gives to Jack Cade. Mr. Oman draws a vigorous picture of the insurgent leader on the Friday night before the meeting at Smithfield, boasting in his loud and vainglorious manner that he would go wherever he listed at the head of twenty thousand men, that he would "shave the beards" (a euphemism for cutting off the heads) of all who dared to oppose him, vowing, that in the course of four days there should be no laws in England save those which proceeded from his own mouth, and probably adding that "the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." When Richard repied to the representations made that he would grant all he could "saving the regalities of his crown," the demagogue took his words as a refusal. He called for a flagon of beer, which he tossed off at a draught, made a long harangue, and clambered on his horse. At this moment a Kentish retainer who was riding behind the king declared that he recognised in Wat Tyler a notorious thief and highwayman, upon which Wat, "wagging his head at him in his malice," bade him come out from among the others. On his refusal, the rebel unsheathed his dagger and pushing in among the royal retinue evidently meant to stab him from whom the taunt came. Walworth, the Mayor, intervened and received the dagger in his stomach, but fortunately for himself he wore a coat of mail and took no harm. In return he whipped out his cutlass and struck Tyler so that he fell on his horse's neck, and, immediately after, one of the king's folkers ran him twice through the body with a sword. Tyler cried: "Treason!" and then, mortally wounded, fell from his horse and great confusion arose. It was then that Richard made the royal speech which has been so variously reported. The version given by Mr. Oman is as follows:

Sirs, will you shoot your King? I will be your chief and captain, you shall have from me that which you seek. Only follow me into the fields without.

Mr. Oman does not consider it to be accurate because, in point of fact, the king could have had little time for anything but a hurried ejaculation. But it sufficed, and the rebellion in Kent was quelled. That the fires of it still burned on the Eastern coast and even as far as the Northern counties and broke out sporadically in various counties seems to show that a very wide conspiracy was on foot. One of the objects at which the insurgents aimed was evidently the destruction of legal documents. These were times wherein lawyers were hated. The Church, too, came in for a certain amount of trouble. Those who held Abbey lands had shown great harshness and arrogance, ruling the serfs and villeins with a rod of iron. There is nothing more interesting in the book than the careful account of the rising at St. Albans. The abbot at the time was Thomas de la Mare, "a hard-handed and litigious priest much hated by his vassals." Rude expression was given to this dislike.

The whole of the townsfolk set to work to make an end of the outward and visible signs of the abbot's seigniorial authority over them. They drained his fish-pond, broke down the hedges of his preserves, killed his game, and cut up and divided among themselves certain plots of his domain-ground. They hung a rabbit at the end of a pole on the town pillory, as a token that the game-laws were abolished. But it was not only rabbits that were killed that day: the mob entered the abbot's prison, and held a sort of informal session on its inmates. They acquitted and dismissed all the captives save one, a notorious malefactor, whom they condemned and executed, fixing up his head alongside of the dead rabbit.

Mr. Oman is careful to point out that the *animus* against the Church was not theological in its character. If clerical landlords were attacked, it was because they were landlords, not because they were clerics; and if

large numbers of poor parsons appear among the reformers, it was because of their personal discontent, not because of their religious opinions. There was very little church-breaking or other sacrilege performed during the rebellion. The various classes connected with the movement may be seen from the following :

In Norfolk and Suffolk we find not only, as has been already pointed out, an extraordinary number of priests among the organizers of the troubles, but also a fair sprinkling of men drawn from the governing classes. Two local squires were deeply implicated in the disturbances at Bury, a knight, bearing the honoured name of Roger Bacon, directed the sack of Yarmouth, another, Sir Thomas Cornerd, is recorded as having gone about levying blackmail at the head of a band. In addition, members of well-known county families of Norfolk and Suffolk, such as Richard and John Talmache, James Bedingfield, Thomas de Menchensey, Thomas Gissing, William Lacy, are found taking an active part in deeds of murder and pillage.

At that time there was a submerged tenth just as there is to-day. Mr. Oman calls them "hangers-on to the skirts of trade." There was also as great a dislike to foreigners then as there is now, only the dislike was directed against a richer class. It was believed that the Jews were secretly exporting all the gold and silver. The Flemings and Zeelanders who had come to Norfolk were also the object of attack.

Every journeyman or casually employed labourer in the wide branches of the wool trade who chanced to be out of work, put the blame of his privations on the outlander, whose competition had straitened the demand for native hands. Hence came the sudden fury displayed against the Flemings. It was, no doubt, partly inspired by unreasoning dislike for all strangers, but mainly rested on the economic fallacies that are always rife in an uneducated class living on the edge of starvation.

Mr. Oman has written his account without prejudice, and its value, we imagine, lies less in any thesis it may be thought to establish, than in the picture it gives of England in 1381. We find, then as always, a portion of humanity actuated by many different and conflicting motives, classes really aggrieved and classes that thought they were aggrieved, the whole striving and struggling towards that civilisation which seemed to march so slowly in those times. The historian establishes the fact that the rebellion was not immediately fatal to the manorial system, but it sowed the seeds of changes that were gradually to transform English husbandry.

OUR BUFFER STATE

Afghanistan. By ANGUS HAMILTON. (Heinemann, 25s. net.)

It is extraordinary how few adequate books there are on the subject of a state so important to Great Britain as Afghanistan. Mr. Hamilton's book, therefore, which is a mine of information on everything, from politics to botany, will be welcomed. The author visited Central Asia on his return from the war in Manchuria, and wandered about collecting information until his travels were cut short by an attack of small-pox, contracted from the natives in the region of the Pamirs. Mr. Hamilton's book on Korea will be remembered by all who are interested in the Far East, and they will be glad to find from the present work that his illness has not affected his powers of description and observation.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, but is in no sense a book to be read in an arm-chair: it is full of statistics and facts, not easily obtained. It is not, and does not pretend to be, entertaining, like Dr. Gray's "My residence at the Court of the Amir," and it is, moreover, of great weight avoirdupois. If the author has erred at all, he has erred in not restricting himself to his subject; but Afghanistan cannot be considered by itself, and we are ready for that reason to forgive him, if not, also, because we are always glad to read of such romantic places as Bokhara and Samarkand. Most of us have a desire, which for financial reasons will never be gratified, to visit those places, and Mr. Hamilton only increases that wish.

Listen to the traveller, how he tempts the readers into breaking the tenth commandment :

There is, indeed, a very special type found in the bazaars of Bokhara and Samarkand. Dressed in the choicest of silks, so soft that it suggests the rustle of the wind through the peach trees and dyed in tones of yellow, green, and brown, in shades of magenta and purple, in a note of blue reflecting the sky or touched with the blush of a red rose, are men of fine stature. They move with their long-skirted gowns clasped at the waist and their silken trousers tucked into brown, untanned boots, the seams of which are delicately embroidered. Every individual reserves to himself a most exclusive manner, representing the embodiment of dignity.

Later, his photographs and descriptions of scenes in Kabul and Kandahar only make us more envious, although it is not from the globe-trotter's point of view that the book is most interesting.

It may be doubted whether the great struggle on the frontier will be witnessed by the present generation, but doubts cannot diminish the importance of the problem or of Mr. Hamilton's warnings. There is one phase of the situation in Central Asia which is too constantly ignored in England, a phase which is brought out very distinctly in this book. It has been stated by some that, as the result of the recent war, the Mahomedan attitude towards Russian rule in Mid-Asia has been changed; and very closely connected with this theory is the comfortable conceit which "inspires Anglo-Indians to regard British administration of native races as heaven-born." It is not a pleasant subject at the present time, but the time is all the more reasonable for a reminder that the Russians are no less careful of the several peoples that find refuge under their rule than are our own authorities. Mr. Hamilton gives, in addition to a general survey of the country, a clear and adequate account of Anglo-Afghan relations. The various recent negotiations and missions are well explained, and, in spite of the record of many blunders and rebuffs, they are very interesting. Oriental language always casts an air of comedy over the most serious matters, and makes English seem, after all, a barren tongue. The documents from the "exalted British Parliament" are poor reading compared with the effusions of the Amir and his late father, "who has found mercy, may God enlighten his tomb!" and we commend the following story to certain of our rulers who are too humanitarian in their ideas. A letter from the Russian government had been read at a durbar, and the Amir asked for opinions about it, whereupon one Ali Yar Khan remarked: "Let this Turki dog who carries messages for infidels be beaten on the head with shoes till his hair falls off. That ought to be our answer to the Russians." The tale illustrates the methods of the very old school of diplomacy: the sequel is a curious example of the mixture of the old and the new schools. The Amir, greatly displeased at the remark, observed that, if there were any shoe-beating, it would be upon him who suggested the maltreatment of the messenger. Subsequently fifty rupees were given to the Russian courier.

FANCY AND FACT

Mendicant Rhymes. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (The Essex House Press.)

It is a pleasure to handle and to read this book, because it is printed and produced by the Essex House Press—a slim quarto with a white vellum back, printed in the elaborate ornamental type, very thick and black and handsome, which seems to give dignity to anything that appears in it. It is not an easy type to read; there are too many tails and twirls and flourishes for that; but each letter in itself is a thing of some beauty, and the whole effect of it on the page is impressive. We notice, by the way, a curious misprint on p. 10, where we have *ronnd*, for *round*; curious because one of the good points about the Essex House Press type is that its *n* is not, as with the ordinary fount, almost exactly an *n* turned upside

down, and so the mistake is not as easily made and passed over as in other cases. We have heard a rumour that this Press means to give up work—a rumour which we wish may be unfounded since it holds its own position among the modern producers of artistic printing.

But to the poems. Mr. Housman is an artist in words as his printers are in letters:

And swift, and swift, from dale to hill,
Now hidden close, now clear to view,
On drives and strives the chace, and still
The huntress heart goes too;

There is no denying the verbal accomplishment of such a stanza, nor, again, of such verses as this:

There has been singing to-day
In the fall of the leaves;
Under a sky grown grey
For an earth that grieves;
Here where the autumn falls
Like a weary thing,
The voice of the bird as it calls
Is the voice of spring!

Continually throughout the book we find words cleverly and sympathetically used, as by one who loves them, to do more than to express a mood; to represent it—to convey by their very sound and relation the feeling that filled the poet's mind when he conceived the poems. This is something more, of course, than the mere onomatopœic arrangement of metre and rhythm; it is of the essence of poetry; and the name of poet cannot be denied to Mr. Housman when he writes such verses as we have quoted, or this poem called "r685":

Over the hill as I came down,
Across the flats where the peewits cry
I heard the drums through all the town
Beat for the men that were to die.

Oh, blithely up the eastern street
Looked in with me the morning sun,
Up to the market-square where fest
Went marching all like one.

And dark against the high town-hall
The shadow of the shambles fell;
And clear beneath its gilded ball
The town clock tolled their knell.

Came murmurs of the distant farms,
But from the townfolk not a cry,
Though wives with babes upon their arms
Stared, and stood waiting by!

Oh, oft I come and oft I go,
And see those roofs against the sky:—
But not the place I used to know
Where simple hearts beat high.

Now like a wreck each homestead looks,
While on it sunlight falls in flood:
And all the peewits by the brooks
Are crying out of wasted blood!

It is a strange thing that a poet who can use words so, can also use them so feebly as Mr. Housman sometimes permits himself to do.

Nothing is wrong to the eye,
Nothing is wrong to the ear . . .
Heaven was aware of his worth.

These are three lines from one poem, and all three badly even judged by the only standard we have yet applied to Mr. Housman's work. And as for

Carriest destruction of domestic rest,

(said of the cuckoo) it is the worst line we have seen for some time.

The management of words is not the whole of poetry: dainty presentation of moods, even when the language is perfect, leaves a man, after all, but a very "minor" poet, if he has nothing more to tell us. To say that is not to ask for didactic poetry, poetry with a message, a philosophy, a "purpose"; it is to ask for the expression through poetry of a mental force which impresses, whether the poet intended to announce a doctrine or merely to record a mood.

The most exquisite poem leaves the reader cold unless the poet felt deeply or thought strenuously on the content. And, delicate and charming as are many of Mr. Housman's lyrics in this volume, they continue to convey the impression that they are merely fancies, half-realised and half-mastered thoughts and emotions, lacking strength and vividness. In other words, we are not persuaded of the conviction of the author. Here are some lines from a poem on gypsies:

Ah, give to me the sturdy soul
Which ten commandments can't control!
Which tracks, whatever man may say,
Its old primæval right of way,
Unpricked by conscience as by awe,
Through prohibitions of the law:
So to the whole world spreads a snare
And takes pot-luck of stream and air.
With never a dull day nor a doubt,
With fingers skilled to tickle trout,
With tongue to ply the trapper's trade,
And wit to cozen man and maid;
Which, proud, goes quit of foolish shame;
Loves freedom, but will, all the same,
Risk liberty to play the game;
And, where walls hold, and gates are barred
Does cheerfully its "three months hard."

Though not perfect, and marred by one fault of taste, that has its charm; but does Mr. Housman mean it? If he meant it, would he have expressed it like that? And would a poet who "really" meant it, have been able to write certain of the poems in this volume: "Easter Dawn," for instance, or "Knapton Church Roof," or, especially, "Pax Britannica"? We believe not; and it is that suspicion of incomplete sincerity, of readiness to accept a fancy for a thought or an emotion, of the poet's striving to appear other than he is and contradicting himself in the attempt, that sends us disappointed away from a book that is, in many respects, delightful.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE

Lectures on the Method of Science. Edited by T. B. STRONG,
Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. (Oxford: Clarendon
Press, 7s. 6d.)

FEW persons realise at all adequately the importance to human progress of the death of the individual human. Yet, much as each generation of men can and does convey of instruction to its successor, the gain secured to humanity by its deliverance from the weight of prescription, tradition and chilling monition vastly outweighs any loss of further patriarchal advice. It is to be regretted that no means has yet been discovered for the extinction of outworn reputations. Schools, Colleges, Universities—business firms and professional men—are constantly endowed with a fame, fair or evil, that is antiquated and untrue. The facile railer against the public schools of England and her ancient Universities, is invariably either an ancient *alumnus* unacquainted with the truth of to-day or a callow student who has not yet travelled outside his own departmental interests.

To distribute knowledge, to stimulate intellectual life, by personal association to excite interest and correlate separate studies, was the glory of Paris and Padua, Oxford and Cambridge in a former age. And those who know Oxford and Cambridge as they really are to-day know that these ends are still fulfilled, perhaps better than ever. How the work is done may be gathered from the volume before us. Here are brought together a number of lectures given during the summer meeting last year of Oxford University Extension students. They supply a valuable foundation on which to raise a substantial structure of modern knowledge, and any readers, who will, can thus orientate their thoughts in accordance with the educated opinion of to-day.

For this purpose, perhaps, the two lectures by the President of Corpus and by Professor Gotch are the most important. Professor Case analyses the various methods

by which man reasons. He makes it clear that, if Bacon first put plainly before men the advantages of the empirical method, yet men had followed that method long before. He shows that the scientific method is not of one type, but includes, besides four distinguishable kinds of reasoning, a mixed method combining these kinds variously. He adds a much needed criticism of the fashionable doubt that truth cannot be known because we cannot compare the known and unknown together. Professor Gotch, in a lecture that will probably find a readier reception, traces the inevitable characteristics of scientific method by discussing the adverse criticisms that have been levelled at it, e.g., the freedom of its thought and its sceptical character, its recognition of reason as the only ultimate authority, its investigation of narrow details, its inferences from the known to the unknown, its use of the imagination. Much curious and entertaining information illustrates these topics. Examples are given of the vulgar errors about natural phenomena which the Royal Society had at first to investigate, and one may be here cited. It was believed:

that the elephant bath no joints, wherefore being unable to lie down he sleepeth against a tree, which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree falls down itself and is able to rise no more.

Our Professor is not only amusing here but suggestive. We are led to reflect how earlier generations can have formulated such strange beliefs, to observe what a multitude of such notions have, unexamined, been consigned to the limbo of forgotten curiosities, and to wonder whether any truth has thus been thrown away. Astrology, for instance, has never been refuted: it has been rejected by most thinking minds: but the example of the late Dr. Richard Garnett raises the doubt whether this rejection is not really a credulity.

Another reflection, suggested by this lecture and two others—by Mr. W. McDougall on Psycho-Physical Method and by the Linacre Professor on Inheritance in Animals and Plants—is that the mere recording of facts, especially of cognate facts, may be a valuable work, if not immediately, yet to later workers. The strenuous man of practical life who despises “useless learning,” is an infanticide: it is impossible to pronounce beforehand that any study may not be the means of achieving the next conquest of Nature. The discovery of argon came from the reinterpretation of a long observed variation in the weight of nitrogen: French engineers have been before us in improving their lighthouses with the help of “useless” investigations by the exactest methods into the action-time of stimulus upon visual sensation. If those with leisure could be persuaded to work at the collection of facts in any one of a hundred fields which our Universities could suggest to them, if our busy workers could devote their leisure hours to such collection, life would be richer to them and more enjoyable, and England would soon distance her competitors in every department of knowledge and commerce.

Professor Gotch observes that “even in the present day it is astonishing how many current beliefs exist in regard to natural phenomena which have little or no foundation in fact,” adding that “instances of such vulgar errors are familiar to us all.” It is certainly surprising to find how persistent is the belief that sunlight extinguishes a fire: less common, but not unknown, is the belief that lamp-light has the same power. When the Professor discusses why Sir William Temple argued so bitterly and blindly against Harvey’s doctrine of the circulation of the blood, he indicates faults of temper and reasoning dangerously prevalent to-day both in religious matters and in political. He quotes again Tyndall’s remark on the opposition of many clergymen to science:

The leaning towards belief in scientific truth is probably as strong in them as in other men, only the resistance to the bent is stronger; they do not lack the positive element, the love of truth, but the negative element, the fear of error predominates

He rightly declares that this is “a familiar form of skirking personal intellectual responsibility.” Here the Dean of Christ Church intervenes in a lecture on Scientific Method as applied to History to point the moral. He tears to tatters the agnostic criticism so often solemnly enunciated that “what could not be proved in the law-courts is probably unsound historically.” He points out what is evident on reflection to every one that history, unlike the physical sciences, deals with facts, each of which is unique, not potentially independent of particular time and place. He shows how necessary for the historic judgment is the fullest knowledge of the environment in which each fact occurs, and distinguishes belief from acquiescence in a historical statement. In his peroration he insists that we must “make our venture,” however true it may be that we shall make mistakes, and declares:

on the whole it is probably true that men do not, except for motives which are more or less calculable or transparent, aim at deceiving their fellows. And if you ask why we should believe any statement which we cannot verify, it appears to me that you must fall back on this fact . . . another form of the solidarity of mankind. . . . On the whole the race has an instinct for, as well as an interest in, truth, which we can trust, not credulously or irrationally, but reasonably and carefully.

One difficulty which often presents itself to immature thinkers is passed over by all the lecturers, although Professor Gotch in one passage develops an argument which is likely to suggest the difficulty. We have mentioned how he refers to Sir William Temple’s attack on Harvey. As a final argument Temple gave that the “sense” of mankind was against the theory that blood circulated through the body. Our Professor analyses this appeal, and finds rightly that it implies “a general consensus of opinion based upon either the current belief of the majority of mankind or upon apparently uniform sensory experience.” Following Joseph Glanville, he then shows how misleading sensory experience often is, and how “even its uniformity does not warrant its being the foundation for general statements as to natural phenomena.” The untrained student often wonders why if this is sound—and that it is sound we may regard as axiomatic—the uniform experience of men that they have an “ego,” and free will, is more to be relied on. “*Non omnia possumus omnes*,” especially in a short lecture: but it would have been useful if even a footnote had explained that in the study of natural phenomena the disagreement is between the senses assisted or unassisted by mechanical appliances and the reflective reason: in metaphysics the senses, whether so assisted or not, can have no final voice.

A lecture on the Evolution of Currency and Coinage may be commended to beginners in the study of bimetallicism, and another on Inheritance in Animals and Plants is of interest for the remarkable analogy it is able to exhibit between the relations of father and child and those of a first and second throw with dice. But perhaps the most astonishing discovery for those who can follow its achievement is that of the elements of the Double Star β Lyrae by Myers in 1898. Dr. Fison not only tells this story, but presents us with the current theories on the origin of the solar system and of the Moon.

Professor Flinders Petrie lectures on Archaeological Evidence, and, although in the enthusiasm of his study he speaks somewhat roundly so that Dean Strong finds it desirable to append a caveat, yet he says much that is useful and, to those who are not experts, novel. He does not display the philosophic temper of the Dean, however, and his style does not boggle at “dependable” and other innovations. Except for this, the reader will find pleasure and profit in the whole volume. One more quotation may conclude this notice. Professor Gotch in emphasising the importance of imagination to the scientific student resorts appropriately enough to a graceful and striking image. “Imagination,” he says, “is the rider on the white horse; there is given unto him a crown, and he rides forth conquering and to conquer.”

AFTERWARDS

How often, dearest, have we trod
The ways of this green earth together,
Taking them for the ways of God
Which change not with the time and weather;
But change comes not to us alone:
The high woods fade with sadder meaning,
Pathetic grows the vivid tone
Of spring's quick uplands heavenward leaning.

Since I, companionless, have fared
Where hill-crest lured, or white road beckon'd,
The ampler prospect, now unshared,
Gave pause for which I had not reckon'd:
Earth's verdurous disc in heaven's embrace—
The calm survey of faëry distance
Responsive to an absent face,
On dual pathos made insistence.

No more the siren brook detains,
With meadowy lilt, my feet to linger:
Through memory-haunted paths and lanes
I follow memory's ghostly finger,
Nor halt where pathless downs divide
The dales of dusk from sunset heather.
God's morrow, maybe, side by side
Again, we'll pace the ways together.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

MR. BENSON'S PATER

IN no other country has mediocrity such a chance as in England. The second-rate writer, the second-rate painter meet with an almost universal and immediate recognition, and when good mediocrities die, if they do not go straight to heaven (from a country where the existence of Purgatory is denied by Act of Parliament), at least they run a very fair chance of burial in Westminster Abbey. De mortuis nil nisi bonus, in the shape of royalties, is the real test by which we estimate the authors who have just passed away. A few of our great writers—Ruskin and Tennyson for example—have enjoyed the applause accorded to senility by a people usually timid of brilliancy and strength, when it is contemporary, because the ruins of mental faculties touch our imagination, owing perhaps to that tenderness for antiquity which has preserved for us the remains of Tintern Abbey. Seldom, however, does a great writer live to find himself in the prime of his literary existence a component part of English literature. Yet there are happy exceptions, and not the least of these was Walter Pater.

His inclusion in the English Men of Letters series, so soon after his death, has somewhat dazzled the reviewers. Mr. Benson has been complimented on a daring, which, if grudgingly endorsed, is treated as just the sort of innovation you would expect from the brother of the author of "Dodo." "To a small soul the age which has borne it can appear only an age of small souls," says Mr. Swinburne, and the presence of Pater, which rose so strangely beside our waters, seemed to many of his contemporaries only the last sob of a literature which they sincerely believed had come to an end with Lord Macaulay.

It was a fortunate chance by which Mr. A. C. Benson, one of our more discerning critics, himself master of no mean style, should have been chosen as commentator of Pater. Among the Plutarchocracy of the present day a not very pretty habit prevails of holding a sort of inquest on deceased writers—a reaction against misplaced eulogy—tearing them and their works to pieces and leaving nothing for reviewers or posterity to dissipate. From the author of the "Upton Letters" we expect sympathy and critical acumen, and it is needless to say we are never disappointed. The book

itself is not merely about a literary man: it is a work of literature itself. So it is charming to disagree with Mr. Benson sometimes and a triumph to find him tripping. You experience the pleasure of the University Extension Lecturer pointing out the mistakes in Shakespeare's geography, the joy of the schoolboy when the master has made a false quantity. In marking the modern discoveries which have shattered, not the value of Pater's criticism, but the authenticity of pictures round which he wove his aureoles of prose, Mr. Benson says: "In the essay on Botticelli he is on firmer ground." But among the first masterpieces winged by the sportsmen of the new criticism was the Hamilton Palace Assumption of the Virgin (now proved to be by *Botticini*) to which Pater makes one of his elusive and delightful allusions; while "The School of Giorgione," which Mr. Benson thinks a little *passé* in the light of modern research, is now in the movement. The latest bulletins of Giorgione, Pater would have been delighted to hear, are highly satisfactory. Pictures once torn from the altars of authenticity are being reinstated under the acolytage of Mr. Herbert Cook. A curious and perhaps wilful error, too, has escaped Mr. Benson's notice. Referring to the tomb of Cardinal Jacopo at San Miniato, Pater says, "insignis formâ fui—his epitaph dares to say." The inscription reads *fuit*. But perhaps the *t* was added by the Italian Government out of deference to the English residents in Florence and the word read *fui* in 1871. *Troja fuit* might be written all over Florence.

Then some of the architecture at Vezelay "typical of Cluniac sculpture" is pure Viollet-le-Duc, I am assured by a competent authority. A more serious error, for it is an adjective not a fact, occurs in "Apollo in Picardy"—"rebellious masses of black hair." This is the only instance in the *parfait prosateur*, as Bourge called him, of a *cliché* worthy of Rita. Then it is possible to differ from Mr. Benson in his criticism of the "Imaginary Portraits" (the four fair ovals in one volume), surely Pater's most exquisite achievement after the "Renaissance." "Gaston" is the failure Pater thought it was, and "Emerald Uthwart" is frankly very silly, though Mr. Benson has a curious tenderness for it. One sentence he abandons as absolute folly. The grave psychological error in the story occurs where the surgeon expresses compunction at making the autopsy on Uthwart because of his perfect anatomy. Surely this would have been a source of technical pleasure and interest to a surgeon, much as a butterfly collector is pleased when he has murdered an unusually fine species of lepidoptera. Speaking myself as a vivisector of some experience, I can confidently affirm that a well-bred golden colley is far more interesting to operate upon than a mongrel sheep dog. Nor can I comprehend Mr. Benson's blame of Denys l'Auxerrois as too extravagant and even unwholesome, when the last quality, so obvious in Uthwart, he seems to condone.

Again, "Marius the Epicurean" is a failure by Pater's own high standard: you would have imagined it seemed so to Mr. Benson. Dulness is by no means its least fault. In scheme it is not unlike "John Inglesant"; but how lifeless are the characters compared with those of Shorthouse! Both books deal with philosophic ideas and sensations; the incidents are merely illustrative, and there is hardly a pretence of sequence. In the historical panorama which moves behind Inglesant, there are at least "tactile" values, and seventeenth-century England is conjured up in a wonderful way, how accurately I do not know. In "Marius" the background is merely a backcloth for mental *poses plastiques*. You wonder, not how still the performers are, but why they do not move at all. Marcus Aurelius, the delightful Lucian, even Flavian, and the rest, are busts from the Capitoline and Naples museums. Their bodies are make-believe, or straw from the loft at White Nights. Cornelius, Mr. Benson sorrowfully admits, is a Christian prig, but Marius is only a pagan chip from the same block. John

Inglesant is a prig too; but there is blood in his veins, and you get, at all events, a Vandyke, not a plaster cast. The magnificent passages of prose which vest this image make it resemble the *ex voto* madonnas of continental churches—a shrine in literature but not a lighthouse.

I sometimes wonder what Pater would have become had he been a Cambridge man, and if the more strenuous University might have forced him into greater sympathy with modernity; or if he had been born in America, as he nearly was, and Harvard was to have acted as the benign stepmother of his days. Such speculations are not beyond all conjecture, as Sir Thomas Browne said. I think he would have been exactly the same. Oxford, I always maintain, is a condition not a place, and Pater is taken rightly as a type of all that is best in the gracious city, whispering for us the last enchantment of the middle age, far more even than its towers, at which Matthew Arnold, intellectually always in Cambridge, mocked in very reverence.

On the occasion of Pater's lecture on Prosper Mérimée, his friends gathered round the platform to congratulate him; he expressed a hope that the audience were able to hear what he said. "We overheard you," said Mr. Oscar Wilde. "Ah, you have a phrase for everything," replied the lecturer, whom the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan* declared with pathetic inaccuracy was the only contemporary who had ever influenced him. How admirable both of the criticisms! Pater is an aside in literature, and that is why he was sometimes overlooked, and may be so again in ages to come. Though he is the greatest master of style the century produced, he can never be regarded as part of the structure of English prose. He is rather one of the ornaments, which often last long after the structure has perished. His place will be shifted, as fashions change; like some exquisite piece of eighteenth-century furniture perchance he may be forgotten in the attics of literature awhile, only to be rediscovered. And as Fuseli said of Blake: "He will be damned good to steal from." If he uses words as though they were pigments and sentences like vestments at the Mass, it is not only the ritualistic cadence of his harmonies which makes his works imperishable, but the ideas which they symbolise as well. Pater thinks beautifully always; about things which some people do not think altogether beautiful, perhaps, and sometimes he thinks aloud. We overhear him and feel almost the shame of the eavesdropper.

Mr. Benson has approached Walter Pater, the man, with almost sacerdotal deference. He suggests ingeniously where you can find the self-revelation in "Gaston" and "The Child in the House." This is far more illuminating than the recollections of personal friends whose memoirs are modelled on those of Captain Sumph. Mr. Humphry Ward remembers Pater only once being angry. It was in the Common room. It was with X, an elderly man! The subject of the difference was modern lectures. "Relations between them were afterwards strained." Mr. Arthur Symonds remembers that he intended to bring out a new volume of "Imaginary Portraits." Fancy that! And Mr. Ainslie, that Raymond of Toulouse, has another possible subject. Really, when friends begin to tell stories of that kind, I begin to suspect they are trying to conceal something. Perhaps we have no right to know everything or anything about the amazing personalities of literature. But Henleys and Purcells lurk and leak out even at Oxford, and that is not the way to silence them. Just when the aureole is ready to be fitted on, some horrid graduate (*Litteræ inhumaniores*) inks the statue. Anticipating something of the kind, Mr. Benson is careful to insist on the divergence between Rossetti and Pater, and on page 86 says something which is ludicrously untrue. If self-revelation can be traced in "Gaston," it can be found elsewhere. There are sentences in "Hippolytus veiled," the "Age of the Athletic Prizemen" and "Apollo in Picardy" which not only explode Mr. Benson's statement, but where the objections he urges against Denys l'Auxerrois

might well be substantiated. They are passages where Pater thinks aloud. Rossetti wore the heart on the sleeve, no doubt, Pater up the sleeve; but it slips down occasionally in spite of the alb which drapes the hieratic writer not always discreetly.

ROBERT ROSS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

A FAVOURITE EPITHET OF WORDSWORTH'S

"WORDSWORTH," observed the late Mr. R. H. Hutton in an aphoristic sentence, "drew uncommon delights from very common things." But, more than this, the very word *common* had a charm for him similar to that which an adjective of such sumptuous import as *rich* would possess for a nature like that of Keats. In "The Prelude" and "The Recluse" alone the word occurs some twenty-five times as an adjective, and its cognate verb and noun forms—*commune*, *communion*, *community* and *commonally*—are not unfrequent. It is to be found repeatedly in his shorter poems, upon which much of his fame depends.

Only in "The Excursion" is it rarely used, where less than half a dozen instances of it are found.

The word *common* is suggestive to many people of a slightly depreciatory sense, which, undoubtedly, it is often intended to convey; but a glance at a good dictionary reveals a term of real etymological interest, expressing many different shades of meaning. Thus, *e.g.*, the Latin origin of the word *cum* and *munis* = *serving* (others) *together* (with oneself) and its opposite *proprius* = what is one's own, can both be illustrated from Wordsworth's poetry:

If the wind do but stir for his proper delight . . .
The common life our Nature breeds.

It is not difficult to see why Wordsworth should have employed the epithet *common* so frequently in "The Prelude." In the building up of the Poet's mind and moral nature, which is the main subject of that poem, the sense of a *community* bore a large part.

There was, first, the dim and undefined sense of a community with Nature, felt in boyhood and more intensely realised in youth and opening manhood; there was the outward embodiment of a primitive *community* in the simple and manly lives led by the Cumbrian dalesmen; and, last, there was the sense of a wider and deeper *community*, embracing whole classes of individual men and nations, of which the initial stages of the French Revolution gave a hope. As regards the shorter poems generally, it may be said that those pieces in which the word occurs lend a special weight of meaning to Wordsworth's expressed view of the true functions of a poet:

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart;
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

The comparison of a large number of passages in which the word occurs shows that it is applied to the mental and moral qualities and attributes of man, and to the various objects summed up in the line:

The outward shows of sky and earth

Though frequently used in the sense of *ordinary*, as, *e.g.*,

This is no common waste, no common gloom,

the context will be found to give it a lustre and a suggestion of hidden meaning that exclude any idea of depreciation, as in the passage from "Hart Leap Well" from which the above is quoted, where poet and untutored shepherd, meeting together on a lone hillside, are united in soul by a gush of sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of the mute animal kingdom.

This heightening effect of a context is better exhibited in the beautiful lyric, "To a Highland Girl," in which the line:

Though but of common neighbourhood

is made to express the devotion of a spiritual homage to simple and rustic beauty.

What tenderness and simplicity in lines like these!

And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—

from the sunrise scene witnessed during a walk home across the hills in the dawn after a country dance:

. . . her common thoughts
Are piety—

from the impassioned description in the twelfth book of "The Prelude" of Mary Hutchinson, afterwards his wife:

A simple produce of the common day—

from the sublime passage in "The Recluse" describing the result of the wedding of the human intellect and the "goodly universe":

The common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things—

from the passage describing how in his childhood the expressiveness of Nature came home to him in sudden flashes:

Down would he sit; and without strength or power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour—

from the "Stanzas" descriptive of himself and S. T. Coleridge:

The common creature of the brotherhood—

descriptive of the feelings of sympathy which Wordsworth, on first settling in Grasmere, was prepared to show towards the humble dwellers in that Vale. These following lines are interesting from the juxtaposition of the two words *common* and *ordinary*:

Even then the common haunts of the green earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom—

from a passage in "The Prelude" tracing the progress from the love of Nature to the love of Man.

It is needless to remind readers of the mingled pathos and tenderness in that line from the great Ode:

And fade into the light of common day.

Instances might be multiplied; but enough has been said to show how an epithet (which, by the bye, Shakespeare used with effect) takes on "colour, intensity, and variety from the infection of neighbourhood." What Wordsworth in the last book of the "Prelude" calls:

A sense of exquisite regard
For common things—

must have deepened his sense of the expressiveness of the adjective *common*, which accordingly we find him time after time applying to those objects with which, in his view, great and permanent poetry should always deal.

C. FISHER.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Robert Barclay," by Edward Jaffray.]

FICTION

The Queen's Tragedy. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Pitman 6s.)

WHATEVER else may be thought of Father Benson's latest historical novel, no one will fail to find it fresh, suggestive and interesting. It keeps one asking: Is this true? Was that wisely done? Which was the right course in those circumstances? Such questionings mean that the book both holds attention, and stimulates the mind. To speak of the fiction, as distinct from the history, is really impossible, for the two are interwoven like warp and woof. So I address myself to the latter at once. Different as the judgments of Protestants and Catholics

have been about Queen Mary, all agree that her reign closed in disappointment. Even before the worst had arrived, Father Benson describes her feelings thus:

Eighteen months ago she had been so happy. The Legate had come with a splendour that promised great things; England, she thought, had been restored to unity; her husband had been with her; the babe had leapt in her womb—the dear babe that was to take up the government, when she laid it down. Now it seemed as if all were a ghastly delusion. The Legate indeed still here, but how powerless. The heart-shaking scene in Westminster Hall was no more than the rehearsing of a play that seemed postponed indefinitely. Her husband had disappeared into silence, and the leap of the child was a thrill of a horrible disease. . . . She had begun by hoping that . . . restoring little by little the old worship, the light of Faith would be re-kindled. And her people had answered by attacking her priests, mocking her religion, and weaving sedition and heresy so inextricably together, that it was impossible to punish the one without glorifying the other.

That is graphically as well as truly and sympathetically put. In Mary we see good intentions and mistaken policy tending to failure, and failing; while on the other side stands Elizabeth, worldly wise and unscrupulous, knowing that she will win, and winning. In conclusion Mary's star sets in gloom, while the courtiers almost to a man, slip away to worship the rising sun. The main interest, therefore, and the chief problems are connected with Mary, but there is also a romantic element. Guy Manton, a Cambridge Master of Arts, is introduced, an unconventional but interesting character, whose development shows us what Father Benson thinks would have been the line taken during those troubles by one "of Catholic character." He is human, of course, and we see in him the degrading effect of the burnings. Having watched them, he becomes, as he himself confesses, "a hard devil." The obsession is admirably described with all the power of psychological and religious analysis in which Father Benson excels. The narrative too, here reaches a high degree of excellence. Manton's fidelity is put to a dramatic test, and he wavers; in the end, however, his better nature conquers. But, as was said before, the true interest of the book lies in pure history. And what of that history? To me it seems that in its main outlines it is unimpeachable. The trials, the successes and failures of the historical characters correspond with what actually took place. For the rest, the author has attained that degree of *vraisemblance*, which is to be expected in a historical novel. As we descend to details, however, we note the points at which differences of opinion will begin to assert themselves. Extremists will, of course, never be fully satisfied. The admirers of Foxe, though they will find some things to their liking, will not find enough. Believers in the inspiration of Nicholas Sander will not relish the way in which Latimer and his *compères* are praised "for as much as they did wisely." Enthusiasts for Elizabeth, and they are many, will say that her portrait has been too darkly drawn. But for my own part I think that a more notable error is one bearing hardly on Queen Mary. As for Elizabeth, though no one would assert nowadays that she was truthful, yet on the other hand no evidence is forthcoming to prove her such an unblushing hypocrite and traitor to her sister, as she is here represented to have been. This is true, I think; and yet Father Benson does not seem to me to have here exceeded the licence always allowed in a historical novel. For, as soon as he looked beyond Mary's reign, and considered the contrast between Elizabeth's conduct before and after its termination—and perhaps pondered the wording of the coronation oath, which she took in the hands of the old Catholic prelates when she had fully decided on the measures for the overthrow of the old religion—he would feel fully justified in attributing to her as much as he has done of trickery and of faithlessness. But however this may be, I pass to a more important question: Is the Mary Tudor of this novel correctly drawn from life? She is here a "stupid woman," "conscious of her lack of wit and gaiety," "unable to win love and affection," and she is constantly losing herself in dreams. Her "man's voice" and prematurely aged appearance are insisted upon in and out of season. I do not think that this is good portraiture.

It was, perhaps, true of her last days, when the blood-letting and the other barbarities of contemporary leechcraft had brought her down to a shadow of her former self. But this was not the woman who has made her mark on our history. The despatches of the ambassadors, who came into actual contact with her, show that she was active, matter-of-fact, well informed, queenly, and gifted with great insight into the men and matters that came under her notice. It may be regretted that Father Benson's story concerns itself with the gloomy part of her reign exclusively. Even if otherwise faultless, a picture so drawn is bound to be somewhat one-sided. Of course, there are also smaller points, which might be discussed, if space allowed. He seems to me to be too hard upon Philip, too favourable to Pole, and to underestimate Mary's dislike of her half-sister, which so good an authority as a Venetian ambassador has called "hatred." When Elizabeth's life was in the balance, it was saved by Philip's intervention. This would hardly fit in with some of Father Benson's most striking scenes. Whatever may be the objective truth about the points I have criticised, it is clear first that they will not affect the "The Queen's Tragedy," except in details which are non-essential, and secondly, that Father Benson has been so much on his guard against showing too much partiality for his co-religionists, that, when he does err, it is generally to their disadvantage.

J. H. POLLEN, S. J.

Red Records. By ALICE PERRIN. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MRS. PERRIN knows well how to tell a gruesome story, and all the stories in this book are tales of horror. "In this world the strongest of all things is fate" is a proverb of Hindustan which has been aptly taken as the book's motto, and is in absolute accord with the whole book's tenour. Fate is the power, pitiless and relentless, which holds men in its grip, struggling little or long till they are dead and dust. What of the power that makes the birds sing and the sun shine; what of the power that is at times in ourselves to recognise and respond to the beauty? Fate is the easiest solution of the eternal problem, and for that reason the least satisfactory. And it is because the idea of Fate is so insistent in these stories that, somehow, they lose much of their horror and their strength: they are deprived of vitality by it, in the same way as a man is robbed of vitality by the predominance of the Fate-theory in any form; and vitality is the finest thing a man or a piece of work can possess. But the stories are all (with the exception of "The Musk Pod") of a high standard, for Mrs. Perrin, as was apparent in her "East of Suez," has the power of vivid description in an unusual degree and has mastered the technique of a short story. Those that deal directly with the natives of India are much the best: it is necessary to go to Kipling to find better work of that kind than "The Evil Eye."

Where Two Worlds Met. By SYDNEY PHELPS and BRIDEY M. O'REILLY. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THE exchange of souls is an ambitious theme for a novelist. Théophile Gautier has shown how the subject may be treated in the form of a short story, but the authors of "Where Two Worlds Met" have boldly adopted it as the main-spring of a romance of some two hundred and fifty pages. In the case of Gautier, the love-sick youth is made to exchange his outward appearance for that of the husband of the woman he loves: in the present instance, the unscrupulous lover, Lysaght, by dint of a strong will and an unholy knowledge of black magic, transposes the soul of the girl, Nualla, into his own body and himself returns to the bosom of her family in the outward semblance of his victim. Of Nualla's experiences on the border-line between two worlds we are given a vivid picture, and the description of the marvellous vision vouchsafed her of her tormentor's sufferings and eventual repentance, through which she is enabled to re-enter her own body and complete her life on earth, is a

fine piece of writing. The whole tale is weird and uncanny in the extreme. The scene is laid in Devon; not the Devon of romance, that kindly land of cakes and ale, but a country of silent pools and dark, dreary moorlands, where terrible heathen rites are performed by the light of the moon, and where grim spirits of evil reign supreme. The description of the powers that assist at the *séances* of Miss Tryphosa, an elderly dabbler in spiritualism, is enough to inspire a wholesome terror of that erratic instrument, planchette. We learn that it is controlled by "horrid little elementals," who fight wildly for the pencil, and who "are like nothing so much as a group of monkeys quarrelling over some prize"; and that the message purporting to come from the spirit of a blameless young man is, in reality, the invention of "a mass of shapeless red, from which looms the head of a particularly repulsive kind of puppy." There are some amusing old Devonshire worthies in the book, notably a certain Old Nance and her sworn foe, Mary Pierce. Their efforts to counteract each other's white magic, and their reconciliation, after a feud of sixty years standing, are well and sympathetically described. We understand that the book has received the Apostolic blessing of the Pope.

Latter Day Sweethearts. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON. (Unwin, 6s.)

MRS. HARRISON tells the story of two daughters of millionaires, from New York, and from Alabama, and their entangled love-affairs, and it is difficult to decide which is the more charming example of American girlhood. From the first day on board the *Baltic*, when the radiant Pamela Winstanley becomes the absorbing topic of conversation, and Helen Carstairs arouses the admiration of the discriminating few, the bright, clever story steadily advances in interest. It is not that the author has anything new to tell of love and lovers; many another novel has followed closely upon these lines, begun and ended in a visit to Europe; but the point of view is fresh, and the people are, with few exceptions, unusually agreeable acquaintance. A change in the ordinary type of millionaire will be welcomed; the attitude of nearly every one towards wealth as a desirable and convenient possession and nothing more strikes a pleasant note. Love is the cause and the cure of all the evils endured by these "latter day sweethearts," who, however, belong in sentiment quite as much to the day of Jacob and Rachel: even the impecunious English peer, the New York man of business and the practical French novelist are uninfluenced in their wooing by the dollars that would gild success. Mrs. Harrison has given proofs elsewhere of her deftness in the handling of moods and emotions, generally by elusive touches, by faint hints and suggestions, that sometimes impose too close a strain upon the attention of the reader for mere amusement. Here she is in holiday humour, less analytical, but not less skilful: her characters, natural to start with, are developed and modified by the force of circumstances in almost imperceptible degrees; yet essentially they never change, and never disappoint the reader, who parts from them with regret.

FINE ART

THE NEW DUDLEY GALLERY—THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

FEW painters of eminence have in recent years been attracted by the views of the high Alps and the Tyrol. The sharpness of the detail caused by the intense light, the brilliancy of the colour, which, when literally rendered, appears garish, have made moderns shy of the attempt. William Stott made some fine pastels, but I believe most of them were night effects which subordinate the details and allow of treatment in mass without much conscious simplification.

M. Simon Bussy, it is true, has occasionally been drawn to the decorative beauties of groups of pines against the intense gloom of green grass, and it is with his work that M. Augustin Rey has most in common among Western painters. But M. Bussy takes his subjects in a small area of vision and appropriately treats them on a small scale, whereas M. Rey delights in vast panoramas and treats them on a scale that is vast for water-colour. Such a description prepares one for the abominable chromolithographic style of fifty years ago, and M. Rey avoids this by the most consummate art and the most rigid selection. It is surprising to read in the preface to the catalogue of his exhibition at the New Dudley Gallery that the pictures were executed from beginning to end from nature, as every stroke would appear to have arrived as the quintessence of many studies and struggles. The Japanese artists are constantly called to mind, and it is notorious that the Japanese never painted their pictures from nature. It is, therefore, a *tour de force* on M. Rey's part to have maintained the simple scheme of flat tones and not to have allowed himself to be drawn aside by the accident of the moment. His use of black in the foliage of pines is wonderfully bold and skilful, as seen in *The Great Shreckhorn and the Finsteraarhorn*; *Sunset*, and *Lake of Chavonne and Chamossaire, near Villars*. *Grindelwald and the Wetterhorn (Winter)* is a grand scheme in cool greys and greens. This kind of art is apt to irritate from the very fact of its obvious learning and its eclectic spirit, and M. Rey is to be congratulated on his success in not giving any cause for irritation.

The collection of seascapes by Eugène Boudin at the Leicester Galleries is the finest that has been brought together in England. There is one drawback about this adorable painter, that he leaves the critic nothing to say. "Exquisite, adorable, charming," are mere notes of exclamation, yet closer analysis seems foolish and even a little cruel. I suppose we must admit that he was not a great painter, yet his work shows more than talent, if not exactly genius. Untaught instinct is the chief note in genius, and, with all his cleverness and wit, nothing could be more *naïf*, more instinctive and childlike than his art. In comparison with him, among his successors and co-workers, Monet seems dogmatic and theory-ridden, Sisley incompetent, Renoir a little insane, Pissarro dull. His art has the closest analogy with Corot in its sweetness and charm without weakness or indecision.

As with Corot, his best works are on a small scale. *Anvers* is exquisite, and, whilst it is quite personal and modern, there are passages, like the red roofs of the old town, that remind one of the glorious view of Delft by Van der Meer. Like all great colourists, Turner, Brabazon, Manet, he knows the value of grey and black, as shown in *Le port de Trouville—le matin*. *La Plage de Trouville* is dotted with the absurd and delicious crinolines that we see in the similar picture by Manet at Sully's. *Camaret à marée basse*—has any one since Turner noted with such perfect and spontaneous art the gleam of light in a distant town, and the foreground with the sails in shadow? And the *Bateaux échoués à Portrieux*, with its ineffable grey sky, *Falaises à Etretat, Rotterdam*. *Vue du port d'Anvers*, all are perfect, unapproachable, and, to come back to the first word, adorable.

Boudin is redeemed from the commonplace by sheer charm, the absence of which makes the work of Albert Lebourg in the same gallery quite uninteresting. The delftness of his handling, especially with the palette knife, is characteristically French, but national rather than individual. The gap that divides perfect art from mere competence and ability is curiously narrow, yet it is as *infranchissable* as if leagues separated them.

B. S.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

FROM time to time we have had occasion to single out from current exhibitions the works of Mr. Evert Moll, and the

promise shown in these isolated examples of his art is fulfilled by the collection of his oil paintings and water-colours at the Old Water-Colour Society's gallery. Having much in common with the Marises, Mauve and other modern masters of his own nation, Mr. Moll, nevertheless, is susceptible to foreign influence; and his *Thunder Cloud—Isle of Wight* (70) has much of the dignity and not a little of the quality of an Old Crome. In many of his slighter water-colour sketches—a medium whose purity he preserves better than do most of his countrymen—we are reminded now of Whistler, now of Brabazon, by the felicity of his pregnant touches, his economy of means and great delicacy of colour. As becomes a man of twenty-five, he seeks to learn from all the great masters, but he consistently makes his own observation of nature, and the strong personal feeling which pervades his varied exhibits is a sufficient proof that he is not a mere imitator of the qualities of others. Like Gabriel, he paints in a higher key than the older Dutchmen, is more occupied with truth to natural lighting, and is not limited to an appreciation of any one mood of nature. His handling of that difficult colour, scarlet, calls forth high praise, and he justifies his fascination with the red roofs of Holland by the gentle tenderness with which they are rendered. In some respects the most characteristic and original of his exhibits is *My Garden* (69), a view of his favourite red roofs across a canal with a bare tree in the centre of the foreground, a composition as successful as it is daring and having that unexpected balance which we associate with the masters of Japan. If he keep true to his ideals, Mr. Moll should go far; already his achievements are considerable.

An older generation of Dutch painters is represented at Messrs. Knoedler's galleries. In this collection De Bock is especially well represented by characteristic deep-toned landscapes, while good examples are also shown of Ter Meulen and Kever as well as of Neuhuys, J. Maris and other of the more famous masters of this popular school.

Admirers of Japanese art will find an unusually choice collection of colour-prints at Mr. W. B. Paterson's gallery. From the collector's standpoint probably the principal feature is a fine example of an exceedingly rare and famous triptych by Utamaro, a master who is splendidly represented in this collection; but examples of Harunobu, Hokkei, Yeishi, Utagawa, Koriussai, and Hokusai will excite scarcely less admiration, while Hiroshige, whose one defect—to collectors—is his modernity, is represented by some very beautiful landscapes as vivacious in arrangement as they are harmonious in colour.

Among many minor exhibitions now open mention must be made of a collection of dainty little impressions in water-colour by Sir William Eden—the *Baronet* to Whistler's *Butterfly*—at the Dutch Gallery, Grafton Street; while at the Doré Gallery is a collection of original drawings for *Westminster* cartoons by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, and water-colours of architectural and landscape subjects at home and abroad by Miss M. Dawkins.

From Cowper to Cosway, from Hilliard to Shelley or Smart, the present collection of miniatures at Messrs. Hodgkins's in Bond Street is an education in many styles of this particular branch of art. Apart from the interesting technical qualities which are here brought into acute juxtaposition, the historical value of many of the portraits of princes and queens, statesmen and nobles, is unusually great. For example, Peter Oliver gives us Frederick V., King of Bohemia, who married the only daughter of James I., and thus became grandfather of George I. This lady, Elizabeth of England, is also here, from the brush of the same master. She is wearing a *décolleté* bodice with pink rosettes and a large lace ruff, and looks quite capable of being the mother of the gifted Prince Rupert. From Samuel Cowper is a fine portrait of the first wife of James II., and, in fact, the Stuarts and their friends and enemies have a very large share of the pictures. Just how far the miniatures of any time were truthful it is

impossible to say, but, judging by these one hundred and twenty examples, either they flattered very agreeably or the sitters of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were more beautiful than the people of to-day. Numbers 57 and 65 give portraits, each by John Smart, of Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, the first Governor-General of India. One is dated 1787, the other 1792. In both he wears powdered hair and a red uniform, but otherwise each is as unlike the other as well can be. Five years of the East may make a change, but this is a remarkable one. If one artist painting one man twice in so short a time makes him so different, can we wonder at, say, the diversities of the various eighteenth-century painters' portraits of Mrs. Robinson, or believe that a national portrait gallery brings us much nearer to our heroes? But, in any case, this collection is full of charm: if Princess Amelia by Plimer, or Engleheart's Lady Walpole are not not quite what those ladies really were, they are what we wish they might have been, and what they doubtless felt themselves to be, which, after all, helps to tell one side of their characters.

As we have said, almost every portrait in the gallery is historical, and to the student of the now once more fashionable art of miniature these examples are of infinite use. The small room containing Bartolozzi's studies and casual drawings is attractive, too. As a draughtsman the excellent and original engraver is not, however, seen to great advantage. There are some charming cupids holding festoons surrounding a rather poor drawing of the consort of George IV.; there is a fine pencil portrait of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and a full-length portrait of a lady wearing a costume of the period; these and some few others are pleasant, but the collection, as a whole, will not add to the artist's fame.

MUSIC

READERS of Mr. Finck's *Life of Wagner* will open his little book on Grieg (Lane's "Living Masters of Music," 2s. 6d. net) with high expectations, and we do not think they will feel themselves sent empty away. The book is not a critical study; indeed, the author expressly disclaims the critic's function, which he thinks "a modern disease, a species of phylloxera threatening the works of genius." In this vein, therefore, the enumeration of Grieg's works (pp. 86-120) is accompanied by eulogies only. Even so, however, we must demur to the verdict on the Violin Sonata (op. 45) quoted on p. 98: "It must be classed with the most inspired scores ever written. . . . From beginning to end it is a marvel of inspiration, intelligence and independence." The work seems to us a representative one, rich in lyrical ideas of the most fascinating type, but showing Grieg's weakness equally with his strength—the continual repetition of phrases unchanged save for key; the continual iteration of two-bar phrases, sometimes contracted to one, sometimes expanded to four or even three, but never woven into a continuous web. The principal charm of the book lies in the atmosphere it provides. We see Grieg among his beloved fjords; among his friends; in his home; at the peasants' festivals; and the whole gives a new insight into the spirit of his work.

Mr. Finck again indulges his taste for critic-baiting, which is, perhaps, a pity. After all, we must attempt to classify our impressions; and if critics usually under-rate new authors, possibly some of Mr. Finck's own verdicts (e.g., p. 78) err on the other side. There is no use, however, in whining over the errors of critics. It is the penalty of genius to be despised and rejected: the world is made so. For genius is the channel for a new revelation of truth or beauty: if it is really new, the world is not prepared, and cannot understand it, and while it is learning the genius is misunderstood: if the message is not new, the world understands it, but the genius is no genius but shoddy.

Miss Hullah's little sketch of Leschetizky in the same series will be welcome to a large circle of readers. It is a good book of its kind, and trustworthy as a picture of the man, his ways, methods and surroundings: of this we have first-hand confirmation from one of his favourite pupils. A characteristic story is told of his visit to Nicholas I. of Russia, showing remarkable courage and self-reliance in a young man of twenty-two. Two chapters are devoted to the "Method," if such it can be called; though in truth Leschetizky is no slave of formulæ and speaks of himself as simply a doctor: "One pupil needs this, another that. . . . There can be no rule. I am a doctor" (p. 41). The method is more mental than physical, consisting largely in concentration on every detail, bar by bar. He does not advocate more than four, or at most five, hours practising a day—a sane limitation. The tendency is to put the screw on tighter and tighter, till we hear ghastly stories of players practising sixteen hours a day, leaving only time for a game of billiards and bed. Is this life? What shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world of fame and lose his own self or life? As Grieg says: ("Grieg," p. 122) "Virtuosity revenges itself!" After all, much as we admire strenuous work, art is made for man and not man for art. Both books are well got up; the portraits and illustrations are good; and the first contains a bibliography of Grieg literature and a list of his works to date.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. MURRAY's July list of forthcoming books contains a mass of interesting announcements, from which we select the following. Among Naval, Military and Imperial books we find Mr. Arnold-Forster's "The Army in 1906," which contains a discussion of Mr. Haldane's proposals; Mr. W. Basil Worsfold's "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, a record of his administration from its commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902, containing hitherto unpublished information," which is said to afford a powerful object-lesson in the necessity for the creation of a Representative Council of the Empire; Mr. R. C. F. Maugham's "Manica and Sofala," an illustrated account of the territory of the Mozambique Company, tracing the Portuguese occupation from the fifteenth century, and giving much information on the habits and customs of the natives, sport, climate, etc.; a translation from the German by Charles Sydney Goldman of Lieut.-General Frederick von Bernhardt's "Cavalry in Future Wars," with an introduction by Sir John French; Mr. James R. Thursfield's "Nelson and other Naval Studies," including a reprint of the series of articles in the *Times* on "Trafalgar and the Nelson Touch"; a translation by Mrs. C. E. Barrett-Lennard of F. A. Dressler's "Moltke in his Home," with an introduction by Lord Methuen; "The Industrial Organization of an Indian Province," by Dr. Theodore Morison, formerly Principal at the College at Aligarh, in which attention is concentrated on the village as the unit of economic and industrial organisation; and a translation by Captain Robert Grant of Lieutenant Hesibo Tikovara's narrative, "Before Port Arthur in a Torpedo Boat," the journal of a Japanese officer who took part in all the sea operations under Togo down to the fall of Port Arthur. We notice also M. René Huchon's two volumes, "George Crabbe and his Times," to which frequent reference was made at the time of the Crabbe celebrations last year, and "Mrs. Montagu and her friends," a sketch of the lady of whose correspondence Mrs. Climensson gave us a portion through the same publisher during the past season. Among important art-books to come from Mr. Murray during the autumn are a translation by Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust (the author of the admirable work on Giovanni Antonio Bazzi recently reviewed in these columns) of Ludwig and Molmenti's "Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio," the Venetian

painter, and Mr. H. M. Cundall's "History of British Water-Colour Painting" with a chronological list of the painters, with dates of birth and death and brief accounts of their lives, etc., beginning with the early miniatures and closing with the last decade of the last century. Among science books, the most important announced is Mr. Robert H. Lock's "Recent Advances in the study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution," which describes the connection between the new science of Genetics and the ideas which have long been summed up under the expression "Darwinism."

Encouraged by the reception of Professor Lindsay's "New Testament," Messrs. Dent are to issue in one of their series of reprints the Old Testament complete, probably in three volumes. The text will be that of the Authorised Version.

A new work of humour entitled "The Dogs of War," by Mr. Walter Emanuel, author of "Dog Days" (now in its thirty-fifth thousand), has been acquired by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Company, Limited, the proprietors of *Punch*, in which journal its serial publication will shortly commence. It will be illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin.

Mr. W. G. Snowsill, the chief librarian of the Central Library, in Peckham Road, is engaged in compiling a small volume of biographical and other facts relating to notable people who were born, sometime resident in, or in other ways connected with Camberwell. Some interesting details respecting Ruskin, Browning, Jowett, Alfred Domett, Talfourd, Tom Hood, William Black, Eliza Cook, W. Beatty Rands, Angus Bethune Reach, among many other old-time Camberwellians, will appear.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish on the 26th of this month "The Invasion of 1910, with a Full Account of the Siege of London," by Mr. William Le Queux. The Naval chapters contained in the book are written by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and Lord Roberts has written a preface.

Mr. William Heinemann announces that he will publish Mrs. F. A. Steel's new novel, "The Sovereign Remedy," early in August. The scene is laid in Wales.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have nearly ready Mrs. Clara Bell's translation of M. Pierre Loti's new novel of Turkish life. "Disenchanted" deals with a problem of great interest, namely, the revolt of highly educated women against the restrictions of harem life. The book throws light on the domestic life of Turkey.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to those ambiguous words which you suggest should be as ambiguously spelt, I beg to point out that if you consult a dictionary to ascertain the French or the German for *see*, you do not wish the word for *sea*. Conversely, the foreigner reading English, and looking out the words *sea* or *air* does not want to be troubled with the significations of the other homophones.

To distinguish by spelling, instead of by quoting Latin words is less troublesome when dealing with matters about words, whether in conversation or in dictionaries, concordances, grammars, etc. If agreement were arrived at as to some fifty of such words as really give trouble as in "he lives two lives" *ar(e) wer(e) hav(e) eat-ate cou(l)d*, this would save the expense of burning all our school-books periodically because pronunciation is always altering. If we alter too much, in which case universal acceptance will not ensue, English will get as difficult to read for foreigners as Danish is.

CHARLES G. STUART-MENTREATH.

July 11.

SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I make a few remarks on spelling reform, of which you spoke in your last number but one? In the first place, I think that the reformers will do well to act upon the famous maxim, "festina lente." To imagine that our English spelling can be reformed by reading a single paper or writing a single article is as unpractical as to fancy that the English language or the English constitution can be reformed by the same summary process. The strange and incomprehensible forces

which mould human speech cannot be controlled by any magician's wand. A contributor in your last number dwells on the paramount influence of "example." He must be qualifying for citizenship in "Cloud-cuckoo-town" or "Laputa," if he cherishes the fond delusion that any example under the sun can be effectual in such matters. Take two instances. All the vast authority of the Authorised Version, combined with the intrinsic beauty of the word, has been unable to save "abide" from disuse; and a second Swift or a second Burke would only make himself ridiculous if he were to write, "I intend to abide in the country for a few days"; nay more, we have added insult to injury by perverting it in the grotesque and vulgar phrase, "I can't abide him!" Again, all the influence of the Authorised Version, combined with the influence of immortal classics, like the "Pilgrim's Progress," and with the intrinsic reasonableness of the usage, has been unable to save "thou" from disuse. We leave it to the poets, who, of course, are eccentric and fantastic folk, and quite beneath the notice of sensible and practical men!

If, then, there is to be spelling reform, let us begin with the most modest aims. Is it hopeless to arrive at some decision between "e" and "i" in "inquire" and "enquiry," or between "s" and "z" in such words as "civilize" and "civilisation"? Why must we see-saw between "connection" and "connexion"? Why drop the "e" in "truly" and retain it in "purely"? Cannot all verbs derived from "cedo" be spelt alike? Is there any valid reason for the diversity of "conceive" and "retrieve" except the confusion of National Schools? Why should the "e" be present or absent at random in such words as "notable" and "noticeable"? Must the two forms "canvas" and "canvass" co-exist? Is it a law of the Medes and Persians that we should have "plow" in the Old Testament, and "plough" in the New, of our English Bibles? Shall we never agree about the final "or" and "our"? Will "ostler" and "hostelry" never be brought into line? As to the final mute "e," I do not object to that, because the French has it also. Or is it incumbent on our dignity to deny that our language was "made in France" as well as "made in Germany"?

In the second place, I do not believe that any reform in spelling will avail unless it goes hand in hand with a reform in pronunciation. If the one is erratic, the other will infallibly be erratic also. Just look at the five words "though," "through," "cough," "chough," "thorough," all spelt alike and all pronounced differently! Look at "wind" (the noun), pronounced to rhyme with "thinned" in ordinary talk, but in some of the masterpieces of our literature made to rhyme with "mind"! Look at "here" and "there"! Look at "present" pronounced differently according as it is noun and verb, and "consent" pronounced in the same way, whether it be noun or verb! Look at the grotesque inconsistency in our pronunciation of the first syllable of "Beauchamp" and "Beaumaris"! As to the pronunciation of "Marylebone," "Cirencester," and "Cholmondeley," it might have been invented by a lunatic. Who can read without a sense of its absurdity Pope's famous line: "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things"? And the legend of the American girl who defended her pronunciation of "sinpul's" by the analogy of "sinjun" is apt enough. Then observe the practical difficulties which arise. A friend eloquently discoursed on the duty of writing and pronouncing "shamefacedness" as "shamefastness," until I quietly asked him what he would do with Wordsworth's line: "And maidenly shamefacedness," when he straightway became dumb.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

"CONCEALED POETS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is difficult for the ordinary mind to discern what Mr. A. Hall is driving at in his letter under this heading in to-day's ACADEMY.

In an epistle to John Davies, the poet, afterwards Attorney-General, written from Gray's Inn on March 28, 1603, Francis Bacon begs Davies to move his influence with the king on his (Bacon's) behalf. He asks his friend "to perform to me all the good offices which the vivacity of your wit can suggest to your mind to be performed to one in whose affection you have so great sympathy, and in whose future you have so great an interest. So desiring you to be good to concealed poets.

I continue

Your very assured

FR. BACON.

This letter is addressed to a poet who confesses to be a "concealed poet." That is to say, that he was the author of poetical writings which he does not acknowledge.

In his *Apology for Essex*, Bacon confesses: "It happened, a little before that time, that her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (although I profess not to be a poet) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord [Essex], which I remember I also showed to a great person." Where is this sonnet? Nos. 56, 57, or 58 of the Shakespearean Sonnets seem to come very near the Baconian intention. They seem to "fit in" remarkably well. Mr. Hall, if I read his letter aright, appears to suggest that the expression "concealed poets" refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis; but, as Sir Nicholas died in 1679, when Francis was a boy, Nicholas could not possibly be one of the "concealed poets"—if there were more than one—alluded to in the letter of the live man on whose behalf the letter was written. And I have yet to learn, after consulting the Oxford Dictionary, that the word "concealed," as Mr. Hall suggests, can be held to mean "anonymous and inedited."

What is the meaning of Bacon's allusion to "concealed poets?" Spedding, Bacon's great biographer, says: "The allusion to 'concealed poets,' I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."

This explanation is not very satisfactory. We know that Essex produced "masques," and we know that Bacon wrote them, and that everybody knew at the time that Bacon wrote them. There was no concealment on the subject at Gray's Inn. We have Bacon's acknowledged dramatic work in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, *A Conference of Pleasure*, the *Gesta Graiorum*, the Essex "Device," and *The Mask of Flowers*—all of them in a combination of verse and prose.

The concealment could not refer, as has been suggested, to Bacon's translation of the Psalms, written in 1624 and published under his name in the following year; so that we have still to learn what and where the poetry is that Francis Bacon confessed to concealing.

GEORGE STRONACH.

WAGNER AND LEIT MOTIF

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was much struck by the concluding portion of H.C.C.'s Article, "A Sidelight on Wagner," where that writer propounds the opinion that Wagner's employment of the *leit motif* was in great measure owing to the maestro's natural inability to produce true melody, so that he was compelled to excogitate this technical device as a substitute for the ordinary and traditional airs required in operatic composition. Although fully in agreement with the latter part of his criticism, I cannot help thinking that H.C.C. has, while keeping the music of the "Ring" and of the composer's more ambitious works chiefly in mind, overlooked the operas of his second period; for in truth there is here an abundance, not to say a prodigality of melody, and that of an altogether uncommon and exalted kind: as in Tannhäuser's noble song when dashing aside the lyre, in the charming Spinnlied, and in the Swan Song in *Lohengrin*, to mention only a few instances; but their number sensibly diminishes as one reaches the period of the music drama proper. By this time Wagner's melody seems to have exhausted itself, bubbling forth only at rare and far-distant intervals, the *leit motif* in its later phase taking its place.

The invention of this expedient in its cruder form, which is said to be identical with the *idée fixe* of Berlioz (1830), according to Sir Charles Parry; although there may lie foreshadowings of it in the musical phrases of Bach, Mozart and Weber, and traces of it in Mendelssohn and in the *Prophète* (1849) is generally attributed to Wagner himself. In his "earlier operas," Sir Charles says, "there are only suggestions of the principle" which, in his later works, was worked up into a perfected and complex system. There is, I cannot help thinking, still more direct and palpable evidence of the source whence Wagner derived his idea of the potentialities of *leit motif* than that already adduced, certainly earlier than the performance of the *Prophète*, which only appeared in 1849, subsequently that is, to both the *Flying Dutchman* (1843) and *Tannhäuser* (1845).

While witnessing a recent representation of the *Huguenots* (1836) at Brussels, the conviction was repeatedly forced upon me during the steady progress of the piece that—strange as it may undoubtedly sound in the uttering—here, in Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is to be found the real germ of Wagner's *leit motif* in its simplest and most expressive form, adopted as a means to heighten the effect, accentuate the situation, and conserve the attention of the audience, as carried out in the compositions of his maturer years. A comparison of dates will prove that such a connection of cause and effect is only too probable, especially when one takes note of the obvious parallel between the Lutheran chorale, heard first in the overture to the *Huguenots* and then successively through each act, and the "Pilgrim's chorus" in *Tannhäuser*, the latter being a very palpable imitation, as it seems to me, of the former. It was an infinitely bold thing for Meyerbeer, a German and a Jew by birth, writing too for a Parisian audience, intensely Catholic in sympathy, to choose as the backbone of his work a theme so familiar as the Protestant chant; but the result showed that his genius possessed that valuable quality, which Bismarck characterised as "liberté d'appréciation et liberté d'action," a sure passport to success, when fate seems to point the way. Though both Berlioz and Liszt were ready to admit the triumph obtained by Meyerbeer, the then struggling musician whom he so often befriended, and for whose works he first obtained an adequate public performance, could only write thus in "Oper und Drama" of his benefactor: "In Meyerbeer's music there is shown such an appalling emptiness, shallowness and artistic nothingness, that . . . we are tempted to set down his specific musical capacity at zero. . . ." Surely this was naught but an inspiration of the green-eyed monster, preaching the doctrine of "Summum jus, summa injuria."

With all Meyerbeer's inequality and occasional crudity, with all his improbabilities and anachronisms, as in *Robert le Diable* more particularly, modern music owes to him, perhaps, more than to any other composer, the conception of the grand romantic drama, with its passion, wealth of colouring, intensity of interest, differentiation of character and effective ballet music, factors which still retain for his operas a continued popularity, and which have already found their highest musical expression probably in Gounod's *Faust*.

Again, if we compare Meyerbeer's use of the fore-mentioned hymn with Wagner's treatment of the "Prize Song" in the *Meistersinger*, it will become evident, I think, that whereas the simpler melody, though introduced several times in the opera, always occurs at the proper

harmonic moment, never palling on the ear, but rather gaining each time in cadence and solemnity; Wagner is so absorbed with the elaboration of his exquisitely beautiful but withal artificial air, as to become, apparently from a constant iteration of it in one or other of its varied forms, too much enamoured of his own sweetness, thereby subjecting the temper of his audience to an unduly severe test; even if, out of respect, they refuse to regard such monotony as nauseating.

As regards Mr. Baughan's charge that Wagner "does not make the dramatic needs of his theatre-music subservient to a symphonic design," I would only observe that the music of the *Ring* in particular appears to me to possess the characteristics of *epic* rather than of *dramatic* composition, and that it should be so considered when performed in the concert hall; here the composer has, to all appearances, approached nearer to a resemblance to the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey" than to that of the Greek tetralogy, which was his ostensible aim and model. In any case, I trust some of the readers of the ACADEMY will be able to concur in my view that Wagner, if he could only have allowed the fact, was deeply indebted to the *Huguenots* for the inception at least of the principle of his *leit motif*, whatever ideas in the abstract may have been previously present in his mind.

N. W. H.

Philadelphia, July 6.

THE GRAMMARIAN ABROAD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been familiar for years, not only with such expressions as "like we do," but with the confusion of *who* and *whom* by all our minor novelists, but I am surprised to find in Mr. Benson's "Angel of Pain" such a phrase as "Madge had succeeded in giving the impression of calculation to one whom she knew calculated" (p. 46) or "fidelity of those whom one thought were friends" (p. 169). Bad grammar in dialogue might be excused on the plea that people talk thus, but it is a different thing when an author speaks in his own person, and it may be presumed, has read his proofs. When the Duke of Argyll writes—"the Duke of Newcastle . . . whom we all thought had been ill-used," we may be sure that had he published his auto biography he would have corrected such a slip of the pen. Nor would Wesley have printed, as he wrote to his brother, "Let you and I build the city of God." But living novelists surely should avoid such blunders. Why, moreover, has the printer's reader abdicated? He attends to the spelling, except indeed in allowing the verb *wile* to figure as *while*. Why is he not equally vigilant as to grammar?

J. G. ALGER.

July 6.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "KNOWLEDGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following quotation shows how Rudyard Kipling pronounces the word:

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,
Which is more than knowledge.

It is from the verses prefixed to "Stalky & Co."

F. E. A. CAMPBELL.

July 5.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN THE SCHOOLS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A most interesting and highly instructive article from the pen of Dr. Louis Elkind has just appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* on the subject of Germany and the causes of the tremendous advance which that country has made within recent years in the spheres of commerce and industry. Dr. Elkind affirms that one of the chief reasons for Germany's prosperity is the great pains taken to master foreign languages. He writes: "German firms are competing strongly with British firms in markets which, at one time, were almost entirely in the hands of British merchants, and this is not surprising, for the British representative, as a rule, has little or no knowledge of the language of the country in which he travels for orders, whilst the German is able to speak it fluently. It is extraordinary that British firms should continue to send abroad representatives who can speak no other language but their own." This is a very important subject, and Dr. Louis Elkind, who is undoubtedly the ablest and most competent writer on foreign affairs living in this country, deserves great credit for bringing this question prominently before the English public. Now, what I should like to know is this: *Has Great Britain taken any decisive steps during the last few years in the matter of teaching foreign languages in the public schools?* I am afraid the answer will be in the negative. A complicated Education Bill is now before Parliament, which seems to deal chiefly with religious questions, whereas really enlightened education, such as the earnest study of foreign languages, is scarcely touched upon. This deplorable state of things surely ought not to continue, and I trust that Dr. Louis Elkind's admirable article (the best which has ever been written on this particular subject) may be seriously considered, and that it will bear good fruit.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

July 16.

A REQUEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be very glad if some of your readers will kindly send me their copy of the ACADEMY when they have done with it. Although I am so far removed from home, I cannot cease my interest in literature altogether.

(Rev.) J. H. WHITEHEAD, M.A.
(S. John's Coll. Camb.)

The Rectory, Forbes,
N.S.W., Australia.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vols. xiv. and xv. *Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur.* By Albert T. Clay. Each 12½ × 9½. Pp. xii, 74+99 pp. of plates; xii, 68+84 pp. of plates. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology, University of Philadelphia. Each \$6.

Reymond, Marcel. *Verrocchio*. 8½ × 6. Pp. 168. Les Maitres de l'Art. Paris: Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne. 3f. 50 and 4f. 50.

[One of the admirable series published under the patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. Twenty-four full-page plates. Chronological Table. List of Works. Bibliography. Index.]

Rembrandt, *A Memorial—1606-1906*. Part X. 14½ × 10½. Pp. 6, with seven plates, title-page and tables. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[The concluding part of the work reviewed in the ACADEMY last week, p. 46.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Otton, G. W. *Martin of Tours, Soldier and Saint*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 48. Mowbray, 1s. net.

[A pleasant little study of the life and work of the Saint and Bishop of Tours of whom many know only the story of his sharing his cloak with the beggar.]

CLASSICS.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated by E. Fairfax Taylor. Introduction and notes by E. M. Foster. 2 vols. Each 7 × 4½. Pp. xviii, 352; 363. The Temple Greek and Latin Classics. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.

Plutarch's Lives. Translated by W. R. Frazer. Vol. ii. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 234. The New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. Emil Reich. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net.

[Contains Aristides, M. Cato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Lycurgus, Numa. Index.]

EDUCATION.

Crouzet, Paul. *Maitres et Parents*. Etude et Enquête sur la coopération de l'Ecole et du Lycée avec la Famille. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 303. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.

Siepmann, Otto, and Pellissier, Eugène. *A Public School French Primer*, comprising Reader, Grammar and Exercises with a chapter on French sounds and lists of words for practice in pronunciation and spelling. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxxiv, 340. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Burrows, Frank R. *Geographical Gleanings*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 75. Philip, 1s. 6d. net.

[Part I. On some methods of teaching Geography. Part II. On the Preparation and Teaching of the subject. The book is intended for the consideration of teachers.]

Harmsworth *Self-Educator*. Part 20. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 144. Carmelite House, 7d.

FICTION.

Oxenham, John. *Profit and Loss*. With a frontispiece in photogravure by Harold Copping. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 466. Methuen, 6s.

Sienkiewicz, Henry. *The Field of Glory*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 360. Lane, 6s.

Burra, Ella M. *Copper*. The Life of a Theatrical Dog Star. Illustrated by M. Tucker. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 74. Burleigh, 2s. 6d. net.

[Ten full-page illustrations.]

James, Mrs. Wentworth. *The Mystery of Sylvia*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 64. Newnes: The Daffodil Novels, No. 14. 1d.

LAW.

Macgillivray, E. J. *A digest of the law of copyright*, with appendix of statutes. 8½ × 5½. Pp. xxiv, 92. 14. Butterworth, n.p.

[A book written at the suggestion of the President of the Publisher's Association. Aims at giving a clear, complete and accurate statement in a small compass, in the form of a codification.]

MATHEMATICS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. xxviii. No. 2. 12½ × 9½. Pp. 102. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. \$1 50.

[Conclusion of A. G. Greenhill's "The Motion of a Solid in Infinite Liquid;" Bertrand Russell, "The Theory of Implication."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Martin, Arthur. *The Small House: its architecture and surroundings*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 118. Alston Rivers, 2s. net.

Montgomery, Helen Barrett. *Christus Redemptor*: an outline study of the island world of the Pacific. 7½ × 4½. Pp. viii, 282. Macmillan, 2s. net.

[The sixth book in a series of text-books arranged by the Committee on the United Study of Missions. U.S.A. Descriptions, history, and statistics, with special reference to missionary work in the islands. Map, bibliography and index.]

Castle, R. Lewis. *The Book of Market Gardening*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 171. Hand-books of Practical Gardening series. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

[Deals with selection of land; crops and their management; preparing produce for sale; methods of packing; distribution of produce.]

Palmer, William Scott. *An Agnostic's Progress*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 169. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

[Based on two articles which appeared under the same title in the *Contemporary Review*.]

Green, Olive. *Everyday Luncheons*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 327. Homemaker series. Putnams, 3s. 6d. net.

[Uniform with "What to Have for Breakfast,"]

PHILOSOPHY.

Morris, Lloyd. *The Silence and the Shadows*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 125. Skeffington, 3s. net.

[Eight studies in human life and knowledge by an author whose belief is in a Universal, which he prefers not to define very closely. Thoughtful and suggestive, but written in English that is often slipshod.]

POETRY.

Atkinson, Frederic. *Mattathias, and other poems*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 191. Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.

Tylee, Edward Sydney. *Trumpet and Flag*, and other poems of war and peace. 7½ × 5. Pp. 132. Putnams, 3s. 6d. net.

Songs and Memories. By an unknown author. 7½ × 4½. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

Monro, Harold. *Poems*. 6½ × 5½. Pp. 63. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Gazder, N. B. *Streamlets from the Fount of Poetry*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 89. Leadenhall Press, n.p.

POLITICAL.

Gebuza. *The Peril in Natal*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 29. Unwin, 3d. net.

[A condemnation of our recent action in regard to the Zulus in Natal.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Political Economy and Public Law. No. 18. Jones, Chester Lloyd. *The Consular Service of the United States*: its history and activities. 10½ × 6½. Pp. x, 126. Philadelphia: Published for the University, n.p.

[Besides the matter implied in the sub-title the book aims at giving an estimate of the limits of the aid which consuls can lend to commerce, and examines the European systems. Index.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *William Blake*. A critical essay. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 340. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Purchas, Samuel. *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes*. Containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travells by Englishmen and others. Vols. xiii. and xiv. Each 9½ × 6½. Pp. 559 and 592. Glasgow: MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net each.

Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Philology and Literature. Vol. x. *The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France*. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley. Reprinted from the Quarto of 1639. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ezra Lehman. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 124. Philadelphia: published for the University, n.p.

[Reprinted, with no change in spelling and punctuation. The 1639 Quarto is the only known edition before Dyce, and this text is reprinted from a copy recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania. Some few of Dyce's and Shepherd's emendations are given in footnotes; there are a few explanatory and grammatical notes at the end. Bibliography and Index.]

Harper, Charles G. *The Brighton Road*. With a map. 3½ × 2½. Pp. 323. Treherne, 2s.

[The first of a series of Miniature Road Books.]

Johnston, Mary. *By Order of the Company*. Pp. 447. *The Old Dominion*. Pp. 378. Each 6½ × 4½. Constable, 2s. 6d. net each.

[Pocket Editions of the novels of this popular American writer. Blue cloth covers; India paper; frontispiece.]

SOCIOLOGY.

Cadbury, Edward, Mattheson, M. Cécile, and Shann, George. *Women's Work and Wages*: a phase of life in an industrial city. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 368. Unwin, 6s.

[A practical and theoretical examination into the conditions of women's work in Birmingham, with a section on improvements, present and possible, and appendices. Illustrated. Index.]

SPORT.

Hodgson, W. Earl. *Salmon Fishing*. With a frontispiece by Joseph Farquharson, facsimiles of flies and other illustrations. 8 × 5½. Pp. 314. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Christian Evidence Addresses on Topics of the Times. By various authors. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 232. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

[Lectures delivered for the Christian Evidence Society.]

Westminster Lectures (Second Series). Edited by the Rev. Francis Aveling. D. D. Barry, William. *The Higher Criticism*. Pp. 59. Aveling, Francis. *Science and Faith*. Pp. 63. Windle, B. C. A. *The Secret of the Cell*. Pp. 51. Sharpe, A. B. *Evil: its nature and cause*. Pp. 70. Rickaby, Joseph, S. J. *The Divinity of Christ*. Pp. 39. Marsh, Gideon W. B. *Miracles*. Pp. 71. Each 7½ × 4½. Sands, 6d. net each.

[These lectures were delivered in Ambrosiasden Avenue, Westminster, during the Lent of this year.]

Carus-Wilson, Mrs. Ashby, B.A. *S. Peter and S. John*: First Missionaries of the Gospel. A scheme for the study of the earliest Christian Age. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 98. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

[A scheme adapted for bands of students who meet at stated intervals; founded on Acts, James, Hebrew, Peter, Jude, John and the Apocalypse; divided into eight sections, one to each meeting.]

Commonsense Christianity. The teaching of Christ on the proper conduct of life arranged under simple headings with the object of showing what are the essential and indispensable elements of Christianity. 5½ × 3½. Pp. xii, 37. Gowans and Gray, 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Loti, Pierre. *India*. Translated from the French by George A. F. Inman (of Bowdon). Edited by Robert Harborough Sherard. 8½ x 6. Pp. 283. Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.
[With a portrait of the author.]
- M'Kie, Thomas. *Summer Rambles*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 475. Edinburgh: Douglas, 2s. 6d.
[Descriptions of Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English and German scenery.]
- Scott-Grant, Isabelle. *Impressions of an Unworldly Woman*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5. Pp. 131. Treherne, 2s. 6d. net.
[An automobile tour described in a series of letters from Aix-les-Bains, Marseilles, Algiers, Batna, Sahara, Biskra, Timgad, Tunis and Carthage, with extracts from diaries.]
- Treves, Sir Frederick, Bart. *Highways and Byways in Dorset*. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 8 x 5½. Pp. xx, 376. Macmillan, Highways and Byways Series, 6s.
- London Topographical Record*. Illustrated. Including the fifth and the sixth annual report of the London Topographical Society. Vol. iii. 9 x 6. Pp. 184. London Topographical Society, n.p.
[Includes "Notes on Salway's Plan," by Colonel Prideaux, "Changing London" (North St. Marylebone), by J. G. Head, and "Signs of Old London," by F. G. Hilton Price.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Sexti Properti Opera omnia. By H. E. Butler, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)—On editions of Propertius the editor is disappointing, with false dates, misquotations and omissions. Mr. Butler, however, has become charmingly independent of Professor Phillimore, Rothstein, and "N." He follows Professor Tyrrell with *mitti* at iii. 11, 23. He has missed—what Professor A. E. Housman (*Class. Rev.*, 1905, p. 320) explained—the meaning of *requiescere*, where he prints his own conjecture, *lubet* (for *licet*), in ii. 17, 15. *Lubet* is suspiciously similar to the "*jubet*" (two lines before) of Jules Didot, published in 1832. (The same Didot, in the same year, anticipated Professor A. Palmer's 1880 *sidat*, for *sudet*, iv. 8, 7, 8.) In ii. 2, 11, Mr. Butler has not accepted Burmann's *ossais*. He has, however, against Professor Postgate, taken Turnehus's *Brino* in ii. 2, 12. He has missed the certain *ter campos*, for *per campos*, in iii. 1, 28, and the equally certain *veru* (*veru*), for *viro*, in iii. 6, 30, where the line should run:

cinctaque funesto lanea vitta *veru* (*vero*).

(For use of *veru*, as applied to tombs, cf. Orelli's *Inscript.* no. 736, vol. ii. ed. 1828, *Inscr.* apud Fabretti, p. 684, no. 85.) In iv. 6, 49, though "D" reads *inimantis*, Mr. Butler did not duly think of *Mimantis*. Baehrens's difficulty over *illaque* in ii. 25, 45, might itself have suggested *pullaque*, but no. We miss also *macies* (better than *facies*) *canum*, iii. 16, 17; *fax* (preferable to *mox*) in iii. 12, 26. At iv. 1, 65, Mr. Butler ignores, or is ignorant of, the *Codex Lusaticus*, published in 1899, at Marburg, by Paul Köhler, and again lately, by the same, in the *Philologus*. Mr. Butler gives *Asis* as the reading of Mr. O. L. Richmond. It is that (expunged) of the *Lusaticus*, which bears date Padua, 1469. So Messrs. O. L. Richmond, and A. Palmer (Dublin: 1880) have been anticipated by this manuscript and by J. Didot (Paris: 1832), respectively. The same manuscript has, at ii. 16, 1, the reading *precor* (for *prator*). Could it have intended *Venit ab Illyricis praco*, etc.? Köhler's manuscript throws light on another passage, i. 8, 27, the line with which Mr. Butler begins a new elegy (following Lipsius's suggestion), and which reads thus: "*hic erat manet et*" (expunged), whence one may perhaps reconstitute: "*hic era, et hic jurata manet*." Mr. Butler misses the beauty (pointed out by Professor Postgate) of *una* in i. 13, 36: "may she in her one person . . ." He does not take, as is probably right, *uno* as a dat.: in ii. 1, 47. (So Prop. uses *uni* as a gen., *serta* and *cassida* as nom. sing., and, seemingly, *verum* for *veru*, as does Plautus.) Poor Professor Postgate is most unfairly treated at ii. 34, 91, nothing less, in fact, than accused of a reading of which he is not guilty. Nothing shows Mr. Butler's acquaintance with the new manuscript, which is apparently due to two hands, one following the *Neapolitan* ("N") *Codex*, and the other resembling the class D.V.A.F. The "more important" second edition of Lachmann is, for all its "importance," not referred to. Teuffel's "*Geschichte der römischen Literatur*" is called "History of Latin Literature."

Manual of Descriptive Annotation for Library Catalogues. By E. A. Savage, with [a] chapter on Evaluation and [an] historical note by E. A. Baker, M.A. (Library Supply Co., 5s. net.)—This is an endeavour to systematise the whole of our knowledge of annotating books in this country, and to formulate an efficient code of rules. Up to the publication of this volume the only information available is contained in various professional and other magazine articles and papers. As a pioneer manual the book is deserving of the highest praise. The first impression it gives is one of amazement at the vast amount of knowledge and information required in what is either an art or a science—which it is librarians have not yet decided, although the author inclines to the former. The second is that, after all, the thing is so simple when put into a concrete form; and finally the reader is left wondering why the work of the book has not been done before. The close grading of juvenile books is good, and "under no circumstances should the language of the annotation be simpler than the language of the book," but in practice a child of fourteen will be rather shy of asking for a book which has been graded into the section of books suitable for children of ten. The author gives two good definitions

(a) of Annotation . . . "the term applied to all processes of describing the leading features and ideas of books in a succinct manner, whether by analysis or criticism or both together." (b) Accurate and impartial evaluation (assuming that such is possible) is exposition. It is a pity, however, that this was not made to coincide with that given by Mr. Baker in his chapter on "Evaluation or Characterisation:" "'Critical annotation,' the English phrase for the same thing [evaluation] . . ." Evaluation is a word widely used in America, but one which is not yet clearly understood on this side of the Atlantic. Few librarians, we think, will agree with the author when he estimates that two assistants, one of them a junior, can write efficient annotations for twenty books every hour, and that the final correction "will occupy one half that time." It is strange, too, that although the book relies, necessarily, very largely upon American methods, exception should be taken to the "personal tone": this form, sometimes called individual advertising, is admittedly in bad taste, but it is scarcely to be described as "annotative pap," and is one of the most successful of American methods of advertising. It is true that advertisement is not an essential element of book annotation, but it is nevertheless inherent in it. The elisions recommended sometimes lead to curious pieces of construction, as on p. 11. . . . "A text-book for younger students than Bright's 'History.'" The great danger of the detailed annotation describing the scope of a book is its limitation. The need for a catalogue for librarians is recognised, but it is a subject of great importance. Several attempts have been made other than those mentioned in Mr. Baker's "Historical note." The Library Bureau launched an elaborate scheme, and an agency in one of the northern towns in later days essayed a similar scheme, but both, unfortunately, came to nothing. Not enough attention has been devoted to "supplements," when a great deal of the information given in the general catalogue must be repeated (when in printed form); and the method of "practical work" described does not provide sufficient facilities for discovering errors in the general catalogue, nor for emendations of previous notes. In America, where the special education of the librarian is much more highly organised than in this country, annotation is a recognised and highly developed study, although even here annotated catalogues of books or their authors have been in use for several centuries. The plan of putting the annotation under the subject entry, although contrary to a general practice and followed in its entirety by only a few library catalogues, is a good one, although there is much to be said in favour of putting the author note under the author entry. The breadth of view taken of the subject is commendable. It is recognised that a note need not be below the entry, but may be a part of the entry, and that a note that is below the entry may contain matter from the sub-title of the book, and also that the note legitimately includes the qualifications of the author and the relation of his work to other books on the same subject.

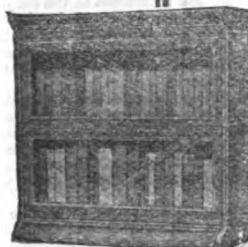
We have received from Mr. Clegg, of the Aldine Press, Rochdale, the seventh annual of the "International Directory of Booksellers" (6s.) a compilation invaluable to all who are concerned with the commercial side of literature, and of great interest to the book-maker and the book-buyer. Those familiar with the previous issues will know the fulness and accuracy of the contents. The booksellers of the world, the Public Libraries of the world, the publishers, book collectors, societies and institutions, Universities and Colleges of the world are among the tabulated lists given; and the bibliographies of Book and Library Catalogues, trade journals, etc., Concordances and Bookplates are features of very great service. In the seventh issue there appear for the first time lists of "Bookbinders in London and the Provinces, Record and Literary Searchers; Translators and Indexers; Colonial and Foreign Learned and Scientific Societies; Literary Agents (English and American); South African Public Schools; and American Educational Institutions." Fine Art is not neglected; nor are autographs, press-cutting agencies, carriers, copyright registration and a hundred other subjects of daily importance to many. Want of space has crowded out the lists of fictitious names used by authors and book-illustrators, but these can be found in the 1891 issue; and those of living authors, etc., in the "Who's Who Year Book." The "International Directory of Booksellers" is a volume without which no reference shelf is complete. It is brought right up to the moment by two pages of "Additions and changes during printing" and an extra, still later, slip, and the Editor's modest regard for corrections of mistakes is not likely to find many replies, so carefully is the work compiled and edited.

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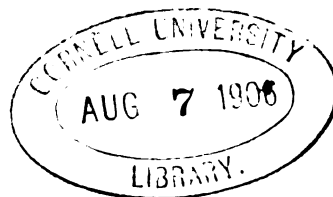
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE past season, though we have heard the usual complaints of "slackness in the book-market," has not been altogether unfruitful of good books. Certainly, there is little decrease in the number of books published: if statisticians can show any falling-off, it will be but another proof that we have many more books than any one can read—many more than are good for us. Examination of the lists of the past season shows, too, that this is not a great age of imagination. It is not an age of poetry, of poetic drama; it is not an age—we venture to think—of fiction.

And we venture to think so in spite of the long lists of novels that clamour at us from the "Books Received" columns of the past six months. Out of all these hundreds, how many could an honest and a sensible man declare to be really worth the reading? How many show anything more than a passable knowledge of the technique of the art and a narrow view of life? The number that could be sincerely declared to have anything approaching greatness in them is still smaller. True, it has not been a good season for novels: the usual novel-writers have been busy and there is a large consignment of first or early efforts; but we believe this season's crop to be below the average.

One or two novels only stand out as worth special attention; and two of these come from America—Mr. Owen Wister's delightful "Lady Baltimore," a book of charm, of depth, of power very gently used, of wisdom never obtruded, and Mr. Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which circumstance has made notable. Of English novels, Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Man of Property" contains more both of promise and performance than any other; Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "The Fifth Queen" shows a brilliance unusual in England; Mr. Reginald Turner has added to a fast increasing reputation for independence and humour, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "Out of due Time" is not to be neglected. For the rest, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and the rest, they have only shown once more that they are clever but not great nor wise; while Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mrs. Humphry Ward, both of whom have the stuff of greatness in them, have not conquered their besetting sins. Still, there are plenty of novels, "Q.'s" "The Mayor of Troy," Mr. Maartens's "The Healers," Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Hugo," the Baroness von Hutten's further volume on the delightful Pam, and stories by Mr. Keble Howard, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, Mr. Oliver Onions and other clever people, which holiday-makers will do well to read.

The poetry has been a little more interesting than usual, if only for two books: Mr. Noyes's brave attempt to write the English Epic of Drake, and Mr. Doughty's more

than interesting "Dawn in Britain." The latter is only for the "serious" reader; it is not a book for the esplanade or the deck-chair; but its learning, its force and its dignity make it notable. Sir Mortimer Durand, too, in "Cyrus the Great King," has produced an epic-drama which, for all its many faults, is a work of power and some greatness. Mr. Sturge Moore has published nothing; Mr. John Davidson's new poems, reviewed in another column, will interest many; Mr. Ellis Roberts is a young poet of force and promise, and the "Tower Press Booklets" from Dublin contain many things that will charm the lover of poetry. The greater among our living poets have been silent: on the smaller let us be silent, too.

The best work nowadays is being done in biography, history, criticism and works that combine creation with compilation. Few more brilliant biographies have been written than Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's Life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; and among the masterpieces of historical biography Mr. J. B. Atlay's "Victorian Chancellors" must find a place, if the future volumes are as good as that published this spring. Mr. Charles Whibley's "Pitt," too, is as strong a piece of work as that trenchant and learned writer has ever accomplished. Mr. Thomas Wright's Life of Sir Richard Burton is remarkable for the author's patience and security rather than for any sign of genius in the making of the book, and the composite biography, as exemplified by the Life of Archbishop Temple by seven friends and of Henry Sidgwick, shows its necessary drawback—the lack of any single impression of the subject as seen and conveyed by a single mind. Miss Sichel's Life of Canon Ainger makes capital reading, owing mainly to the good things provided by Ainger himself and his friends; as a biography it is a little feeble. Of the other biographies of the season, Mr. Mackintosh's Chamberlain, Mr. Downey's Lever, Mrs. Climençon's Elizabeth Montagu, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's Sir Henry Irving, and various books on George Buchanan, all that can be said is that, in their various degrees of merit, they make good enough reading and serve their purpose for the moment. Buck Whaley's Memoirs is a book in a class by itself, but full of amusement; and Lady De Lancey's narrative of a week at Waterloo is unique in its simple pathos and touching circumstance. Of autobiographies, there are Tolstoy's (in progress) and Sir Henry Roscoe's—both of great interest.

Though historians may squabble over the proper ways to write history—of which there are as many as there are of writing tribal lays—there is no question of the value of the historical work that is being done. It is not the age of the brilliant historian. We should not turn to Messrs. Longman's admirable Political History for the entertainment we derive from Froude or Macaulay; but it is a work of sound scholarship, wide learning and able presentation which will give the student of the political history of England what he can find nowhere else. Another invaluable enterprise is the Cambridge Modern History, truly a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*—for the materials collected in these handsome volumes can never be superseded, though there is ever room for new comment and interpretation of facts. The ninth volume, "Napoleon," is a fascinating work to read, and a man might spend his holiday evenings worse than in such company. The student of naval and military matters will find good things to his hand in Mr. Skrine's "Fontenoy," Mr. Fraser's "The Enemy at Trafalgar," Captain Klado's great book on the Naval conflict between Japan and Russia; while the fourth volume of the *Times* History of the War in South Africa, and the first volume of the Official History, with its admirable maps, are both productions of the season that has just closed. Sir Auckland Colvin's Egypt is a notable work of modern history, and among other works worth naming are the late Bishop Stubbs's posthumous lectures on Early English History, Mr. Shore's "Origins of the Anglo-Saxon Race,"

and Professor Oman's "Great Revolt of 1381," which we reviewed last week.

Good work has been done, too, in art—though not very much of it. Probably the most interesting book of the season is a very modest little volume by Mr. A. J. Finberg on the English Water-Colour Painters, surprisingly suggestive and informative for its size and likely to rouse thought in a greater degree than many more pretentious books. M. Bouchot has issued in book-form his extraordinary but interesting notions on the French Primitives; Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust has written a really admirable book on Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, and Mr. Wedmore has delighted lovers of good writing and individual criticism by his "Whistler and others." A sound and learned book is Mr. McKay's "Scottish School of Painting"; and Mr. Newbolt's Vandyck is one of the best volumes in a series which helps to put Messrs. George Newnes at the head of the art-publishers of the day.

Of books on literature there have not been very many; but one or two are noteworthy. We have had the first volume of Professor Saintsbury's History of Prosody, an invaluable and delightful book; Mr. Greg's interesting if imperfect Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama; Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's admirable study of the Poetry and Philosophy of Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Arthur C. Benson's much discussed volume in the English Men of Letters Series on Walter Pater. Two American books, Mr. Ferris Greenslet's Lowell and Miss Elizabeth Luther Cary's Henry James, are worth studying. Meanwhile the reprint industry flourishes. Mr. Frowde has bought the World's Classics and is adding new treasures to the long list; Messrs. Dent have inaugurated with the first hundred volumes their Everyman's Library, and Messrs. Methuen, if they have not pushed the Imperial Library as we should like to have seen, have added one good book, Mr. A. R. Waller's Sir Thomas Browne, and several others of interest. The other series are as many and as vigorous as ever; but more and more are lovers of classical literature looking with eagerness to the productions and promises of the Cambridge University English Classics.

In his just published "Autobiography," to which reference was recently made in the ACADEMY, Mr. A. B. Todd, relates that both his father and mother had frequently seen John Burns, and that his eldest brother—he himself is a seventh son and fourteenth child—was born two months before the death of the Scottish poet. Mr. Todd, now in his eighty-fifth year, has conversed with many, besides his father, who knew Burns and had frequently been in his company, and none of them, he has often heard them say, ever heard the poet "utter an oath, saw him angry, or saw him intoxicated." It was Hew Ainslie, a Scottish bard, Mr. Todd tells us, who first gave to Ayrshire and Nithsdale "the exceedingly happy, appropriate, and poetic name of 'The Land of Burns.'"

It is to be hoped that the grounds of the mansion, once the house of Richard Owen Cambridge, on the Middlesex side of Richmond bridge, which are to be put up for sale at the end of this month, may find a purchaser who will appreciate their literary associations. Richard Owen Cambridge had many friends. Boswell talks of his "extensive circle of friends and acquaintances, distinguished by rank, fashion and genius," and among them may be mentioned Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Gray and Horace Walpole. Cambridge was well known in his time for his wit, learning and literary attainments, and he was regarded as one of the ablest contributors to *The World* of his day. Very few of his *bons mots* have been preserved, but one may be recalled in connection with this paper. As he was going into church one Sunday, a note was put into his hand requesting an essay for *The World*. His wife, observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, asked him what he

was thinking of: to which he replied: "Of the next World my dear."

Ripon, where an historic pageant took place during last week, is not unconnected with English literature. It was the birthplace of Dr. John Burton, the famous antiquarian, whom Sterne has immortalised as "Dr. Slop." Dr. John Burton was a respected member of society, who had earned a considerable reputation for his skill as an *accoucheur*; but he had excited the ire of Sterne, perhaps because he was possessed of "a little squat uncourtly figure with breadth of back and sesquipedality of belly," or perhaps because he was suspected of having Jacobite and even "Popish" sympathies. Whatever the true cause may have been, there are few more cruel portraits in English literature than that of Dr. Slop, who, as good Shandean will remember, met with Obadiah and the coach-horse, arrived too late to assist in bringing Master Tristram into this "scurvy and disastrous world," and had his views on baptism very thoroughly searched.

The matter-of-fact directness with which translators tear off the veil from poetically vague titles must often disconcert English romanticists. How, for instance, the chivalrous courtliness of Scott seems to evaporate by the metamorphosis of "The Heart of Midlothian" into the homespun bluntness of "Le prison d'Édimbourg"! There is something suggestive of turning the keen edge of transatlantic humour against itself in the latest announcement of the Société d'Édition et de Publications (Libraire Félix Junen) Paris. This firm is bringing out a translation of "The Jungle" by M. A. Fournier—the translator's very name has pathological associations—under the sensational title of "Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago."

It is not that the mordant wit of the Gaul cannot make excellent play with the title oblique at times, for one of last week's publications was a pendant to the extremely successful "Lui" under the cognomen of "L'Oncle de l'Europe." Both are volumes in a series which is to deal with high personages "devant l'objectif caricatural," and which is possibly modelled on the opening pages of *The Review of Reviews*. The introduction of the first volume into Germany was made a matter of *majestäts beleidigung*; but the satire of the second is less bitter, despite the easier entry into Britain. That the cartoon is becoming the universal alphabet of politics is shown by the inclusion in the collection of specimens from the comic journalism of every considerable country in Europe.

Public librarians are becoming more and more doubtful of the wisdom of expending a part of their scanty income on daily newspapers, nearly all of which are within the means of everybody. Already in some libraries halfpenny papers are not taken. When the Islington Public Libraries are opened the readers will only find one or two daily papers, these being the higher-priced and the more inaccessible to the general public. In place of the large number of dailies usually taken by municipal libraries, the Islington authority will buy as many of the best English and foreign literary, art, scientific and technical journals as possible. We shall watch the experiment with interest.

The Sunderland Public Library made a bold attempt to discontinue the exhibition of daily papers, but the townspeople were so indignant that the managing Committee gave way and decided to retain them. But, after all, it is a library authority's business to choose what it shall provide in the way of reading. The aim—or the principal aim—of the public library is an educational one, and if a committee believes that it is doing its duty in substituting high-class periodicals for daily journals within everybody's means, it ought to have the courage of its convictions. The voice of the people is not a voice of much value in educational matters.

At the same time, it is only right to say that the majority of librarians are still in favour of the retention of periodicals of this class, not because they are in accord with the aims of public libraries, but because they add to the popularity of those institutions. It is argued that the large number of people who come to the libraries simply to see newspapers are persuaded sooner or later to borrow books. This may be true, but it is a question whether the more liberal provision of the better periodicals might not bring more readers of books after all.

Among the torchlight processions, laying of wreaths and other pageantry of the Rembrandt celebrations, one matter of practical interest stands out. At Amsterdam the new room in the Ryksmuseum—the “Night Watch” room, as it is called—was opened, and the famous picture is now seen in the light that suits it best. The room reproduces, as closely as possible, the lighting of the old guild-house of the “Doelen” for which the picture was painted. It has never been seen to advantage in the Ryksmuseum, and it was not till the Rembrandt Exhibition of 1898 that the best lighting for it was discovered by accident. It has been cleaned and varnished, and is now to be seen as it has never been seen before. It is interesting, too, to note that one feature of the celebrations was the performance at the theatre of some scenes from the *Medea* of Burgomaster Rix, Rembrandt's friend and sitter.

LITERATURE

HOLIDAY VERSE

Holiday and other Poems. With a note on Poetry. By JOHN DAVIDSON. (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is always a pleasure to receive a new book from Mr. John Davidson. He has the vision and faculty of a poet, and any fault-finding to which he gives occasion has always the recognition of this fact behind it. We never think that he is not good, but there are times when we feel that he ought to be better. Unfortunately for himself, he seems to be to a dangerous extent self-satisfied. In an essay on poetry, hidden away at the end of this volume, he is good enough to act as the critic of his own achievement. If this should argue any lack of modesty on his part, it is atoned for by the interest and pleasure with which we hear a man of genuine talent discoursing on his own craft. The present writer felt all the more gratified because one, at least, of the passages on which the poet comments had received more than usual consideration. It may be as well to quote it:

From the Forest I come whereabouts
The silences, harvested, throng—
Autumnal, the silences throng.
No throstle, no blackbird devout
As the seraphim mingle their song,
With perfume entangle the light
And powder the woodland with pearl,
Nor usher the star-stricken night
With incense and melody rare;
The song-thrush devout and the merle
No longer enrapture the air
With concord of ruby and pearl.

But to understand Mr. Davidson's criticism it is necessary to keep in mind that it forms part of an argument in favour of blank verse as against rhyme. About this contention there is really little to say. The essential thing in all great lines, wherever they occur, is harmony, and it is doubtful whether harmony can ever be produced by mere technique. No doubt Stevenson came to think so, but the most fervent admirers of that writer will probably admit that he was more usefully engaged in writing the early chapters of “The Master of Ballantrae” than in counting the vowels and consonants in some of his favourite prose passages. The other lines quoted by Mr. Davidson in support

of his argument were struck off by genius at white heat. “In cradle of the rude imperious surge” is an example of that decision of phrase which comes when the vision is so absolutely clear that we call it inspired, and when every faculty of the brain is stimulated to an almost supernatural activity. It is at such transcendent moments that a master like Shakespeare strikes off a phrase so royally minted that it bears the impression of inevitability for ever. Whether he rhymed it or put it in blank verse or stated it in prose makes no difference whatever. It would be easy to place side by side with the splendours of blank verse splendours of rhyme that seem to be equally inevitable. It may be that the poet on these occasions is in a sense more personal. It has ever been the nature of humanity to render musically its deepest griefs and joys. Auguish itself finds musical utterance as in the betrayed maid's ballad:

O had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae hard to win,
I'd ha' locked my heart wi' a golden lock
And pinned it wi' a siller pin;

and in the equally piercing lines of Burns:

Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

These are unimaginable in blank verse. The genius of Coleridge, again, found no expression in blank verse so adequate as it did in “Kubla Khan”:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Here the rhyme obviously suggests something of mystery and beauty—sound, as it were, becoming an auxiliary of the inner eye. The greatest artist in English verse was probably Milton, “mighty-mouthed Milton, inventor of harmonies.” Surely he was a master of blank verse, yet what so majestic as his use of rhyme? No objection that Mr. Davidson urges would apply to such rhymes as those in “At a Solemn Music”:

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee:
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.

There is nothing in Shakespeare's blank verse more dignified and solemn in thought, austere and perfect in workmanship than the dirge in *Cymbeline*:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

In immortal simplicity this is the lamentation and tale of ancient wrong.

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil.

When Shakespeare makes Macbeth declare in the spirit of these lines:

My way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf.

no question ought to arise of the superiority of technique. It is altogether a question of preference. If Mr. John Davidson, for example, were to use blank verse instead of rhymed verse, his work would be judged by its quality, not by the form he chose to give it. However, all this is in the nature of a digression from our argument. Mr. Davidson with engaging candour quotes the passage we have transcribed in order to show that rhyme is "a beautiful disease, an excess of health." In fact, he wishes us to regard rhyme as a corruption of the ear. With this in our minds, it is interesting to read the criticism he makes on his own verse quoted above:

A labor leads off upon "about"; a single clarigold rings in the first "throng"; and two others immediately take up the burden an octave lower in the second "throng"; "devout" and "song" bring in the psalter and the anome; "light," "night," "rare," "air," add to these sackbuts and timbrels; with the first "pearl" the dulcimer sounds; the syrinx replies in "merle"; the second "pearl" is a double dulcimer; and the whole fantastic orchestra fills the evening air with richly braided sound.

We confess that we found this criticism very unexpected. The verse quoted we had marked as a specimen of a certain vein in Mr. Davidson for which we can find no apter title than that of "Anna Matilda." The true poet speaks in the first three lines:

From the Forest I come whereabouts
The silences, harvested, throng—
Autumnal, the silences throng.

The echo of Edgar Allan Poe is undoubtedly a blemish, but a pardonable one. But Mr. Davidson, after getting his vision clear, seems to have sat down in his workshop to contrive curious little ornaments that really spoil the simple lines of his beginning. To "entangle light with perfume" is a phrase that ought to be left to the fair Anna Matilda. She might also without injury be granted the monopoly of "the star-stricken night," and hers too shall be "the incense and melody rare" and "the concord of ruby and pearl." Let her, by all means, enrapture the air with them. How the idea of night may be rendered without any of these ingenious but paltry devices may be illustrated from a passage in George Herbert, the example being all the more apt because of Herbert's devotion to ingenuity and his feebleness when he practised it. But how comely and austere is the architecture of—

Yet still thou goest on,
And now when darkness closest weary eyes
Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*
Henceforth repose; your work is done,

This phraseology is as elemental as is that of the "Lyke-wake Dirge":

When thou from hence away are paste,
Every nighte and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste,
And Christ receive thye saule.

This æ nighte, this æ nighte,
Every nighte and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

It is, therefore, a fair conclusion that Mr. Davidson is blaming rhyme for effects that are really produced by his love of tricky ornament. He is in danger of becoming artistic, using the word in that debased sense with which it is usually applied in a suburban villa. Let us, then, look at his poems to see whether this contention is borne

out by his practice. They are for the most part light holiday poems, and there is scarcely one that has not a fault of misplaced ingenuity or extravagance. We know how fond our Anna Matilda is of underlining her words, using inverted commas, putting in exclamations, and taking other means of obtaining emphasis. Here is an example of Mr. Davidson's attempts in the same direction:

Till jaded night falls dead,
Wheel, hoof, and horn
Tumultous thunder
Beat
Under
A noteless firmament
Of lead.

On this the only comment we need make is that it might just as well have been written in prose. It would be well, too, if he would curb his taste for using uncouth and unfamiliar words, as in "Laburnum and Lilac":

Where the New River strays,
Eddying in olive green
And chrysophrase [*sic*],
And briefly seen
In traffic-troubled ways.

The best poem in the volume is called "A Runnable Stag," and until very close to the end it leaves nothing for criticism to say; but we are forced to the conclusion that the whole point lies in these two stanzas:

Where he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Here Mr. Davidson endows his stag with human thoughts, for he makes the animal resolve to escape from its misery by suicide instead of taking to the water merely as a means of escaping from its enemies. To give it thoughts and ideas might seem pretty to the lady we have already referred to, but a great writer would not have done it. Even when he is arousing our sympathy for the animal, Shakespeare remains always within his strict limits.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

There remains little more to say about Mr. Davidson. It is evident that what he lacks mostly is discipline and that austerity and economy of language which go with it. The fault looks straight out of the verse, and it is equally noticeable in his essay, which rambles over the whole universe of thought, touching on many things of which Mr. Davidson speaks with no authority and yet containing many interesting and suggestive things. Here we have extravagance both of thought and expression. It is the outpouring of an uncurbed, undisciplined, and vain mind.

THE BELGIAN ARMY IN THE CONGO

Histoire Militaire du Congo. Explorations, Expéditions, Opérations de guerre, Combats et Faits militaires. Par ADOLPHE LEJEUNE-CHOQUET. (Bruxelles: Castaigne, 5fr.)

So much is being said and written about the Congo State just now that any authentic information on the subject or any portion of it is welcome. The author of the volume under notice, M. Lejeune-Choquet, was for some time an officer in the Congo Military Service, and he consequently writes with personal knowledge of his subject, which is exclusively military and non-political. His description, therefore, of the military operations and expeditions carried on by the Congo authorities since the year 1877 supplies information at first hand. The value of the work as history is increased by its being mainly compiled from the Official Reports of the Officers in command, which have been placed at his disposal. We thus get a complete and trustworthy account of the military achievements which established Belgian authority over some twenty million blacks in the heart of Central Africa. As the writer studiously abstains from entering upon controversial matter, the book can be read without prejudice by the adversaries as well as the admirers of the Congo Government. M. Lejeune, now an officer in the Belgian Regiment of the Carabiniers, does not, however, conceal his pride as a Belgian in the achievements of his comrades, who, few in number, imposed obedience on turbulent, cruel, and totally uncivilised races.

Although there were many expeditions, including Stanley's famous advance to Stanley Falls, before the formation of the Congo State in 1884, the main interest of the story commences after that event. At first the expeditions were almost exclusively arranged for the purpose of exploring the region, ascertaining what were the best routes, and establishing commercial stations. During this period there were a certain number of hostile collisions with the native tribes, but on the whole armed force was seldom resorted to. The first operations of war were not brought about by native hostility. They arose from the inevitable trial of strength between the Europeans and the Arabs who had made themselves virtually masters of the country. For a moment it appeared as if war between them might be avoided, for in 1887 the principal Arab chief, Tippu Tip, swore to Stanley that he would keep the peace. It was soon found out, however, that keeping the peace in an Arab sense did not mean any suspension of the operations for capturing slaves, and collisions between Belgian officers and the slave-hunters became frequent. In 1890 the Brussels Conference gave the Congo State a sort of mandate to put an end to the Arab power. A considerable number of officers of the Belgian army volunteered for the campaign, which may be described as aiming at the expulsion of the Arab forces from the valley of the Upper Congo, where they held a succession of stockaded positions. In April 1892 the command of the State forces was entrusted to Dhanis, and the result amply justified the selection.

The description of the Arab campaign fills over twenty pages of the book before us. Without exaggeration, the two campaigns that had to be carried on for the accomplishment of the object for which they were undertaken may be termed brilliant and completely successful. By April 1893 the Arabs were completely vanquished and expelled from all their positions on the Upper Congo. Of course, this success was not obtained without loss, and many Belgian officers perished on the field of battle. The Belgian Army is very proud of the conduct and sacrifices of its comrades on this and other occasions. Having overcome their principal enemies, the Congo authorities looked forward to a period of tranquillity. This reasonable hope was disappointed by a great mutiny among their own native soldiers. During the Arab campaign and immediately after it, the State took into their service a large number of black soldiers belonging to the tribes of the Batetelas

and the Bakus. These men, who had originally fought on the side of the Arabs, were subjected to a certain amount of discipline, but there had not been sufficient time to make them thoroughly obedient, when their great chief was executed for indulging in the native practice of cannibalism. His followers swore to be avenged for his execution, and thus the Belgians were confronted with a new peril from their attempt to spread civilisation. The peril was the greater because it was not at once fully realised, and so it came about that, when Dhanis was ordered to march for the Nile in 1897, he had under his orders a thoroughly disaffected force. It had not proceeded very far towards its destination when proof was given of the true feeling of the troops. The advance guard supplied the signal to the rest by surprising and murdering in the night several of their white officers.

The main body followed the example of their comrades, and after a vain attempt to resist the mutineers Dhanis found himself obliged to retreat with the small remnant of his force. Thirteen or fourteen of the white officers were slain and, terrible to relate, eaten by their savage enemy. Much consternation was caused by the news of this revolt, and for more than two years the Belgians were continuously engaged in pursuing and crushing the revolted Batetelas. Had these mutinous soldiers been able to regain the western side of the Congo River, where the home of their race was, there is no saying how far the disaffection might have extended, but the Belgians succeeded in preventing this, and gradually all the mutineers were accounted for in one way or another. The Belgians recall with satisfaction that this great trouble of theirs was entirely due to the energy which they had displayed in putting down cannibalism.

Perhaps the chapters that will most interest the English reader are those describing Chaltin's campaign with the Dervishes on the Nile, eighteen months before Lord Kitchener crushed the Khalifa. The battle of Bedden was a very creditable affair, in which two thousand Dervishes occupying a strong position were defeated with considerable loss. The attack and capture of Redjaf followed, when eight Mahdist chiefs were killed. Nine months later the Dervishes made a night attack to recover possession of this place, but they were repulsed with loss, although the Belgians themselves lost several officers killed and many wounded. From that time to the present the occupation of the Lado district has not been disturbed by any warlike operation. A very interesting account is added of the Lemaire expedition in 1903-5 into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where that officer succeeded in exploring a large part of the province. Now that the Egyptian authority is definitely established there, the information that he succeeded in collecting about the Niam Niam tribes will prove useful.

Among recent operations those against the Budjas in 1898 and 1900-1 were especially formidable. This tribe holds the region between the Congo and the Mongalla. It is very warlike and courageous, and some of its members had displayed considerable skill as artillerymen in the service of the State; but fifteen years ago they were already designated as a possibly formidable enemy to the Belgians. This they proved themselves to be during the serious fighting of 1900-1, when several Belgian officers lost their lives. Even after these expeditions the Budjas displayed a dubious sentiment towards their European conquerors, and in 1905 a fresh outbreak was feared. The prompt despatch of troops brought them to their senses and ensured their submission without the necessity of resorting to force. The official narrative briefly records that "not a shot was fired." There are references to other affairs, but they are of minor importance. This summary of the contents of this work will show the nature of the obstacles that the Congo State has had to encounter and overcome during its still brief history. It has had to make good its position in Central Africa by feats of military enterprise, and to assert by conquest the right it claimed to rule the negro races along and near the Equator. It is the old story which the Roman poet summed up in the words "debellare

superbos," and so far as the record runs the Belgians have done their work well and without avoidable bloodshed. It naturally follows that the Belgian army, which from the neutral character of the country has had little chance of distinction, is very proud of the achievements of its members and comrades in the Congo State, and is rather disposed to resent as a personal slight any charge of cruelty or misconduct against its officers serving in Central Africa. M. Lejeune-Choquet's volume is of permanent value for purposes of reference, and it appears at an opportune moment.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE ANTIQUARY AND THE SEAL

English Seals. By J. HARVEY BLOOM, M.A., Rector of Whitchurch. Being a volume of "The Antiquary's Books." (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

SETTING before himself a well-chosen trayful of plaster casts from mediæval seal impressions, the student—antiquary or artist—may see in little the arts of the Middle Ages.

A few experts have passed from toying with these dainty works and wondering at their frank beauty to their classification and reasoned study, and by this time a manual for their study should be at hand.

We have now a volume of the "Antiquary's Books" given up to an account of English seals, but this is hardly the volume for which we look. When such a series as the "Antiquary's Books" is planned it will have an essential weakness in the fact that its editor must ask contributors to write him books upon the allotted subjects, and a book thus produced to order within a given time will never be as hardy as the book born in its own due hour.

The Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, author of this volume of "English Seals," has enthusiasm for his task, but his opportunities for study of his subject seem to have been limited, and he has not yet that degree of expertise which the student fairly asks from his teacher.

His main field of study seems to have been the seals preserved at Warwick Castle and in Warwick Museum, and this limited range has encouraged dangerous generalisations on the subject which wider research would have checked.

Mr. Bloom's chapters are well arranged, and his notes may be of some service to those who have not yet understood the variety and beauty of our English seals. His illustrations are numerous and well chosen, Mrs. Canning's delicate pencil drawings being made with great care and, save in one or two cases, with remarkable accuracy. We can hardly agree with Mr. Bloom that these or any drawings excel the reproductions possible by modern photographic processes, but they have the advantage of being able to appear in the text.

The study of the seal, however demands the most patient attention to detail, and it is in accurate detail that Mr. Bloom's work is found wanting. His readings of seal inscriptions have many and serious errors. Let us take the famous seal made in 1343 for Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. An example of this seal shows the inscription: "S' THO'E COMITIS WARRWYCHIE ANNO REGNI REGIS E' T'CH POST CO'QVESTV' ANGLIE SEPT'O DECI'O ET REGNI SVI FRANCIE QVARTO." This in plain Lombardic letters. Mr. Bloom's version runs: "S' THOM' COMITIS WARRYCHIE ANNO REGNI REGIS E' T'EII POST COQVAS' W . . . DVODECO EZ REGNI SVI FRANCIE QUARTO." The "POST COQVAS' W . . ." he explains as "after the conquest of William."

Again, the inscription on the Durham seal is "SIGILLVM CVDBERHTI PRESVLIS S'CI," and not "SIGILLVM VDBERHTI PRESVLIS DEI." The Eton seal has: "COLLEGII REGALIS" and not "COLLEGII REGVLVS," and Henry VI.'s seal "in absentia," not "SIGILLVM REGNINI," but "SIGILLVM

REGIVM." The chapter on ecclesiastical seals "may," Mr. Bloom says, "fitly conclude with two mottoes—one from the seal of Ralph de Toton, Bishop of Carlisle, reads thus: 'VIRGO IH'V NVT'X RADVLPHO SIS PIA TVTRIX' (O Virgin, nurse of Jesus, to thy Ralph teach piety); the other from the counterseal of Bishop Walter—'HEC SCVLPTVA IMAT FINIS NO' PVGNA CORONAT' (This sculpture teaches the end not the battle crowns)."

That Mr. Bloom should translate "Radulpho sis pia tutrix" as "to thy Ralph teach piety" suggests that it is possible for a Master of Arts sadly to forget his Latin. Ralph de Toton should, by the way, be read as Ralph of Ireton. The translation of "hec sculptua imat" as "this sculpture teaches" is as bold a reading, but a reading of the inscription as "HEC SCVLPTVRA SONAT" supplies a better and more probable one. Mr. Bloom might well have delayed his book until he was more at ease in reading and translating such inscriptions. So many errors in a few lines do not give confidence.

Mr. Bloom has the courage to recommend his book to the student of costume, arms and armour and to the herald and genealogist. His own studies in these matters seem to have been of the slightest. The commentary upon the armour is the merest guesswork with misapplied words. He has forty times the need to speak of the embroidered caparisons of the knight's horse and in every case he calls them "bardings." Now the bards of a horse were defensive armour and "trappers" is the word Mr. Bloom should use. We are unable to guess at the meaning of the "fleur de lis vieux agneis" which Mr. Bloom finds on the "bardings" of Edward III.'s charger, but the horse carries many errors of Mr. Bloom, who calls the long curb or check of the bit "the snaffle" and the armour of the back of the neck the "poitral," a word which belongs to the bard of the chest. On his seal one Osbern son of Pons rides in mail and helmet, but, he having a hawk on fist, Mr. Bloom declares that he is "not in war panoply but in hawking array." With the dress of churchmen Mr. Bloom is hardly more familiar, for he defines the alb as distinctively the garment of a priest and the dalmatic as a sleeveless garment.

The student of armory will have no help from Mr. Bloom, yet some knowledge of the science should surely be acquired before one writes of seals, the half of which display arms. Mr. Bloom's statement that no one is found using a crest between Richard I. and Edward III. is a worthless guess, as several well-known seals might demonstrate. So is the reckless remark that "merchants were not at first allowed the use of proper coats of arms: indeed, the earliest instance known to the writer is that on the brass of William Grevell who died in 1401." The fancy of the heraldry books that some court or college had the power, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of granting and withholding the right to bear arms lingers stubbornly, but plenty of seals of those ages deny Mr. Bloom's assertion, and a writer on seals should have met with many such.

"It is not until the fourteenth century that the practice known as dimidiation [of shields of arms] occurs" is another haphazard statement of the same value, for "dimidiation," so-called, is peculiarly a primitive practice and ceases in the fourteenth century. When we note that, although his principal field of research has been amongst the Warwick seals, Mr. Bloom does not yet recognise the well-known shield of the Newburgh Earls of Warwick, guessing that it may be that of Mowbray, which it resembles in no particular, we have said enough to show that Mr. Bloom is in the wrong galaxy.

That so carelessly compiled a book should be seen amongst the "Antiquary's Books" as a work of reference for antiquaries makes one pity the fate of the science of archæology which must suffer these things.

Here is Mr. Bloom, without any adequate knowledge of armory, of armour, of costume or of inscriptions, putting forward in good faith a book which is nearly concerned with all these matters. What greeting would the reviews

have for a book on chemistry or physiology, the author of which had started out with as scanty a qualification for his task?

OSWALD BARRON.

SWEETNESS—LONG DRAWN OUT

A German Pompadour. By MARIE HAY. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE has been lately a rage for the memoirs of respectable or disreputable ladies of the eighteenth century, not unlike the fashion which rose at the same time for mezzotints from Sir Joshua's portraits of women. It was not necessary that they should have possessed remarkable minds or should have lived irreproachable lives. But it was essential that they should move in brilliant circles, should sweep through the world in satin and powder, and should charm their way from one splendid height to another by virtue of smiles and courtesies and little exquisite phrases which brought peers and princes to their knees. Their prosaic descendants were expected to do homage also at the mere recollection of those vanished charms. How far such a creature was possible it is scarcely fitting to ask; but if she lived at all, and lived by means of such graces as these, it must surely have been in the age when Sir Joshua painted her. But then the biographer must approach her with peculiar tact, for words pierce beneath paint, and the souls of Pompadours may look fairer upon the surface.

The difficulties of the task are great, we may admit; and Miss Marie Hay seems to have complicated them still further by the method which she has adopted in her "Extraordinary history of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz." It is a true story, dug, we are told, from official archives, but the facts briefly stated with "colourless reticence" by the lawyers have been expanded and embellished in Miss Hay's imagination till they are certainly not reticent, and there is plenty of colour, although it is not always in quite the right place. But her compromise between history and fiction is maintained throughout; she is always guiding herself by authentic facts, and her emotions are regulated by the documents at her side. And here lies the defect of the system. She cannot give her imagination free rein, and yet she may indulge it to such an extent that the reader does not know when he is reading history and when he is reading fiction. This is an awkward frame of mind, and the artistic merits of the book suffer from the compromise. It is easy to suggest that the figure of Wilhelmine invited treatment in one of two ways: she might have made an interesting study if her biographer had kept strictly to the truth and allowed her to speak in her own words, or she might have posed for a very picturesque portrait in the manner of Sir Joshua. But here we have a composite production, where the truth has the vagueness of fiction and the fiction is diluted with fact.

Wilhelmine was the sister of a courtier at the palace of Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Wirtemberg. The book opens in the year 1705 when this gentleman, finding that he cannot afford to live there any longer, sends for his sister to captivate the Duke, dethrone the old favourite, and raise her own family to the heights with her. She is a poor girl, of great beauty, with the eyes of a witch and the voice of a nightingale, and her triumph is instant and complete.

"Ah Mademoiselle [says the Duke at their first meeting] will you leave the Duke here on the balcony, and come and look at the stars with the ridiculous poet-fellow?" . . . Who could resist him, this man with the pleading eyes and deep, strong voice?

Wilhelmine, at least, had no intention of resisting him, and the intimacy, begun poetically under the stars, was continued in all its extravagant and familiar phases for some twenty years. It is not difficult in the early stages to be thrilled in the right places by all the cumbersome

ceremonial of the little German court: the eye is pleased with the pageantry of dance and festival, and the ear is flattered with the "Monseigneurs" and "Highnesses" that drop from the lips of profoundly obeisant great ladies and gentlemen. Wilhelmine has the gift of appearing suddenly in the doorway, robed in the "Grävenitz yellow"; all eyes are fixed upon her and she achieves some triumph or passes unmoved with her snake glance through some terrible insult. But there comes a time when the sensational moment fails to thrill, and the sarcasm of the outraged ladies, which generally takes the form of suggesting that the favourite has had the small-pox very badly, is not sufficiently pointed to draw our blood. To make the interest endure when the brilliant surface has worn thin, we want to feel that Wilhelmine was a high-spirited, romantic woman in spite of her morals, that the duke had some lovable quality that touched her heart and not merely her ambition; in short, that the whole set of decorous eighteenth-century figures were driven by human passions, and were not the puppets of some elaborate Court machine. But in spite of many picturesque passages it is difficult to move with any swiftness through the long-drawn vicissitudes of the favourite's career. They tend to repeat themselves and to twist and turn with languid motion in the familiar channels. A novelist here would have been at liberty to select and epitomise; but Miss Hay, with the burden of documents on her shoulders, follows the story patiently, and engrafts upon the bare outline a lavish but indiscriminate wealth of description and conversation which seems not to be spun from the legitimate source of inspiration in her brain, but to be the spurious outcome of research in official archives. It does not reveal character, that is, but encumbers it.

It is enough to say that the favourite rose to be Prime Minister as well as mistress, accumulated lands till the peasants called her the "Land-despoiler," and surrounded herself with splendours of marble and satin that were to rival Versailles. But it remained a German copy till the end. We catch glimpses of her beneath all this shifting mass of finery, and of other figures more visionary still, but they move in a drifting atmosphere where the laws that bind live men and women can scarcely be applied. It is not possible to try their conduct by any ordinary standard, nor does their biographer attempt to pronounce the moral verdict. Wilhelmine falls, and we read how in the end:

A soft evening breeze came stealing round her. The long Spring twilight faded, night drew near—and the Grävenitz turned away. "Farewell," she said aloud, "the night comes. Farewell Spring."

And is that the voice of the dismissed courtesan or of her biographer?

"Like a faint fragrance of faded rose-leaves," we read, "a breath of this woman's charm seems to cling and elusively to peep out of the curt record of her crimes." But the ordinary reader will question whether the record of Wilhelmine might not give off a more pungent odour to other nostrils; and still more will he doubt whether this vagrant air is potent enough to steep three hundred and fifty odd pages in its fragrance. A magazine article or a sonnet were the proper vessel for such sweetness.

HISTORY AND A SENSE OF HUMOUR

La Question Biblique au XX^e Siècle. PAR ALBERT HOUTIN (Paris: E. Nourry, 4 fr.)

THOSE who have read any of the Abbé Houtin's previous books will know that he combines a scrupulous accuracy in matters of fact with great facility and clearness of expression, a delightful style and a strong sense of humour. His sense of humour has, indeed, been rather too strong for the taste of his ecclesiastical superiors; it is said that the table of contents was largely responsible for the placing on the *Index* of "La Question Biblique chez les

Catholiques de France au XIX^e Siècle," to which the present volume is a sequel. The new book is not confined to France; it begins with a short but admirable summary of the progress of biblical criticism in the various Christian Churches during the first three years of the present century, and a later very interesting chapter is devoted to the present state of the question in England. The mass of information that M. Houtin has managed to compress into some two hundred and fifty octavo pages is as wonderful as the fact that he has succeeded in giving so much information without being dull. The book is one which every one interested in the subject will read for pleasure and keep for reference.

The author confines himself almost entirely to a record of facts: when he does comment on them, his comments are usually of great assistance in their elucidation. There are, however, one or two passages showing signs of haste, which M. Houtin might with advantage revise in the future editions which will certainly be demanded. He seems to misunderstand M. Loisy's use of the terms "une réalité purement surnaturelle" and "un fait surnaturel" (p. 65) by which M. Loisy means, not a phenomenon alleged to have a supernatural cause, but a reality above and beyond phenomena and, therefore, in the nature of things, not to be demonstrated by the evidence of the senses. And, when M. Loisy says that history "n'atteint pas le fond des choses," he certainly (as the context indicates) does not mean that the historian cannot thoroughly investigate a phenomenon and ascertain its causes, but that history, like science, is concerned with phenomena and not with the Reality that underlies them. M. Houtin's treatment of these points would suggest to a reader unacquainted with M. Loisy's works that the latter holds the belief that a phenomenon can be "true for faith" and untrue in history. Of course, M. Houtin does not intend to suggest this, and, for that reason, we hope that he will revise this passage. We do not quite follow M. Houtin's meaning when he says that the modern spirit will never be content to regard the question of the divinity of Christ as insoluble from the historical point of view. Surely history is, in the nature of things, unable to solve such a problem; it cannot even decide finally whether Jesus was conscious of divinity, but can only say whether His sayings suggest that He was so conscious.

These, however, are but small criticisms of a book in which there is very little to criticise; and they do not in the least impair its value as a record. Some of the facts that the author records are both new and amazing. The account in chapter xi. of a course of lectures delivered at the Roman seminary by Father Hetzenhauer, professor of scriptural exegesis there, must be read to be appreciated. The worthy Professor's account of the origin of the devotion called the Angelus is an astonishing example of the workings of the theological mind; it is incredible that such a person should be regarded by the Pope in the twentieth century as the best man who could be found in Europe to instruct the clerical students of his own diocese. For the Gregorian University, the principal University of the Catholic world, Pius X. has selected Father Delattre, S.J., whose motto in regard to biblical exegesis is: "Il faut tout prendre ou tout laisser." M. Houtin gives some examples of this gentleman's lectures, which are only less astounding than those of Father Hetzenhauer.

The last chapter, on "La vraie question," is in some respects the most valuable in the book. M. Houtin, after pointing out that critics have no *a priori* objection to miracles, proceeds to give a perfectly candid statement of the critical analysis of the narratives of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Ascension. Hitherto, the critical objections to these narratives have been almost entirely shirked by the defenders of the traditional view; it is high time that they were faced and answered, if they can be. During the last few years the criticism of the New Testament and of these narratives in particular has made enormous strides, and the clergy of all Churches had better make up their minds that the orthodox belief

will not survive unless it can be shown to be compatible with historical honesty. They will nowhere find a clearer statement of what they have to meet than in M. Houtin's last chapter.

THE PERSONAL NOTE

Life of Descartes. By ELIZABETH S. HALDANE. (Murray, 15s. net.)

IN theology there are ever present two contradictory tendencies. One school attempts wholly to deify and the other wholly to humanise the Founder of Christianity. The same conflict of aims is observable in the world of biography. One writer puts his hero on a pedestal. For him genius is exceptional, isolated and unique, even to the tying or the not tying of its shoe-laces. Another delights to show his hero in shirt-sleeves and not infrequently ends by obscuring his real distinction under a tedious mass of personal and ephemeral trivialities. It is, indeed, a difficult task to hit the happy mean between the cothurnus and carpet slippers. If Miss Haldane's "Life of Descartes" smacks rather of a description of genius in a dressing-gown, what it loses in breadth of outlook it certainly gains in possessing the personal note, no small merit when we consider how comparatively uneventful was the philosopher's history. The autobiographical fragment contained in the "Discours de la Méthode" is a marvellous mosaic of phrases which for the most part have become historic. To develop it into a readable volume of near four hundred pages is no inconsiderable feat. Miss Haldane's success may best be understood by comparing her attempt at expansion with Farrer's unhappy inflation of the Gospel story. We attribute her success to the way in which she "mothers" her hero from start to finish, and also to her judicious handling of the epoch in which he lived. It is one of the besetting sins of the modern writer to drag in long biographical details about people of the day because they possibly met Descartes or another at a dinner-party. Here the times are made use of to form a proper background, and nothing is lugged in for its own sake. It cannot be said of Miss Haldane's hero that he has elsewhere his setting or that the setting itself "cometh from afar."

One of the most interesting points in Descartes's history, and certainly the most debateable, is his attitude towards the religion of his birth. Was he a sincere Catholic? Miss Haldane gives him the benefit of the doubt, and we are inclined to agree with her. We think his efforts to obtain the approbation of the Jesuits for his views were dictated by a judicious desire to hedge, coupled with a genuine wish to retain the goodwill of his former teachers, which seems very natural if we bear in mind his happy school days as a kind of gentleman commoner at La Flèche. We look on him, as we look on Erasmus, as a kind of Liberal Catholic. Few realise the extent to which free thought was permissible in the Church of the thirteenth century, which could contain in its bosom a Roger Bacon. Its traditions were by no means at an end in the seventeenth century. As for the charge of inconsistency, many a good Christian makes jettison to-day, consciously or unconsciously, of part of the Scriptures. He none the less would be highly indignant, and rightly so, were the name of Christian denied him.

In spite of Miss Haldane's careful analysis of the philosophic work of Descartes, we think the majority of her readers will hardly realise from the book itself how Descartes was to a very large extent, as Huxley said, the father of modern thought. Still, if the author had been more interested in the philosopher, it is quite possible she would not have given us such a breezy and chatty description of the man. "You cannot have it both ways" is a saw of proverbial philosophy which is not infrequently true, and those who want the philosopher will be able to find plenty about him elsewhere, thanks to the lengthy bibliography that Miss Haldane has appended to her work.

A WELSH MYSTIC

The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. Second edition. (Dobell, 3s. 6d.)

WE must congratulate Mr. Dobell on the appearance of a second impression of Traherne's poetical works. He deserved success, and he has won it. We now look forward to the promised edition of the poet's prose writings. For since the publication in 1903 of some verses which Traherne left in manuscript he has become a figure of importance in the history of the literature of the Restoration. His is a strange fate. After a lapse into oblivion lasting some hundreds of years, he has obtained as a poet a shadow of the fame which he prayed that he might achieve in his lifetime as a prophet. It seems to us, however, that Traherne still remains more interesting in his character as a prophet than in his character as a poet. In the first he was a man of genius; in the second, only a man of talent. It was in his personality that his real power resided. Uniting, in a singular manner, the insight and innocence of a child with the enthusiasm and lucidity of mind of a man, he reduced philosophy to religion, and religion into a message of "joy in widest commonality spread." He was a thinker with few ideas, but these ideas were by him transformed into feelings and built into the substance of his soul. In fine, he was a fanatic, but his fanaticism was of an exquisite, simple and beautiful order. He seems to shine through the dark and troubled atmosphere of his age like a bright and tranquil incarnation of the spirit of English mysticism of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

He was the son of a poor shoemaker of Hereford, in which town he was born about the year 1636. In 1652 he came up to Oxford, intent upon bettering his position in life. But at the age of twenty-one he left the University, and, abandoning his worldly ambitions, "chose to live upon ten pounds a year and to go in leather clothes and feed upon bread and water," so that he might spend all his days in the search after felicity. "Seated among the silent trees and woods and hills" of Credenhill in Herefordshire, he meditated for ten years, and then came, in the service of the Lord Keeper, to London, where he died in 1674 just as he was endeavouring to found a religion of the spirit. No doubt, even had he lived, he would have failed as the Cambridge Platonists had done before him, for his point of view was more speculative and daring than theirs. In the matter of politics he was an Anglican priest of the old school: he held that the sacred person of the king was the connecting link between justice, the outer law, and religion, the inner law. In the matter of dogma, however, he was a mystic, for whom the doctrine of the fall of man was merely a symbol of the degradation suffered by every individual soul in the passage from childhood to manhood. This was, indeed, the principle of his philosophy. Like Henry More and Vaughan, he was a born Platonist. The origin and source of his mysticism were his vivid recollections of the brightness, innocency and beauty of his infancy. For him the poor shoemaker's house in Hereford ever remained the Eden where in the morning of life he had walked with God:

Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had in my infancy, and that divine light wherewith I was born, are the best unto this day wherein I can see the universe. . . . Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine; I knew by intuition those things which since my apostacy I collected again by the highest reason. . . . All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious. . . . I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory; I saw all in the peace of Eden. . . .

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the streets were as precious as

gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it.

Traherne is a finer writer of prose than of verse, but even his poetry acquires colour and music whenever he relates in it the adventures of his soul in that golden age of life when:

The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation day.

Though he never succeeds in rivalling the best things in Blake, there is something incomparable in the general quality of his poems of child-life. Recovering, in a sort of rapture, the pure, untroubled vision of infancy, he gazed again on the kingdom of the earth with the eyes of a child and found that it was the kingdom of heaven. This is the message of joy which is interwoven with the fragments of his philosophy, and with his discourse on "Christian Ethics."

The latter work is the only one on the subject which he completed, and it is an admirable instance of the original manner in which he entered upon his task. It shows that, amid all his enthusiasm, he maintained a sane, steady and lucid temper of mind. The question of morality was the weak point in his position, and this he endeavoured, first of all, to strengthen. The common defect of mysticism is that it is extremely individualistic. Instead of binding a man more closely to his kind in a community of love and work and worship, it transcends all moral laws and social obligations, and ends in a passive contemplativeness. Traherne condemned this apathy, as he called it, and traced it to its source in the philosophy of the Alexandrians. In his view, true felicity was attainable neither by wisdom nor by a passionless abstraction of the mind, but by a spirit of active and universal joy such as that by which the senses of a child were animated. He regarded the reason, the imagination and the will itself as mere acts of the soul, of which the essence was its infinite capacity for delight. It was as an object of joy that man was necessary to God and God to man: and as objects of joy men were necessary to men. The world, also, had been created as an object of joy. Only the vicious customs of mankind and the diseases of the will consequent thereon came between man and his felicity.

That all we see is ours, and every one
Possessor of the whole; that every man
Is like a God Incarnate on the Throne,
Even like the first for whom the world began . . .

That all may happy be, each one most blest,
Both in himself and others; all most high,
While all by each, and each by all possess,
Are intermutual joys beneath the sky.

This shows a wise contrivance, and discovers
Some great Creator sitting on the Throne,
That so disposeth things for all His lovers,
That every one might reign like God alone.

That is the sum of Traherne's philosophy. It is founded on a child-like faith; but was it not said of children that of such were the kingdom of heaven? We have, perhaps, more knowledge of the world than he: we have certainly far less capacity for joy.

IN A MEADOW

O God, I thank You for the Sunlight's gold
That bids my fancies with the rose unfold.
O God, I thank You for the Wood, that sighs
Its magic out, in rustling symphonies.
For purple Flag, and silver Meadow-Sweet,
Celestial poems, crushed beneath our feet.

O, tender God, what gifts I owe to You—
Earth's deepest green, and heaven's divinest blue.
Now solemn grows my heart—her discords cease,
She quaffs the stillness, and inhales the peace.
Slays her false grief, and sheds her unreal care,
And in the vast Enchantment bows in prayer!

ELEANOUR NORTON.

THE QUARTERLIES

In a phrase that has often been used before, the July number of the *Quarterly* is varied. "The Cry of the Children" is a judicial summary of legislation for juveniles during the reign of Queen Victoria. If baby-farming is to be dealt with effectively, the reviewer does not see how much inquiry is required into the management of voluntary lying-in hospitals. "Geoffrey of Monmouth" is a pleasant exaltation of the writer of that name purely and simply as a romancist. The article on "Northumberland" is the least satisfactory in the number. It is evident that the writer has plenty of enthusiasm, and yet he scarcely writes like a native. His observations are practically confined to Bamborough and Dunstanburgh; when he wanders from them it is to commit such extraordinary mistakes as to speak of Flodden Field being between the Twizell and the Till—it lies between the Cheviots and the Till. Nor, at any rate, does he show any possession of that power that would have enabled him to suggest the peculiar charm of that land of "feud and fray." He does not so much as mention Lindisfarne with its sands and castles and ruins, and his easy eloquence gives no hint of that broken coast where the air still seems to retain a whispering echo of priest's chant and clansman's slogan. Wild scenery united with the most romantic ballad literature ought to have inspired something better than this. Though the author disclaims it, "Modern British Art" comes perilously near being a defence of the Royal Academy and an apology for "anecdotes in paint." He wishes to see "the intellectual and emotional sides of art resume the high place which they held during the periods of the past." And the apologist of a sister art in "The Literature of Egotism" does not score a more brilliant success. The passages selected for quotation are almost invariably commonplace. For example, he transcribes the extraordinary discovery that "the gift of expression is something very different indeed from mere garrulousness." It is a pity to see a *Quarterly* Reviewer ignorant of what should be the qualities of good prose. Mr. R. S. Rait writes ingeniously of John Knox, though with a pronounced bias. He fails to see that, for good or ill, John Knox was begotten by the very genius of Scotland, and that his work was to deepen the national characteristics.

In the *Edinburgh Review* the most literary article is that which deals with Alfred De Musset. In it the connection between the poet and George Sand is clearly and logically analysed. It is summed up in the following sentences:

No question here of whose the blame, whose the wrongdoing. We are face to face with the elemental facts, simple and human: a man in his youth, a woman in her maturity, of radically opposed instincts, have met; they have loved, they have wounded each other to the core; they have arranged to part, as if the fibres of two lives so closely interknitted—call the connection by what name we may—can

be severed at will with a knife. They have learnt too late that there is no court of divorce at whose bar the tie which bound the man to the woman he loved and wronged, which bound the woman to the lad to whose passion she had responded in tenderness and trust, could be so facily dissolved. They had to learn that man rivets such bonds, but that it takes something over which man has no dominion to annul them, the link may be broken, but the brand of the forging is on the soul.

The opening review of the number deals with Lord Randolph Churchill, and is on the whole a good character-study. In "A Representative Philosopher" we have a fine study of Descartes and the part he played in the evolution of human thought. One of the papers which it is difficult to take seriously is that on "Rationalism and Apologetic." The writer begins gaily enough with a promise to apply rationalism to religious opinions, but the article resembles a man beating the air; it wants backbone. Instead of solid argument the writer floods us with a mass of rhetoric. The following is a fair example of his style:

The material heaven of mediæval poets and painters, for instance, strikes a false note for us of to-day. The trim parterres and formal garden-paths of the Primitives have given place to the wind swept spaces of eternity; their demure saints and little piping angels to shadowy forms, vast and indeterminate, embodying a more than human intelligence, force, and will. The sense of limit irks us; the city that lieth foursquare is exchanged for the flaming walls of the world; and these again open and disclose endless vistas of aspiration and activity.

'O to be up and doing!'

A listless inert eternity were monotonous. Knowledge, love, achievement call, and we follow—to be deaf were death. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even desirable, that all who hear it should move in the same direction. Temperament, circumstance, and heredity attach a man to this or that religious society or lead him to take up this or that form of religious activity. The essential thing is that it shall be religious. And this is not to be taken for granted or decided on surface grounds.

Its inconclusiveness is very apparent. Another article well worth reading is that on "Marino Falier," though, curiously enough, the writer omits Mr. Swinburne's play from his list of the books. The political articles are of the usual character.

THE POEMS AND PROPHECIES OF
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

ALMOST as keen a controversy has raged over the merits of the literary productions of the late Thomas Lake Harris as raged over the merits of his religious doctrines. Just as some, who disliked his creed, pronounced him a charlatan, and just as others, who admired his faith, hailed him as a Prophet, so the two extremes were found among the critics of his books. One set unreservedly pronounced them to be ravings and worthless humbug; the other set unhesitatingly acclaimed them as the products of an original genius, and compared them with the loftiest flights of Milton and Shelley. Such differences are irreconcilable, and the proper course to take is to go direct to the volumes themselves and form an independent judgment.

A volume of sermons and two volumes of poems came into my hands in 1891 at the time the discussion on Thomas Lake Harris and Laurence Oliphant was at its height. I obtained permission from a member of the Brotherhood of the New Life to quote some of these poems in a London journal; later I was requested to deliver an address in St. James's Hall and say something of Harris's literary as well as his religious influence. I mention these personal circumstances because as a result sufficient interest was manifested in one who had been loosely termed "the unknown Prophet," to incite the Brotherhood to a public issue of his compositions. Accordingly, in the early part of 1892 three books, which had been exclusively kept for the reading and study of the members of the Harris fraternity, were published anew from a London office: "The New Republic; Prospects, Dangers, Duties, and Safeties of the Times;" "Brotherhood of the

New Life: Its Fact, Law, Method, and Purpose;" "The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun." These were followed in due course by: "Lyra Triumphalis: People Songs, Ballads, and Marches;" "Battle Bells: Verse-studies in Social Humanity;" "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society: Law, Process, and Result of Divine-Natural Respiration." But these only represented a very small portion of Harris's literary activity. From 1854 he wrote for public or private circulation, so far as I can compute, thirty-five volumes. Such is the formal record of an enterprise which created a peculiar interest at the time, but, I fear, was of no immediate gain. The British public was already prejudiced against the man who had been vehemently assailed for exercising a sinister influence over Laurence Oliphant; and his method of address, with a new and somewhat difficult phraseology, rendered it impossible for him to win a wide and appreciative hearing. Dr. Walter Lewin in a calm and unimpassioned review which appeared in the ACADEMY said that "there was enough in Mr. Harris's works to repay honest critical study in the stimulus of new ideas or old ideas re-stated. We are glad," he added, "to read what he has to say by way of criticism of things as they are, and of exposition of the ideal towards which he would lead mankind." This was in sharp contrast to another critic who quoted a verse which displeased him, and on the strength of it dismissed all Harris's writings as "senseless rhodomontade," "indescribable stupidity," "ridiculous egotism," "worthless nonsense," and "ludicrous lucubrations." When we remember that Laurence Oliphant himself had found these compositions "noble and inspiring," and that for forty years they have attracted intellectual giants like Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, and that remarkable poet, Edward Markham, the problem of their real merit and value becomes the more difficult to solve. That they possess conspicuous defect as well as conspicuous excellence, I for one, as an earnest student of them, should not hesitate to confess; that they are occasionally uncouth and obscure must also be admitted; while it is obvious that to the uninitiated many of the statements must seem mysterious and many of the ideas grotesque. But, when all this is admitted, justice demands the admission also that the prose works are charged with vital power and the poetry infused with true charm and beauty.

It is impossible, of course, to dissociate Harris's literary works from his religious doctrines. We trace through them, in fact, the growth and development of that peculiar form of Christian faith with which his name will be linked; we hear the strengthened note of confidence, as time goes on, that he was reaching his goal and attaining that culminating triumph which was to be marked by human immortality. Moreover, he was a social reformer, and in prose and verse he set forth his Utopian ideas of social regeneration. He dwelt in an Arcadia of his creation. He worked out a system of democracy. Tolstoy might have joined hands with him in this, for both literally interpreted the Sermon on the Mount and harked back to "primitive Christianity." However deluded Thomas Lake Harris may have been, his sincerity can scarcely be questioned and his absolute purity of mind is attested by all who met him. Of course, he was a dreamer, a man of constant visions; and his strangely beautiful ideal is figured in that picture-poem "The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun":

A great republic built aloft,
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither, when slumber with its kisses soft
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Tradition
Carves talismans and amulets of bones;
If thou hast vainly fought the red Perdition,
That slays the people from its hundred thrones;
If thou art cursed by man, cursed for the bringing
Of truth and love: then listen to my singing.

He looked forward to the establishment of a new kingdom "based and built on inspirations," when all people would enjoy a common faith, a common hope, and a common energy for the common uprise. This Republic was only to be accessible by "divinity in fitness"—"its hand must lift every man above its accidents and its bosom upbear every woman from her misfortunes." Only men who had matriculated in the University of Labour would be prepared for the supreme evolution. "Education," he said, in a characteristically pregnant sentence, "is through agonies."

Given the men, evolutionised into the spirit and passion of the service; given a quickening of the masses; given the hour of the opportune, and it is no more a matter of difficulty to organise the New Republic, throned in the structures of fitting environment, crowned with the splendid lights of a supreme human intelligence, than it was for the Argonauts of '48 to open the treasures of the palaces, and for their successors to establish the present statehood.

I extract this passage from one of his prose deliverances as a specimen of his style as well as of his ideas.

But it is in his poems that we come not only to the most glowing outbursts but to another phenomenon. These works were nearly all written whilst he was in a state of trance. Of his "Lyric of Morning Land," running to some six thousand five hundred lines, he related that it was dictated to him in thirty hours "after the archetypal ideas had been internally wrought by spiritual agency." During that period he was in a state "analogous to physical death," and on emerging he found he had produced the poem that was "bred in heaven with breath-like bridal-blooms." Therefore he could write with the greater confidence that:

This book can not be slain;
'Twill live, 'twill walk the world and wing the air,
Surviving every pompous priestly fane
The weary earth groans under, loth to bear.

Dear shall it be to Lovers; like a lamp
With crimson radiance, rose-perfumed and fed,
That guides from earth's low caverns drear and damp,
To where, in heaven, true hearts are angel-wed.

Take it, O world, it is an angel boon,
Dear-purchased by the hand that bore it down.

In his lines on "The Spiritual Ministry of Night," in the song, "Love is Endless," and in the beautiful address to Sleep:

In dreams the sails of thought, unfurled,
Waft us like barques where angels keep
Close-veiled within the unknown seas
Their watch; to saint upon his knees
Great God! how near thou comest down

—we assuredly find him rising to a high plane. His story of the Sun:

With all its splendid grace
A shadow from the Almighty face,

revealed the boldness of his imagination; indeed, it might well be complained that he showed too much daring in his themes and his treatment. But his direct messages to mankind were as simple as they were wholesome. "Grow perfect in the sanity of life," he said.

Grow perfect! bide thy time! in thine own being
Solve by an actual test the problems vast
That vex mankind; and, if the years are fleeing,
Wait patiently . . .
Be chaste, be true, be wholly consecrated
To virgin right. So shall thy soul unchain
The powers that for the perfect man have waited.

Purity was his watchword. The innocence of the child was to be imitated, both in life-deeds and in faith, as when

Our fathers in the golden age of yore
Found Bibles in the daisies at the door.

He was a hymn-writer whose lines have found their way into more than one volume for congregations that knew little of the man from whom they emanated. His "Battle Bells" and "Lyra Triumphalis," intended to stimulate

social reform, seem to me to be subtly impressive. In a note of "Greeting" the author explained that whilst his vocation was that of "a practical industrialist, calling forth from the good soil its corn, oil and wine," he had another function: "Intellectual ministry to the People, a helper in social labours."

It was the custom of Thomas Lake Harris to send constant messages to the fraternity on events of the day and to counsel them in regard to their own attitude. Despite his seclusion, he was fully abreast with the times, and his comments were those of a shrewd, discerning man. He was an omnivorous reader of all the best authors, a lover both of books and of art. A visitor to Fountain Grove found the home of the Brotherhood one of bewildering beauty:

So many lofty rooms open into each other by archways, and there are pictures, pictures everywhere in endless profusion. The walls are white, touched with a little gold, and in most of the archways hang portières of black and gold or deep-red. The rooms are lined with pictures; they stand around on top of the low bookshelves, and even on the floor. Most of them are very old, some dating back three hundred years.

In his more technical works, particularly his later ones relating to the discovery of "the divine breath in man," Harris created a form of expression that admittedly is very difficult to understand. He required new terms, and he manufactured them. It needs a special education to know exactly what he meant by "one-twainness," or to follow the profound and complex argument in the five hundred and eighty paragraphs explanatory of the "opening of the spirit of the human structure to breathe down its mental formation, thence down into its passionless formation, and thence through the passionate into the extreme lungs of other breathing organs of the extreme corporeal image." But it is not necessary to plunge into this seething mass of words to understand the main doctrine which Harris epitomised in this one sentence: "God is discoverable: the pure in heart can find him." Better still, in this hour when a kindly thought can be given by all to the dead man who had dreamed of perpetual youth, to think of the haunting music of those lines of invocation in which he touched the sweetest of chords:

If thou hast hope, e'en now, that man, victorious
O'er tyranny and infamy, shall be
Himself a temple of that Life all-glorious
Who smiles through earth and gives eternity;
Or seest the beautiful Ideal winging
Her flight below: then listen to my singing.

If thou art flushed with Love's immortal passion;
If thou art yearning for its bliss divine;
Ay, if thy scattered locks with age are ashen,
And slow thy pulses in the dim decline;
Once more inhale the fragrance that is clinging
To my white robes: and listen to my singing.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ROBERT BARCLAY

How many persons now alive have read:

An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in Scorn Quakers?

I forbear to quote the whole title-page, which, after the manner of the seventeenth century, is prolix in the extreme; and I suppose I need hardly add that I do not purpose to deal with the theological aspect of the Apology. Not being myself one of the People called in Scorn Quakers, I have never read through the body of the work; and, indeed, I should never have read even the prefatory address to King Charles II., but for the accident of my being lineally descended from Robert Barclay of Ury, the author of the Apology.

When I did read the Address, the first thing that arrested my attention was its masterly tact. Quakers, as every one knows, proscribe all titles of honour and phrases of compliment, yet there is not a line or a sentence in the Address which might not have been written or spoken by the most courtly of courtiers. I do not lay stress on the skill with which the personal pronoun, *Thou*, is used, because in English, ancient or modern, *Thou* is the pronoun by which the Deity is addressed. The word, accordingly, implies no familiarity; indeed, I suspect that the modern Quaker bad grammar, "thee" for "thou" in the second person nominative singular, may be an effort to avoid addressing the creature by the same word whereby the Creator is addressed. The French, we all know, address *le bon Dieu* as *vous*—or rather, French Roman Catholics do; for French Protestants use the scriptural *tu*. But to return to Barclay and the Address to the King. It begins thus:

Unto Charles II., King of Great Britain and the Dominions thereunto belonging, Robert Barclay [I omit some theological phrases] wisheth Health and Salvation.

Here we have no "Majesty" nor any allusion to Divine Right; but the Kingship of Charles II. and his title to rule over Great Britain and the dominions thereof are unreservedly acknowledged. It is curious that Ireland is not mentioned by name; for, as it happens, parts of Ireland became great strongholds of Quakerism, and there are probably at least as many descendants of Robert Barclay in Ireland as in Scotland at the present day. The Address continues:

As the Conditions of Kings and Princes puts them in a Station more obvious to the View and Observation of the World than that of other men, of whom (as Cicero observes) neither any Word or Action can be obscure; so are those Kings, during whose appearance upon the Stage of this World it pleaseth the Great King of Kings singularly to make known unto men the wonderful Steps of His Unsearchable Providence, more signally observed and their Lives and Actions more diligently remarked and inquired into by Posterity; especially if those things be such as not only relate to the outward Transactions of this World, but also are signalized by the Manifestation or Revelation of the Knowledge of God in matters Spiritual and Religious. . . .

I must needs confess that this preamble sets out with a hazy bit of grammar; the *whom* in the first sentence may have the words "other men" for antecedent, as well as the words "Kings and Princes"; but the reader need not be misled. The style of the paragraph generally, if stilted, is grand and dignified, but the next paragraph is finer still:

Among all these Transactions, which it hath pleased God to permit, for the Glory of His Power, and the Manifestation of His Wisdom and Providence, no Age furnisheth us with things so strange and marvellous whether with respect to matters Civil or Religious, as these that have fallen out within the compass of Thy time; who though Thou be not yet arrived at the Fiftieth Year of Thy Age, hast yet been a Witness of stranger things than many Ages before produced. So that whether we respect those various Troubles wherein Thou found'st Thyself engaged while scarce got out of Thy Infancy; the many different Afflictions, wherewith Men of Thy Circumstances are often unacquainted; the strange and unparallel'd Fortune that befel Thy Father; Thy own narrow Escape, and Banishment following thereupon, with the very great improbability of Thy ever Returning, at least without very much Pains and tedious Combatings; or finally, the incapacity Thou wert under to accomplish such a Design, considering the Strength of those that had possessed themselves of Thy Throne, and the Terror they had inflicted upon Foreign States; and yet that after all this, Thou should'st be Restored without stroke of Sword, the help or assistance of Foreign States, or the contrivance and work of Humane [*sic*] Policy. All these do sufficiently declare that it is the Lord's Doing, which, as it is marvellous in our Eyes, so it will justly be a matter of Wonder and Astonishment to the Generations to come. . . .

I here again omit some theological allusions.

Now, I am not concerned to deny that these sentences are prolix and involved; we who have been brought up on the crisp terseness of Macaulay may be pardoned if such sentences make us stare and gasp. But Milton himself was prolix and involved; nay, a hundred years later, Johnson was prolix and involved. What I would ask attention to is the evidence, which stares us in the face in every line of this harangue, that the author is a scholar,

and is moreover a scholar who has been nurtured upon some early translation of the Bible. Not necessarily King James's Bible, which we now call the Authorised Version; in fact, in the body of the Apology there are texts taken from some other translation.

Barclay is very cautious that his Address to the King shall not be mistaken for what is commonly called a Dedication. He writes:

As it is inconsistent with the Truth I bear, so it is far from me to use this Epistle as an Engine to flatter Thee, the usual design of such Works; and therefore I can neither Dedicate it to Thee nor crave Thy Patronage, as if thereby I might have more Confidence to present it to the World, or be more hopeful of its success.

The rest of the paragraph of which these are the opening lines is wholly theological, and I have quoted these lines merely to show the sturdy independence of Barclay's character. I claim for him that he is a great man of letters, and part of the evidence I adduce is that while asserting the simplicity of Quaker diction, he never loses sight either of dignity or of courtesy. The concluding paragraphs of the Address are probably the finest.

There is no King in the World who can so experimentally testify of God's Providence and Goodness; neither is there any who rules so many free People, so many true Christians; which thing renders Thy Government more Honourable, Thyself more Considerable, than the Accession of many nations filled with slavish and superstitious Souls.

Thou hast tasted of Prosperity and Adversity; thou know'st what it is to be banished Thy Native Country, to be Over-ruled as well as to Rule and sit upon the Throne; and being oppressed Thou hast reason to know how hateful the Oppressor is both to God and Man. If after all these Warnings and Advertisements Thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all Thy Heart; but forget him who remembered Thee in Thy distress, and give up Thyself to follow Lust and Vanity. Surely great will be thy condemnation.

Against which Snare, as well as the Temptation of those that may or do feed Thee and prompt Thee to Evil, the most Excellent and Prevalent Remedy will be to apply thyself to that Light of Christ which shineth in Thy Conscience, which neither can nor will flatter Thee, nor suffer Thee to be at ease in Thy Sins; but doth and will deal plainly and faithfully with Thee, as those that are Followers thereof have also done.

Here we have none of the coarse vituperation with which John Knox had assailed King Charles's great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. And yet the Address to the King is dated "the 25th of the month called November, in the year 1675"—Barclay having apparently so far conformed to the usage of the world as to call the month by its Latin name. It is just as well he did so; for, if he had described it by a number, the state of the calendar just then was such that we might not have known whether it was new or old style. But this is a digression. In 1675 the Court of Charles II. was at its height as a hotbed of scandals. Barclay, however, was too good a Christian to indulge in railing accusations—too well bred a gentleman to use language other than courteous—and too great a master of English to need vituperation for the sake of emphasis. His stately periods had really more point than the scolding of the Puritan preacher. But Barclay was courteous where Knox was coarse; and Knox left no such monument as the Apology. Moreover, although he did not convert the King, he so far prevailed with him as to procure indulgences for the Quaker sect. We may give even Charles Stuart credit so far, that he recognised the sincerity of the Quaker principle of non-resistance. James II. also became a patron of the Quakers and a personal friend of Barclay: it was to Barclay that James said: "The wind is fair for the Prince of Orange to come over." There is too much reason to fear that James's regard for his Quaker friend was assumed as a political blind; but I refrain from political as well as theological comments:

As I have mentioned Quaker non-resistance, I may as well give a story which I find in the life of Robert Barclay, written by David Barclay of Walthamstow in 1802. It is to the effect that Robert Barclay, his wife and her brother, and a Dutch friend named Aarent Sonmans, were travelling to London from a place in Hertfordshire, when they were bidden by a highwayman to stand and deliver. The biographer tells us that:

When the robber presented his pistol, Robert Barclay calmly asked him "how he came to be so rude," and took him by the arm; on which the robber let the pistol drop, and offered him no further violence, but his brother-in-law was rifled, and Sonmans received a mortal wound in the thigh, though it was thought rather accidentally than by design.

There might be a good deal to say about this incident, if we were discussing the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, or even if we were dealing with Barclay's personal courage. But this *Causerie* is not concerned with either of those topics.

The Apology is only one of this remarkable writer's numerous works; his short life was for the most part passed in theological controversy. The biography I have already quoted does not give the date of his birth, but does state that he died on October 3, 1690, in the forty-second year of his age. I suppose one would have to ransack libraries to find copies of his minor writings; I know not whether the Apology itself was ever reprinted after the eighteenth century. I have in my possession a copy,

Printed and sold by T. Sowle Raylton and Luke Hinde, at the Bible in George Yard Lombard Street 1736,

and a later one by Baskerville, Birmingham, 1765. The Life which I have quoted is said to be printed and sold by W. Phillips at George Yard Lombard Street in 1802.

It may be that these are scanty authorities for the opinion I have expressed, that Robert Barclay was a great master of English. Possibly, if I quoted from the body of the Apology, I could strengthen my position, but I could not expect the ACADEMY to inflict upon its readers quotations from a work of controversial divinity.

EDWARD JAFFRAY.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Nepenthe," by Robert Bridges.]

FICTION

Face to Face and *Dolorosa*. By FRANCISCO ACEBAL. Presented in English by MARTIN HUME. (Constable, 6s.)

WE were exceedingly interested to make the acquaintance of a young modern Spanish novelist, Don Francisco Acebal, whom Major Martin Hume, an acknowledged authority on matters Spanish, introduces to English readers in the present volume. But after the commendation of the preface we cannot but confess disappointment in the two short novels which the book contains. "*Mater Dolorosa*" is the tragedy of an only son worshipped by his mother and by his father, who is a worker in iron. They lavish money on him and he becomes a handsome sculptor with a studio in a gay quarter of Madrid; naturally, he is out of sympathy with his parents through the advantages which they have rejoiced to give him. The early part of the story is good—the ironmongery and its old master, whose nature has become imbued with some of the qualities of the iron he is constantly handling; the mother's delight at the birth of her baby son, and her unwillingness to let him ever come in contact with anything to do with the ironmongery—even his father's hands; the waggoners who bring presents from customers in the country to the "young gentleman" they have never seen—the whole picture is drawn with convincing clearness. But when the boy becomes a man he seems to lose his identity, and the tragedy of his murder in consequence loses all its poignancy. A shadow merely has been stabbed. There is nothing inevitable and, therefore, nothing moving about his end. "*Face to Face*" is finely conceived and worked out with considerable delicacy. In it Acebal shows the gradual encroachments of a great ironfoundry over the estates of a Spanish marquis, and how the young ironfounder wins the Marquis's daughter and even the old Marquis himself—pride of race caught by the tentacles of

labour and strength. Though there is cleverness and subtlety in Acebal's work, there is no greatness: and nothing to warrant Major Hume's mention of him in the same breath with such masters as Turgenev and Tolstoy. Both novels, however, were well worth translation, and the translation has been made into admirable English, idiomatic and precise.

Profit and Loss. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen, 6s.)

BUOYANCY is the feature of Mr. Oxenham's work, and it is an excellent quality; but with it is mingled an extravagant optimism, which brings to his fiction the kind of unnatural sweetness that simpers from the pictures of Carlo Dolce, and becomes rapidly wearisome. "Profit and Loss" is no exception. It is packed with life and incident, and each of the many characters has a distinct personality, as far as can be discerned through the strong rose-coloured light that is thrown upon them. The story deals with Mrs. Barty and her family, Meg, Joan (the girls are angels), and George, who is the hero, a paragon, and, as is not unusual with paragons, more than a little priggish. His bent is literature, and at it he sets to work with a will and eventual success, after travelling with a lunatic through Europe; the idiot tries to stab him, runs away and is lost in a storm on the Swiss mountains. George is nursed by Mary Lindsay, the companion of an old lady who has also died, and they travel slowly back home to the Bloomsbury boarding-house which his mother keeps. A fillip is given to the plot by the arrival towards the end of the book, just when George and Mary are affianced, of Mr. Barty, the convict-father, who declares himself to be Mary's father also; she, however, is only his step-daughter by a bigamous marriage, and the incident only adds to the happiness of the finale, because the convict-father returns to Australia and leaves behind him a little fortune of one hundred cool thousands. But the story, improbable as it is, goes with a swing, and some of the characters, notably Joan and a Mrs. Baird and Joan's mother, have charm in spite of everything, and they will be welcomed with the same degree of affection that is lavished upon the Madonnas of Carlo Dolce.

Wilhelmina in London. By BARRY PAIN. (Long, 3s. 6d.)

THE vaporous, ringleted beauties of the early Victorian Era are hardly to be regretted; but in these days, when the equality of the sexes is the subject for ever on the lips of plain and spectacled enthusiasts, who care more for their intellectual bumps than for their figures, it is refreshing to know of at least one woman who, after a varied and not unsuccessful career, can face the truth boldly and admit that her good fortune is owing to her looks, and has come to her "more because of the outside of her head than of the inside." In fact, the pretty woman rushed in where her cleverer sisters feared to tread, and prospered. Coming to London with the fixed determination to live by her wits alone, she ignored the fact that those wits were backed by considerable beauty. But Wilhelmina is only human. She takes her revenge on her good looks by swathing herself in hideous blue linen, smearing her features with black machine oil, and devoting herself to the doctoring and driving of motor cars. Her sacrifice is rewarded by a signal triumph over a mere man, whom she discovers trying to drive an unwilling motor with but one teaspoonful of petrol in its tank. Though possessed of a kind heart, Wilhelmina has a keen sense of humour, and we pity the unfortunate man. The quaint maid-of-all-work, Minnie Saxe, "flat as a board, with a small bun of sand-coloured hair, a mouth like a steel vice, and an eye like a gimlet," who "engaged" Wilhelmina "as mistress" early in her career, is a delightful character. "Given the sex and the opportunities, she would have been Napoleon;" as it is, she contents herself with "doing for" Wilhelmina and managing a weak-kneed old father. Her struggles with this poor old reprobate, who suffers from an inordinate craving, not for drink but

for sweets, are highly entertaining; so is the story of Wilhelmina, who comes to London intent on making a fortune, but determined not to adopt any of the usual professions open to her sex. Her attempts are many and ingenious, and we are genuinely sorry to reach the last chapter, in which she "acknowledges in white satin, Honiton lace and orange blossom, that she is a woman after all."

FINE ART

ARTHUR TOMSON

OF late years Fate has been cruel to our younger painters. Arthur Melville, Robert Brough, Charles Wellington Furse and Arthur Tomson—what might not these have accomplished had their span of life been longer? To the loss British painting sustained by the premature deaths of Furse and Melville we have been awakened by the exhibitions recently held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club and at the Institute, and now the Memorial Exhibition of Arthur Tomson's paintings at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street) quickens our regret that this sincere and talented artist should have been cut off in mid-career, at the very moment when the powers he patiently developed were finding fuller and statelier expression.

Like many of his fellow members of the New English Art Club, Tomson was a critic as well as a painter, and for many years his articles on art in the *Morning Leader* were eagerly sought after. Unlike certain of the clubmen, Tomson was not a critic who occasionally painted, but a painter who occasionally criticised; and though his theory of art was as sound and stimulating as his practice, we must, for the fullest revelation of his personality, go to his paintings rather than to his newspaper articles or even his book on Millet and the Barbizon School (Bell, 1903). The remarkable insight into the aims of the French Romanticists shown in this volume led many readers but slightly acquainted with the author's paintings to class him among the numerous imitators of the Barbizon painters. No estimate of Tomson's art could be more erroneous. His landscapes are peculiarly free from foreign influence; they are essentially British, and have far more in common with those of Cecil Lawson, Constable and the Norwich masters than with any work by Millet, Rousseau or Diaz. His subjects were much the same as those of the Romanticists, for, as Mrs. Pennell observes in her preface to Mr. Baillie's catalogue:

Like them, he [Tomson] went to the country for inspiration; not the stately country of Claude with its castles and ruins and classic elegance; but the country at his very threshold—the country where men toil and labour.

Here, then, the external resemblance ends, and, since the painters of Barbizon have this much in common with our own Constable, we may justly contend that in this particular also Tomson maintained a national tradition. His landscapes are not topographical, being, as all landscapes should be, a rendering of a mood of nature rather than an inventory of the features of any particular place, and it was his aim to present this rendering not only with truth but with beauty, that is to say in harmonious colour and rhythmical pattern. On the importance of design he was never tired of laying stress in his writings. "For attitude," said Tomson, the painter "should go to Nature, for colouring he should consult the requirements of his subject, but in regulating the arrangement of either, he should consult first of all that which lies within himself." Possibly, if Tomson had gone direct to nature for his colour as well as his "attitude," his landscapes might seem to us more modern in feeling and less old-fashioned in style. For while we admire the arrangement and atmosphere in such great sweeps of country side as *In the Down Country* (16) and *The Happy Valley* (30) it cannot be denied that a certain conventionality of colour takes

us back to Crome and Constable respectively rather than to nature herself. In what direction his landscape would have developed it is impossible to say, but there is every reason to suppose that it would have grown more and more personal, more and more original; for towards the latter end of his life his art was changing into a second manner. And the salient features of this second manner were a growing preoccupation with truth to nature's lighting—best exemplified in his last picture, *The Coming Storm* (9)—and an increasing devotion to the study of the sea. Pure seascapes he rarely attempted, but in his later landscapes glimpses of the sea, in the middle distance or on the horizon, recur like a sweet refrain. In such a painting as *On the Cornish Coast* (22), with a farm labourer and horses ploughing in the foreground while beyond them a great stretch of sea reaches out to the horizon, Tomson invents what is practically a new *genre*, a combination of landscape, or rustic, with marine painting. In this welding together of downs, sea and sky into one harmonious whole he expresses a typical aspect of English landscape which has seldom been attempted and never portrayed with greater skill or deeper feeling.

Though stricken down in the very act of creating this new *genre*, Tomson had already proved his complete mastery of another subject which he made singularly his own. This was the humble Tabby, for, as Mrs. Pennell tells us:

He loved cats. His house was always full of them. . . . He kept them with him at all hours. He was familiar with their every movement, every curve of their soft, graceful bodies, as they lay relaxed in slumber, as they bent over the saucer of milk, as they rolled and leaped in play, as they crouched, rigid and alert, waiting to spring upon their prey. And as he knew them, so he drew and painted them. He never degraded them into an excuse for tedious sentimentalism, or Academic anecdote.

When these little cat-paintings were first shown at the New English and International exhibitions they proved a revelation to painters and the public; for, while cat-lovers marvelled at their truth and at the painter's insight into feline character and habits, craftsmen were equally lost in admiration of the beautiful colour-harmonies and exquisite designs. The place of Arthur Tomson in English landscape art must be left for future historians to determine, but if to paint one thing supremely well—more truthfully and more beautifully than it has ever been painted before—is to achieve greatness, then Tomson has a place, however humble, among the masters, if only for his unrivalled paintings of our friend the cat.

MUSIC

EARS TO HEAR

CHARLES LAMB, in his famous essay beginning: "I have no ear," shows that he must have been a keen listener to music without the key to comprehend and enjoy it. Otherwise he could not have been so much annoyed by it. He must have possessed, as it were, one side, at least, of the musical temperament, and he must have applied himself pretty rigorously to unravel the mystery which was denied him. It seems to me that he had the qualities which the ordinary half-musical frequenter of concert rooms lacks, while he had not those which such people possess. He knew how to listen, but knew not the interpretation thereof. We who so constantly listen vaguely and badly are often content with the kind of enjoyment which costs least trouble.

An impression, strengthened lately by new scenes and fresh experiences, has long since formed itself in my mind, that we Londoners need a good deal of teaching, followed by something of a reformation, before we can be said to be good listeners to music. I say nothing of the overcrowding of many concerts into a small part of the year, or of the other unbeautiful conditions, which

the exigencies of town life make almost necessary. Such things are, after all, extraneous attributes and do not affect the mental attitude of the individual hearer. But that attitude often seems a wrong one, and there is a disease which afflicts the educated listener, and of which we only become aware either when we have left off for the time being trying to listen, or when, in some special moment, we hear with new ears. Once, not long ago, I came late to a concert at Queen's Hall, where a programme of more or less student works was being given, and found the slow movement of a new symphony in progress. I did not know that it was a symphony or who its composer was, and although it was not very great music, to follow it to its close was a delight of an entirely new kind. We very rarely get the chance of hearing a work without knowing anything of what is coming, and I am not contending that we are dependent upon a condition of blissful ignorance for right hearing. But in that particular case my ignorance of the work and my desire to catch the thread of it made me exercise all my faculties in a way which usually I do not trouble to do, and increased my pleasure tenfold. As I say, that piece of music was not very great or very profound, but it taxed all my general knowledge to make up for the lack of special knowledge. It gave me a taste of what would be the pleasure to a perfectly trained listener, who heard some masterpiece, say a Brahms symphony, under similar conditions. Very few have ever had this experience, for at the first hearing of the world's greatest masterpieces few have had the genius of listening sufficiently developed on all sides to grasp their meaning.

But with works which we know, most of us need to exercise our faculties aided by our knowledge in much keener fashion than we usually do, and, if we did, we should gain a much stronger, clearer impression from each hearing, so long as the work is really worth hearing again. We generally know at once too much and too little, enough to blunt our natural faculties rather by making us lazy, not enough to assist in following the main thread. The small contrivances to save an audience trouble, the little snips of information and musical quotations printed in programmes or distributed by concert agents to newspaper critics are a nuisance and a hindrance to the listener. If you know the work, they are less than your knowledge: if you are ignorant of it, they flatter you with a certain sense of knowledge for which you have not worked. Of course, a thoughtful analysis of a work, read before going to hear it, may be a real help, but even this ought to be kept out of the concert room. Miniature scores are another source of evil. Delightful and useful as they are to the student at home, yet it is dreadful to see people at a concert, their faces buried in the score, chasing the themes from strings to woodwind, imagining that they are improving their knowledge, while the music goes by them almost unheard.

No, the perfect listener will of course bring with him the perfect knowledge which includes these things, but the problem, as I conceive it, is to know well and to listen well at the same time. Curiously enough, it seemed to me at the recent Handel festival that within its limitations the audience there had found out how to do this. The devotees of Handel at the Crystal Palace really know their *Judas Maccabæus* well, and yet listen to it with an eagerness which makes one think what magnificent musical audiences we might boast, if the same qualities could be brought to bear on more exacting types of music. Their knowledge has for the most part been gained by the solid method of singing the choruses in provincial choral societies, by singing and playing the solos at home as well as by listening. Perhaps Handel's artificial position as the fetish of English music does something to get him a good audience, even in these advanced days, by helping to create the desire to listen; but it is far more the real knowledge combined with the real enthusiasm, which his finest moments can still excite, that does this. Moreover, it is for the most part knowledge of the right sort; it is

knowing the music as music, having a complete impression of the whole, rather than analytical knowledge, which most helps the listener. Academic knowledge is often as much a snare to the listener as to the composer, because it needs a great mind to subordinate it to its proper place.

Once we are armed with adequate knowledge, the next thing is to keep to the point in listening, not to be led away by momentary sound-effects, either good or bad, things which become more conspicuous as our knowledge increases. Most of us have been annoyed by the criticism of the cultivated person, who refuses to admit that he enjoyed a fine performance because of small blemishes; just as we all have felt outraged by the applause following a last high note, where the whole performance was bad. These are instances of the educated and the ignorant alike losing the point, led away by a cross trail. Concentration is, of course, the moral of it all. You cannot concentrate attention while programmes, scores, or your own stock of knowledge claim each a separate part of it. When the knowledge becomes assimilated, it contributes to the end and helps to give the hearer ears to hear.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A FEW more extracts from Mr. Murray's autumn list may be of interest to our readers. It is announced, and we hope finally, that "The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861" on which Mr. Arthur C. Benson and Lord Esher have been hard at work for some time, will appear before Christmas. There are to be three illustrated volumes. "The Young People," by An Older Companion, is a book of light essays on "the manifold happiness of the London life of certain young people well known to the writer," forming a manual for every one who loves London and children, written especially for the children. "Adrift in New Zealand," by E. Way Elkington, gives the experiences of a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who arrived in New Zealand with only threepence and spent seven years in the country with varied occupation and fortune. He devotes some space to the Maoris, with whom at one time he dwelt. "Colonization and Empire" by F. A. Kirkpatrick, and "Empire Builders" by W. K. Stride, are lectures that may be given with a magic lantern, describing the growth of the Colonies and the great men, from King Alfred to James Cook, who have worked for the Empire. Among natural history books we observe Mr. Tickner Edwardes's "An Idler in the Wilds," a book illustrated by the author, who deals, as in his delightful former books, with wild nature and country life. "Queen and Cardinal," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, is a sketch of the life and companions of Anne of Austria, the famous Regent of France and mother of Louis XIV.; and another historical work, of a different order, is Mr. Horatio F. Brown's translation from the Italian of Pompeo Molmenti's "History of Venice." There will be three volumes of this, in two parts each; dealing respectively with Venice in the Middle Ages, in the Golden Age, and in her decadence. The new Indian Texts Series is to start with Niccolao Manucci's "Storia Do Mogor," or Mogul Memoirs (1643-1708), translated and edited with notes and introduction (under the supervision of the Royal Asiatic Society) by Mr. William Irvine. Craftswomen will be interested in Mrs. Mincoff's "Pillow Lace," an illustrated manual for workers and collectors.

Mr. W. A. Horn, who, some twelve years ago, fitted out the "Horn Scientific Expedition to Central Australia," has written a book of travel reminiscences which he calls "Notes by a Nomad: An Olla-Podrida." This work will be illustrated from photographs taken by the author and will shortly be published by Messrs. Melville and Mullen of Melbourne and London.

Mr. David Nutt announces the publication, early in the autumn, of a new novel by Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "Whom God Hath Joined—" It is a study of the

problems of marriage and divorce in modern society. The action opens in the district of the Five Towns and the later scenes take place in the Law Courts.

Mrs. Meynell has made a selection from the poems of Father John B. Tabb, of St. Charles College, Maryland, which will be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

Messrs. Methuen announce a little guide to Normandy by Mr. Cyril Scudamore, with forty illustrations and a railway map; and a book by Mr. S. Baring-Gould on the history, legends and beauties of the Rhine, with illustrations in colour by Mr. Trevor Haddon and a series of reproductions from photographs.

Professor Garvie has been writing a survey of the recent literature on Christian ethics which will appear in the forthcoming number of the "Review of Theology and Philosophy."

Messrs. Jack announce for the autumn publishing season a number of the most famous poems of all time, printed in bold type and specially illustrated by a series of pictures by well-known artists of to-day. The booklets will be sold at the same price as the various series at present on the market which have either no illustrations or merely black and white reproductions. The artists' work in this series will be rendered in the full colours of the originals.

Mr. Alston Rivers announces for immediate publication a novel of Devonshire, called "A Pixy in Petticoats," by a new author.

Messrs. Cassell are about to issue monthly a sixpenny edition of standard novels, the first of which, "The Hundred Days," by Max Pemberton, will appear on Wednesday next. It is the aim of Messrs. Cassell to give a six-shilling novel for sixpence, and each publication of their monthly issue of the sixpenny edition will be cheap only in price.

The "Jewish Literary Annual" to be published in October will contain many new features. The volume will include the Presidential Address delivered last October by Sir Philip Magnus, M.P., before the Union of Jewish Literary Societies, whose organ the Annual is; a symposium on Jewish religious education in England, and a series of essays dealing with the progress of Jewish literature in the different European countries during the year. This section will contain articles on Yiddish literature and on Hebrew literature and that of the Holy Land. The volume, edited by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson, will conclude with a *résumé* of the activities of the Union and its forty constituent societies during the past year.

The next volume in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry will be Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" for children, with five illustrations by William Blake. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in an introduction, suggests that the work is chiefly interesting for two reasons apart from its original purpose—for the light it throws on the attitude of the nursery authors of its day towards children, and for the character of Mrs. Mason, "the first and strongest British Matron," who "came before Mrs. Proudie, and also, it is interesting to note, before Sir Willoughby Patterne." The book will be ready next week.

A new writer, Mr. Gordon Holmes, is publishing his first novel with Mr. Werner Laurie next week. It is called "The Arncliffe Puzzle," and is a story of to-day. The author has woven a love interest into a mystery.

Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, author of several monographs on the Master Musicians, of "George Thomson, the Friend and Correspondent of Burns," and other works, has been making a study of the '45 period. The book, which Messrs. Methuen will issue, is to be entitled "Prince Charlie," and is neither a biography of the Young Pretender nor an historical romance. It will include a consideration of the social life of Scotland towards the middle of the eighteenth century.

M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, has completed the second volume of his "History of English Literature," and Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue the book during the coming autumn season. It is close upon

a quarter of a century since he published "Les Anglais au moyen âge"; in the years 1837-90 M. Jusserand was Councillor at the French Embassy in London, and during this period he made researches for his Literary History, the first section of which was published in 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ANCIENTS AND THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of *Vers La Joie* there are, permit me to say, a few far too positive assertions. For instance, it were no hard task to show that lessons of "obedience, humility, patience and renunciation" were part of the "Pagan equipment" as well as of the Christian "equipment." So far are they from being "essentially modern," that one has but to recall Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus, to remember that these so-called peculiar Christian qualities are the essential ones of all they wrote.

As far as the love of life, and the fear of death go, is the modern world really better off than the ancient? Personally I deem that we are worse off, inasmuch as we fail, most of us, to get that enjoyment out of existence which the ancients did. We have not an equal zest for it. Is this not by itself enough to account for the melancholy of some of its poetry, now and then? What is prized is hard to part with. Who that is happy wishes to die?

But too much may be made of this melancholy note by presenting but one side of the shield. Many, perhaps quite as many, a passage could be quoted of a joyous nature, from ancient classical writers as can be, and, by pessimistic critics, are, of a dolorous sort.

Just for the fun of the thing, as it were, your reviewer sent me to the French edition of Jacobs's Anthology (Hachette & Co., 2 vols., 1863), and I have to thank him for the treat he has been the means of affording me. It includes, as you know, many Christian, as well as Pagan epitaphs, and I found in the former the same admixture of gloom and hope as in the latter.

As instances of Pagan hope, let the following be quoted:

"O, eagle placed a-top of this tomb, why gazest thou so steadfastly towards heaven?—I am the emblem of Plato's soul, which has fled upwards to Olympus. His body, born of the ground, he has left behind in Attic earth."

"Tell me, O dog, to whom does the monument, over which you keep guard, belong?—To the dog.—What was his name whom you call the dog?—Diogenes.—Tell me his Country.—He was a man of Sinope.—What, he who lived in a tub?—Precisely, but, now he is dead, his home is amid the stars."

"Small is this tomb; but, see, rising from it the glory of the man of genius it encloses, the glory of Thales."

Many more of the same tenour could be given, but I fear to trespass too far on your space. "The Celestial regions." "May their kindred souls have the same eternal home." "The gentle Pluto." "Both, now, with other pious souls, dwell in the Elysian fields." "Have courage and confidence for what is left to you of life; death will bring us together again soon." "I am now in the palace of the immortal gods. Here, in my Celestial home, it is a perpetual dawn. Mercury led me in by the hand, and procured for me the great glory of living among the blessed in the starry heavens, and of sitting on seats of gold along with old friends." "Rejoice, too, O passer by: may you have many joys to taste yet on earth. We, who are dead, have no lack of our own."

Now, *per contra*, take some of the Christian ones. Select a few from the two hundred and sixty-four of Saint Gregory's epigrams.

"Oh, cruel grave which has opened itself to receive that glorious youth, Césaire. How unjust to take him and leave his parents alive. But let the grave be acquitted; it could not permit a young man to live who was wiser than his elders."

"Thou hast left behind thee, Césaire, all thy brethren, and hast now, in their place, only a narrow grave."

"Césaire, who, with his sublime intelligence, had embraced all the learning of the world, is now, alas! but a little heap of dust."

"I, Martinian, laden once with all earthly honours, am now but dust and ashes. Water my tomb with your tears, but touch it not."

"Alas! alas! Amphilogus has been snatched from a wise and virtuous wife and is now alone in the melancholy grave."

"Euphemius, at the tender age of twenty, shining both in learning and beauty, has gone down to his grave. Alas! Alas! Death comes too quickly for the virtuous and good."

"Descended to the gloomy regions," is the expression of another of them; and almost all of them are similar in tone. In none is the spirit of Paul's grand exclamation to be traced:

Oh, grave where is thy victory?
Oh, Death where is thy sting?

Apologising for the length of this communication, which I hope may be excused for what you may perhaps deem its interest,

R. S. Y.

MR. BENSON'S PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Robert Ross's review of Mr. A. C. Benson's life of Walter Pater which appeared in your issue of the 21st inst., I fail to see why the fact of my having recalled Pater's intention of treating the history of Raymond of Toulouse should be described as an anecdote or as an attempt to "conceal something."

So far as I knew Pater there was nothing to conceal but much to admire and I hold that the literary projects of a great writer have an interest for students of his achieved work.

To know that Walter Pater considered his "Plato and Platonism" the work most likely to resist the test of time seems to me quite as interesting as that he once said to Oscar Wilde: "You have a phrase for everything."

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

July 24.

[Mr. Robert Ross writes: As rival Grevilles Mr. Ainslie and myself have failed to impress each other. I have obviously not appreciated the significance of his recollections, any more than he has realised the significance of my criticism. But I have one great advantage over him, in that I am able to admire sincerely and praise unreservedly Mr. Ainslie the poet and trenchant dramatic critic of *Truth*.

Walter Pater was, if all his friends are to be believed, a very reserved man, and his friends in a very proper spirit, which I regret to have met with so seldom, have been equally reserved. If, however, they have nothing more to tell us than what they have confided to Mr. Benson, I begin to doubt the amount of intimacy to which Pater admitted them or to suspect that they are exercising their discretion unnecessarily in public.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Robert Ross is so charming a writer that I cannot but regret the tone of part of his article on Mr. Benson's "Pater" in the ACADEMY for July 21. Particularly distasteful are the concluding paragraphs, which seem to me to have but one meaning, and should never have been written.

Whatever Pater's opinions might be, we are only concerned with those he has explicitly stated. If a reviewer has the right to rip up his subject like a pig (in Tennyson's vivid phrase) he has certainly no right, if his anatomical researches yield no result, to avenge himself by reading as *chroniques scandaleuses* words which were not written autobiographically, but with a specified object.

It is indeed a pitiable sight to view the impotent scraping of these men with muck-rakes, amongst the "remains" of this or that man of genius. Very certainly in the case of Pater, their research will be vain. The man lived his own quiet life, and gave the public the flower of it, as his works testify. For the rest, has not Mr. George Moore told us of his "deliberate platitude," of his careful deference to public opinion, of his friendliness that never could become intimacy? Mr. Moore's article (in *Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1904) is indeed a more illuminating study of the man than all Mr. Benson's book.

With the various criticisms, either of Mr. Benson or Mr. Ross, I have no time to deal fully. I would, however, urge critics to show some little amount of common sense in the exercise of their vocation. Thus, Mr. Benson blames Pater for faults that would have been faults indeed had "Marius" been intended as a book of Christian Apologetics: but, then, you see it was not meant to be: Mr. Ross seems to think that it should answer the canons of any novel and actually compares it to that wretched morass of middle-class sentiment "John Inglesant"—that book beloved by people who read Mrs. Humphry Ward and talk about culture.

Fie Mr. Ross! "Marius" is a book alone, and not to be classed with any novel, philosophic or otherwise. Then, "Gaston" we are told, is a failure. Well, much depends on the meaning of failure. The book was never even finished, and the sixth chapter was published after Pater's death, without any of that careful revision that all his work underwent. Failure or no, however, it contains two of its author's finest "Imaginary Portraits" (Ronsard and Montaigne) and many passages worthy to be classed with the best of his work.

Much of Mr. Benson's book is indeed admirably sympathetic and illuminating; but in certain places he seems to find fault for the sake of fault-finding; that so common frailty of the critic, who would seem afraid else that his capability will be questioned. The same words, almost, might be applied to the article of your own contributor. With much of it one cordially agrees whilst deploring its flippancy in certain places. Some at least still regard Pater as "the greatest prose writer of our time," and not only this but as one, who, in a time of change in opinion, not only religious but ethical, could still teach a great lesson, and himself study to be quiet and show the way. Perhaps the best motto for his own works would be that passage from "Hippolytus Veiled": "Books for the delighted reading of a scholar, willing to ponder at leisure, to make his way surely, and understand."

E. R. B.

DOES THE WORD "SARACEN" MEAN "ORIENTAL"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Impossible etymologies die hard. If there is one etymology on which modern etymologists are apparently agreed, it is the derivation of the word "Saracen." In the dictionaries of Webster,

Annandale, Isaac Taylor, Skeat, and in many other etymological dictionaries we find it taken for granted that the word "Saracen" is of Arabic origin—namely from *sharq* "sunrise," and that it means "Oriental." And yet, strange to say, in spite of this general consent among etymologists, it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that there is no evidence, no probability even of an Arabic derivation. One modern scholar, Hansleigh Wedgwood, in his Dictionary made a protest against the *sharq* explanation, but it has not been listened to. He says very pertinently that the Arabian tribes would not have appeared to themselves in the character of Easterns, that the name of Saracens, or any tribal or national name derived from an Arabic *sharq*, is unknown to the Arabs themselves, and that the word "Saraceni" was in use by Greek and Latin writers, who would never have devised an Arabic appellation for Arab tribes—a term quite strange to the desert tribes and perfectly unmeaning to the western peoples.

Long before Wedgwood we find Gibbon protesting against the most popular of the etymologies of "Saracen," namely the one from an Arabic word signifying "Oriental situation." Gibbon says that this "is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and southern position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt; the appellation cannot therefore allude to any national character, and since it was imposed by strangers [on the Arabian tribes], it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language."

If we accept this reasoning, and if the "Saraceni" of Greek and Latin writers must be derived from some foreign—probably some non-Semitic—language, the etymology of the word will probably for ever remain an unsolved problem.

A. L. MAYHEW.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—It is pleasing to note that Mr. Mayhew's article recommended and has provoked suggestions for practical steps towards a Simplification of our Spelling. I presume we may infer that Professor Skeat has smasht the case for etymological spelling; that this bogie—which has frightened so many—is now laid, never to be raised again.

I was delighted to observe Mr. Mayhew's closing injunctions to all spelling reformers, particularly those of such standing as Professor Skeat and Dr. Sweet, to give Reformed Spelling a practical lift, by adopting simplified forms in their own publications. In noticing Professor Skeat's booklet for the "Journal of Orthography," published by Dr. Larison, of Ringos, N.J., I used similar arguments, and almost identical language. The coincidence is somewhat singular. Professor Brander Matthews follows his own advice.

Pronunciation, like spelling varies, the latter being the greatest sinner; but if "A Student of Literature" helps to establish a broad, workable alphabet, reducing the multiplicity of vowels and diphthongs, bringing them into the "one sound one sign" plane, then pronunciation will have a fair chance of being read and understood of all men, which the *British Weekly* plainly indicates is far from being so, saying "misled" is pronounced "mizzeld!" I presume he knows "shammfast" was current as Old English, and I believe adopted by Milton.

Is it possible to get your readers to adopt Professor Skeat's suggested simplified forms, viz.: *hav. giv; grev, feild; shipt, mixt; aproov, freez; assemb, lill; brekfast, medow; cumfort, muney; curage, ruf, tuch; labor, honor; decalog; del, lam; eg, stif, bath, etc.*

H. DRUMMOND.

July 21.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for July 14 I see an article on Spelling Reform by Mr. A. L. Mayhew. The sight of the heading "Spelling Reform" carried me back thirty years, when I took part in a discussion with Alexander John Ellis in the columns of the ACADEMY of that date, and my interest in the question has continued ever since.

Mr. Carnegie, as you are aware, has formed and financed a "Simplified Spelling Board" for propaganda. Professor Skeat of Cambridge has a pamphlet on the subject upon which the writer of the article in the ACADEMY offers some remarks.

I think if Mr. Mayhew was aware of the present position of the question in America especially and in England, some of his remarks would be somewhat modified.

Professor Skeat is severe upon the neglect or hostility (call it boycotting) to the subject of Spelling Reform by Reviews, Newspapers, etc.

The charge of neglect or hostility to the subject, cannot be levelled against the ACADEMY, which was the first of high class Reviews to open its columns at that date of strong prejudice, and now upon the resurrection of the question to public notice, in a fair and considerate spirit, the ACADEMY admits a discussion of the question in its influential columns.

Considering the nebulous and sporadic condition at present of the movement, with so many competitive schemes abroad, each author fighting for his own plan, it was hardly to be expected that "Men of Letters, business men, the man in the street," would come forward in support of any particular scheme. Even Professor Skeat's plan is rather shadowy for practical ends.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter, what is to be

done, what is the motive-power behind, the *raison d'être* of the movement?

We are now in the throes of a stupendous effort for the establishment of a National System of Primary Education. The first and among the most important objects of all Education is to enable everybody to Read and Write their Mother Tongue. The great stumbling-block to this end is the chaotic state of the English Alphabet.

Simplified Spelling is the complement to the Education Bill. A Departmental Committee of Inquiry would examine all proposals and would recommend some plan for practical adoption in Schools.

The omission of surplus, silent and useless letters would be a good step forward, as faintly hinted at by Dr. Skeat. Lists of such "idle" letters have been drawn up in America and in England.

EDWARD JONES, B.A.

"CONCEALED POETS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In my communication under this heading, the sentence "this letter is addressed to a poet who confesses to be a 'concealed poet,'" should read "this letter is addressed to a poet by one who confesses that he is a 'concealed poet.'" The omission of the two words was due to my own fault, not yours.

It has been suggested to me that a more likely Shakespearean sonnet than those I instanced may be the original of the Twickenham sonnet written by Bacon. It is Sonnet 25, which pointedly alludes to a fallen favourite who till then could

Of public honour and proud titles boast.

This sonnet is worth comparison with Bacon's speech at the trial of Essex, when he said—"For you, my lord, should know that though princes give their subjects cause of discontent, though they take away the honours they have heaped upon them, though they bring them to a lower estate than they raised them from, yet ought they not to forget their allegiance."

Till June 1598 Essex had been a royal favourite, "famoused for fight," according to the Sonnet; but then came he under a "frown" that made that "glory die"; while Bacon, holding no office, could not be "removed." He was safe in this respect.

A study of the Sonnets and the "Apology for Essex" will prove to any impartial mind that many of the expressions and similes used in both fit marvellously well into the relative positions of Bacon and Essex.

We have the line, for instance—

To witness duty, not to show my wit,

the stand assumed by Bacon in the trial of Essex.

Then take Sonnet 29—can its pathetic wail come from Shakespeare, Bacon, or Essex (*per* Bacon)? It begins:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state.

At what period of his career did the position of Shakespeare, the actor, ever assume this description or confession? Every line of this Sonnet can be read into the lives of Bacon and Essex. For years after his father's death, Bacon was "in disgrace with fortune" (he had no means—he was "working for bread") and "men's eyes," his uncle's in particular, were not directed to him (he was unappreciated). Essex had also the latter experience in 1601. What about Shakespeare? His life was one of uninterrupted success from the day he abandoned horse-holding for stage-playing and play-writing, when had he occasion to "beweep his outcast state?" The word is "beweep," not "bewept"; and the date of the Sonnets, according to "our greatest authority on Shakespeare," ranges from 1593 to 1603, the latter year being evidently referred to in the "eclipse" sonnet, No. 107, over Queen Elizabeth's death. When Shakespeare was supposed to have penned his first sonnet (1593), he had produced *Love's Labour's Lost*, the three parts of *Henry VI.*, *The Contention*, and *The True Tragedy*. He had previously abandoned his wife, poaching, Stratford, and the holding of horses at the stage door. He was a successful man of business in 1593: so what cause had he for "beweeping" in 1593, when Sonnet 29 was probably written, is a question I ask Mr. Sidney Lee and Professor Dowden. He might have "bewept," he could scarcely "beweep" at the date referred to.

Other two points, and I have finished. In Sonnet 111 we read:

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

How came it that in 1593 a man who had been obliged to flee Stratford for poaching had to confess that play-writing was *infra dig.*—that he was ashamed of the profession, and added:

Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd?

Play-writing—successful play-writing—might have been a disreputable occupation for money-making to an aristocrat like Bacon, but how could it possibly be described as such in the case of a plebeian like Shakespeare? And yet in the plays the writer shows himself an aristocrat, not a plebeian.

Besides, it is a matter of fact that Shakespeare never authorised the publication of the Sonnets (1609)—they were stolen, we are informed by Mr. Lee, by Thorpe. What was wrong with them if they were

Shakespeare's work? In 1599 the first edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" was issued by Jaggard—the bulk of the volume being written by Barnfield and others. Shakespeare did not object to the attributed authorship. A third edition appeared in 1612, under "W. Shakespeare's name," with verses filched from Heywood. Heywood objected, and "Shakespeare's name was removed from the title-page of a few copies" (Lee, p. 183). The Sonnets were published without Shakespeare's authority. Why? Possibly because he thought Bacon—if he were the author—might have adopted Heywood's principle and remonstrated. At any rate, Shakespeare never objected to the unauthorised issue of the Sonnets, and he never acknowledged them as his own work, yet we find them appearing in every edition of the works, along with "The Passionate Pilgrim," which everybody knows he did not write. These Sonnets still puzzle more than the proverbial Quaker, and among the more,

GEORGE STRONACH.

THE LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Few phrases arrest the attention of mankind more than those uttered by the dying lips of great men, they become as much imbedded in the history of their country as the fly in amber. Such phrases by constant spoken and written reiteration are among the unforgettable things of life. For these phrases voice often so admirably "what all have thought but ne'er so well expressed." Are we not familiar in our own day with pithy utterances in the political arena which have been so apt and striking that they have reverberated round the world? Yet despite this, and undeniably true as my statement is, how many of the phrases attributed to great men of the past were actually uttered by them? This pertinent question is brought forcibly home by your allusions, Mr. Editor, in your issue of the 14th inst. to a letter recently published in Germany anent Goethe's last words—"Light, more light!" Few dying words have been more quoted, and yet if that letter is to be accepted, the phrase was never uttered by that great man. Fact is indeed a great destroyer of our illusions. Hardly less famous than "Light, more light!" is the phrase attributed to the younger Pitt when dying—"O my country! how I leave my country!" Yet how true is it that but a step divides the sublime from the ridiculous, for it has been alleged that his last words really were—"I think I could eat one of Bellamy's mutton pies."

Indeed I think it might be safely affirmed that the whole subject teems with errors which can be divided under the following heads:

(1) Phrases never uttered.

(2) Wrong attribution, viz., phrases fathered on persons who never uttered them.

In dealing with this subject we have to recognise that men dearly love a phrase that epitomises their thoughts, convictions, or party bias, hence it follows that the surest way to political popularity is to coin phrases which shall be adopted as representing their principles. Disraeli regarded the phrase and used it as one of the most effective political weapons.

I have but touched the fringe of this very interesting subject and must leave it to your readers to amplify or deny my conclusions.

STANLEY HUTTON.

July 18.

THE READING-HABIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "reading-habit"! What a vile phrase! (I apologise to its author, of whose identity I am perfectly ignorant.) But seriously, what kind of glory and honour is to be meted out to those who have fostered the habit of reading for reading's sake? Surely it is nothing more or less than an insidious form of paralysis of the mind—a disease, I agree, public libraries have helped to spread most disastrously.

A public of sterile mind, having neither an appetite for learning, nor a love of literature, whose dull fancies must be tickled by sensationalism, appears to me to form the majority of public library frequenters. They are in and out of the public library, in much the same manner as the confirmed drunkard is in and out of every public-house. And the analogy holds good further; for it takes as strong a dose of sensationalism to ruffle the surface of the one's imagination, as it does of alcohol to intoxicate the other.

That public libraries have benefited thousands let no one deny; but for Heaven's sake, let their custodians try to forget they "have formed the reading-habit in many millions of people."

M. P.

July 21.

[Has M. P. reflected that the reading-habit may be an antidote to, or preventive of, the drink-habit? It may not benefit the sufferer, but at least it does no harm to his family.—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Williams, E. *Staple Inn*: Customs House, Wool Court and Inn of Chancery. Its mediæval surroundings and associations. 9 x 6. Pp. xi, 210. Constable, 5s. net.

[The author has made no attempt to go over ground already covered by

Foss, Day and Cato Worsfold, but throws further light on the origin of the Inn and supplies fresh facts and suggestions. Illustrated, Appendices and Index.]

Ward-Boughton-Leigh, the Revd. Bridgeman G. F. C. *Memorials of a Warwickshire Family*. With prefatory note by Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 208. Frowde, 10s. net.

[The Leighs and Boughton-Leighs of Newbold-on-Avon, Little Lawford, Stoneleigh, etc. Illustrated. No Index.]

CLASSICS.

Way, Arthur S. *Aeschylus in English Verse*. Part I. *The Seven against Thebes: The Persians*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 100. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

Rogers, Benjamin Bickley. *Ἀριστοφάνους Ὀρνίθες*. *The Birds of Aristophanes*. Acted at the Great Dionysia, B.C. 414. The Greek Text revised, with a translation into corresponding metres, introduction and commentary. 8½ x 7½. Pp. xcii, 305. Bell, 10s. 6d.

[Mr. Rogers has already published *The Frogs*, the *Ecclesiazusae* and the *Thesmophoriasusae* in the same series and won very high opinions for his work.]

DRAMA.

Sauter, Edwin, *The Poisoners or As'twas done in Italy*. A Tragedy. First Edition. 5½ x 4½. Pp. vi, 72. Saint Louis: published by the author at the Sign of the Leech. n.p.

Burton, Richard. *Rahab*: a drama in three acts. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 119. New York: Holt; London: Bell, 5s. net.

ECONOMICS.

Cornford, L. Cope. *The Defenceless Islands*. A study of the social and industrial conditions of Great Britain and Ireland; and of the effect upon them of the outbreak of a maritime war. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x., 240. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net.

[Partly reproduced from the author's articles, "In Case of War," which appeared in the *Standard* last month.]

Brabrook, Sir Edward. *Building Societies*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 160. King, 1s. net.

[A short, popular treatise on the social value of Building Societies, their history, their commercial merits, their future, and the right principles on which to conduct them. With some information on foreign Building Societies. Index.]

FICTION.

De Queiroz, Eça de. *Our Lady of the Pillar*, done into English by Edgar Prestage. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiv, 88. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

[A translation of the "Defunto," a short story by the famous Portuguese novelist. With a frontispiece, showing the statue to Queiroz at Lisbon, and an introduction. Mr. Prestage has made more than one translation from his works.]

Nightingale, Helen M. *Savile Gilchrist, M.D.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Long, 6s.

Pain, Barry. *Wilhelmina in London*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 200. Long, 3s. 6d. (See p. 88.)

Clare, Austin. *The Little Gate of Tears*: a Romance of the Island of Guernsey. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Hocking, Joseph. *The man who rose again*. With four illustrations in colour. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 426. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

Urquhart, Paul. *The Eagles*. Frontispiece by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Livingstone, Alice. *A Sealed Book*. With 8 full-page illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 384. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Scott, Maurice. *The Pride of the Morays*. Clay, Bertha M. *Lord Darlington's Wooing*. Each 7½ x 5½. Pp. 96. The Weekly Budget Novels. Each 2d.

Judd, A. M. *Pharaoh's Turquoise*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.

Dickberry, E. *The Nymph*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. White, 6s.

Bemerton, George. *Seven Lean Years*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 290. Drane, 6s.

Wynne, Freda. *The Profligates*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 205. Drane, 6s.

Bender, John. *That Girl*, a story of deception. 6½ x 3½. Pp. 91. Drane, 1s.

Mason, Arthur Charles. *Merely Provincial and Etceteras*. 6½ x 3½. Pp. 143. Drane, 1s.

[Sketches and studies.]

Murray, David Christie. *The Brangwyn Mystery*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Mystery of Magdalen*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

HISTORY.

Library of Congress. *Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789*. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncy Ford, Chief, Division of Manuscripts. Vol. vi. 1776, October 9-December 31. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 317. Washington: Government Printing Office.

LITERATURE.

Jespersen, Otto. *Growth and Structure of the English Language*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 260. Leipzig: Teubner. London: David Nutt, M. 3.

[Dr. Jespersen is Professor in the University of Copenhagen. In this book, which was awarded last month the Volney Prize by the Institut de France, he examines modern English and shows its development, connecting the teachings of linguistic history with the chief events in the general history of England.]

City and County of Bristol. Corporation Public Libraries. *Catalogue of the Central Lending Library*. E. R. Norris Mathews, F.R.Hist. S., City Librarian. 8½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 511. Bristol: Printed for the Libraries Committee.

[Contains the entire collection of books intended for the Lending Library which have been brought together into the new building provided out of the bequest of the late Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, from the Lending Department of the old Library in King-St., amalgamated with some of the books which previously formed part of the Hotwells and Museum Libraries. Alphabetical, by Author and Subject. Juvenile Department catalogued separately.]

MILITARY.

Lucas, C. P. *The Canadian War of 1812*. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 269. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.

Optimist. *Our Birthright*: an essay on the vitality and resources of the nation in relation to national defence. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 76. Constable, 1s. net.

[The author's desire is to show the immense amount of material "trained on a sound social as well as Military basis" which we possess, and that it can be trained by already existing voluntary organisations. He gives particulars of these organisations and the work they are doing, urging the gentlemen of England to come forward and take an active part in the development of the training of working boys. Appendix of lads' brigades, clubs, homes, etc., and a table showing the number of men, boys, etc., receiving voluntary instruction in drill, shooting, etc.]

Heath, Major E. C. *Examinations in Military Engineering*. Specially arranged for the use of officers studying for Promotion—Staff College—Military Competitive Examinations. 9 x 6. Pp. 29. Christophers, 1s. 6d. net.

[Papers originally compiled for the use of Major Heath's own classes, and published at the request of several officers. Each paper covers a short portion of the "Manual of Military Engineering, 1905."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society, London. Vol. vii. Fourteenth Session, 1904-5. Part I. 9½ x 6½. Pp. iii, 158. Kegan Paul, 4s.

[The Phonetics of modern Japanese," by E. R. Edwards; "Notes on Japanese Temples and Monasteries," by Vaughan Cornish; "Japanese Undergraduates at Cambridge University," by H. J. Edwards; "Some Lessons from Japan," by S. M. Fox; "England's Record in Japan," by Professor J. H. Longford; "England's Appreciation of Japanese Art," by Marcus B. Huish, and "Some Remarks on Japanese, chiefly compared with the Chinese Language," by Kiyutaro Takahashi. In each case a discussion follows the paper.]

Transactions of the Japan Society. Vol. xi. Frontispiece, Title-page, List of Contents and of Illustrations, Introduction and Index. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xx, 7. Kegan Paul.

[Frontispiece portrait of Mr. Arthur Diósy.]

The Episcopal Arms of England and Wales. By An Officer of Arms. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 156. Arnold Fairbairns, 10s. 6d. net.

[Coloured representations of the arms of the sees, with the technical description opposite each.]

Hart, W. C. *Confessions of an Anarchist*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 204. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net.

[The author claims to have spent some ten years among Anarchists, has been secretary to two "groups" and a contributor to Anarchist journalism. His book is a hotch-potch, full of censure of his former companions. Illustrated.]

The Meredith Pocket-Book. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 167. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

[Short extracts, grave and gay, from Mr. George Meredith's prose-works, with here and there a poem "to give variation." The extracts are arranged under subject-headings, "Nature Speaks," "Mazzini," "The English," "The English Rustic," etc. The introductory note is signed G. M. T.—a guarantee that the work is well done.]

Warburton, Alice M. *A Browning Treasure Book*: extracts from Browning, selected and arranged. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 109. Bell, 2s. 6d. net.

[Arranged, like G. M. T.'s Meredith book, under subject-headings. The extracts are all short, few reaching twenty lines, some not reaching two.]

Religions Ancient and Modern. Squire, Charles. *The Mythology of Ancient Britain and Ireland*, pp. 80. Craigie, W. A. *The Religion of Ancient Scandinavia*. Pp. xi, 72. Each 7 x 4½. Constable, 1s. net each.

MUSIC.

English Music, 1603 to 1904. Being the lectures given at the Music Loan Exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians held at Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, June to July 1904. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xx, 540. Walter Scott, The Music Story Series, 3s. 6d. net.

[Fully illustrated with diagrams, reproductions of old prints, etc. The various contributors, among whom are Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. T. L. Southgate and Dr. W. H. Cummings, deal with all aspects of music.]

POETRY.

Childe-Pemberton, Harriet L. *Love Knows—and Waits* and other poems. 7½ x 5. Pp. 100. Long, 2s. 6d. net.

[The first poem, in blank verse, tells an incident that befell a Florentine lady in 1396. "Three Aspects of Love" and "The Tree of Knowledge" are inspired by pictures by Watts. "Hidden Meanings" is a dialogue in rhymed verse between a Symbolist and a Lady; and "Man, Woman and a War," a collection of stories in verse, sets out the man's and the woman's view of war. The insight into human nature is everywhere stronger than the poetic faculty, though Miss Childe-Pemberton, who has studied Browning and Swinburne to advantage, shows some accomplishment.]

Kerr, Robert J. *The Tulip Tree* and other Poems. 6½ x 5½. Pp. vi, 53. Dublin: Cambridge & Co., 1s.

[Short lyrics, rondels, sonnets and ballads, full of imagination, usually sad, and sometimes displaying the genuine lyrical note. Mr. Kerr is not altogether free, however, from the commonplace word.]

Angellier, Auguste. *Dans la lumière antique, le livre des dialogues. Les Dialogues d'Amour*. Pp. 130. *Les Dialogues Civiques*. Pp. 153. Each 7½ x 5. Paris: Hachette, 3f. 50 each.

Davidson, John. *To-day* and other Poems. With a note on Poetry. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 156. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 77.)

POLITICAL.

Buxton, Charles Roden. *Electioneering Up-to-date*, with some suggestions for amending the Corrupt Practices Act. With three additional chapters on the Case of Thanet by J. C. Haig (late Liberal Election Agent for the Thanet Division). 7½ x 4½. Pp. 90. Griffiths, 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Buxton gives a large number of instances of reprehensible electioneering practices "habitually carried on in almost every part of England," and makes proposals for amending the law. Mr. Haig attempts to show "by an admittedly extreme example . . . how a really clever candidate can reduce the Corrupt Practices Act to a farce."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Everyman: a Morality. With designs by Ambrose Dudley. 9 x 7½. Pp. 54. Arnold Fairbairns, 3s. 6d. net.

[An ornamental title-page and 13 full page plates from pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. Dudley's work is bold, sincere and decorative, and we are glad to see that he has not allowed himself to be influenced by recent performances of this play.]

The Shepherd's Offering. One of the Chester Miracle Plays. Edited by H. H. Barne. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 53. Arnold Fairbairns, 1s. net.

[Modernised spelling. A brief introduction and glossary.]

Wood-Allen, Mrs. Mary, M.D. *What a young girl ought to know*. New and revised Edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 194. Vir Publishing Co. Self and Sex Series. 4s. net.

Tweedale, Violet. *The Kingdom of Mammon*. New Edition. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 254. Long, 6d.

SCIENCE.

Department of the Interior: United States Geological Survey. Professional Papers: No. 45. *The Geography and Geology of Alaska: a summary of existing knowledge*, by Alfred H. Brooks, with a section on Climate by Cleveland Abbe, jr., and a topographic map and description thereof by R. U. Goode. Pp. 327. No. 47. *The Tertiary and Quaternary Pelecys of California*, by Ralph Arnold. Pp. 264; No. 49. *Geology and Mineral Resources of part of the Cumberland Gap Coal Field, Kentucky*, by George Hall Ashley and Leonidas Chalmers Glenn. Pp. 239. Each 11½ x 9. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Department of the Interior: United States Geological Survey. Water Supply and Irrigation Papers. No. 153. *The Underflow in Arkansas Valley in Western Kansas*, by Charles S. Slichter. Pp. 90. No. 157. *Underground Water in the Valleys of Utah Lake and Jordan River, Utah*, by G. B. Richardson, pp. 81. Nos. 165, 166, 168, 169, and 171. Reports of Progress of Steam Measurements for the Calendar Year 1905. Part I. *Atlantic Coast of New England Drainage*, by H. K. Barrows and John C. Hoyt. Pp. 155; Part II. *Hudson, Passaic, Raritan and Delaware River Drainages*, by R. E. Horton, N. C. Grover and John C. Hoyt, pp. 101; Part IV. *Santee, Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha Rivers and Eastern Gulf of Mexico Drainages*, by M. R. Hall and John C. Hoyt, pp. 164; Part V. *Ohio and Lower Eastern Mississippi River Drainages*, by M. R. Hall, F. W. Hanna and J. C. Hoyt, pp. 153; Part VII. *Hudson Bay and Upper Eastern and Western Mississippi Drainages*, by F. W. Hanna and John C. Hoyt, pp. 113. Each 9 x 5½. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin. No. 106. Engineering Series, Vol. 3, No. 2, pp. 163-276. *The Sources of Water-Supply in Wisconsin*, by William Gray Kirchoffer, C.E. Science Series, No. 115. Vol. 3, No. 4, pp. 85-208. *Anatomy in America*, by Charles Russel Bardeen. Each 9½ x 6½. Madison, Wisconsin. Each 50 cents.

THEOLOGY.

The English Hymnal with Tunes. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxviii, 968. Oxford: University Press; London: Henry Frowde, 3s., 3s. 6d. 5s. 6d. and 6s., all net.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Spilsbury, Major A. Gibbon. *The Tourmaline Expedition*. With an Appendix on South-West Barbary as a field for Colonisation, by W. B. Stewart. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 259. Dent, 5s. net.

[Illustrated, and containing a map of the district.]

Pictorial London. Views of the streets, public buildings, parks and scenery of the Metropolis, with descriptive text. Part I. 12 x 9½. Pp. iv, with 32 full-page plates. Cassell, 7d. net.

[To be completed in 16 Fortnightly Parts.]

The Holidays, 1906. Where to stay, and what to see, being a collection of Seaside, Farmhouse, Country Lodgings, Hotels and Boarding Houses, etc., in the districts served by the Midland, London and North Western, Great Northern, Great Eastern, Great Western and Great Central Railway Companies, together with useful and interesting information for the Artist, Antiquary, Angler, Tourist and Holiday-maker. 8½ x 6. Pp. xiv, 914. Walter Hill, 1s.

[The eleventh annual issue of this valuable book. Maps, Plans, etc. On sale at all railway bookstalls, or, direct from the Publishers, 67 Southampton Row, W.C., 1s. 5d.]

Ball, J. Ivo. *Strongholds of the Barons*. 8½ x 7. Pp. 120. Arnold Fairbairns, 3s. 6d. net.

[Full page views from photographs of 52 castles with a page of historical and descriptive notes opposite each.]

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THE LITERARY WEEK

ON the walls of the National Gallery there is no more haunting portrait than that of Mary Wollstonecraft, and it seems almost a paradox that she should be the authoress of a little book for children which has long been a treasure of the bibliophile and is now reprinted. Its full title is "Original Stories from Real Life; with Conversations, calculated to Regulate the Affections, and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness." It was not Mary Wollstonecraft's writing that made the book precious, but Blake's characteristic illustrations. From the very titles of these one can gain an idea of the character of the volume. "Look what a fine morning it is. Insects, Birds and Animals are all enjoying existence." There can be no mistake about the enjoyment of existence of the three figures which Blake has drawn. "Indeed we are very happy!" is put below a picture of a smoking hearth, a wife with the baby in her arms, an amiable looking husband with other arrows in his quiver and a boy's model of a ship on the mantelpiece. "Be calm, my child, remember that you must do all the good you can the present day" is illustrated by a lady with the tall bonnet of the late eighteenth century and two girls in flowing robes. "Trying to trace the sound, I discovered a little hut, rudely built," is the text for a picture of the dwelling of the Welsh Harper. "Economy and Self-denial are necessary, in every station, to enable us to be generous" is placed below a family in distress on which the righteous Mrs. Mason and her two pupils are gazing with the countenances of archangels:

The text, though vastly different from that which is provided for the juvenile population of to-day, can scarcely be described as namby-pamby. It contains among other things, a tale of suicide that would not have discredited any of those gloomy novelists who in this twentieth century harrow the feelings of their readers:

The dead man's image haunted his imagination—he started—imagined that he was at his elbow—and shook the hand that had received the dying grasp—yet still it was pressed, and the pressure entered into his very soul. On the table lay two pistols, he caught up one, and shot himself. The report alarmed the family—the servants and his daughter, for his brother was not at home, broke open the door—and she saw the dreadful sight! As there was still some appearance of life, a trembling ray—she supported the body, and sent for assistance. But he soon died in her arms without speaking, before the servant returned with a surgeon.

Rarely do we find in a grave and serious book a challenge such as that which Mr. G. G. Coulton has made in "From St. Francis to Dante." His point is that people who hold up the Middle Ages as having been superior to our own, are under a grave error. Therefore he lays down his glove to those writers who "disparage modern civilisation in comparison with what seems to me a purely imaginary past." His offer is as follows:

If any one of these will now take me at my word, I will willingly accept his severest criticisms to the extent of thirty-two octavo pages,

restrict my reply within the same limit, and publish the whole at my own expense without further comment. If my contentions are false, I am thus undertaking to offer every facility for my own exposure.

To take one example, there seem to have been many more fleas in the Middle Ages than there are to-day. Mr. Coulton cites a passage from Cæsarius where he describes the conversion of a knight who had long wished to enter the cloister, but who always hung back, "on the cowardly plea that he feared the vermin of the garments (for our woollen clothing harbours much vermin)." He gives rather a clever translation of "those verses which men are wont to repeat" quoted by Salimbene. The verses are:

In x finita tria sunt animalia dira:
Sunt pulices fortes, cimices culicumque cohortes;
Sed pulices saltu fugiunt, culicesque volatu,
Et cimices pravi nequeunt foetore necari.

And this is Mr. Coulton's translation:

Three are the torments that rhyme—*ex*,
Pulex and *culex* and *cimex*.
Mighty to leap is the *pulex*,
Swift on the wing is the *culex*;
But the *cimex*, whom no fumigation can slay,
Is a monster more terrible even than they.

In Mrs. Humphry Ward's pleasant memoir of her brother, a notice of which will be found on another column, she gives some interesting details in regard to Mr. Thomas Arnold's attitude to her literary work. We are told that he was the first to prophesy the success of "Robert Elsmere." In Mrs. Humphry Ward's books he seems to have taken a keen and critical interest. "Eleanor" does not seem to have been much to his mind, but to the delight of the novelist he found a "great help and distraction, during a dark time, in 'Lady Rose's Daughter.'" He wrote: "The *Beschreibung* in it is reduced to the minimum, and the *Handlung* brought to a maximum, as the great Vischer says they ought to be." Mrs. Humphry Ward goes on to say:

He liked a story to be "ripiely human, and tasting of life." Mrs. Oliphant delighted him; at her best he put her very high, and there was scarcely a story of hers that he could not read or hear with pleasure. How many hours were charmed or lightened by her books!

In the *Monthly Review* for August will be found a singularly fine appreciation of the personality and poetry of the late Nora Chesson. The salient characteristic in her was "the love which beats like a human heart," and no extract could illustrate this better than the verse which concludes the review:

Here are some sunsets we have seen together,
Some silver-coloured dawns we've watched apart;
November's twilight, May's enchanted weather,
And the great sea known of no sailor's chart.
Rainbows and rain are here; and here are laughter
And sorrow of a glad and grieving year;
But joy you give me comes before and after
And is in every word I write you, dear.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, in the August number of the *National Review*, gives the Poet Laureate a sound rating for carelessness. Thus does he discourse of Mr. Alfred Austin's shortcomings:

This defect consists in the exaggerated importance which he attributes, firstly, to the spontaneous flow of poetic thought; and, secondly, to the language in which he himself spontaneously expresses it. In my judgment, both these primary spontaneities require to be submitted to a secondary process far longer and more painful than Mr. Austin will admit to be necessary; and were I asked by him to justify this judgment I should appeal from what I regard as his fatal failures to what I regard as his own signal successes.

In recompense he directs attention to the beautiful verse which on occasion Mr. Austin can produce. The following is as about a fine an example as could have been selected:

The fluttering of the fallen leaves
Dimples the leaden pool awhile;
So Age impassively receives
Youth's tale of troubles with a smile.

The late Lord Tennyson used to have an almost whimsical horror of seeing his poetry printed in school books. Probably he had a lively memory of the old days at Somersby when his stern parent, Dr. Tennyson, used to take instruction into his own hands. How many of us remember a time when we hated the very names of Virgil and Horace, even of Homer himself, because they were associated with an eternal grind? So strong is this memory in the mind of the present writer that it always keeps him from returning to Germany, where one of his ephemeral works has been turned into a school book and been published with notes, glossary, and other apparatus of the modern pedant. He cannot help imagining that the unfortunate schoolboys who have been compelled to devote hours of sunshine to the elucidation of this work will regard the writer as a kind of foreign ogre deserving of the worst punishment that schoolboys can inflict.

These reflections arose upon looking through a little volume issued by Messrs. Blackie and Sons under the name of "An Introduction to Good Poetry." It made us ask if the poetry we read at school was good or not. Whatever the answer may be, it was so drilled into the minds of the pupil that the writer can repeat a great deal of it by heart at the present moment. The popular school poems of that day were: "The boy stood on the burning deck," "Up, up let us a voyage take, why sit we here at ease," "What is time? I asked an aged man, a man of cares," "The clock strikes one, we take no note of time." This last, it may be necessary to inform our readers, is an ebullition from the gloomy muse of Dr. Young whose "Night Thoughts" was then considered a classic. Pollock's "Course of Time" and the works of Akenside, and, as one of our morning contemporaries charmingly puts it, at least once a week, "Men of that ilk" were supposed to be classics in those days.

We wonder if the excellent Mr. Davidson who edits the collection before us be not under a similar superstition. If the boys in elementary schools are able to read with any pleasure or understanding Tennyson's "Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song," Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," Shelley's "Summer and Winter," or, worst of all, Wordsworth's "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," all that we can say is that the new generation differs very much from the old. These and many other beautiful poems included in this volume would surely be Greek to the average schoolboy. Even on a point of quality surely Herrick's "Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon," would appeal more to the child mind than Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud," and if we must have poetry about death surely "Fear no more the heat of the sun" ought to have been included. But perhaps the notes will carry the readers through. How nice it is to be told in regard to "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," that "the poet is saying good-bye to the little brook that runs by the garden of his old home"—we can assure our readers that some of the notes are even more erudite than this.

We have received from Berkeley, California, the following singular notice, signed Adair Welcker, who modestly addresses it to all mankind, no doubt being perfectly sure in his own mind that there is nothing in human form which will not be affected by the fate that has befallen his book. We do not pretend to understand it:

It may interest those in various countries of the world who possess copies of the ninth edition of "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us" to know that the three hundred and over, of the copies that had not left San Francisco were in a building that, after the earthquake, was dynamited, and in the district that was, later on, burned. But, of the

City Celestial, described in "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us," that is set in the clouds of heaven above the Golden Gate, and above a City than which, none less hypocritical has been in the world, there to be a door and entrance way through which Justice, coming down to the Cities of earth, will cause them to conform to, and become one with what is in the work; of the City whose tents, described in "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us," became all at once, after April 18, 1906, in their tens of thousands, duplicated in Golden Gate Park beneath it, it is needless to say; that, by earthquake or fire, the eternal foundations of that City through which, over the whole earth shall hereafter rule, not the bottom, and the wills of majorities, but the top, and the right, above all Kings and Rulers of earth—one Kingdom that shall go now into action and have no end—have not been, and are not to be, haken.

Motionless will they stand, while (until the horrors of hypocrisy in them cease, and indifference) London and Washington and other cities of earth that, on foundations of human blood, do part of their commerce, are caused, through Justice, to conform themselves to that which has been put into the City Celestial that is above it.

The autograph letter of Sir Walter Scott, which was sold this week at Sotheby's, was addressed to Anna Seward on receipt of her criticism of "Marmion." Praised by Samuel Johnson, and admired as a writer by Macaulay, Anna Seward, now completely forgotten, corresponded with Scott for some years before her death in 1809, and then made him her literary executor. The letter of Sir Walter is of peculiar interest: "It is long since I have been honoured with your kind letter containing so favourable and partial an analysis of 'Marmion.' It is now lying before me, and the contents are enough to warm my blood to the finger ends, although our coals are all expended, the snow lying two feet deep, and the roads impassable. My reason for transporting Marmion from Lichfield was to make good the minstrel prophecy of Coustance's song. Why I should ever have taken him there I cannot very well say. Attachment to the place—its locality with respect to Tamworth, the ancient seat of the Marmions; partly, perhaps, the whim of taking a slap at Lord Brooke *en passant*."

The town of Bordeaux, being justly proud of the fact that Montaigne was once mayor of the town, is publishing a definitive edition of the Essays. Owing to the author's corrections and additions the text of the essays varies considerably, but the new edition—which is under the care of M. Strowski, professor in the University of Bordeaux—will contain the complete text with notes on the variations. One of the older editions of that book "altogether without guile" contains in the preface a eulogy, by the "incomparable Thuanus," in which it is said that "while Montaigne was at Venice, he was elected Mayor of Bordeaux, which place was bestowed only upon persons of the first quality, and even the governors of the province thought it was an honour for them."

A new institution has just been founded in Venice for the revival of letters in that city, under the name of "L'Istituto Veneto di Arti Grafiche." Its object is to promote printing in all its various branches and to restore an art which was once of such widespread fame in Italy. That Venice should be chosen as one of the spots for such a purpose is peculiarly appropriate, for, as is well known, it was in Venice that printing was most warmly encouraged and developed when, after its invention in Germany, it was introduced into Italy. No less than one hundred and sixty-four printing presses were set up in Venice in the second half of the fifteenth century, and during the first thirty years that they were at work the number of books printed is estimated at two millions. Aldo Manuzio settled in Venice in 1489, and lived and worked there till his death in 1515. During those years he commenced the publication of the Aldine editions which his descendants carried on after him, and which have made his name famous throughout the world of letters.

The first term of the Academy of Dramatic Art under its new government by a council comprising Sir Squire

Bancroft (the president), Mr. John Hare, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Pinero, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, has just ended. It has been a very successful session. There have been over eighty students. In addition to those given by the regular staff of instructors special rehearsals in the "Final School" have been held by Mr. John Hare in Act 1 of Mr. Pinero's play, *The Profligate*, by Mr. George Alexander in Act 1 of Mrs. Craigie's comedy, *The Ambassador*, and duologues from *Old Heidelberg*, and by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft in Act 1 of Bulwer's comedy, *Money*. The usual rehearsal classes both for junior and senior students have been conducted by Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Fisher White, who have been appointed by the Council to the teaching staff of the Academy, and as many as six different characters have been studied and rehearsed by some of the students. An additional class in the "Final School" has been instructed by Mr. James Fernandez.

The term ended with the junior pupils giving final rehearsals of their term's work, and an interesting competition between Mr. Lyall Swete's and Mr. Fisher White's final classes, each of which gave a performance upon the Academy stage of *In a Balcony*, by Robert Browning. Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Captain Marshall were the judges.

There has been added to the curriculum a course of introductory lectures upon "The History of the English Theatre," which will be given every term to the new students. The practical result of the Academy's work is that many professional engagements have been secured by senior students either on tour or in London under various managements. The Council have appointed Mr. George Bancroft Administrator of the Academy. The next term will begin on September 29. All applications should be addressed to the Administrator, The Academy of Dramatic Art, 62 Gower Street, W.C.

At the last sitting of the Gogol committee the sculptor Andreeff was granted two thousand five hundred pounds to prepare a model of a monument to Gogol, life size, and five hundred pounds for superintending the casting. The whole monument will cost eight thousand pounds.

The new series of the *Library World* has started well. Without taking the credit for the extension, although we have consistently advised the publication of a list such as this, we are glad to see greatly increased space devoted to the "Book Selector." This department of the *Library World* is rendered more valuable by the careful annotations, and the addition of the marks of Mr. Brown's new classification. It is a pity that Mr. Brown has sent this system into the world without a name. Half the secret of success lies in the choice of a good title. We admit it is a difficult matter, but any sort of title is better than no name. Even such a title as the "Concrete" or the "Constant," or, better still, the "Individual" system would be preferable to its present unnatural condition. In addition to its "Selector" pages, the *Library World* devotes a good deal of space to bibliography.

The study of bibliography is an essential element of literary knowledge, and although Mr. Inkster's utopian forecast, that it will be eventually a compulsory subject in the school curriculum, may never be realised, there are undeniable signs that it is receiving more of the attention due to it. The forthcoming issue (1907) of the "Literary Year Book" will contain a complete bibliography of the prose and poetry of George Meredith, including his contributions to periodicals, and a complete classified list of the titles, publishers, prices, etc., of the various recent series of reprints, such as the World's Classics, Everyman's Library, etc.

NICOLETTE

I.

Do you remember how one summer day
You called me Aucassin? Sweet Nicolette,
I broke my prison-bars and rode away
Into the woods. Dearest, did you forget?
Where is the bower, where the magic spray
To heal my wounds withal? I wander yet.

II.

The weak would yield: only the strong recover
And, when a stronger presses, bend.
I marvel not that once I was your lover,
But that you dare to be my friend.

C. R. S.

LITERATURE

ARISTOPHANES IN ENGLISH VERSE

The Birds of Aristophanes. Translations, introduction and commentary by B. B. ROGERS, M.A. (Bell, 10s. 6d.)

MANY years ago a brilliant young barrister published four plays of Aristophanes with critical and explanatory notes and a translation in verse which showed the learned world that it was richer by a scholar who was not only a worthy successor of the great textual critics of the English school, but also had a touch so light that he could rival Gilbert in his deft turning of verses and ingenious command of rhyme. He has for some time abandoned his profession, and has devoted his leisure to the production of a complete edition of the comedies of Aristophanes in six volumes. The *Birds* and *Peace* are to form vol. iii. Vol. v., *Frogs* and *Ecclesiazusae*, is now ready, price 15s. The *Thesmophoriazusae* may be had separately, price 7s. 6d. Mr. Rogers's notes are marked by great freshness and originality, and his commentary is as "durchgehend" as it is readable. He has in his introduction between sixty and seventy pages on the many birds mentioned in the play, and an interesting excursus on the music of the flute as representing the nightingale's song. The *Birds* was produced in 414 B.C., while the fate of the disastrous expedition to Sicily still trembled in the balance. Between it and the *Peace*, brought out in 421, there is no extant comedy. There is considerable resemblance between these two plays, especially in their idyllic character and in the exquisite lyrics which, as in Shakespeare, run like a golden thread through the delicate texture of the dramatic fabric. It is clear from the sixth book of Thucydides, as well as from Plutarch, that the Athenians intended the conquest of Sicily to be the first step in a grand scheme of imperial aggrandisement, including the subjugation not only of Hellas but of Carthage, the Italian Greek colonies and "many barbarians, Iberians and others." Aristophanes in the *Birds* gives a comic picture of the vaulting ambition of Alcibiades and other ancient Athenian empire-builders, who, be it observed, though not directly encouraged are not discouraged; for *Nephelococcygia*, though besieged by oracle-mongers, priests, poets, surveyors, act-mongers, etc., and all the parasites, which prey upon a nascent body politic, in the end turns out a brilliant success. So far and no farther the *Birds* is an allegory. Mr. Rogers rightly rejects the Teutonic attempts to lay a heavy hand on a film of gossamer, "to coarsen the delicate fibre of Aristophanic fantasy." The most ingenious of these is the essay of Professor Süvern read before the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin in 1827, in which he tries to persuade us that the gods in the play are the Spartans, the birds the Athenians, and the men the minor Hellenic states. After pointing out many difficulties and inconsistencies in this theory, Mr. Rogers shows how very similar

arguments might be used to prove that the *Tempest* is an allegorical representation of the reign of Elizabeth and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Such an hypothesis might be defended thus:

It is impossible that Shakespeare should have left unnoticed that mighty struggle, which, occurring when he was about twenty-four years of age, must have left an indelible impression on his mind. It requires but little penetration to see that the Virgin Miranda dwelling on her sea-girt isle was intended to represent the Virgin Queen dwelling in "this little isle" of England. Prospero, extirpated out of England but "prosperous" here, represents (not as Peisthetaerus the sophistical spirit of the age, but) the spirit of the Reformation. The inveterate enemy to Prospero is the King of Naples; and who was King of Naples at this time but Philip of Spain, the inveterate enemy of the Reformation? He is approaching the island, which is Prospero's last refuge, when his ship is wrecked by a storm raised against him by powers more than human.

The commentary is full of scholarly remarks on the language of the play, as well as interesting illustration of its matter, drawn from modern as well as ancient literature. But the chief feature is, of course, the translation, which shows all the point, force, and ingenuity which we expect from the editor. Here is the Bird-call by the Hoopoe and Nightingale. It has all the "heart" of the Shakespearean lyric:

(The land birds)

Come hither any bird with plumage like my own;
Come hither ye that batten on the acres newly sown,
On the acres by the farmers neatly sown,
And the myriad tribes that feed on the barley and the seed,
The tribes that lightly fly giving out a gentle cry;
And ye who round the clod in the furrow-riven sod
With voices sweet and low twitter flitter to and fro,
Singing, *tio tio tio tiotinx*.

And ye who in the gardens a pleasant harvest glean
Lurking in the branches of the ivy ever green;
And ye who top the mountains with gay and airy flight;
And ye who in the olive and the arbutus delight;
Come hither one and all, come flying to our call,
Triotó triotó tolotrinx.

(The sea birds)

Ye with the halcyons fitting delightedly
Over the surge of the infinite sea,
Come to the great Revolution awaiting us,
Hither, come hither, come hither to me.
Hither to listen to wonderful words
Hither we summon the taper-neck'd birds.
For hither has come a shrewd old file,
Such a deep old file, such a sharp old file,
His thoughts are new, and new deeds he'll do,
Come hither and confer with this shrewd old file.
Come hither! Come hither! Come hither!
Toro-toro-toro-torotinx!
Kickabau Kickabau!
Toro-toro-toro-lillitinx.

It would be pleasant to give examples of the translator's command over the various metres used in this delightful freak of poetic fancy; but the limits of a notice forbid. We must, however, find room for a specimen of the Parabasis, including the famous Cosmogony essayed by so many translators from Swinburne downwards:

There was Chaos at first and Darkness and Night and Tartarus vasty
and dismal;
But the Earth was not there nor the Sky nor the Air, till at length in
the bosom abysmal
Of Darkness an egg from the whirlwind conceived was laid by the
sable-plumed Night,
And out of that egg as the Seasons revolved sprang Love the entrancing,
the bright,
Love brilliant and bold with his pinions of Gold, like a whirlwind re-
fulgent and sparkling!
Love hatched us commingling in Tartarus wide with Chaos, the murky,
the darkling,
And brought us above as the firstlings of Love, and first to the light we
ascended;
There was never a race of Immortals at all till Love had the universe
blended;
Then all things commingling together in Love, there arose the fair Earth
and the Sky,
And the limitless Sea, and the race of the Gods, the Blessed who never
shall die.
So we than the Blessed are older by far, and abundance of proof is
existing
That we are the children of Love, for we fly unfortunate lovers assist-
ing.

And many a man who has found to his cost his powers of persuasion
have failed,
And his loves have abjured him for ever, again by the power of the
Birds has prevailed;
For the gift of a quail or a porphyry rail or a Persian or goose will
regain them.
And the chief of the blessings ye mortals enjoy by the help of the Birds
ye obtain them
'Tis from us that the signs of the Seasons in turn, Spring, Winter and
Autumn are known—
When from Libya the crane flies clanging again—'tis the time for the
seed to be sown,
And the skipper may hang up his rudder awhile and sleep after all his
exertions,
And Orestes may weave him a wrap to be warm when out on his
thieving excursions.
Then cometh the kite with its hovering flight of the advent of Spring
to tell,
And the Spring sheep-shearing begins, and next your woollen attire
you sell,
And buy a lighter and daintier garb when you note the return of the
swallow.
Thus your Ammon, Dodona and Delphi we are, we are also your
Phœbus Apollo:
For whatever you do, if a trade you pursue or goods in the market are
buying,
Or the wedding attend of a neighbour or friend, first you look to the
Birds and their flying.
And whenever you of omen or augury speak, 'tis a bird you are always
repeating:
A rumour 's a bird and a sneeze is a bird, and so is a word or a meet-
ing,
A servant 's a bird and an ass is a bird. It must therefore assuredly
follow
That the Birds are to you—I protest it is true—your prophetic divining
Apollo.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THOMAS ARNOLD

Studies of Roman Imperialism. By W. T. ARNOLD, M.A. Edited
by EDWARD FIDDES, M.A. (Manchester: at the Univer-
sity Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

WORKING behind the visible forces of our time there is a
regiment of nameless men who, refusing to fall in with
the modern love of advertisement, nevertheless exert an
immeasurable influence upon their contemporaries. They
are birds of the night. When streets are hushed beneath the
stars and the sober citizen asleep, they are toiling through
"flimsy" and preparing opinions to guide the world at
its awaking. But they cling to anonymity and make
their journal what the State was to the antique Roman
citizen. They may see themselves quoted, but it is
always as the paper, never by their own names. Of such
was the writer of the book before us. From the excellent
memoir of her brother prefixed to the "Studies of Roman
Imperialism" by Mrs. Humphry Ward, we are able to
see that Arnold was typical of his profession. The word
journalist, we are afraid, does not gain in dignity with the
advance of time, indeed it stinks in the nostrils of the
more fastidious. They associate it so much with the
personality of a pushing Paul Pry whose business in life
is to worm himself into the secrets of others, to make
sensational copy wherever it is possible, and to advertise
himself on each occasion that turns up. Moreover he has
not, as a rule, any reverence for the language that he
must use daily. His business, as he himself recognises it,
is not to maintain the purity of the mother tongue, but
to be effective at any cost. With the merits of any public
question he is not to any large extent concerned, his sole
object being to see it from some point of view that will
impress the crowd. Yet it would be extremely unjust to
a most honourable and useful profession if they were all
lumped together under one category. There are many
newspapers in England, and on the whole the most
influential are those which control individual vagaries, and,
as a rule, they are also more prosperous than those which
flaunt the individual's name. They withstand the
temptation to be sensational, do not encourage self-
advertisement among their writers, and day by
day print articles that stand exclusively on their own
merits and owe nothing to the signature of a

famous name. Arnold was one of those who preferred that way of doing things. Like all of his family he had an innate love of scholarship which had been cherished and developed at a public school and the university. His father was the second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the younger brother of Matthew Arnold. He was of those who answered to the movement in favour of manual labour which made itself felt in certain circles during the first quarter of Queen Victoria's reign, when it will be remembered even Carlyle himself expressed a wish that he could lay down the pen and depart into the backwoods of America, to spend his time henceforth in felling trees. Many of the lesser lights who moved round Carlyle expressed themselves still more strongly in favour of manual labour, and Thomas Arnold took the doctrine so seriously that he left this country for New Zealand in 1847. Of course he found that he had been wrong. The poor scholar steeped in George Sand, Emerson and Carlyle, was not made for the rough and tumble of colonial life, and disillusion and disappointment followed. Luckily for him however, at that time Sir William Denison, Governor of Tasmania, hearing that a relative of Arnold's was in New Zealand, offered him the post of Chief Inspector of Schools for Tasmania. Within a few months Arnold took up his new position and he was married at his new home on June 15, 1850. He seems to have been of a temperament that was intellectually restless, and those pleasant years were not to continue long. In 1856 he joined the Church of Rome and had to give up his inspectorship, and sailed home practically without prospects. Within a few months however, he was offered the Professorship of English Literature in the new Catholic University of Dublin of which Dr. Newman was the head, and for the next five years was fixed in Ireland. During that time the children spent most of their holidays at Fox How, Thomas Arnold's old home in the Lake District, and of those days Mrs. Humphry Ward gives a very pretty description.

The delights of the garden; of its brook, which could be dammed and bridged by the third generation, as Matthew Arnold and his brothers and sisters had dammed and bridged it in the second; the charm of its wooded knolls, its wild strawberry beds, its rocks where the wild pinks grew, its hidden thickets of wild raspberries, its border of wood above the rippling or swirling Rotha; the humours of its old gardener, Banks, who gave out the Psalm and hymn-tunes on Sunday, in Rydal Chapel, with a tuning-fork; its beloved birch-tree, its outlook on the deep bosom of Fairfield, its roses and its rhododendrons—these things sank deep into young hearts, and William Arnold's love of the Lakes, and of all the detail of their streams and hills, must be dated from these childish days.

The principal thing, to notice however, is that the boy was brought up in an atmosphere of letters. He does not seem to have developed much originality, but rather to have become a careful and sound thinker. In poetry he fell under the influence of Rossetti. Of his life at Oxford as coach and lecturer to the women students, there is nothing particular to be said. His real career began when Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, came to Oxford in search of recruits for his paper. Mr. Humphry Ward introduced him to Arnold and his removal to Manchester followed. His life there was typical of that of a first-class provincial journalist. He was greatly interested in the political controversies that raged during the 'eighties and seems gradually to have been brought on to write leaders and reviews; to criticise pictures and music and to perform the other miscellaneous duties attached to such a post as that which he held. Being at Manchester he made its interests his own.

The vast machinery of Manchester trade and manufacture, its economic bearings, and its human implications; Manchester art and music; or the plays given at Manchester theatres; the neighbouring country, its moors and streams, and woods on which the mills encroached year by year; Lancashire dialect and Lancashire poets; Lancashire birds and flowers; the growth of Owens College, the development of an Art Gallery, the preservation of local traditions; to all these matters, great and small, he gave his eager mind almost from the first.

It might have been thought that the performance of these multifarious tasks would have ended by crippling and enfeebling his mind, as few men are able to combine the man of letters with the journalist, though there have been brilliant exceptions such as John Morley, Frederick Greenwood, and Walter Bagehot. He kept himself from falling into this slough by persistence and assiduity in his historical studies: that is to say, he was a specialist as well as a newspaper writer. Others have kept the divine spark alight by their devotion to their leisure hours to *belles lettres*, but though an insatiable reader he developed no capacity for becoming a really great writer. Mr. C. E. Montague, who contributes a memoir of his middle life, shows the limitations of his style in a passage that is well worth quoting.

Arnold would have been quick to show that his prose is not of the very best—that it is not exquisite; that, though there is rhythm, there are no new finds in rhythm, none of the prose melodies that ripple, trail, or climb to the ear in ways of their own; that the phrase might be richer in second intentions, that there might be harmonics to the notes; that the emphasis with its frontal attack, the open laying out of the antitheses, the whole technical affinity to Macaulay, preclude the best choiceness. Yet it is good workaday prose; it has connection; not the connection of conjunctive particles; it coheres organically; the paragraph, not the sentence, is the unit of thought, the strong sense crossing in its stride the little breaks at which bad writers fuss with their little bridges. The style, again, is what the craft call fluffiness—there is no inky humming and haling, or clearing of the literary throat; and the whole is a-tingle with an unbookish ring; you would think that he said it aloud while he wrote, and indeed it reads as his talk sounded, and one hears in it the rise and fall of his eager voice pressing its points.

In that paragraph we seem to see the reason why he was not able to break away from journalism altogether. The lack of the highest quality in his prose style is really akin to that dependence on the opinion of others which prevented him from being an original thinker in the world of politics. He was only a loyal and staunch follower, at one time of Mr. Forster and always of Mr. Gladstone. Yet when we come to sum up his character and achievements it must be admitted by all that he added to the dignity and honour of the profession to which he belonged.

THE ART OF HENRY JAMES

The Novels of Henry James. A study. By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY. (Putnam's, 5s.)

WE can picture the "general reader" thinking of one of Mr. Henry James's novels what Mr. Herbert Paul once said of one of Matthew Arnold's poems—that "it probably means something." The puzzle arises, of course, from the extreme caution with which Mr. James puts pen to paper. It has been said of him that he gropes his way through the English language like a blind man tapping with a stick; but that, whether malice inspired it or not, is an injustice. The ruling passion with Mr. James is indubitably the desire to make a plain straightforward statement; but he has a higher conception of the nature of a plain straightforward statement than the rest of us. He knows that few, if any, words have a hard and fixed significance, that propositions apparently simple, may really be as elastic as india-rubber and convey quite different meanings to different minds, and that even a truth is no better than a half-truth when it is only examined from a single point of view. He finds it necessary, therefore, to define his words, to qualify his propositions, and, as it were, to crane his neck and squint, in order to get glimpses of the truth from several angles simultaneously. Gladstone, as we all know, did the same, and was currently accused of intending to deceive, when his actual purpose was to explain his position beyond the possibility of misunderstanding. Mr. Henry James is, in this respect, the worthiest of Gladstone's disciples, though, dealing with subtler emotions than any to which Gladstone ever appealed, he has to cope with more embarrassing difficulties than Gladstone ever faced. He feels the need of anticipating objections, and

clearing up misapprehensions before they arise; he feels also that he cannot make clear exactly what he means unless at the same time he points out, by cunning parentheses and other tricks of style, exactly what he does not mean. That is the reason why, though he has spent the whole of his literary life in trying to make plain straightforward statements, the general reader is a little apt to declare that he has never yet succeeded in making one; and that is also a reason why there might be some advantage in forming a Henry James Society for the elucidation of his message to the world. Pending the formation of such a Society, the general reader will feel a certain amount of gratitude to Miss Elizabeth Cary for undertaking the task of interpretation, single-handed.

We say "a certain amount of gratitude" advisedly, for Miss Cary is not quite an ideal interpreter. The ideal interpreter of obscure literature to the general reader would be a person like the coach in "The Cambridge Freshman" who, for the benefit of poll-men, decided all the knotty points on which more learned doctors disagreed. When one learned doctor said that the meaning of a difficult passage "might be this," and another, not less learned, opined that "it might be that," the coach, it will be remembered, told the poll-men "what it *was*." There is none of that lucid cocksureness about Miss Cary's commentary. The mantle of the master whom she expounds has in some degree fallen upon her. Like him, instead of boldly laying down the law, she fumbles and feels her way to cloudy and dubious conclusions; and, if there were any question of facing an examination, we should hesitate to advise students to get up their subjects from her book. It contains no precipitated phrases, no luminous generalisations to linger in the memory. Yet the points are there, though they have to be dug for, and her work may help the the beginner to see of what forces Mr. James is the product, and what, in a general way, he is driving at. As Heine was said to be a Parisian born in Germany, so he may be said to be a cosmopolitan born in Boston. And to be born in Boston was, in George Gissing's memorable phrase, to be "born in exile." That is the first clue to Mr. Henry James, as any one may see who will re-read his *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Mr. James was drawn to Europe as the provincial is drawn to the capital. He tries to adopt, at one and the same time, the mental attitude of the native and the stranger—to note picturesquely the contrasts which strike the former, and yet to feel, with the latter, that he has lived there all his life. Unable to tolerate the novelty of the Western, he can never feel quite at his ease with the traditions and antiquities of the Eastern world. Naturally, therefore, he likes to write of the American of various types getting used to Europe, and to depict the clash, or rather the contact, of the two civilisations. He wants to make plain straightforward statements upon the subject, but, approaching it in a complicated frame of mind, finds it very difficult to combine plainness with accuracy. His frame of mind has grown more rather than less complicated with the years, with the result that he is now perhaps farther than ever from the plain straightforward statement which he has, for the last forty years, been trying desperately hard to make.

No doubt he finds it the harder to make it because, as Miss Cary points out, the things which he regards as important are not those which are visible upon the surface. Perhaps it would be too much to say that men and women are not interesting to him until he sees them beginning to get bored; but at all events he proceeds on the theory that the fundamentally significant problems are those which do not arise until the struggle for existence is over. With the actual battle of life—its anguish and its triumphs—he deals very little. He seems, indeed, to regard the battle as a stern necessity too often standing between man and the things that really matter; and the spectacle that absorbs and fascinates him is that of men and women seeing what they can make of their lives after the battle has been won and the sordid necessity removed. It is,

indeed, the ultimate problem, though only the select few get near enough to it to feel that it poignantly concerns them. It is the problem which Mill faced in the "crisis" of his youth, when he told himself that, even if he achieved all the objects for which he was working, he would derive no particular satisfaction from the achievement—the crisis from which he was delivered, as the *Autobiography* relates, by discovering from Wordsworth's poetry what would be the permanent source of happiness when all possible material improvements in the condition of the world should have been effected. It is the problem that the Preacher was facing when he wrote that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. It is the problem of the men of forty and the women of thirty who look down the hill without need to take anxious thought for the morrow, but have lost some of their early illusions. To say that is to say that it is a problem not at all unworthy of Mr. Henry James's subtle analysis. He has not solved it, of course; he has not even made a plain straightforward statement about it. But he has stated and restated it, and presented it in innumerable shapes with marvellous analytical power, and almost uncanny insight into the mechanism of the human mind.

UNCROWNED KINGS

Heroes of Exile. By HUGH CLIFFORD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

Rois sans Couronnes. Par LE BARON MARC DE VILLIERS DU TERRAGE. (Paris: Perrin, 5 francs.)

THE *Heroes of Exile*, whom Mr. Clifford has rescued from forgotten records or merely from family tradition, have all one bond of union. They possess that chief attribute of the Happy Warrior, who could "turn his necessity to glorious gain"; and that is the last art of life. Mr. Clifford writes with reverence and great sympathy, and he succeeds in his aim, set forth simply in his preface:

The stories in this book . . . are not themselves romances. They are history not fiction; waifs and strays of history that have been gathered lovingly into a new habitation; and it has been my aim throughout to make my heroes live for you again, as once of old they lived so that . . . you may realise them not as shadow-shapes, but as men of flesh and blood and bone like the rest of us.

Men they are, and men who have lived finely against fearful odds without the help of that final accident which brings success and fame. Their deeds have not become common property and have not won the public's acclamation. And, accordingly, there is a fragrance, a kind of restful freshness about their lives which Fame would have taken from them. For Fame is apt to vulgarise by its touch. A melody is cheapened by popular approval: the vulgarity of the street-organs from which it is wound out and the dust of the street-corners at which it is whistled mingle with the beauty which it once possessed and spoil it. So Fame can bespatter the famous, until his real features are hidden by a mask of praise and prejudice, and he becomes an idol wrapped in tawdry and tinsel, the mob's own favours. The mob acclaims success; but it is the vitality concealed in the effort which matters and is worthy of acclamation.

M. le Baron Marc de Villiers du Terrage differs very much from Mr. Clifford in his treatment. He records drily the splendid lunacies of his uncrowned kings: he looks upon them with a twinkling eye and calls them in his preface: "assez minces aventuriers, "miniscules Buonapartes," and laments that he has only one "gracieuse figure féminine": "Quelle jolie page d'historiette serait pourtant la conquête du Monomotapa par quelque Chevalière d'Eon!" are his last words. He sees the madness of their wild genius: Mr. Clifford the poetry that is inherent in all effort, in all conflict with the inexorable forces.

And so, though the titles inspire with the same thrill (and "*Rois sans Couronne*" is more expressive than "*Heroes in Exile*"), yet the pageant of the persons chosen by each passes by in an oddly different manner:

and Marie David, Comte de Ray and King of the Sedangs, who appears in both, is scarcely recognisable, except for the dull facts of his name and of his actual exploits. It is hard to believe that the extravagant impostor of the cynical Baron is the magnetic personality who crowned himself king of a little tract of land and some natives, issued orders which were eagerly accepted by careful business men, and declared himself at war with France, without a smile, colossal humourist that he was: France treated him as seriously as he was obliged to treat his own escape.

And this Marie is the meeting-point, from which either pageant wheels away; Mr. Clifford's select company quietly to the land of great dreams, the Baron's filibusterers to noisy enterprise and odd exploits. For fifty years Chun had lived the life of a Buddhist monk, thinking high thoughts away from the world, but unable to rid himself of the sins of desire and of anger, unable to forget that his brother usurped the crown of Siam, which was his own by right, and that the country was suffering under his bad sway. "Ah, if I were king!" was his continued thought, and often was Chun obliged to confess this sin of evil desire to his brother monks, according to the rule of the Order. At last, just when he had fought his way almost into the realm of abstract thought and peace, the moment came when a troop of gaily clad cavaliers crowded into the quiet, bare monastery and, announcing the death of his usurping brother, acclaimed Chun king. and Chun the monk went out with them to take up the full burden of sovereignty and redress his people's wrongs. He became Somdet Phra, the King of Siam, and during the twenty-two years of his reign he toiled to fulfil the oath of even justice which he took at the drinking of the holy waters, and prosperity came to the people. Dying, he was wrapped in the cloak of a Buddhist monk once more. Chun was a hero. And scarcely less heroic, though in a different way, was the life of Fernão Lopez. He sinned the blackest treachery, and for his treachery he lost his ears and nose; his thumbs were cut off; he became a pitiable mockery to all men. At length he escaped to the little island of St. Helena, and there he lived alone for thirty years, until he became famous to the men on passing ships, who tried to catch him as a curiosity, until the King of Portugal commanded that he should be left undisturbed. In those days only the Pope could absolve a man from a crime such as Lopez had committed, and Lopez, in spite of the publicity from which he could not hide, journeyed to Rome that his mind might be put at rest by absolution; he was taken back to his lonely island, again at the king's command, and there he died in peace on the same island of St. Helena, on which Napoleon, who had touched the pinnacle of human greatness, "ate out his mighty angry heart" in despair.

Such is the type of Mr. Clifford's heroes: and there is something about their lives—for each in his own way "found comfort in himself and in his cause," and "turned his necessity to glorious gain"—which makes one repeat meditatively:

This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be;

just as M. le Baron's dry records of the great fellows who swaggered to little kingdoms, or blustered into a moment's power, or founded colonies in which to carry out some huge, mad scheme, for all their bluster and madness and noise inspirit one irresistibly to cry aloud:

Busk up your plaids, my lads
Cock up your bonnets
Da Capo.

THE RELIGION OF PANTHEISM

Pantheism: its Story and Significance. By J. ALLENSON PICTON.
(Constable, 1s.)

WE remember having once read an appreciation of Mr. Picton in a Sunday paper which spoke of him as one

who had "passed through Materialism and come out on the other side." On the other side of Materialism lies, it appears, Pantheism; but Pantheism is not necessarily a religion, or, indeed, anything more than a re-statement of the materialistic position. Between any kind of Dualism and any kind of Monism the mind distinguishes; whereas it can easily be argued that the distinction between two kinds of Monism is merely verbal. To say that matter is God is neither to add to our knowledge of its attributes nor (from the point of view of the materialist) to introduce any fresh theory of the Universe. It is merely (the materialist would say) to give matter a new name. Nor does it, from any point of view, constitute a moral advance. Prayer, from the standpoint of Pantheism, is merely, as has been said, "talking to oneself"; and, if we start with the hypothesis that the universe is already as divine as it is capable of being, we deprive ourselves of any standard whereby to contrast or measure good and evil. Pantheism, indeed, was, in its origin, not a religious but a philosophical conception, and flourished, in its early stages, in conjunction with superstitions logically incompatible with it, such as Animism and Fetichism. As Mr. Picton puts it:

Little or no attempt was made to substitute the contemplation of the Eternal for the worship of mediator divinities. Thus, in the same spirit in which Socrates ordered the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius for his recovery from the disease of mortal life, philosophical Pantheists, whether Egyptian, or Greek, or even Indian, satisfied their religious instincts by hearty communion with the popular worship of traditional gods.

Nor is it difficult to discover modern Pantheists who do the same. The case of Robertson of Brighton, quoted by Mr. Picton, will serve as well as any. "What," Robertson asked, "is this world itself but the form of Deity whereby the manifoldness and beauty of His mind manifests itself?" That is Pantheism, or it is meaningless. But Robertson was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the Church of England teaches Dualism—teaches that man is separate from God, estranged from God, and can only be reconciled to God by the acceptance of a sacrifice. The two doctrines are in glaring contradiction.

The question to which the average reader will demand an answer from Mr. Picton is this: Pantheism being, as he avers, in its origin a philosophical conception, how is religion, in the sense of morality touched by emotion, to be got out of it? It certainly is not derived from it by him, any more than by Spinoza, through any process of logical deduction. Acquiescence in the inevitable is all that the theory, dispassionately considered, can suggest; and the only possible reply to it is that human nature itself is up in arms against the inference. The old theologians told us that man is by nature depraved. It is at least as true to say that man is by nature religious; and, indeed, the former proposition may be held to contain and imply the latter. This does not mean, of course, that any specific moral ideas are, as the Intuitionists used to say, "innate." It means not only that man is capable of passing moral judgments, but that he cannot help doing so—that, whether he be a good man or a bad man, he is compelled to think in terms of morality touched by emotion. The nature of the thoughts differs from age to age and from country to country. We have only to compare the gospel of passive resistance preached by Count Tolstoy with the "Do not hesitate to shoot" gospel preached by a military commander in order to see that. But the mode of thought is common even to cases so flagrantly opposed as these. They agree in advocating with emotion something that "ought to be" in place of something that "is"; and so do we all, if not when we criticise our own conduct, at least when we criticise the conduct of our neighbours. And to say this is, of course, to say that there exists a human instinct with which every philosophy must, whether logically or illogically, in the long run make terms. To put it differently: Materialism and Pantheism have alike to reckon with the "God-intoxicated man." It was that factor which,

over-riding the syllogistic logic, created the Religion of Humanity out of Positive Science. It is equally that factor which caused Spinoza to see so much more in Pantheism than was seen either by Xenophanes or Sir Leslie Stephen; and a considerable portion of the truth seems to be summed up when we say that Comte was the Spinoza of Positivism and Spinoza the Comte of Pantheism. In each case alike we have a God-intoxicated man, throwing the syllogistic logic to the winds and imposing the religious conceptions of his own mind upon a philosophical conception which does not contain them. It does not follow that they are wrong in doing so because the forms of words in which they try to mask their inconsistencies are not proof against all the weapons in the armoury of the critic.

Mr. Allenson Picton's form of words is as follows :

If the Pantheist in these days be asked, "What interpretation do you propose?" his answer is, "I propose none. I take things as they are. In their totality they are unknowable, as, indeed, even science finds they are in their infinitesimal parts." But we need not on this account lose "the divinity that shapes our ends." For, between the infinite and the infinitesimal the human experience realises itself in surroundings which, when observed and reflected on, make the impression of ordered relation of parts. By the necessity of our finite and individual existence as centres of action—a necessity of which we can give no account—we present those relations to ourselves in forms of time and space. Then, when our experience is large enough and ripe enough, being enriched and stimulated by the stored-up experience of humanity, as recorded in tradition, custom, Bibles, and Epics, we attain to the moral sense, and realise that we are bound to be loyal to something greater than self. That "greater" may be the tribe, the nation, humanity, or God.

The important word in this profession of faith is "realise." Its use is an appeal to the tribunal which overrules all logical demonstration. A materialist might describe it as the hysterical cry of the God-intoxicated man; but the answer to that would be that we are all, materialists included, God-intoxicated more or less. Our intelligence being finite, we are bound to fall into inconsistencies when we try to express our apprehensions of the Infinite in propositions suitable for syllogistic use; but these apprehensions are, nevertheless, facts which colour our interpretation of all philosophies. It is unprofitable to argue whether they ought to do so or not. They are bound to do so because they constitute a part of our intellectual machinery.

THE METAPHYSICS OF PRAGMATISM

Idola Theatri. By HENRY STURT. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

SOME books are interesting in themselves: others derive such interest as they have from the movement of thought in which they have their origin. Mr. Sturt's volume belongs to this second class. It is a child of the most recent and (philosophically speaking) fashionable "ism" that the new century has produced—known, by some as Humanism, and by others as Pragmatism. Not that Pragmatism is so monstrous a growth as to have no proper philosophical pedigree. On the contrary, with a little trouble it could produce an eminently respectable genealogical tree. It is however only in our twentieth century that it has risen into prominence, and faced the world with a claim to recognition as a distinctive, and indeed a militant, doctrine.

To different minds [says Mr. Sturt] the pragmatist or humanist movement doubtless makes a different appeal: to mine its value lies in its recognition of personal striving, and its suggestion of a philosophy of the future which will treat personal striving as the central fact of our experience.

What is this new philosophy for which "personal striving" is to be the central explanatory fact?

Well, it has many definitions. Here is one, from Professor James—who is not so much the parent of Pragmatism as its most distinguished godfather:

Humanism conceives the more "true" as the more "satisfactory"; or defines the true as that which gives the maximum combination of satisfactions.

And here is another, from Dr. Schiller, who is, more perhaps than any one else, at once the parent and the high priest of the new philosophy:

Pragmatism is an assertion of the sway of human valuations over every region of our experience.

Or again:

Pragmatism is the doctrine that "truths" are "values," and that "realities" are arrived at by processes of valuation.

Now, what does all this mean? Everything will depend upon the interpretation. To say that "truths are values" may be to say something that will disturb as little as it illumines us. Nor, indeed, if the statement that "the true is the satisfactory" means merely that, as the untrue must sooner or later come into conflict with experience, we cannot rest in it, need we pay the doctrine the compliment of so much as disagreeing with it.

But Pragmatism, at least in the minds of Dr. Schiller and his immediate followers, means more than this. It means, not merely (for in that we should all agree) that we can rest in a doctrine *because it is true*; but that a doctrine is true *because*, and in no other sense than that, *we can rest in it*.

Let us be clear about this. "Because" is a dangerous word to play with: and, except we are upon our guard, the *causa cognoscendi* is apt to cheat us into treating it as a *causa essendi*. So it would be well to put the point once more, in a slightly different form. We should most of us be ready to recognise that the "satisfactoriness" of a judgment is a ground for *our believing it to be true*—is, in that sense, a "criterion" of its truth, if you will—; but we should resent the attempt to transform this recognition into the doctrine that the truth of a judgment *consists in*, and is nothing more than, such "satisfactoriness." Yet this is precisely the step that the Pragmatist has taken. Taking his stand on human experience, and profoundly impressed with the part which will and purpose play in the determination of all activity (including, of course, the activity of thought), he has come to reject the notion of a Reality to which our thought, in its effort to be "true," has merely to "conform," and boldly maintains that the true is simply that which satisfies our purposes and desires—that the Real is, in that sense, what we make it. Reality (and this, as we have seen, is the aspect of Pragmatism which especially appeals to Mr. Sturt) is to be interpreted "in terms of personal striving." An "incredible metaphysical doctrine" indeed—as a not unsympathetic critic, Mr. S. H. Mellone, has called it—this view that the real is nothing but what we make it. And "incredible" are the metaphysical conceptions by the aid of which Dr. Schiller and his school attempt to work out this theory of a Reality, or a Truth, "in the making." Reality, for them, is nothing but experience: and experience is the "merely determinable," a plastic something-nothing, a bare matter or *ύλη*, to which it is in our power to give either one form or another. No doubt, at any given moment the body of our experience, that is, our Reality, has a determinate form: but that form is the result of a long process of "experimenting," a process in which ideas and principles have suggested themselves, have led to action, and have brought in their train either satisfaction or disappointment. It is this satisfaction or disappointment that has determined, has indeed actually "constituted," truth for us. What has satisfied desire (taking that word in its widest sense) has become *pro tanto* true. What were in the first instance "postulates," mere suggestions or working hypotheses, have become in the evolution of experience "axioms"; have become, that is, fundamental principles of an organised body of truth. Some have fallen out by the way. They have failed to satisfy; and they have, in consequence, failed to survive.

Such is, in outline, the metaphysical doctrine wherein, as Dr. Schiller somewhat noisily proclaims, philosophical salvation is, in the future, to be found. It would take us

far beyond the scope of this article were we to attempt to press upon this doctrine the many difficulties which it raises. We cannot, however, refrain from putting just two questions. What is it, in the first place, that suggests the tentative hypotheses which compete in experience for survival, if not the *determinate character* of some reality other than the apprehending consciousness? And what, in the second place, are we to make of a "merely determinable" matter of experience, in the sense of a "matter" which has positively no character of its own? It is useless to throw us back on the Aristotelian conception of *ὑλη*. Aristotle himself was, at least to some extent, aware of the difficulties which await the attempt to build up an organised reality out of a primary undifferentiated matter: and, while he holds firmly to the correlative conceptions of *ὑλη* and *εἶδος*, matter and form, as aspects under which all concrete reality can be viewed, his *ὑλη* is still not so much the absolutely as the relatively undifferentiated—a "matter," that is, which, as compared with the more highly differentiated product into which it is capable of entering, is relatively undifferentiated, but which, in so far as it exists at all, does so in virtue of some determinate character. And, indeed, whatever Aristotle may or may not have held, we cannot to-day escape the difficulties which our own metaphysic may raise by taking shelter behind his name.

We are far from suggesting that any metaphysic should be rejected because it raises difficulties. Every metaphysic does that. But at least, if it is to stand, it must face the difficulties squarely; and it must at least satisfy us that its own peculiar difficulties are fewer, or less disturbing, than those of any rival metaphysic which it may claim to supersede. We cannot feel that, judged by this standard, Pragmatism has made good its claim.

It is to this Pragmatic movement, and to the controversy to which it has given rise, that we owe Mr. Sturt's book, "*Idola Theatri*." Mr. Sturt is sincere, and in his way independent: but the structure of the book is slight; and in closing it we are haunted by the suspicion that its author has failed to master the doctrines he attacks.

Intellectualism, Absolutism, Subjectivism—these are the three leading professorial fallacies with which Mr. Sturt is concerned. Intellectualism, according to our author—the doctrine, that is, which identifies Reality with Thought—fails to meet the demands of the "plain man." The "Real" is more than the "intelligible"; and thought divorced from the desires and purposes of our daily life is an abstraction which leads direct to misconception in Metaphysics, in Logic, and in Ethics. Of the chapter which deals with this particular Idolon we can only say that it seems to us typical of the book as a whole, both in its good qualities and in its bad. We must content ourselves with one or two quotations. In the first Mr. Sturt is arguing ("pragmatically") that Truth is relevant to Interest, and that what is true-enough-for-our-purposes is Truth:

In ordinary or non-scientific inquiry the amount of correspondence necessary to constitute truth is extremely variable. Being very hungry we ask for bread. If we are told that there is bread in the cupboard, and go to look, we treat the answer as true if we find in the cupboard something near enough to satisfy our want. We do not care if what we find does not answer to the technical definition of bread, but should rather be called "damper." On the other hand, we should treat the answer as false if the person to whom we addressed the inquiry told us, knowing we were hungry, that there was bread in the cupboard, and we found a loaf there which from some accident had been rendered uneatable (p. 51).

Now, this is either sheer nonsense, or it means that a judgment is true if we are willing to treat it as such. And that also is sheer nonsense.

The second quotation is the following:

If we were challenged to produce our own ideal of knowledge we ought, I think, to lay it down that the ideal must be in any case human. . . . No one needs a universal education: Browning's Grammarian who "decides not to live but know" was a foolish pedant, like Goethe's Faust before he took his regenerating plunge into life. The

ideal for each man is to do as much creative thinking as he gets opportunity for, and to have acquired by docility as much instructional knowledge as will help in the creative function (p. 57).

Here again we get the notion of the true-enough-for-my-purposes—used this time to suggest an ideal of knowledge. The ideal is to know just as much, or rather just as little, as we can get along with. This is barely an exaggeration of Mr. Sturt's position; and we must perhaps be pardoned for somewhat losing patience.

One more passage. Pragmatism, it will be remembered, tends to interpret the world in terms of "personal striving." This principle Mr. Sturt applies to the Analysis of Art—with the following result:

The sentiment of beauty attaches primarily to things man makes or understands the making of. I doubt if this reference to making is absent from even the most passive-seeming exclamation, "How beautiful." Suppose it to be uttered by a merely non-performing connoisseur as he looks at a sunset. Fully to understand his mental attitude we must remember that beneath its passivity it is penetrated by experiences of production; the sunset will probably suggest pictures seen. Even if it does not, if no thought of Claude or Turner crosses his mind, yet he would hardly appreciate the view unless its lines and tints were attached to an apperceptive system of ideas which has been formed in his mind by contact with artists and works of art.

Now, that constructive efforts of one's own do develop and intensify artistic appreciation no one can doubt: but to make "reference to making" essential to such appreciation, and to imply that associations with the production of pictures determine one's feeling for scenery, is, surely, to apply the principle of "personal striving" in a way that makes it merely ridiculous.

The succeeding chapters, on Absolutism and Subjectivism, complete Mr. Sturt's account of his leading Idola. These are followed by an outline of the course of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel: and the concluding chapters are devoted to a criticism of Green (whom Mr. Sturt strangely describes as a "timorous thinker"), Bradley and Bosanquet. Much of Mr. Sturt's criticism of Green's doctrine of Freedom seems to us not without point. It is otherwise when he comes to Green's "Reduction to the Spiritual Principle":

If Green had wished to maintain that relations are, by reason of their presence to God's mind, real for men, he should have proved that God can enter the human "universe of conversation"; *God must talk to and act upon men after the manner of the Old Testament.* [The italics are ours.]

He should also, says Mr. Sturt, have "explained why, if the divine consciousness constitutes reality for men, men share so scantily in the wealth of the divine experience." When we read this we are tempted to think that Mr. Sturt has hardly entered into the spirit of Green's Metaphysic with the sympathy necessary to any criticism which is to be penetrating.

Here we must leave Mr. Sturt, though we should be glad, had we the space, to say something of his attack on Bradley's treatment of Inference. That treatment remains for us as suggestive and helpful after reading Mr. Sturt as before.

We should wish to end by frankly recognising the service which Pragmatism, as representing a revolt against an exaggerated Intellectualism, or an over-facile Idealism, is doing to Philosophy. We recognise the value of the appeal to a *complete experience*; of the insistence on the teleological character of all our activity; of the prominence assigned to the Will in any theory of the significance of human life. These are not new points; but they need to be re-affirmed from time to time. And Pragmatism is re-affirming them. But "satisfaction of desire" and "personal striving" are inadequate metaphysical principles. And our soul rises against a philosophy which, in any sense of the words, identifies the true, or the real, with what-serves-our-purpose.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS

THE other day a certain poem, or snatch of a poem, kept running through my brain continually. And, after a while, I grew, from unconscious repetition of the familiar words and cadences, to reflecting on what, after all, gave to this simple combination of simple phrases its wonderful haunting power.

The poem in question was "A Lyke-Wake Dirge":

This æ nighte, this æ nighte,
This æ nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-light,
And Christ receive thy saule.

It is perhaps the most perfect of examples of that immortal magic of words which is found at its highest in our early ballad-poetry. The words are of the simplest; yet how could they be bettered by any refinement of art? How, one might almost say, could they conceivably be altered?

Such haunting phrases, such unforgettable refrains, leap to the mind at once from the storehouse of ballad-lore. The lady who "tore her ling lang yellow hair, And knelt at Barthram's side"—Hardicanute, when "stately stept he east the ha' And stately stept he west"—what is it, what unanalysable quality that gives to all time so vivid a picture of those dead figures? So with a hundred others—natural, simple, set forth in such wise that an imaginative child, more perhaps than any adult, will take them at once and for ever into its soul.

We come, then, to the eternal consideration of the poetic vocabulary—in a spirit, be it noted, of all humility, with no intention of formulating rules or systems. It seems certain that, with the renewed cult of pure English models, that fearful and wonderful thing, the word labelled "poetic" in the dictionaries of a century ago, has been banished from the realm of song. At one lamentable period of literature, for instance, no one thought of using in verse that good, sounding monosyllable "sea." One must speak always of the "main"—generally the "azure main"—of the "deep," the "wave," or at the very least the "ocean." The poetry of that time teems with examples of this debased "poetic diction," the chief requirement being that the language used must be as far as possible removed from truth, from realism, from simplicity, and those other canons of genuine art which offended the literary taste of a formal and artificial age. Take a passage from almost any well-known ballad, and read it through as if it were prose:

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their kaims intil their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

There is not one adjective nor "poetic epithet": not a word that was not familiar in the daily speech of those for whom the lay was first sung. And if you analyse most examples of those haunting verses whose appeal is spontaneous and direct—from "Chevy Chace" right down through "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" to certain of Mr. Swinburne's ballads and some of Robert Louis Stevenson's all too scant lyrics—to name but one or two of our modern singers—we shall find, almost without exception, that the verbiage, however poetic, is so, not technically, but naturally. We shall find, that is to say, that the lover of such song, although he must, above all, have the faculties of sympathy and imagination, needs no artificial or acquired sense of the beautiful in poetry. The deft turning of a polished phrase, the linking of a golden chain of mellifluous sound—in short, the academic qualities of verse—appeal to an audience fit though few; but the simpler, and, as we hold, the more enduring stuff of song is for the child as for the sage—for the untutored as for the scholar.

Rough-hewn, if you will, yet from the clean quarry of honest English; not coined in late Latin mints, not from

the base metal of post-Renaissance verbiage: the true poetic word is a thing strong, clear, natural, abiding. For as the sense of rhythm gave to the earliest literature of the world the form of song, it is certain that the words must have been such as should appeal to their audience. Song, and the sword; adventure wedded to a marching tune; such, briefly, was the birth of poetic form.

And yet, after all, what a delicate, elusive matter this is, of poetic language! For although we have said that the words of the poet should by no means be exclusively and affectedly set apart for purposes of versifiers, still less should the poet use words exclusively and patently intended for a prose context. Take, for instance, one stanza from Cowper—a stanza to be found, for some inscrutable reason, in most anthologies.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The weight of the moisture encumbered the flower
And bowed down its beautiful head.

Here, in the space of four short lines, we have at least six words which may be set down without hesitation as absolutely unpoetic. To begin with, the rose had been "washed." Now a rose, after a shower, does not convey the impression of having been recently subjected to a cleansing process. And yet, again, when Tennyson speaks of the morning-star as "fresh-washed in coolest dew," the expression is the reverse of unpoetic. It is in that special instance appropriate; and its appropriateness makes of it the exception that proves the rule. Then Mary "conveying" the rose to Anna, as if it were a freehold estate or a joint of beef, and the flower, poor thing, "encumbered" with "moisture," like a housewife with her shopping, or an army with its baggage! Probably only exigencies of rhythm and rhyme prevented the poet describing the rose as a "vegetable."

It is a certain deficiency in the wonderful art of discerning what words are suitable or unsuitable for poetry, which has been the cause of the positive disfigurement of many passages, to take a distinguished example, in the poetry of Wordsworth. One could find specimens by the score in many another poet—not names of unbeautiful or unpoetic things, but words which, by their very transplantation into poetic surroundings, become, by some invisible chain of thought, ludicrous. What is it, this magic of words? Perhaps, to a certain extent, the qualities of rhythm and cadence; doubtless, in a large degree, associations and prejudices; and, in a larger degree still, that inexplicable thing we call "charm"—a combination, very likely, of the two causes we have named, and of unconscious forces, deeper still.

C. FOX SMITH:

PLAYWRIGHT OR FANATIC?

The Moral Standpoint of Euripides. By W. H. S. JONES, M.A.
Selwyn College, Cambridge. (Blackie, 2s. 6d.)

MAN, says Mrs. Meynell, is Greek without and Japanese within. His external shape is symmetrical: his internal parts are irregularly disposed. Whether that graceful essayist be correct or not in her distinction between the Greek and the Japanese, it is clear enough that human beauty resides in the outward members, and yet that an adequate adjustment of inward organs, not to say some measure of intelligence, is requisite for a satisfactory human frame. Literature may be said in this to resemble its creator, man. Beauty of form and sublimity of spirit are complementary, and great literature has both.

In some branches of literature it would be hard to find the advocate who would disparage the moral content of the speaker or writer's message. Demosthenes's moral force exalted him above Æschines: Defoe is less than Bunyan. But in poetry, above all in the drama, does genius betray its philosophy of the world, or is it art to conceal all moral purpose? These questions would seem

idle, were it not that the most opposing prejudices are to-day endemic amongst us. A recent writer attributed the success at the Court Theatre of Euripides's plays in Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation to a dissatisfaction with the modern drama "proclaimed openly as a discussion on social philosophy and political follies." For this writer Euripides's plays represent "human nature not at any particular period or place, nor as marking a particular form of civilisation or religious development, but in its universal aspect." How is all this reconcilable with Mr. Jones's probing and analysing the same plays to extract the moral and religious views of the writer? It is a curious dilemma. If Euripides attracts to-day, in spite of his intellectual subtilty—because the problems he attacks are antiquated—it is strange that Sophocles, who does not labour under the same infirmity of intruding temporary problems, has not been chosen for honour.

But Mr. Jones sets to work in the most approved modern fashion to dissect his victim. He truly reminds his reader that the generation that lived through the Peloponnesian War and the Plague largely lost their faith in all ideals. He justly insists that Euripides's plays "form an excellent mirror of the prevalent atmosphere [*sic*], mental, moral, and religious." And then he sets out to discover whether Euripides does not betray his own personal views and feelings. Remembering that the poet "left behind him dramas, not scientific treatises," he states, after Decharme, two rules which he believes will guide him safely through the confused medley of sentiments necessarily discoverable in a dramatist. First, he says, "the occurrence of an idea several times in plays of different dates, especially when it is dwelt upon with evident satisfaction;" and, in the second place, "the expression of a sentiment which does not harmonise with the age or nature of the speaker," are criteria which enable us to recognise the views of the poet himself. It would be interesting to apply these tests to Shakespeare, the more so, since it has been declared that nothing so much marks his absolute supremacy amongst dramatists as the fact that, as it is asserted, he has created a whole world of characters, in which, therefore, no more than in the real world moral laws are invariably manifest, while his fellows' portraiture of the world is controlled and limited by their conception of the world. But, if we confine our speculations to Euripides himself, Decharme's criteria invite criticism. They leave no room for the imperfections and defects of a poet's genius: they open the door wide for the subjectivities of an eccentric interpreter: above all, they exclude a consideration which in the case of Euripides is vital.

What was the poet's own conception of his duty as a poetic artist and as a dramatist? The ordinary Athenian may have held the view that Euripides was an atheist, immoral, irreligious, sceptical, over-subtle, sinking in acute dialectics the dignity of Tragedy: but that view, though taken from the poet's contemporaries, is not necessarily more sound. Aristophanes, it is true, seems to treat this view seriously as legitimate, but there is one sufficient authority for its rejection. Sophocles, who, himself a tragic poet, may be securely reckoned competent to understand his rival, defined, according to a familiar story, with exquisite precision the difference between his own attitude to the drama and that of Euripides. Criticised on the ground that his characters were not true to nature or to the world which his critic knew, he replied, when by way of contrast Euripides was quoted as a dramatist who was true to nature: "I represent characters as they ought to be represented. Euripides represents them as they are." Sophocles idealised, Euripides was realistic. Euripides's characters, indeed, are his contemporaries set in the framework of familiar legends. Those contemporaries with conventional sanctimoniousness were, in many instances, shocked to see themselves and their inconsistencies, their doubts and meannesses, set out upon the stage in flagrant contrast to the fine-sounding heroes they affected to honour and with the

traditional respectability looked for in their plays. All the comments made by the ancients upon Euripides's work explain themselves on this supposition: but it must be confessed that it leaves Euripides's private beliefs more than problematical. We can see what his conception of his art was; we cannot draw rigorous conclusions as to his moral philosophy. We can only guess that, had his philosophical views been widely different from those of his sceptical contemporaries, he would hardly have accepted the realistic view of the poet's duty. But it is easy to exaggerate the scepticism of his contemporaries. Aristophanes testifies to the existence of an old-fashioned minority at any rate: and other stories point not necessarily to Euripides's own "enlightenment," but to a belief, held by the dull mob, that such character-drawing as his realistic studies, implied sympathy with their views. More than this cannot be demonstrated. Mr. Jones, following Dr. Verrall, goes a great deal further. He sets Euripides before us as a protestant against the Olympic pantheon and all its legends, a believer in a non-moral Necessity, and yet a believer also in the validity of morality because of its beauty and its harmony with human nature. Euripides, he thinks, inferred two corollaries: (1) "that the cultivated human intelligence is the supreme judge in the moral sphere; (2) that human institutions ought to be regulated by the principle that the human *physis*, wherever manifested, even in women and slaves, should be honoured and carefully cultivated." If we accept all this as deducible from Euripides's plays (Mr. Jones supplies a very useful index, duly classified, to all the important passages), we shall be wise still to attribute it to Euripides's contemporaries rather than inevitably to himself. Indeed, unless we do so, we seem to involve ourselves in inconsistencies. As Mr. Jones says: "A theory of Euripides's attitude towards various moral problems must be further tested by application to all the obtainable evidence," and again, he says: "the fragments can be used only as confirmation tests bearing out conclusions reached on other grounds." It is remarkable how much of his evidence is, nevertheless, drawn from these detached fragments, and it is noteworthy that no reference is made to the *Cyclops*. Yet, according to Decharme's rules, since in that play several prayers unnecessary to the play are offered up, in which faith in the existence of the gods is virtually staked on the worshipper's receiving an answer, and the answer is then presently vouchsafed, it would follow that Euripides either believed in the Olympic gods or was not always a reforming iconoclast. The truth is that the prevalence to-day of intellectual tendencies similar to those of Euripides's age has conduced to a one-sided study of his work. His dramatic art is misconceived, except indeed by Mr. Gilbert Murray: even Professor Jebb once wrote disparagingly of the last scene in the *Electra*, though a poet like Milton found that play, in an especial measure, tragic, as did Aristotle before him. Aristotle insinuates plainly that in all other respects Euripides did not "manage" his plays well, and it is forgetfulness of this that has made modern critics misread them. When old legends, which took shape amid the *naïve* beliefs of an uncritical generation, were used as the framework of plays whose characters felt, spoke and acted like the men and women of Socrates's Athens, crudenesses and contrasts necessarily appeared. The arbitrary *deus ex machina* is but one symptom which proclaims the nature of the disease. The faithful study and portrayal of the inter-play between circumstance and character, between different natures and different motives, was, indeed, made interesting by Euripides, but it was beyond his power to incorporate all this originality into the embryonic plot of an earlier age. The result was often an unformed monster, beautiful, it is true, in part, but in part incongruous and inconsistent. Yet it would be unjust to shut our eyes to another side of the question. However much Euripides bungled his plot in other ways, as Aristotle points out, he was master, as no other Greek was, of the art that develops tragic situations. For this his method was admirably adapted. The hero, a man

like the theatre-goer of that day, was nevertheless in the inevitable toils of the traditional catastrophe. It is not surprising that the fear and pity of the theatre-goer were purged out of him by the sight, coming home so immediately to him. He saw his puny self in Destiny's grasp and felt the pathos of his misery; and it is this familiar air about Euripides's catastrophes that made and still makes them dominant of men's emotions.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

NEPENTHE *

THE popularity of Mr. Meredith's "Love in the Valley" seems to me to open a door to George Darley's "Nepenthe," a poem thrown on the world seventy years ago as contemptuously perhaps as it was received. During the last ten years it has twice been reprinted, and now stands in the market counterfeiting the bewitchment of some popular poem, at the modest price of one shilling.

Mr. Meredith has nothing, so far as I know, to do with "Nepenthe," nor "Nepenthe" with Mr. Meredith; it is only my ingenuity that relates them. A friend pointed out to me that one of Darley's little lyrics was the probable literary parent of "Love in the Valley"; and as I know that poem to be too firmly established in favour for its admirers to resent the open recognition of one of its conditioning causes, I judged that, their jealousy being impossible, their admiration, or at least their curiosity, might be awakened sufficiently to win for "Nepenthe" the attention which it deserves. Here then is Darley's little lyric:

SERENADE OF A LOYAL MARTYR

Sweet in her green cell the Flower of Beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing thro' her hair;
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air?

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:
O that in tears from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Opens she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away?

Come, then, my Bird!—for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me,
Come!—this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest!
Bleeds with its death-wound, but deeper yet for thee.

I am not posing as advocate for all of Darley's poems; but I would say that a small and wisely made selection of his shorter pieces would have won him a very different reputation from what he now holds; and that he had great originality in learnedly perfecting rare or new forms of metre and rhythm. The piece just cited, "The Palace of Ruin," and the two lyrics "Down the Dardanelles," and "Wind of the West arise" in "Nepenthe" are sufficient proof of this claim.

"Nepenthe," which is my object, is a poem of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five lines in two cantos, written in the metre of Milton's "Penseroso." The rhythm is treated with such mastery as to obviate monotony, and is also skilfully relieved by the introduction of a variety of other metres, and occasionally by great freedom, properly motivated and harmoniously used. If it is, as I suppose, on a higher plane of excellence than any thing else that Darley wrote, the reason would be that it alone gave him his congenial opportunity. This he recognised himself when he described his faculty as wholly "imaginative" and not "real." "A separatist from

society (he wrote) I feel a necessity for intoxication (of spirit) to write with any enthusiasm at all," etc.: and "Nepenthe," as he tells us, was written with "a heat of brain mentally bacchic." The reader indeed may be warned at once that this wholly imaginative poem, being like "Endymion" an allegory, gives also at first the same effect of a superabundant poetry with a minimum of obvious meaning. But while its general purport may elude or even defy comprehension, the verse and diction—if I may sternly except the first lyric, ll. 64-83—are throughout masterly, rich and elevated, and one reads with almost unbroken pleasure, admiration and even wonder: so that the annoyance which the obscurity of its general aim must certainly occasion, is due not to any absence of satisfaction, but to one's natural impatience at being unable to focus or connect the important magnificence. As for the allegory, the closer one examines it the less doubt one has that every word was the approved expression of impassioned intention: but since language thus born will carry more than its contemplated interpretation, one cannot look to define the meaning in every detail. The main clue however, when once given, is so apparent, that when I did discover it I wondered that I had not perceived it at first. I will justify my estimate of the poetry by a few quotations: the first canto begins thus—on a mountain in summer, the sun beautifying the earth:

Over a bloomy land, untrod
By heavier foot than bird or bee
Lays on the grassy-bosomed sod,
I passed one day in reverie.
High on his unpavilioned throne
The heaven's hot tyrant sat alone,
And like the fabled king of old
Was turning all he touched to gold.
The glittering fountains seemed to pour
Steep downward rills of molten ore,
Glassily tinkling smooth between
Broom-shaded banks of golden green.

With golden lip and glistening bell
Burned every bee-cup on the fell,
Whate'er its native unshorn hue,
Snow-white or crimson or cold blue.

The sing'd mosses curling here,
A golden fleece too short to shear.
Crumbled to sparkling dust beneath
My light step on that sunny heath.
Light, for the ardour of the clime
Made rare my spirit, that sublime
Bore me as buoyant as young Time
Over the green Earth's grassy prime,
Ere his slouched wing caught up her slime;
And sprang I not from clay and crime,
Had from those humming beds of thyme
Lifted me near the starry chime
To learn an empyrean rhyme.
No melody beneath the moon
Sweeter than this deep runnel tune!
Here on the greensward grown hot gray,
Crisp as the unshorn desert hay,

I'll lay me, on these mosses brown,
Murmuring beside his murmurs down . . .

After his taste of the incense of the phoenix-tree he has a vision of Revelry:

Light-trooping o'er the distant lea
A band I saw, where Revelry
Seemed on her bacchant foot to be,
And heard the dry tambour afar
Before her Corybantian car
Booming the rout to winy war.

Again the same subject, l. 460:

With pipe and ceaseless cittern thrum
Tinkling tabor's shallow drum,
Cymbal and lengthening corn-muse hum.
Uproar sweet! as when he crost,
Omnipotent Bacchus, with his host,

* Selections from the poems of George Darley, with introduction and notes by R. A. Streatfeild. Methuen, 1894.

To farthest Ind; and for his van
Satyrs and other sons of Pan,
With swollen eye-burying cheeks of tan,
Who trolled him round which way he ran
His spotted yoke through Hindustan. . . .

Here is the lark;

. . . Ravish me swifter than Earth's roll
Towards bright day's Eoan goal;
Or if West I choose to run,
Would sweep me thither before the sun,
Raising me on ethereal wing
Lighter than the lark can spring
When drunk with dewlight which the Morn
Pours from her translucent horn
To steep his sweet throat in the corn.

Here is a song worthy of our navy; and with it I am
sorry not to give the picture of Gibraltar (ii. 188):

Down the Dardanelles!
Behold the *Thunderer* where she rides!
Behold her how she swells
Like floating clouds her canvas sides!
Raising with ponderous breast the tides
On both the shores as down she glides,
Down the Dardanelles!

Down the Dardanelles!
Each continent like a caiff stands,
As every broadside knells!
While with a voice that shakes the strands
She spreads her hundred-mouthed commands,
Albion's loud law to both the lands,—
Down the Dardanelles!

Down the Dardanelles!
Ye billowy hills before her bown!
Wind caverns! your deep shells.
Ring Ocean and Earth her old renown,
Long as that sun from Ida's crown
Smooths her broad road with splendour down,
Down the Dardanelles.

In the above "bown" is poetic for bows. "Glides" is an almost certain conjecture of my own in place of what must be a misprint or similar kind of error. The poem is, I think, a prophetic warning to England, lest in her pursuit of sun-joys she too should fall like Icarus. I give finally as much as there is room for of the rich exordium of Canto II.:

Antiquity, thou Titan-born!
That rear'st thee, in stupendous scorn
At all succession from thy bed
On prime Earth's firm foundations spread.
And look'st with dim but settled eye
O'er thy deep lap, within whose span
Layer upon layer sepulchred lie
Whole generations of frail man!
That steady glare not fierce simoom,
Blasting with his hot pinion blinds,
Nor floods of dust thy corse entomb.
Heaped on thee by the sexton winds!
Nor temple, tower, nor ponderous town
Built on thy grave can keep thee down,
But still thou rear'st thee in thy scorn,
Antiquity, thou Titan-born,
To crush our souls with that dim frown!
Strong son of Chaos! who didst seem
Only a fairer form of him,
Moulding his mountainous profounds
To fanes and monumental grounds;
His rocky coigns, with giant ease,
In pyramids and palaces
Piling aslope, as we with pain
His ruinous rubbish raised in vain. . . .

A poem of the quality which these fragments exhibit, and they are inadequate to represent Darley's inexhaustible variety, only needs that attention should be called to it. If the passages which I have chosen are among the best, very much of the rest is as good, and never further below itself than the best poems of such length are. For those who will at my recommendation read the allegory I

will give such an outline of the meaning as may enable them to read with better intelligence than I could until I had seriously trifled with my patience, or rather, to tell the truth, it was the bodily inactivity and low grade of occupation to which an attack of influenza had reduced me that reconciled me to the pastime of deciphering so desperate a riddle.

Darley's own account of "Nepenthe" is as follows: "The general object or mythos of the poem is to show the folly of discontent with the natural tone of human life. Canto I. attempts to paint the ill-effects of over-joy; Canto II. those of excessive melancholy; part of the latter object remains to be worked out in Canto III., which should likewise show that contentment with the mingled cup of humanity is the true Nepenthe." We have only to do with the existing Cantos I. and II. In the first the Phoenix is the symbol of "melancholy gladness"; and in the second the less important unicorn is the symbol of "majestic sadness." Ambition is the term used throughout to denote the motive of dissatisfaction which makes man seek a nepenthe.

The first Canto is the picture of excessive joy in the more animal sphere, that is, the ecstasy of life, joys born of the sun: and the passage of experience is from the hot sun-joys to death in the cold ocean.

The second Canto is the picture of ideal pleasures, that is the ecstasy of mental life, joys born of the Moon, and leading to the desert where the unicorn lives in majestic sadness; and the passage is from the moon-joys to the dry desert.

The details are as subtle as they are perplexing, and the poem must be known before any example would be readable. But it may be of help to indicate that the hero's dissatisfaction with unmixed sun-joys is first betrayed in his sympathy with the lowlands, witnessed by his description of them (i. 570, etc.), and becomes critical on Mount Ida, when he begins to thirst for the cold and clouded mountains, "welcome gray Europe," etc. (765): after which his Maenad companions recognise him to be a traitor, and treat him as they once did Orpheus; and he shares the fate of Icarus. The transition from sun-joys to idealism is well invited by the contemplation of antiquity in the magnificent introduction, of over two hundred lines, to the second Canto.

I should have been grateful for these hints when I first read "Nepenthe." I am not fond of allegories, and I do not know that I have admired the poem more since I came nearer to its interpretation. Reading now without much attention to a meaning which I readily recognise, I cannot remember what I thought the things meant before I understood them; yet it is a satisfaction to know that the meaning is really there, and the clue does often very much enhance the value of the expression. In a good work of art, allegorical or not, the main effect appeals sufficiently to the senses at once, while every detail is good in itself; and from the first I always found plenty of this best kind of pleasure in reading "Nepenthe." While thanking Mr. Streatfeild one cannot but envy him his good fortune in finding so fine a poem to rescue from obscurity.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The English Sonnet," by Z. Z.]

FICTION

A Sealed Book. By ALICE LIVINGSTONE. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

USUALLY, in modern, sensational literature, books are not sealed unless they contain something of a particularly startling nature, and we approach this one, prepared to revel in hair-breadth escapes, dark plots and thwarted villainy. We are not disappointed. The story positively bristles with incident; the usual breathless panorama is

unrolled before our eyes; attempted murders and secret marriages play their accustomed parts, and the blameless and beautiful girl heroine, after a career along the path of tribulation, passes from being the burning light of a charity bazaar into a lunatic asylum and thence into the arms of a handsome lover who, backed by a Russian prince and three stalwart policemen, is waiting to receive her. That the Russian potentate's wife, mislaid by him some twenty years before, should also be an inmate of the asylum is only in keeping with the rest of the book. In spite of the ravages which time and solitary confinement have wrought upon her, he joyfully renounces his rôle of disconsolate widower and takes her to his heart, not even stopping to inquire whether she is mad or sane. The usual villain, dark and sinewy, with fierce and "tigerish" eyes, is in league with the usual grim housekeeper; together, they lurk behind curtains and peer through key-holes; together, they are invariably frustrated by the gallant hero who, needless to say, turns out to be the long-lost son of the Russian potentate. That he should also be the nephew of the grim housekeeper is more astonishing, but even a sensational novel has its surprises. It only remains for a suitable ancestry to be found for the heroine, Grace Aylmer, who is, accordingly, ingeniously provided for by the opportune discovery that she is the grand-daughter of a retired Prime Minister. With the aid of a swift electric brougham and convenient attacks of severe nervous headache, the mother of Grace Aylmer has for years been leading a complicated dual existence, part of her life being spent in a country vicarage, as wife of the vicar, part in London as the beautiful, unmarried daughter of Sir Campbell Montault. The death of the villain, who drinks the poisoned wine he has prepared for the Prime Minister, puts an end to this harassing existence, and is the signal for a general reconciliation.

The Field of Glory. By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ. (Lane, 6s.)

ALL through this novel we were expecting Turks. In his preface the publisher takes for granted quite justifiably that most of us "are not likely to be versed in Polish history." So he gives us a short account of John Sobieski (Ian Sobiesky), King of Poland and "Saviour of Vienna during the formidable Turkish invasion of Europe in 1682-1683. The first sentence of the novel describes the severity of the winter of 1682-1683 and rings up the curtain on a little company of travellers trying to make their way across a snowy plain. When they were stopped by a mysterious noise we listened for Turks, and when "the dark forms of a party of horsemen" dispersed the boars and wolves who had made the noise, we thought the horsemen would be Turks. But they were gentlemen of the neighbourhood and after they had collected another gentleman, the hero in fact, who had been driven by wolves up a tree, the whole party resorts to a country house near. The chief characters of the novel are now assembled. There is the elderly Armenian host and the elderly traveller with his penniless but well-born ward Panna Seninsky whom he desires to marry; and there are six young men who before supper is over also desire to marry the ward. Five of them are so jealous of the hero (he who was up a tree) that they challenge him and he worsts them in single combat, one after the other. This leads to misunderstandings with the heroine. Instead of admiring the hero for his prowess the unreasonable girl is offended when her five rescuers return, all wounded, in a cart. So she agrees to marry her guardian, and there is a curious description of a betrothal feast in a Polish castle, where "even under the table crouched several servants with bottles of wine, so that when a guest wearied with drinking put a glass on the ground between his legs it might be filled at once." According to the admirable fine old Polish custom, covers have been laid at the table for unexpected guests, and when the dogs howl and the lights go out death enters unexpectedly. The story then concerns itself with the courtship of Panna Seninsky by Martsian Krepetsky, who

beats her black-and-blue because she refuses him, and with the punishment meted out to him by four genial ruffians who are brothers, who love the heroine, and who tar-and-feather Martsian in order to show her that there are feeling hearts in the world, and that she has protectors. When she is escaping from the neighbourhood with her protectors, and the cavalcade is stopped by a trench across the road and by queer-looking figures, almost quadrangular, not at all like human beings, we said, "Turks at last," though we did not understand why they should be "almost quadrangular." However, it was only Martsian again and a few of his friends. The story ends with marriage bells, but not with the return of the hero from war. The curtain drops just as he sets out to fight the Turks, and we can only hope that he will have the good luck to meet them.

Phantasma. By A. C. INCHBOLD. (Blackwood, 6s.)

MR. INCHBOLD has been almost unfortunately appropriate in the title of his story of Napoleon in Egypt and Syria. The scenes are incoherent and crowded as dreams, and the action shifts restlessly from chapter to chapter. The effort to be impartial has resulted in a stultifying of interest, so that whether we are reading of the French or the natives, we are left indifferent. Several times we start upon a romance, but it comes to nothing. Impartiality is the duty of the historian; in the novelist it is scarcely even a virtue. It blurs the outlines, and makes the characters monotonous, unless they are touched by a master-hand. Mr. Inchbold seems to think that he is bound to startle us at the beginning of every chapter. He takes us into the thick of an adventure, whose causes and personages are not very clear, and then quite suddenly pulls up, and starts afresh with: "In the desert a Bedawin lay sleeping," or some other such twist of the kaleidoscope. This happens over and over again. He also has a trick of describing his personages several times; when we read that "a man crossed the court," followed by full details as to his appearance, it probably turns out that he has already been introduced to us, and the withholding of his name till the end of a long paragraph, sometimes till the end of a chapter, becomes a useless piece of mystification. The style of the book adds to one's irritation; polysyllables and complicated turns of language riot all over it. It is difficult to have patience with such a phrase as: "Consumed with disquietude lest a distance sufficing unto escape would fail to be compassed ere the enemy had struck upon their trail. Ferahnak . . ." The book abounds with sentences which turn one's thoughts almost affectionately to the curt English of Ollendorff. It lacks coherence, clearness, and purpose, and reads like the piecing together of a long night of dreams. The title, however, is not a piece of trenchant self-criticism, but refers to the visionary nature of Napoleon's dreams of conquering the East. He appears in the book, and so do other historical personages; but they are all—phantasms.

Joseph Vance. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE wish that Mr. de Morgan had been content with a manner of construction as simple and direct as the actual writing of his book. But he has cumbered himself with devices to make his story emphatically real, and by doing so has defeated his own end, and roused suspicion, which he heed never have tried to allay. Joseph Vance writes the story of his life, an old man alone in a Bloomsbury lodging-house. That device is a good and legitimate one, and none the less good for being old, though Mr. de Morgan is inclined to strike too insistently the pathetic note of "Ah death in life, the days that are no more." The old man's digressions impede the story and become tiresome rather than moving. But he was obliged to keep the old man well in the foreground, in order to lend point to further and meaningless tricks; for the manuscript is found by Mr. F— of Kensington, and submitted to the publishers; and, as if that were not enough, a note is

added by the publishers containing a supposed letter, which establishes the identity of one of the characters of the story. The artifice is clumsy, and quite unworthy of Mr. de Morgan. For his book is otherwise a capital piece of writing. Jo Vance and Jo Vance's father are excellently done. The old father, who wins his way by clever bluff to prosperity, is a character full of life and real humour; and if Jo Vance's love-affairs and later life are not quite so interesting and amusing as his early days of ragamuffinhood (Lossie is a little overdone), yet the book for all its length is never tedious, and we were continually delighted by the apt wit of the writing.

The Nymph. By F. DICKBERRY. (White, 6s.)

MR. DICKBERRY has a mania for unmasking the depravities of social life, and in "The Storm of London" the denudation was so complete as to be startling. He now turns his attention to the other side of the Channel, giving us a picture of French country-house life that must be anything but reassuring to Mrs. Grundy, or to that lady's Gallic representative. If all that we have heard lately of our own social condition is true, we feel that, at any rate as far as smart society is concerned, the *entente cordiale* cannot be far off! The inmates of the Château Crespy-sur-Roc are brainless, heartless and hopelessly bored, their lives a long round of vulgar intrigue. Those who are not sinners are sanctimonious prigs, and the narrow-minded propriety of the village worthies of Crespy-le-Bourg is as annoying as the impropriety of their more aristocratic neighbours. Mr. Dickberry looks at them all with the jaundiced eye of the social reformer. The finest figure in this hysterical house-party is the old marquise, a relic of a bygone and more noble age; though the efforts of her grandchildren to conceal their many intrigues from her hawk-like eye only add to the unpalatableness of the picture. Lucienne Darlot, the virtuous wife of a poor artist stands out, as she is meant to do, from this unpleasing crowd. She ventures into their midst, only to find herself the victim of a pointless and spiteful plot, which ends in the untimely death of her husband in a duel. Her passionate love for him, and her readiness to hold out the hand of friendship to the man who is practically his murderer, is somewhat unconvincing, but she is called the "Nymph" on account of her disregard for all accepted codes and principles, and is perhaps hardly to be judged by ordinary standards. "You are the symbol of nature. You are free as you are harmonious; as strong as you are graceful. Your nature has its roots deeply attached to the earth, and your soul soars far above the clouds, unfettered by traditions." Thus Roland de Laya describes the complex personality of the woman he loves. Her firm refusal to bow to the tyranny of the family that has wronged her, show her to be at least human.

FINE ART

THE ART REVIVAL IN IRELAND

THERE are, in Ireland, but two attitudes towards art—that of the pessimist who says that art can have no future in a country so steeped in poverty and so isolated as this little western island; and that of the optimist, who, with magnificent faith and boundless enthusiasm, declares that Ireland is to be the chosen home of the arts in the future—that out of her isolation and her poverty will come the quickening spirit that is to light the torch of a new artistic impulse for western Europe. Between these two extremes there is, of course, the crowd that cares nothing for art; the pleasure-loving, indifferent crowd, composed in Ireland of all ranks and of both sexes, that prefers a race-meeting or a polo-match to the best picture that was ever painted. But there are a good many people who do care, and these are almost always to be found in one or other of the two camps. It is never interesting to examine

a negative theory, so we may leave the pessimists to themselves for the moment.

After all, if the many "movements" now seething in Ireland come to nothing, the pessimists will always have the satisfaction of saying to the optimists: "I told you so," and will not feel any worse off than they did before.

It may be necessary here to explain that a "movement" is, in Ireland, the key-note of every situation. It is a word the meaning of which it would be hard, perhaps, to define, but it is the word most frequently used in Ireland with reference to every conceivable sphere of activity. Nothing ever happens here without a movement. Things do not evolve as they do in other countries; there does not seem to be that silent under-world of growth and development of which we feel the existence elsewhere. It is an essential of our national temperament that before we can accomplish anything we must have an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual energy which inspires us.

Of the many movements more or less closely connected with the arts which have risen above the horizon in Ireland during the last decade I am now only concerned with one, and that the most recent—the movement for the revival and uplifting of the arts of painting and sculpture. Let us glance for a moment at the work of a few of the younger Irish artists. We had a very good opportunity of studying it at the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy in the spring; for, to their credit be it spoken, the Council of the Academy this year exercised a most generous hospitality. The walls were dominated by a spirit of youth: it overcame the academic atmosphere, usually so insistent and so oppressive; it flaunted its gay defiance and confident strength in interesting experiments which showed the influence of every school and of none. As we looked, we could not but feel hopeful as to the future. These young Irish artists are engaged upon an adventure of which they do not yet see the end or the aim. They are still without definite ideas or art principles. They have not the solidarity of the Glasgow school; in many cases, even, they know very little about the rules of good draughtsmanship or the elementary technique of their craft, for those who have stayed at home have had no one to teach them these things. But they have inspiration, a feeling for the beauty of the world, and a certain independence of vision—qualities which promise well for Irish art in the future. In saying this I wish to guard against exaggeration. I am fully alive to the fact that we have suffered almost as much in Ireland from over-confidence as from the lack of it. The two attitudes I have indicated at the beginning of this article are, indeed, typical of our manner of regarding ourselves and our achievements. If we do not despair altogether we are rather given to fly to the other extreme and develop such a good conceit of ourselves that we can see no spots on the sun of our glory. But, without going so far as to see a twentieth-century Hals or a budding Chardin in every Irish painter, one must admit that good work and interesting work is being done in Ireland, and done in many cases in the face of very distinct obstacles.

With regard to a painter like Mr. William Orpen, whose work is as well known in London as it is here, it is unnecessary to say much. He is already recognised as one of the most able and original of the younger men. If his portraits now and then show a tendency to over-emphasis, they are masterly studies of character; and sometimes, as in the portrait of Mr. Uniacke Townshend, in the Royal Dublin Society, Mr. Orpen reaches a very high level. In such pictures as this, and the charming Interior, *Waiting for their Cue*, which has just been bought by Lord Iveagh, we lose sight of the amazing cleverness, the dashing technique, and are conscious only of the sheer genius of this young painter.

Mr. Dermot O'Brien, who, like Mr. Orpen, is an Associate of the R.H.A., I prefer, for the moment, to consider as a landscape painter. At the recent exhibition he showed a

picture of a turnip-field, which he calls *The End of the Drought*. The bright green field, so true in tone, is rendered with a quiet fidelity and a sure touch. There is no straining after effect and no avoidance of difficulty. The field glistens and scintillates with the glow that follows the bath of heavy rain that has fallen the night before, while above is a glorious Irish sky, full of light and life and moving shadow shapes, with enough blue in it to make the traditional Virgin's cloak. There is a buoyancy about the composition, a simple directness of treatment, and over all the charm of an absolute sincerity. When Mr. O'Brien turns to landscape, the latent poetry in his disposition seems to become freed, and finds expression in his work; in his portraits he is too often dry, and literal, and matter-of-fact. He seems to lack the sympathetic insight without which it is impossible to make men and women live on canvas.

To mention Irish landscape painters is to suggest Mr. Nathaniel Hone, who, though no longer a young man, is the first of Irish painters in this *genre*. There is something elemental about Mr. Hone's work—something that connects it with Nature in a very intimate and unusual way. His attitude is very far from being that of the spectator, concerned with his own emotions, or with the composition of his picture. Mr. Hone seems to have himself become a part of what he paints. His personality has fallen from him and become merged into these seas and lonely fields and spreading trees, under which the cattle lie lazily in the summer sunshine. The impression is sincere and true, but it lacks the individual touch we get in much modern work. Mr. Hone has no confessions to make about himself as he transfers his vision to canvas. He is the interpreter—a large-minded, simple-natured man, who has lived much with Nature and become permeated with the spirit of her inevitableness.

Another landscape painter, whose work has as yet been little seen out of Ireland, is Mr. George Russell (A. E.), who is known also as a poet and one of the most enthusiastic workers in the Irish literary movement. Mr. Russell's imagination plays a large part in his painting, though his pictures are the farthest in the world from being "literary." To Mr. Russell, Nature is a personality—a divine woman for ever manifesting herself anew to those who have eyes to behold her beauty, and he is at once her lover and her high priest. Sometimes, on his canvases, mystic shapes move among the shadows by the sea shore, where happy children play and "fall on dream"; sometimes the hills lie lonely under the bending sky, their lines mingling with those of the sky into an exquisite harmony; sometimes grave peasants bend over their work, seeming, in their rhythmic movements, to have become part of the landscape in which they move. But always in these pictures there is charm—the charm of an elusive beauty as rare as it is fascinating.

I find I have left myself no space in which to speak of a number of other painters, whose work, equally with those I have mentioned, is a justification for the title of this article: nor of the chief outcome of the movement—the establishment of a modern art gallery in the Irish capital. This gallery, which owes its existence to the enthusiasm of Mr. Hugh Lane, only awaits a suitable building to be an accomplished fact. It will not be an institution for the glorification of the obvious, as many of our provincial museums unfortunately are, but a gallery where Corot, and Whistler, and Manet will hold sway, and where the Irish art student may familiarise himself with the work of the best painters of modern times.

ELLEN DUNCAN.

MUSIC

WORDS AND SONGS

POETRY and music have been united almost as long as each has been a consciously developed art, and yet we still seem very far from knowing certainly what qualities in

a poem make it suitable for singing or even possible to be set well to music as a solo song. It is curious how little attention the classical composers gave to the question. Handel, ploughing through several chapters of the Bible to make an oratorio, would assign any passage to the solo voice, where his sense of musical contrast demanded a cessation of the chorus. Bach, indeed, with his intimate personal outlook upon the subjects on which he wrote, was an exception, but Haydn and Mozart were sufficiently influenced by Italian opera not to trouble themselves very much about the problem, so that Beethoven's fastidiousness as to what he would and what he would not set, was almost a new element in a composer's character. Perhaps the general appreciation of the importance of the question was retarded by the fact that the man who first showed the great possibilities of solo song had such an overpowering genius that he could make songs out of the most unpromising forms. If one begins to dogmatise about what will make a song and what will not, it is very easy for an antagonist to turn up a crushing example in a volume of Schubert. And yet we may be too ready to take it for granted that all Schubert's songs are good songs because they are set to fine music. There are among them examples where the music falls to a second-rate level because the words are second-rate, or where the words can only be said to have suggested the music without inspiring it. Few as the cases, may be, they are yet sufficient to prove that there are some poems which simply will not make songs however great the musical art expended upon them.

When we come to consider Modern English songs we are plunged into fearful depths of inappropriateness, because the greater part of English poetry, much of the best English poetry, is essentially of the kind which does not make songs. I leave on one side the inanities of the notorious drawing-room ballad. We all know the range of that, from the fervently foolish love-song to the complete tragedy enacted in three verses. But among better types of songs, words chosen and set by real musicians from among the works of real poets, there is still a large quantity of failure from sheer incompatibility between the two elements, words and music. If we try to define the qualities which make words good for songs we shall probably first think of such things as brevity, compactness, or singleness of idea, and a pointed manner of expression; but if the last may be considered an essential, both Schubert and Brahms have shown that even if ninety-nine out of a hundred songs possess the first two of these qualities, the hundredth, which has them not, may yet be a great song. But the one thing which is a necessity is incompleteness. The words must not tell the whole of the story if music is to be added to them. That is why the best German lyrics as well as those of Shakespeare, Herrick and Burns bear setting, nay often demand music. They all alike leave an indefinable sense of suggestion rather than of expression. The German songs, with their simple, oft-repeated imagery of nightingales and moonlight; Shakespeare with whom, at any rate to modern ears, the sense seems almost sacrificed to lilt and rhythm; the slender ideas of Herrick, daintily expressed; Burns's tender emotions half hidden, half revealed by his native scenery, all leave much to be filled up by the imagination of the reader, or by the art of the musician. But with much typically English poetry the opposite is the case. Tennyson prided himself on the "musicalness" of his verse, and at its best it is so musical that it requires no other music. He describes everything, and takes pains to make his picture complete, and when he does this with the right touches the result is delightful, but it needs no more. When he does it with the wrong touches—well of that nothing need be said. For this reason the "Maud" songs have been a stumbling-block to many a musician, and we have lately heard a great deal of them at London concerts, and whenever heard they leave a sense of overloading and futile effort. Perhaps the most obvious instance is found in the lines:

Maud is not seventeen
But she is tall and stately.

Whether these lines are in themselves poetry I need not discuss. The poet thought them necessary to complete his description, but these and other lines like them, are given an importance by being set to music which makes them seem unbearably commonplace, and this is inevitably the case where a poet habitually enters into small details of description.

There is another type of words for music which goes rather to the opposite extreme, the type which supplies many modern song-writers whose works are often commended, I mean lyrics written especially for music. Their authors have for the most part grasped the art of leaving out. There is the suggested idea, generally rather a small one, but still one quite capable of musical treatment, and it is expressed in a way that can be sung. Those who frequent London song recitals will recognise the kind without definite instances. Their failure lies in the fact that the author relies on the music for individuality and life, and so his lines are not poetry but merely verse. In all cases the words must have their own individuality as the music must, and of course if the song is to be a work of art, its words must have that indefinable magic which makes poetry.

I need not apologise for making these suggestions under the heading of Music, for it is a musician's subject. After all it is the musicians not the poets who are the ultimate judges of what words will make songs, which perhaps partly accounts for the number of songs with bad words. Though I have spoken only of songs in the sense of solo songs of concert type, the question is one which really affects to some extent every kind of vocal composition, though the more limited the musical form, the more limited the amount of poetry which can be used for it, and hence the greater possibility of mistake. Besides, in the case of a simple song the poise is so delicate, that it requires a finely balanced nature to discern the distinctions between art and artifice, the true and the false. The immensely widened resources of our musical art have made it possible to set adequately to music many things which a century ago might have seemed impossible, but technical advance has in no way settled the question by making all things possible. On the contrary it makes more sharp the dividing line between good and evil.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. LONGMANS AND CO. have nearly ready, in two volumes, the "Letters, Personal and Literary, of Robert Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith)." Lady Betty Balfour is editing this memorial of her father, who had as his friends, and had correspondence with, many notable men in the world of affairs and among the foremost representatives of art and literature throughout the four decades (1850-90) of last century. It was in 1855, it may be recalled, that "Clytemnestra," which, like nearly all the Earl of Lytton's books, was published under the pseudonym "Owen Meredith," appeared, and Miss Betham Edwards, it will be remembered, edited a selection of his verse.

The memoir which Mr. R. L. Nettleship included in the third volume of the collected essays of Thomas Hill Green which he edited, and which was published in 1888, is to be reissued in a revised and separate form presently. Thomas Hill Green was occupant from 1877 till his death in 1882 of the chair of Moral Philosophy at Oxford; he was a trenchant critic of Herbert Spencer; and he exercised a potent influence on many of his contemporaries. A personal friend of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Green is represented as "Mr. Gray" in Robert Elsmere. To the new memoir Mrs. T. H. Green will contribute a brief introduction.

A volume on "The Poets and Poetry of Lincolnshire" will be added very soon to the considerable number of

interesting antiquarian, topographic, and locally historic volumes we owe to the industrious pen of Mr. William Andrews, librarian of the Royal Institution, Hull. Alfred Tennyson's is, of course, the most illustrious name associated with Lincolnshire, and he and his brothers, John and Charles Wesley, Thomas Miller, Thomas Cooper, Jean Ingelow, and January Searle will be included in the biographical notices in the book, which will also contain appropriate examples of their work.

Professor Knight's memorial volume of Thomas Davidson, the "Wandering Scholar," is to be published in the United States by Messrs. Ginn of Boston, and in this country by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Messrs. Jack have two interesting colour books in preparation for issue in the autumn. These are "The Enchanted Land," a fairy book with pictures by Miss Katherine Cameron, and "The Golden Staircase," a child's anthology pictured by Mrs. Spooner. Both these have been edited by Louey Chisholm, author of "In Fairyland," which has been such a favourite with children and art-lovers alike.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE ANTIQUARY AND THE SEAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Under the special circumstances connected with the publishing of Mr. Harvey Bloom's work on Seals, which forms one of the series of "Antiquary's Books," I feel sure that you will allow me (as General Editor) to make a brief rejoinder to my friend Mr. Barron's review in your last issue.

I do not agree with several of his strictures, and think, in common with other critics, that the book well fills a vacant niche in popular archæology—but I desire to take my share in a variety of slips in the reading of the inscriptions. With one or two exceptions these misreadings are quite obviously due to printer's errors in dealing with somewhat poorly written "copy" of an unusual character. Proof reading in such a case requires great care. It so happened that Mr. Bloom was ill in bed when his work went through the press, and the responsibility of "reading" fell chiefly on myself. Very soon after the book was out, my attention was directed to several wrong readings of the seal legends, and I was ashamed to think that I had let them pass. I can plead but little in mitigation of carelessness, save that in the pressure of other work I passed over the inscriptions too rapidly, well knowing that Mr. Bloom was an experienced scholar.

About five weeks ago, I wrote to Mr. Bloom forwarding a suggested *errata* list of inscriptions with my apologies. In reply, I learnt, to my sorrow, that Mr. Bloom was too ill to be allowed to see his letters. Under these circumstances, it was arranged with the publishers that such a list should be printed and inserted in all the unissued copies, and that I believe has been done. I have not a copy by me, but I am confident that each of the misreadings of the seal legends mentioned in the ACADEMY review are therein corrected. I should like to repeat that the large majority of such *errata* are clearly overlooked printer's slips, being of a nature that Mr. Bloom was as incapable as Mr. Barron of deliberately making.

May I add that neither Mr. Bloom nor Messrs. Methuen have any knowledge of this letter, which I am sending you entirely on my own responsibility, on the *culpa mea* principle.

J. CHARLES COX.

July 30.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having been an advocate of simplified and fonetic spelling for many years, I naturally sympathize with the efforts of the American Spelling Board and their colleagues here, tho by issuing "lists" of words, somewhat arbitrarily selected, to be riten by their disipls in the new method, I do not think they ar going quite the best way to werk.

In my forthcoming book, in which I hav treated the hole matter exhaustivly, my aim has been to sistematize the subject as far as possibl, and with this vew hav divided the reform into six stages, thre of simplified, and thre of fonetic spelling, any wun of which may be consistently followed by upholders of the caus, each according to his curage or enthusiasim. The first stage, which even the most timid need hardly fear to adopt, is to adhere uniformly to simplified spellings which ar already establisht in som part or other of the English-speaking world, or by the usage of competent riters and filologists. Such ar: (1) The substitution of simple "e" for "æ" and "œ," as in *medieval, esthetic, con, maneuver, cenozoic*. (2) The abolition of the useless "u" in *color, parlor, arbor*, etc. (3) The replacing of "re" by "er" in *center, meter, meager, aker, massaker, sepulcher*. (4) The adoption of shorter participial forms—more common at the beginning of the last century than now—like *spelt, dreamt, lost, mixt, plucht*. (5) The adoption

and extension of simpler spellings for kemical terms, such as *saccharin*, *margarin*, *toxin*, *oxid*, *phosphat*, *sulfit*. (6) The omission of final "ue" in short syllables, as *catalog*, *pedagog*. (7) The use of shorter forms in words like *toilet*, *quartet*, *cigaret*, *flanenet*, *program*, *decigram*, *preterit*, *plebiscit*, *ballad*, *develop*, *secretariat*, *decad*, *egoism*, *traveler*, *worshipping*, *richely*. (8) The use of English forms, as far as possibl, for naturalized foran werds like *detour*, *cortège*, *naivety*, *clientele*, *fiancée*, *habituée*, *renaissance*, *debris*, *seance*, *espionage*, *accouchment*, and the substitution by good native expressions of refractory terms like *dépot* (freit-shed), *mêlée* (scrimmage, scuff), *guerrilla* (skirmish), which ar usually unpronounceable or misspelt. (9) The substitution of "z" for "s," as far as possibl, in all endings like *baptize*, *civilize*, *advertize*, (*surprise*), also in other werds where the former is sometimes uzed, as *tease*, *boose*, *cozy*. (10) The use of "i" for "y" wherever the latter is not etimologically justified, as in *tire*, *tiro*, *lich*, *sirup*, *cider*, etc. (11) The use of "f" for "ph" where sanctiond by common or correct custom, as *fantasm*, *sulfur*, *frenzy*. (12) The emploiment of any simplified forms already current, such as *ax*, *wo*, *mold*, *plow*, *gag*, *urot*, *gild*, *rime*, *skilful*, *recal*, *duiness*, *woful*, *bark*, *souvan*, *check*, *oker*, *coconut*, *licorice*, *stedfast*, *lentil*, *fagot*, *wagon*, *matins*, *tobaccos*, *quire*, *fusileer*, *peddler*, *mama*, *sismic*, *acustic*.

The second stage is to ad to these such simplifications as may, with perfect conformity to analogy or etimology, be reasonably adopted, as *stedy*, *harhen*, *parlament*, *broch*, *sholder*, *salin*, *hostil*, *cargos*, *coud*, *financier*, *fesant*, *triumf*, *fotograf*, *det*, *sent*, *gard*, *gess*, *cotter*, *visiter*, *docter*, *registrar*, *colporter*, *amaler*, *opposit*, *yeah*.

The third stage is to abolish all superfluous letters whatever, and reduce peculiar spellings to order (the stile in which I am now riting) as in *hed*, *hav*, *nurish*, *asemble*, *laf*, *cof*, *tho*, *thru*, *siht*, *naut*, *fild*, *aant*, *seex*, *neether*, *moov*, *lill*, *pcpl*, *uze*, *houz*, *las*, *mes*, *shoud*, *tipe*, *tung*, *rong*, *leag*, *harang*, *mosh*, *trafikine*.

The first stage of fonetic spelling, as distinguishingt from simplified, is to represent each vowel sound by one letter or the most appropriate digraf, as (say) *haaf*, *taek*, *spiek*, *poan*, *hoem*, *spoun*, *heit*, *owt*, *seut*, and to uze the consonants, *g*, *j*, *h*, *s*, *t*, *y*, *z*, *sh*, *zh*, *ch*, *ng*, exclusively for their own particular values, as in *gig*, *fuf*, *kik*, *wisht*, *priti*, *bizi*, *fashon*, *rouzh*, *fach*, *ingh*, abolishing *c*, *q* and *x* as superfluos.

The second is to introduce a skedule more in conformity with standard Latin or Continental vowel values, as in the English werds *mama*, *demesne*, *intrigue*, *forlorn*, *propose*, *Zulu*, *aïle* [*Faust*, *piu*], thus *kdf*, *ték*, *spth*, *hôm*, *spân*, *pôn*, *pân*, *fêrn*, *ail*, *hau*, *fin*, acute accents to bi uzed, when necessary, for marking the stres on short vowels, as *contrâct*, *contênt*. This is the method authorized, and becoming gradually more familiar, for the transliteration of Oriental names, as *Kumasi* (Coomassee), *Khartum*, *Satlaj* (Sutledge), *Jabalpâr* (Jubbulpore), *Matabele* (Mahtahbaylay), *Jagannâth* (Juggernaut), *Panjâb* (Punjaub), *Maui* (Mowee), *Jaipâr* (Jyepoor), *sati* (suttee), *thagi* (thuggee), *hauri* (cowrie), etc. A stil further improovment would be the substitution of *c*, *j*, *tc*, *dj*, *g*, and *x* for *sh*, *zh*, *ch*, *ng*, and *kh* (guttural), thus permitting all the English sounds to be represented, logically and scientifiically, with types which every printer possesses: *th* and *dh*, for the sounds in *thigh* and *thy*, being the only exeptions, tho, as the separate sounds of their constituents only ocur in distinct syllables, where they can be indicated by a hifen, as *cort-hand*, *mad-haus*, no confusion would be thus causd.

The final stage, of which perhaps the best practical exampl is to be found in the vowel scale of the Standard Dictionary, and the most complete in the International Alphabet of the "Asociasiô Fonetik" of Bourg-la-Reine, is to introduce new types for all fones not provided for by the ordinary caracters—about ten woud be required in English—the only sistem which satisfies all scientific requirements.

My werk wil also deal with mispronunciations, both of English and foran werds, many of which hav resulted from our ludicros and perplexing "orthografy," but this is another subject, upon which, should you be willing to grant the space, I shoud like to enlarge on som future ocasion.

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If the reform in English spelling spoken of by Professor Skeat, and Mr. Mayhew, were generally adopted,—would it not mean the complete ruin of English literature? for, in this way, would not the great interest in the derivation of the word be, in the end, completely lost?

F. MAYHEW.

ROBERT BARCLAY

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—There is a later edition of "The Apology" than that Mr. Jaffray mentions.

Curiosity induced me to purchase a copy at a second-hand book-stall. This is the thirteenth edition published and printed by William Irwin, 24 Deansgate, Manchester. The original edition is in Latin. The first English edition 1678. In a notice to the reader of the thirteenth edition it is stated that the text has undergone careful revision and comparison with many former issues by several friends interested in producing a genuine copy of this celebrated work.

Robert Barclay seems to have shown the wisdom of the serpent in his address to Charles II. and the harmlessness of the dove in his encounter with the highwayman.

H. D. BARCLAY.

July 29.

IMPOSSIBLE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Can any of your readers inform me of any early use of the word "impossible" = "absurd", e.g., "an impossible hat", "an impossible person"?

G. S. LAYARD.

July 30.

SHIRLEY BROOKS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having been commissioned to write the Life of Shirley Brooks, will you allow me to ask through your columns for letters, reminiscences, and any other information which may help to make the book as complete as possible? I need hardly say that the greatest care will be taken of any documents or pictures placed at my disposal.

G. S. LAYARD.

Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe.

July 27.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Whether the Anthologies, Pagan and Christian, can be taken as authorities for Pagan and Christian sentiment in the contemplation and presence of the solemn fact of death, is open, I think, to serious doubt. I believe that the evidence to be obtained from the great writers of ancient and modern literature is a far more satisfactory proof of the diverging points of view in the ancient and modern world. When I think of the Greek tragedians and the great Latin poets, I fail to recall any passages which can compare with Milton's,

Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead;

or, again,

a death like sleep,

A gentle wafting to immortal life;

or Shakespeare's,

Death once dead, there's no more dying then;

or Wordsworth's,

We are seven;

or the noble passage of Pascal beginning,

Je tends les bras à mon Libérateur; . . .

or the closing words of Goethe's *Faust*,

Sie ist gerichtet! Ist gerettet!

or the fine lines of Schiller,

Noch am Grabe pflanzt er die Hoffnung auf;

and again,

Er ist ein Fremdling und wandert aus,
Er sucht ein unvergänglich Haus;

or Collins',

This old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow;

or Cowper's,

He is a happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come:

or even Byron's,

The all of thee that cannot die."

Indeed, the apotheosis of choice and illustrious spirits of the ancient world, and the faith in the immortality of pre-eminent teachers, like Plato and Diogenes, seem inexplicable except by contrast with the gloomy and joyless thoughts of death which were generally prevalent. I know of nothing in the whole of Christian literature which strikes such an inexpressibly mournful note of despair as the famous speech of Achilles in the eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*,

Μῆ δὲ μοι θάνατον γε παράδωκε . . .

though, as St. Beuve justly observes, Homer represents the ancient mind at the zenith of its joyousness and naturalness; and I challenge any critic to produce even from Plato any passage to match that magnificent passage at the close of the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which no literary student with the slightest sense of beauty of thought and language can read without deep emotion. These are palmary instances of the great contrast between the two tempers and the two ages which to my mind cannot be overborne by quotations from lesser men.

I am tempted to quote passages by way of parallel and contrast from two great works of Hindoo and Buddhist literature, the *Bhagavadgita* and the *Dhammapada*, but I must forbear.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Illustrated Catalogue of a Loan Collection of Portraits of English Historical Personages who died between 1714 and 1837. Exhibited in the Examination Schools, Oxford, April and May, MDCCCXVI. 11½ x 9. Pp. 105. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Lionel Cust writes an introduction, and each entry has a brief biographical note of the subject, and particulars, and *provenance* of the picture. There are 60 photographic reproductions of portraits, besides two plates of facsimile signatures, and the whole book makes a handsome and valuable reference book to the men of the period.]

Progress of Art in the Century by William Sharp, to which is added a History of Music in the Nineteenth Century by Elizabeth A. Sharp. 8 x 5½. Pp. xxx, 456. The Nineteenth Century Series. London: Chambers, 5s. net.

CLASSICS.

Sophokles' Oidipus Tyrannos, von Frederick Schubert. 7½ x 5½. Pp. lxi, 55. Wien: F. Tempsky, 1m. 20 pf.

[Third edition with extensive alterations by Professor Ludwig Hütler. Illustrated. We have a somewhat lengthy introduction dealing, amongst other things, with the source and development of the Greek Tragedy, and with the life and work of Sophocles. Next comes a preface to *Oedipus the Tyrant*, and finally the tragedy itself.]

DRAMA.

Wellen, Smith. *Psyche and Soma*. 7 x 4½. Pp. ix, 152. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Chambers, Charles D. *The Greek War of Independence (1821-1827)*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. x, 204. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 3s.

[A Greek text for beginners, with notes, exercises, vocabularies and maps.]

Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik der Indogermanischen Sprachen. Von Karl Brugmann. 9 x 6. Pp. 688. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner, 17m. 15 pf.

Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son chat. Par Émile de la Bédollière. Adapted and edited by Eugène Pellissier. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 86. Macmillan, 1s. net.

[Siepmann's Primary French Series. Exercises are given involving the use of words and idioms contained in the text.]

FICTION.

Pyke Nott, Caroline I. *Velum*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 148. Menzies, n.p.

Le Queux, William. *The Invasion of 1910* with a full account of the Siege of London. 8 x 5½. Pp. 550. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.

The Confessions of a Princess. 7½ x 5. Pp. 300. Long, 6s.

Hardingham, Edward. *Hugh Leventhorpe*. 7½ x 5. Pp. vii, 463. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 6s.

Steel, Flora Annie. *A Sovereign Remedy*, 7½ x 5. Pp. 354. Heinemann, 6s.

HISTORY.

Coulton, G. G. *From St. Francis to Dante*. A translation of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221-1288). Together with notes and illustrations from other Mediæval Sources. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 364. David Nutt, 10s. 6d. net.

Indian Records Series. Old Fort William in Bengal. Edited by the late C. R. Wilson, M.A., D. Litt. In two volumes. 9 x 6½ each. Pp. vol. i, xi, 256; vol. ii, vii, 330. Murray, 24s. net.

[A selection of official documents dealing with the history of Fort William.]

Essays upon the History of Meaux Abbey, and some Principles of Mediæval Land Tenure, Based upon a Consideration of the Latin Chronicles of Meaux (A.D. 1150-1400). By the Rev. A. Earle, M.A. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 192. London: A. Brown & Sons, n.p.

LITERATURE.

Royal Institution of Great Britain. Weekly Evening Meeting, Friday, January 26, 1906. Arthur C. Benson, Esq. M.A. *Walter Pater*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arnold, W. T. *Studies of Roman Imperialism*. Edited by Edward Fiddes, M.A. 9½ x 5½. Pp. cxxiii, 281. Manchester: at the University Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[The aim of the book, we are told, is "to preserve the fragment of Roman history of the early imperial period which W. T. Arnold left behind him." The book also contains a memoir of Arnold, written by his sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and by Mr. C. E. Montague who was for many years his colleague on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*.]

Harvey, T. E. *A London Boy's Saturday*. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 21. Bournville, Birmingham: St. George Press. 6d. net.

[By the Deputy Warden of Toynbee Hall. It includes a number of "essays" written by school-boys in East London on the way they spent a certain Saturday. Recommends the formation of committees to take individual interest in the children in their play-hours; and reveals, incidentally, that the style of English taught in the schools is infinitely genteel. One boy "proceeded" to the newspaper office to get papers to sell, went home to "have a little refreshment" (he means his dinner), "assisted" his father to sell out his goods, and "retired to bed" about ten o'clock.]

Ethnographie du Tonkin Septentrional. Par Le Commandant E. Lunet de Lajonquière. 11 x 7½. Pp. 379. Paris: Ernest Leroux, n.p.

[Illustrated. Index.]

Wright, Joseph. *Laird Nicoll's Kitchen* and other Sketches of Scottish Life and Manners. With illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. 213. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 2s. 6d. net.

Higgs, Mary. *Glimpses into the Abyss*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 331. King, 3s. 6d. net.

Sims, George R. *London by Night*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 68. Greening, 6d.

[Five articles written at the suggestion of the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and reprinted by the permission of the proprietors of that Journal.]

MUSIC.

The Society of British Composers. Year Book 1906-7. Containing (1) Prospectus and Rules of the Society; (2) Lists of Members, Council and Officers. (3) Lists of Compositions by Members (4) Classified lists of compositions. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 70. J. B. McEwen, Hon. Secretary. The Doon, Pinner, Middlesex.

POETRY.

Doughty, Charles M. *The Dawn in Britain*. Vols. iii. and v. Each 7½ x 5½. Pp. 239, 230. Duckworth, 9s. net.

A Book of English Sonnets. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 167. London: S. Wellwood, 12s. 6d. net.

Odes, Sonnets and La Belle Dame Sans Merci. By John Keats. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 65. London: S. Wellwood, 3s. 6d. net.

Dabbs, George H. R. *From Her to Him*. 5 x 4. Pp. 66. Deacon, 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

outel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1684-7; with a frontispiece of Gudebrod's statue of La Salle and the map of the original French editions, Paris, 1713, in facsimile. New Edition with historical and biographical introduction, annotations and index by Henry Reed Stiles. To which is added a bibliography of the discovery of the Mississippi by Appleton P. C. Griffin. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 253. Albany, N. Y. McDougall, \$5.00 net. (Printed *verbatim* with the addition of certain passages omitted by the original translation) from the original London edition of 1714 facsimiled by the Caxton Club of Chicago.]

Schenkl, Karl. *Griechisches Elementarbuch*. Im anslusse an die fünfund-zwanzigste Auflage der griechischen Schulgrammatik von Curtius v. Hartel Bearbeitet von Heinrich Schenkl und Florian Weigel. Zwan-zigste Auflage, in wesentlichen unveränderter Abdruck der mit Hohen K. K. Ministerialerlass vom 11 Juli 1904 z. 24.452 allgemein Zulässig erklärten 19 Auflage. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 240. Wien: Tempsky 2K. 25H. & 2K. 85H.

Harper, Charles G. *The Portsmouth Road*. 3½ x 2½. Pp. 354. Treherne The Miniature Road Books, No. 2. 1s. 6d. net.

[Map and illustrations.]

Gaskell, Mrs. *Cranford*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 246. Nelson, 6d.

Mary Wollstonecraft's Original Stories. With five illustrations by William Blake, and an Introduction by E. V. Lucas. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxiv, 88. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Thomson, J. Arthur. *Progress of Science in the Century*. 8 x 5½. Pp. x-536. The Nineteenth Century Series. London: Chambers, 5s. net.

[A record of some of the great scientific events of the Nineteenth Century.]

Kirby, W. F. *British Flowering Plants*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 215. Appleton, 5s. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Interior Castle or the Mansions and Exclamations of the Soul to God Translated from the Autograph of Saint Teresa by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Revised with an Introduction, Notes and an Index by the Reverend Father Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxv, 351. Thomas Baker, 4s. net.

[Translated direct from St. Teresa's manuscript in the convent at Seville. The notes contain many parallel passages from the Saint's writings.]

Selected Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases for Congregational Worship. Edited by Lauchlan Maclean Watt, M.A., B.D. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 86. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, n.p.

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No. 1788

AUGUST 11, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN our "Books Received" columns last week we commented very briefly on a volume of "essays" by East London school-boys, each describing how he had spent a certain Saturday; and we singled out for special mention one which was remarkable for the grandiloquence of its language. The youngster "arose" at half-past seven, "aroused" his mother, "proceeded" to Spitalfields Market, whither he was "accompanied" by others of his family, "proceeded" to the newspaper offices for papers to sell, and at the dinner hour went home "to have a little refreshment." It need scarcely be stated that at the close of the day he "retired" to bed. He is not alone in his dignity. Few of these boys condescend to "get up," to "wake" their families, to "go" anywhere. The cause in this case is probably the teaching they receive; but it is the newspapers, we suspect, which are largely responsible for the love of long words which all must have noticed among the poor.

Farm labourers used to speak of their "mates." We heard lately of one who called attention to his "colleague" at the other end of the field. We inquired once of an old plumber, who was doing odd jobs about the house, how he spent his evenings. His reply was: "Well, sir, I occasionally enter into conversation with my son;" and a servant of our acquaintance, when asked if she had seen some soldiers pass the end of the street, replied, in a tone of correction: "Madam, I *observed* them very distinctly." But the same servant invariably talks of a "Proosian" cat, and has been known to make woeful "howlers." Ignorance goes hand in hand with "culture" in amusing simplicity. A very entertaining article in the current *Contemporary* on "Culture among the Poor," by Miss M. Loane, one of the Queen's Nurses, gives an instance of a woman who believed that by becoming a "defaulter" her son had been advanced in rank; and the servant of a friend of ours, on being asked whether a certain patient was "convalescent," replied: "Oh! no, sir; not nearly so bad as that." Was there, perhaps, a touch of natural delicacy in the expression used by a maid, who, shortly after a guest had left the house, came to inform her master that Mr. X. had left his "candelabras" on the bed?

We should like to be informed by some experienced person whether the use of long words is kept for conversation with "the quality" (if that term still lives), or whether it is common in the home circle as well. Every one who keeps servants knows that there is one voice for the kitchen, another for the mistress; and it may be so with the words used. In that case, Miss Loane's comment on the complete insensibility to style among the poor, even among those of them who read good literature, needs a little softening. We can well believe that one of her most intelligent patients could hardly be convinced that "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," and "East Lynne" were not all the work of one author; but, if our suggestion be valid,

it knocks the bottom out of a delightful story of a bluejacket, which we cannot forbear quoting. Asked to account for a furious fight which had taken place on the lower deck, he told his captain: "Well, sir, all I says to 'im was, 'Thomas, will you kindly get out o' my hammick?' " The contrast between what he must actually have said and the "company language" which he adopted for his captain's ear shows a very distinct sense of style.

Until he knows all the facts, the wise man holds his tongue. The public does not know all the facts relating to the sudden retirement by the Trustees of the British Museum of Dr. Ray Lankester from his post of Director of the Natural History Department. It cannot, therefore, judge the action of the Trustees. But this will be plain to everybody: that the Trustees would have to make out a very strong case indeed against so distinguished a man; so able a scientist, so active and practical a Director as Dr. Ray Lankester, before their treatment of him—retirement at the very earliest possible date and at the most inconvenient and galling moment—could be accepted as just or wise. When the Government tempted him from the life post of Linacre Professor at Oxford and a salary of £900 a year, it was known to some few that there was dissension among the Trustees; not all approved of the appointment of Dr. Ray Lankester. That appointment having once been made, it should have been loyally adhered to.

Whatever the cause of complaint against the ex-Director may be, it cannot be that his work has proved him unfit for the post. Men of science all the world over know what he has done. It is more probable that the authoritative body is unable to appreciate what others have learned to value. That the three Principal Trustees by whom the Director of the Natural History Department is appointed are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, is a circumstance that may raise a smile, but is of little practical import. The selection is actually made by the Trustees, a body which includes too few men of science able to understand the scope and results of Dr. Ray Lankester's work, and is therefore more liable to be influenced by other considerations than that of "mere merit." That may be one reason for the present unhappy exhibition of official severity. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that Dr. Ray Lankester was not born a Civil Servant. He became one at fifty or fifty-one; an age at which a man, though not past great intellectual work, is too old to begin learning the paces of the adept Civil Servant. A man of Dr. Ray Lankester's pronounced character may well have found the uniform a little constraining.

Still, as we have said, the facts are not fully known, and judgment cannot be passed. But two things, at least, are certain. In the first place, it would be impossible, now, for Dr. Ray Lankester to return to the Natural History Museum with any chance of being comfortable or of doing good work. In the second place, unless the Government wishes to commit sheer waste of a great brain and a great capacity for work, Dr. Ray Lankester's pension must be so adjusted that, instead of the beggarly £300 a year offered to a man of sixty, it reaches a sum which will enable him to devote his still youthful energies to scientific work, unhampered by sordid anxieties. Neglect of this will amount to wilful destruction of a most valuable national property.

In the *ACADEMY* of May 5 last, we described the Oxford Exhibition of portraits of English historical personages who died between 1714 and 1837; and now we have been turning over with keen interest the handsome Illustrated Catalogue published by the Clarendon Press (7s. 6d. net). Here those who were unable to get to Oxford in the spring

may see, adequately reproduced, the likenesses of many of the great eighteenth-century men of letters. Here are no less than three portraits of Edward Gibbon; Romney's rather affected work forms the frontispiece, and Walton's and Reynolds's portraits occupy another page. Here is Simon du Bois's Addison on the same page with Richardson's wigless Nat Prior. Charles Jervas's(?) beautiful picture of Pope stands side by side with Thomas Gibson's penetrating vision of Sacheverell, and a few pages further we find Jervas's(?) Jonathan Swift in gown and bands.

Highmore's Edward Young, Baltoni's and Pine's portraits of Garrick, Reynolds's Thomas Warton and Joseph Warton, T. Phillips's Heber and Lawrence's Canning—these are only a few of the interesting portraits reproduced. And, for a change, the idler may turn to the diaphanous spirituality of the features of John Wesley, or the majesty of a very different but equally characteristic class of divine—that Archbishop Markham whose Life we reviewed not long ago; a man of whom Walpole wrote that "his business was rather in courting the great; he had a great deal of pomp, especially when he lifted his hand, lowered it, and repeated Latin verses."

It was a period full of great men, and, for ourselves, we know of few pleasures greater than the study of these faces of great men gone. What chins they had in the eighteenth century, what cheeks, what chests! Solid men; men, most of them, of reason not of passion. In this gallery of jowls John Wesley and Pope seem like ghosts, and the thinner type, like Canning, which came in towards the close of the period, seems almost finicking. Were they greater men than we are? They certainly looked it

The value of the book is immensely increased by the biographical notes, descriptions and *provenances*, by good Indexes, and by Mr. Lionel Cust's fine introduction. These volumes, as they appear, are not only delightful pastimes for a sultry afternoon but valuable works of reference to be kept on the shelves.

Two little books of extracts now before us offer an interesting contrast. "G. M. T.," whose initials will be recognised at once by all Meredithians, has made a "Meredith Pocket-book," and Miss Alice M. Warburton a "Browning Treasure Book." G. M. T., needless to say, has done his work well; the Browning book is compiled a little too much on the principle of "Mill on Liberty—Ditto on the Floss." And, besides, you cannot well separate from any of Browning's poems one or more stanzas without losing their effect. Browning is an argumentative poet. Everything he says must be taken in connection with what went before and what comes after, the whole forming an argument or exposition. Select, and you lose the thread.

And again, the first thing necessary to the short extract is that it shall be perfectly expressed. Browning was not a master of perfect expression. His effect is cumulative. The rough-hewn sentence or stanza is all very well in its place; detach it and you see its ruggedness. With Mr. Meredith, on the other hand, you have a master of expression, a writer from any one of whose pages you may pick a sentence or a passage, an essential part of the whole but also fit to be seen by itself, an unset, perfectly cut jewel. "If you insist on having women rooted to the bed of the river, they'll veer with the tides, like water-weeds, and no wonder," he writes in "One of our Conquerors"; and one may ponder over the simplicity and depth of the sentence, seeing ever new beauty and truth. "You know, dear Evan, when two people love, there is no such thing as owing between them." There is much more in that than appears at first sight.

After studying G. M. T.'s book, it is almost painful to turn to Miss Warburton's and watch Browning struggling to express his thoughts. But the difference lies deeper than in the matter of expression. Both writers are optimists; both brave men who love life and human beings and the beautiful world. But Mr. Meredith will give you a gayer heart than Browning when you take him from your pocket during the pause in a walk. He knows why he is an optimist, and points you on to the road by which the future good is to be attained: Browning throws you back on your faith, and so succeeds, for all his own high courage, in impressing you only the more deeply with the miseries of the present state.

Last week the ACADEMY discussed the dubious poetry on which our youths are brought up. It would seem that the criticism on which they are fed also needs inquiry. Here is a quotation from one of our scholastic Baedekers: "The ginger-pop school. John Hookham Frere, Byron and Barry Cornwall: so called by David Macbeth Moir. The production of these poets was characterised by their light humour, picturesque narrative and a mixture of the absurd and farcical with the pathetic and majestic. They bore the same relation to high imaginative verse as *ginger-pop* bears to champagne." Fancy Byron in such company—the only English poet with the exception of Shakespeare who is known through the length and breadth of Europe!

Here is a gem on Browning. "He is the author of the delicious lines:

Never the time and the place,
And the loved one all together!

which, apart from its context seems rather to suggest the Maid's Tragedy or the wet Sunday out. George Eliot is described in the best goody-goody style, as "a painstaking and conscientious writer. The moral tendency of her novels is in the highest degree beneficial."

In "The Modern Age" the following are classed as stars in English literature: Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Ballantyne, James Payn, Henty, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, Rider Haggard, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Joseph Hocking, Baring Gould, Rev. Edward Bradley, and Max Pemberton. Rhoda Broughton "has amused a great number of readers by writing quite a score of novels." We wonder whether the critics found her equally funny. In the chronological tables at the end, the list of masterpieces begins with Caedmon, and after 1870 it expands, till in 1900 the total number of *chef d'œuvres* for the year reaches fifteen. The author, in his preface, expresses the hope that those who see the book will "read for themselves the excellent work in which almost everything conjoined with English literature is to be found." So unhappy a conjunction makes one inclined to pass on to the interjections.

The hundredth anniversary this month of the birth of John Sterling may serve to recall the circumstance that it was to his father, Captain Edward Sterling—who after giving up farming in the Isle of Bute, became, in the second decade of last century, a contributor to the *Times*—that the term "thunderer" was first applied. In 1833 John Sterling published anonymously "Arthur Coningsby," a novel, in which was incorporated some stirring verse. In 1833 he founded a club which later bore his name, its membership including Allan Cunningham, Carlyle, Mill, Milner, Spedding, Tennyson and Thirlwell. Francis William Newman was the intimate of Sterling's later years, and to him he confided the guardianship of his son. It was the inadequate and, as he judged, misleading character of Julius Hare's memoir of Sterling, published in 1848, five years after his death, that induced Carlyle to undertake the masterpiece of biography which links his name with that of his friend.

The cottage at Kinnesswood, a Kinross-shire lane, lying at the base of one of the Lomonds, in which Michael Bruce passed his brief life (1746-67), has been restored by some admirers of the Scottish poet, and been opened as a Bruce museum. Besides Bruce's personal belongings—his books, manuscripts, and correspondence—there have been gathered together and placed in the little cottage some furniture of the period and a collection of the books treasured in Scottish homes in the eighteenth century. Though Michael Bruce has always had a number of valiant defenders of his claims to the authorship of the ode "To the Cuckoo," a consensus of opinion assigns the "magical stanzas," as the elder D'Israeli styled them, to John Logan, the college friend who published Bruce's poems in 1770. In Chambers's "Cyclopædia of Literature" and Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford anthology of verse "To the Cuckoo" is in each case printed over John Logan's name.

A writer in the *Scottish Review* bemoans the fact that Scotsmen of the present day do not speak of Boswell, the prince of biographers, and neither read him nor think of him. The paternal home of the Boswells in Auchinleck, where Samuel Johnson and Boszy's father, the Edinburgh Lord of Session, exchanged fierce verbal thrusts, has a forsaken air of loneliness, we learn, and is now occupied for only a few months in the year. In the summer of 1777 James Boswell wrote to Dr. Johnson from the little country house on the south side of Edinburgh, "from the window of which I see around me a verdant grove, and beyond it the lofty mountain called Arthur's Seat." Like many modern Scots, James Boswell preferred London as a place of residence to the "inclement city" of his birth; still, there is validity in the writer's plea that "surely we are yet to see a statue rise to 'Jamie Boswell'; the silent house at Auchinleck a place of pilgrimage; and the little house across the Meadows with its finger-post for guidance and its tablet on the wall."

In the *Fortnightly Review* a literary agent attempts a reply to the charges recently brought against his profession by Mr. Henry Holt, the American publisher: but his proper enthusiasm for his calling induces him to take a line a little too high to be practical. His paper should be headed "the ideal literary agent"; for the agent he describes is one who will not only bring the highest possible commercial advantage to both publisher and author, but will "encourage the maintenance of a close literary relationship between authors and publishers." If we think for a moment what that means, it will be clear that the "literary agent of the future" is too good a being for this world. A, a novelist, has written a successful novel; B, his publisher, asks him for another, of course through C, his agent. But C happens to know that since A published that novel another firm of publishers has become desperately anxious for novels of that kind, and is willing to pay A half as much again as B is prepared to offer. What is C's duty? To "maintain the close literary relationship" between A and B, or to get for A the biggest profit he can? Whichever he does, he will be in the black books of either author or publishers.

Still, this interesting paper suggests several ways in which the literary agent may be of real service, and points out an ideal not all of which is too high to follow. The first step necessary is one which the writer of the paper suggests—the abolition of the agent who takes a fee for the effort to place work which he knows is unworthy of his trouble. There are too many of such gentlemen, and their position is on a par with that of the theatrical "agent" who takes a preliminary fee for entering in his books the name of some unhappy, stage-struck girl whom he knows to have no qualification for the stage, even if he had the means (which he usually has not) of finding her an engagement. To say that this should never be done, should, in fact, be made illegal, is not to set up the literary agent as a judge of literature. For it is open to the author

to do without him, to send round his manuscripts himself; and, if young writers would grasp the fact that, unless the label of the agent bears a name that Editors and publishers have learned to respect, its appearance on a manuscript tells, not for, but very strongly against, its chances of serious consideration, we should hear less of the abuse than we do.

In the complaint of the "commercialisation of literature" we do not much believe. It is no worse to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Goldsmith writing his *Natural History* is a picture of wasted gifts that no modern "slave of the pen" could surpass. Authors have been very much the same in all ages. They wrote for money: those who had the strength of character to resist dissipation or greed wrote their best and made as much money as they wanted; those who sold themselves would, as likely as not, have fallen a victim to some other weakness in their nature if that particular temptation had been spared them. And the writer of to-day who deliberately writes below his best for the sake of extra royalties displays a weakness of character which would be vulnerable at some other point if that were protected. The "commercialisation of literature" has, as a matter of fact, nothing to do with literature. It may help to flood the world with trash; it has no effect on literature proper, which has always been supplied and demanded in small quantities, by a few for a few.

A new society, called the Malone Society, has just been formed for the printing of old plays in strict conformity with the most authentic texts, and also for the publishing of documents and information which may be of interest to students of the English drama. The following are among the members: Messrs. F. S. Boas, A. H. Bullen, Henry Bradley, Alois Brandl, E. K. Chambers, W. McN. Dixon, Edward Dowden, Oliver Elton, Ewald Flügel, T. Gregory Foster, C. M. Gayley, Israel Gollancz, H. F. Heath, W. P. Ker, Sidney Lee, J. M. Manly, A. W. Pollard, Walter Raleigh, George Saintsbury. At the first meeting, recently held under the chairmanship of Dr. Gregory Foster, Mr. W. W. Greg, Park Lodge, Wimbledon, was appointed Honorary Secretary and General Editor. The society hopes to issue eight or ten plays a year.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall begin on this day week, August 18. The sixty programmes have all been drawn out, and may be obtained at the box-office. On Monday evenings the first half of each programme will be devoted exclusively to Wagner. On Wednesdays a symphony and other classical items will be included. On Fridays Beethoven's Nine Symphonies will be performed in chronological order, his compositions practically supplying the first part of the concert on each of these evenings. The programmes for Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are of a more popular nature. Mr. Henry J. Wood will conduct the whole of each concert excepting the last orchestral item.

Attention is called by the Committee of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to the Historical Exhibition of Liverpool Art which is to be held there in May 1907, and which, it is hoped, will be thoroughly representative of the large amount of artistic talent produced by the city within and without its Academy of Arts. Full particulars may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin, who invites communications on all subjects connected with the art and artists of Liverpool.

Owing to the increasing pressure of his duties at the Law Society, where the system of legal education is developing steadily, Mr. Edward Jenks is resigning the editorship of the *Independent Review*, which he has held for the last three years. His successor is Mr. C. Roden Buxton, who has been associated with the *Review* from its foundation, and under whose guidance the traditions of the *Review* will be maintained.

LITERATURE

AESCHYLUS IN ENGLISH VERSE

Aeschylus's *Seven against Thebes* and *Persians* in English verse.
By ARTHUR S. WAY, M.A. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. WAY has so clearly achieved his place in the first rank of translators in verse of the ancient classical poets that in quoting specimens of his work we are rather catering for the pleasure of our readers than affording evidence of a proposition already proved. His rendering of Euripides is by far the best as yet produced, and we hold that he has gone nearer to reproducing the spirit and manner of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* than any other translator in verse.

The grim majesty of the diction of the *Persians* is thoroughly felt and most skilfully reproduced by Mr. Way. He catches the spirit of the fine choral ode (65-139) following the anapaestic introy which describes the huge amorphous host of Xerxes that went to the war :

For the army of the King, for the city-wasting host
Long since hath passed the channel of the fronting neighbour-coast ;
For they linked the rafts together with the cables cunningly,
So that Hellas' strait was spanned,
Land was riveted to land,
And man had cast a yoke upon the wild neck of the sea !
(Str. 1.)

And myriad-peopled Asia's King, a battle-eager lord,
From utmost east to utmost west sped on his countless horde
In unnumbered squadrons marching, in fleets of keels untold,
Knowing none dared disobey,
For stern overseers were they
Of the godlike King begotten of the ancient Race of Gold.
(Ant. 1.)

And, flashing from his eyes the deadly dragon's steel blue glance,
On Assyrian battle-car,
With unnumbered men of war
He hurls the war-god of the bow on the heroes of the lance.
(Ant. 2.)
Heroes ?—none is so heroic as to stem that warrior-flood !
Not their strongest dams shall bide
Such resistless ocean-tide :
Nay, Persia's valiant myriads shall in no wise be withstood.
(Mesode.)

Yet—God sendeth strong delusions, and what mortal may evade them ?
And who with foot light-leaping may spring clear of the snare ?
For Atê smiles alluring men, until she hath betrayed them
Amidst her net : none breaks its meshes, once entangled there.
(Str. 3.)

For the Gods' doom all-controlling decreed this long ago—
" Persia's sons shall win renown,
In dashing towers down,
In the clash of charging horsemen, and in cities' overthrow."
(Ant. 3.)

Yet they learn to look unquailing on the highways of the sea,
When the flails of tempest smite,
And its meadows blossom white,
Grasping slender reins of army-wafting galleys fearlessly.
(Str. 4.)

Hence mine heart is wrapped in gloom,
Racked with presages of doom,
Fear for Persia's chivalry,
Lest the city hear a cry—
" Susa doth dispeopled lie !"
(Ant. 4.)

Lest from Kissian streets be sent
Echoes of that wild lament,
Wail from multitudes far-borne,
As the thronging women mourn,
As the linen robes are torn.
(Str. 5.)

All our horse with these were lost,
Lost were all our footman-host !
All have followed hence their King, as forth the hive pour swarming
bees,
treeming o'er the human-fashioned forelands parting neighbour seas,
Forelands linking coast to coast.
(Ant. 5.)

Now is every marriage-bed
Drenched with tears as for the dead.
Persian wives are whelmed in sorrow : yearning each with breaking
hea
For the battle-eager spearman whom she blithely saw depart
Sitteth lone, a wife unwed.

The description of the naval battle is very spirited (406-432):

Yea, and from us low thunder of Persian cheers
Answered—no time it was for dallying !
Then straightway galley dashed her beak of bronze
On galley. 'Twas a Hellene ship began
The onset, and shore all the figure-head
From a Phœnician :—captain charged on captain.
At first the Persian navy's torrent-flood
Withstood them : but when our vast fleet was cramped
In strait space—friend could lend no aid to friend—
Then ours by fangs of allies' beaks of bronze
Were struck, and shattered all their oar-array ;
While with shrewd strategy the Hellene ships
Swept round, and rammed us, and upturned were hulls
Of ships ;—no more could one discern the sea,
Clogged all with wrecks and limbs of slaughtered men :
The shores, the rock-reefs, were with corpses strewn.
Then rowed each bark in fleeing disarray,
Yea, every keel of our barbarian host.
They with oar-fragments and with shards of wrecks
Smote, backed, as men smite tunnies, or a draught
Of fishes ; and a moaning, all confused
With shrieking, hovered wide o'er that sea-brine
Till night's dark presence blotted out the horror.
That swarm of woes, yea, though for ten days' space
I should rehearse, could I not tell in full.
Yet know this well, that never in one day
Died such a host, such tale untold, of men.

We wish we had space to quote the choral invocation of the ghost of Darius and the grand *commos* of the chorus and Xerxes with which the play reaches a stately conclusion. There is only one metre in the handling of which Mr. Way is not quite successful. The English trochaic septenarius demands a pause after the fourth trochee. Verses like :

All the stately fabric that Darius reared by heaven's grace,

do not convey the effect of the trochaic metre

In the *Persians* Mr. Way has no rival to contend with except himself and his own established reputation. This ordeal he has met with undoubted success. He is as successful with Aeschylus as with Euripides. In his rendering of the *Seven against Thebes* he has a formidable rival in the spirited and poetical prose version of Dr. Verrall. We have always admired Dr. Verrall's translation of verses 109 and 110 (for the Greek we must refer our readers to the text):

For round about the citadel is seething a human wave of sloping
crests, driven on by the breath of War.

Though shackled by the fetters of rhyme, Mr. Way is as literal and perhaps even more poetical in :

Round the city the war-tides sway ;
Helm-plumes are their flying spray
By the War-god blown to the fray.

But in 332 Dr. Verrall is more forcible as well as literal with :

And a woeful thing it is for the fresh maids to pass the hated
threshold of those that will wait no rites ere they pluck the flower,

than the verse translator with :

Alas, that maids, whose girlhood scarce hath fled,
On paths of miseries
Should, ere the spousal rites, from home be sped !

Our last extract shall be from the choral lament over Eteocles and Polynices (895-928). The reader who has Dr. Verrall's edition will find that the rendering in verse is nearly as literal as the almost equally poetical prose version :

Smitten and carven with iron in such ill plight are they ying :
And a prize, one carven with iron, for him as for him doth abide.
" What prize can there be for the dead ?" one asketh : answer him,
crying :
" Palaces iron-delved in their fatherland, side by side."

And the wail far-piercing shall speed them, a home for a home who
are leaving,

Sighing that rendeth the breast, grief from the soul that springs,
Grief from a torn heart joyless, and tears of unfeigned grieving :
For my heart is weeping itself away for the twain—my kings !

What praises shall Hadesward waft them, o'er these forlorn ones
pealing?

Say of him: "Like a hero he battled—ah me, with his mother-
land!"

And of him: "From his terrible onset the ranks of the aliens reeling
Heaps upon heaps war-blasted fell 'neath his ruining hand."

Woe for the woman who bare them, ill-starred beyond all other
Was she, yea, more than they all which have born the fruit of the
womb!

Her son for a husband she took to herself; she became their mother!
One seed—and such end have they found, who gave each to his
brother a tomb!

O yea, of one seed were the twain, of their heritage made they
partition:

In no lovingkindness, nay, but in madness of strife was it done;
And their feud's consummation, behold, is their own and their house's
perdition:

Ceased is their hate: in the earth their blood mingles, the twain
are at one.

Oh but in truth are they now of one blood, and a bitter decider
Of this their dispute was the oversea stranger that leapt out of fire,
Even the whetted steel: of possessions a bitter divider
Was the War-fiend who brought to fulfilment the curse of a father's
ire.

No more characteristically Aeschylean stanza than the last could be culled from the extant plays. The terrible equivocal in *δαίμοι*, meaning both "of one blood" and "whose blood is mingled" (in death by each other's hands), and the mystic impersonation of the sword that brought to fulfilment the father's curse, breathe the very quintessence of the Aeschylean style, and are faithfully and finely reproduced in Mr. Way's version.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE

Growth and Structure of the English Language. By OTTO JESPERSEN, Ph.D. (Nutt, M. 3.)

THIS is a good book. It would form an excellent introduction to the historical study of the English language. It may be recommended as a serviceable book for the beginner, and it is probable that the advanced student and the ripe scholar will find in it much to interest and to instruct, much to think about and scarcely anything to dispute or to controvert. For it is the work of a man who is a thorough master of his subject, who has learnt much and thought much on the many difficult problems of language which present themselves both on the phonetic side and on the psychological and philosophical side of the subject. The writer is not merely a swallower of other men's formulas. There is an independent play of thought in Professor Jespersen's exposition which is not so very common in the work of philologists. Dr. Jespersen is not only a scholar possessed of wide and accurate learning but a man of sound and sober judgment, so that he is a safe guide on many matters discussed in the book, which have been often lately the subjects of warm controversy in journals devoted to literature and even in the daily press.

And now for the scope and plan of the volume. The aim of the author is to characterise the chief peculiarities of the English language. He attempts to connect the teachings of linguistic history with the chief events in the general history of the English people, and to show the relation of language to national character. His plan is first to give a rapid sketch of the language of our own days, especially as it strikes a foreigner. Then he enters upon the history of the language, describes its connection with the other languages of the Indo-Germanic family, and traces the various foreign influences it has undergone. Last, he gives an account of its own internal development. The book is divided into ten chapters. First, we have the Preliminary Sketch connecting the marked features of the modern language, phonetic and syntactic, with the characteristic qualities of Englishmen. Then comes a chapter on the Beginnings: the changes brought about in the Germanic dialects by consonant-shift and

still more by shift of stress; the loan-words from Latin borrowed by our Germanic ancestors before they left their homes on the continent; the Frisian origin of the English people. The next chapter gives an interesting account of Scandinavian influences on the English language. The vikings introduced a great number of terms connected with law and the civil administration of the Danelagh. One of the very most important words in English is the word "law," a word due to the Danish invaders. The words "Riding" (of Yorkshire), and "Rape" (in Sussex) are still with us to remind us of the Danish talent for civil organisation. Then come chapters on French additions and on Latin and Greek elements introduced after the Renaissance. The next chapter contains an account of additions to the language from various sources, namely miscellaneous foreign words, new formations, and words used in new senses. The last three chapters deal with interesting points of grammar, with Shakespeare and the language of poetry, and with supplementary matters such as the influence of the Bible, profane language, prudery, etc.

A few points may now be mentioned upon which writers on the English language have often made statements or expressed opinions which will not stand the test of an exact scientific criticism, but upon which Professor Jespersen has always something to say worthy of consideration. He objects to the first consonant-shift being called Grimm's law, for one reason, because the Danish scholar, Rasmus Rask, was the first to set forth clearly the sound-correspondences—as early as 1814, eight years before Jacob Grimm made it generally known in his Grammar; for another, because Grimm's manner of stating it has been considerably modified by recent investigations. He has a good deal to say in disproof of Max Müller's famous dictum that a farm-labourer uses only three hundred words. He does not believe that the district now called Angel in South Jutland (Slesvig) was the home of the Anglians, but holds that the Kentish and Anglian dialects point rather to a Frisian emigration. He has a good deal that is interesting to say about the verbal substantive ending in *-ing*, and does not believe with some scholars that our present participle ending in *-ing* is a direct and phonetic representative of the O.E. participial form in *-ende*. He shows how this verbal noun can enter into a compound, as in walking-stick, a church-going bell. Examples are given of the shortening of the vowel in the first element of compounds, as in husband, huzzy, knowledge, Whit-Sunday. The use of the split infinitive in moderation, and where necessary for rhythm or emphasis is defended, and illustrated from Burns's line:

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride.

The use of "reliable," the most abused word in the English language, is defended as an innocent necessary word, respectable on the score of antiquity. According to the "New English Dictionary" the word occurs as early as the year 1569. The formation of new words by subtracting something from old ones, commonly called "back-formation" is treated as a legitimate process, as in difficult from difficulty, to jeopard from jeopardy, to burgle from burglar, to swashbuckle from swashbuckler. The fixed *s* of the plural as in the phrase "by this means" is illustrated by such examples as "an honourable amends," an innings, a barracks, a golf links. Our plural *s* is shown to be due to the gaining ground of the native plural in *-as*, and not to the old French accusative plural, as has been held by some scholars. Professor Jespersen agrees with Dr. Murray on the pronunciation of "doctrinal" with shortening of the Latin *i*, and stress on the first syllable, and from Fitzedward Hall's examples shows to what absurdities an unswerving conformity with Latin vowel quantity would bring us in the pronunciation of Latin words introduced into English. The learned professor has some very good remarks on a slavish deference to Latin syntax in the composition of an English sentence, and is very severe on the "almighty schoolmaster." He

quotes with approbation the words of Huxley: "The Genius of the English language is widely different from that of Latin; the worst and the most debased kinds of the English style are those which ape Latinity. I know of no purer English prose than that of John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe . . . yet Latin literature and these masters of English had little to do with one another."

Scattered up and down the pages of the book there are many interesting explanations of special words. Few people are aware of the historical associations of the word "cheap," used as an adjective, and as an element in local names such as Cheapside and Eastcheap. The word is thought to be due ultimately to a very early borrowing from the Latin *caupo*, "a wine-dealer." This word and "wine" show at what an early date the favourite Italian drink was appreciated by the beer-drinking Germans. Bugge's highly probable derivation of "heathen" from the Greek *ethnos* is referred to in a note. "Window" is a Scandinavian borrowing, compare Icelandic *vindauga* ("wind-eye"), based on the eye-shape of the windows in the old wooden houses, compare O.E. *ēagthyrel* ("eye-hole"), and Russian *okno*, "window," from *oko*, "eye." The Scandinavian knives were probably better than, or at any rate different from, those of the nations among whom they intruded, for our "knife" as well as the French *canif* are borrowed from our northern invaders. The derivation of the word "Yankee" has for a long time been an unsolved puzzle. Dr. Jespersen mentions with approval the explanation recently set forth by Professor H. Logeman. It is suggested that the term was originally applied to the Dutch colonists in North America, such as the inhabitants of new Amsterdam, now New York. The original form of the word was Jan Kees, a nickname still applied in Flanders to people from Holland. For the loss of the *s* compare our "pea" from an older "pease," and the forms Chinese, Maltee, Portugee. *Jan* is, of course, the common Dutch name corresponding to "John." As to *Kees* opinions differ, the more probable one being that it is a dialectal variation of the Dutch *kaas*, "cheese," a typically Dutch product.

Perhaps enough has been said to show how varied is the interesting information to be found in this book. It is quite impossible in a brief notice to give any adequate idea of its sterling worth, the accurate scholarship, the skilful marshalling of significant facts, the well-balanced judgment of which there is evidence on every page.

A. L. MAYHEW.

FRIEND ELLWOOD

The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood. Written by his own hand. With extracts from Joseph Wyeth's Supplement. Edited by S. GRAVESON. (Headley, 10s. net.)

It is now nearly two hundred years since Ellwood's autobiography was first "Printed and sold by the Assigns of J. Sowle, in White-Hart-Court, in Gracious Street." Since then, eleven editions have been issued—one as recently as 1900—but in some the text has been abridged and modernised, while others have omitted Joseph Wyeth's Supplement entirely, thus depriving the book of much of its value as a faithful reflection of the man and his environment. In the volume before us the editor has wisely returned to the original spelling and the typographical peculiarities of the early eighteenth century, giving us extracts from the Supplement, a good bibliography, and—a valuable addition—biographical notes. His work has been well done, and, save for a few unimportant printer's errors and the superfluous "historical introduction," which is not even accurate, we find little to which we can take exception.

Thomas Ellwood was born at Crowell, in the Vale of Aylesbury, in September or October 1639, a twelvemonth before the summoning of the Long Parliament, so that he was little over nine years of age when the Civil War ended with the execution of Charles. But "man is born unto

trouble as the sparks fly upward"; and if Friend Ellwood missed those turbulent days, his life was one of unceasing persecution. At school he profited apace, having, he tells, "a natural Propensity to Learning. . . . And yet (which is strange to think of), few boys . . . wore out more Birch than I"; for:

being a little busie boy, full of Spirit, of a working Head and active Hand, I . . . was often playing one waggish Prank or other among my Fellow-Scholars, which subjected me to Correction, so that I have come under the Discipline of the Rod twice in a Forenoon. Which yet brake no Bones.

But his talent was, in a measure, allowed to rust, for his father, having become a Justice of the Peace, "put himself into a Port and Course of Living agreeable thereunto," and in order to retrench expenses withdrew the boy from school—a proceeding which, as Ellwood quaintly remarks: "was somewhat like plucking green Fruit from the Tree, and laying it by before it was come to its due Ripeness; which will thenceforth shrink and wither, and lose that little Juice and Relish which it began to have." After leaving school he parted company with his books and entered with zest into the sports and pleasures of the times, though, he is careful to tell us: "I always sorted my self with Persons of Ingenuity, Temperance and Sobriety; for I loathed Scurrilities in Conversation, and had a natural Aversion to Immoderate Drinking." Then came the turning-point in his career. Accompanying his father on a visit to Isaac Penington, who had purchased an estate at Chalfont and turned Quaker: "it pleased the Lord, in his Infinite Goodness, to call me out of the Spirit and Ways of the World," and he joined the Community of Friends. From this date till his death in 1713, despite the fact that "the Enemy, transforming himself into the Appearance of an Angel of Light," from time to time gained subtle advantages over him, his life was given up to devotion and to the service of his cause.

In Puritan England it was customary not only for the master of the house to wear his hat constantly indoors, but for men of quality to retain their headgear even in church. The Quakers strenuously opposed all "hat-honour," refusing to pay to man a homage often denied to God, and Friend Ellwood was at first much exercised in his mind, the Enemy suggesting that he should "make a Difference between my Father and all other Men." But in the end he was shown the Light, and, going out to meet his father without removing his hat, was soundly drubbed for his insolence. To this and to two subsequent chastisements he submitted cheerfully, having "Peace and Quietness in my Mind, and being much more grieved for my Father than for my self." Shortly afterwards he went, at Isaac Penington's invitation, to reside at Chalfont Grange. For a year he has nothing to record save frequent attendances at Quaker meetings at Bledlow, two miles from Crowell, "in the House of one Thomas Saunders, who *Professed the Truth*; But his Wife, whose Name was *Damaris*, did *Possess it*," and at other places. Then, in 1661, in order that his neighbours should hear the Gospel "livingly and powerfully preached among them," he tries to secure the services of a Friend: his letter is intercepted, and he is arrested and carried before the Justices at Weston, they

putting divers Questions to me relating to the present Disturbances in the Nation, occasioned by the late foolish Insurrection of those frantick *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*. To all which I readily Answered, according to the Simplicity of my Heart and Innocency of my Hands

Refusing to take the Oath of Allegiance, he was sent to Oxford, where he remained for some months in the custody of the City Marshal. The country had been in a ferment ever since the rising of the "frantick Fifth-Monarchy-Men," and the Justices, gladly seizing upon any pretext to persecute the Quakers, descended upon their meetings, accusing them of gathering for purposes of sedition, and on their refusing to sign an oath of allegiance to man, hurrying them off to prison. Friend

Ellwood regained his liberty, only to be taken again, with Isaac Penington and others, at a meeting at Chalfont and released on his own recognisances. Being anxious to resume his interrupted studies, he obtained an introduction to Milton, and read to him in Latin. He had, during his retirement, he tells us, so far recovered the rules of grammar "that I could read a *Latin* Author, and after a Sort hammer out his Meaning." Milton, however, found fault with his pronunciation, and a new difficulty presented itself:

It was now harder for me to read than it was before to understand when read. But . . . my Master . . . having a curious Ear, he understood by my Tone when I understood what I read and when I did not: and accordingly would stop me, Examine me, and open the most difficult Passages to me.

For six weeks he remained in London, reading to Milton in the afternoons and working by himself in the forenoons, but his studies were interrupted by an illness which forced him to return to the country. On his recovery he returned to London and was well received by his master; but, some suspicion of a plot arising, he was seized at a meeting at the Bull-and-Mouth in Aldersgate and carried off with his companions to Bridewell. The prisons were at this time filled with Quakers, yet Friend Ellwood was supplied with money by Isaac Penington and his brother, and seems, on the whole, to have fared very well. After two months' imprisonment "without having seen the Face of any Civil Magistrate," they were taken to the Old Bailey, and thence, after some quibbling, to Newgate, where they were "thrust into the Common-Side," and very ill-lodged. One of the Friends, however, died of disease, the Coroner condemned the insanitary condition of the room they occupied, and they were sent back to Bridewell and eventually released. Three years later Ellwood attended the funeral of a Friend at Amersham. As the procession passed up the street a Justice of the Peace rushed out of The Griffin inn with

the Constable and a Rabble of Rude Fellows whom he had gathered together, and having his drawn Sword in his Hand, Struck one of the Foremost of the Bearers with it, Commanding them to set down the Coffin. But the *Friend* who was so stricken . . . being more concerned for the Safety of the Dead Body than his own, lest it should fall from his shoulder, and any Indecency thereupon follow, held the Coffin fast: Which the *Justice* observing, and being enraged that his Word (how Unjust soever) was not forthwith Obeyed, set his Hand to the Coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the Bearers Shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the midst of the street, and there we were forced to leave it.

As a result of this he was committed to Aylesbury prison and detained there for a month.

We have been able to give but a brief account of Ellwood's earlier life: the persecution continued intermittently till his death at Hunger Hill in February 1713. His own History, written in a quaint, self-conscious style, takes us to 1683, and, with Joseph Wyeth's Supplement, furnishes a graphic picture of the times. He bore his frequent imprisonments with cheerful resignation, and is able to write:

It was a good Time, I think, to us all, for I found it so to me; the Lord being graciously pleased to visit my Soul with 'the refreshing Dews of his divine Life, whereby my Spirit was more and more quickened to him, and Truth gained ground in me over the Temptations and Snares of the Enemy. Which frequently raised in my Heart Thanksgiving and Praises unto the Lord.

But perhaps the one thing which will strike the reader most of all is the implicit faith placed by both justices and jailers in the word of the Quakers they attacked with an almost unparalleled bitterness. Ellwood gives a good example of this in his description of the return from Newgate to Bridewell:

We took our Bundles on our Shoulders, and walked Two and Two a-Breast through the *Old Bailey* into *Fleet Street* and so on to *Old Bridewell*. And it being about the Middle of the Afternoon, and the Streets pretty full of People, both the Shopkeepers at the Doors and Passengers in the Way would stop us, and ask us what we were, and whither we were going. And when we had told them we were Prisoners, going from one Prison to another (from *Newgate* to *Bridewell*), What, said they, *without a Keeper*! No, said we, for our

Word, which we have given, is our Keeper. Some thereupon would advise us not to go to Prison, but to go home. But we told them we could not do so; we could suffer for our Testimony, but could not fly from it. I do not remember we had any Abuse offered us: but were generally pitied by the People.

Ellwood's literary work was almost entirely confined to pamphlets and books of a controversial nature, but during his confinement in Bridewell and afterwards he wrote several poems, including an attack on vice and priests and things in general entitled "*Speculum Seculi*: or, a Looking-Glass for the Times," and a hymn to God in which occur four lines which we cannot forbear quoting:

Thy matchless Love constrains my Life
Thy Life constrains my Love,
To be to Thee as Chaste a Wife
As is the Turtle-Dove!

In later years he commenced a *Life of David* in verse, but, the Prince of Orange landing and the Revolution following, "the Noise of Guns, and Sound of Drums, &c., so disturbed his Meditation and gentle Muse (which like the *Halcion*, breeds in Calm Weather) that his Poetical Genius left him." Much of his verse is not without merit, but Friend Ellwood appears to have worked his Pegasus hard and fed him indifferently, and his occasional jibbing is excusable.

CHWANG TZE

Musings of a Chinese Mystic. Selections from the Philosophy of CHUANG Tzŭ. With an Introduction by LIONEL GILES (Murray, 2s. net.)

In the age of Chwang Tze the Chinese were occupied with the same problem as that which the Greeks a few years before had failed to solve. Chin then threatened to overwhelm the brilliant civilisation of the weak and divided Chow states, as Macedonia had overwhelmed the brilliant civilisation of the weak and divided Greek states. But when the blow fell, the foolishness of Chwang Tze availed more than the wisdom of his contemporary, Demosthenes. "To trust to the sword," said the Chinaman, "is to perish." Instead of trying to avert disaster, he prepared his countrymen to encounter it. The event was that, from amid a ruin greater than that under which the spirit of Greece was crushed, the spirit of China arose undaunted and invigorated.

Chwang Tze was a man with a genius of a cast peculiarly Chinese. In it there were united things incongruous to a European mind: the fire and spirituality of a prophet, the depth and subtlety of a metaphysician, and the wit and irreverence of a satirist. Of the invaders he was not afraid. They were a blind instrument of Divine wrath, sent like a conflagration to a plague-stricken city to cleanse it and prepare the way for the re-builders. It was the Chows he feared, the native princes. Were they to succeed in collecting their corrupt and iniquitous dominions into a strong and entire empire, the plague would gather and infect the very soul of China. He refused, therefore, to play the part which Demosthenes was playing at Athens. It was moral strength that the country needed, not statesmanship. When affairs were in a bad way, the Prince of Chu asked him to take over the administration. He was quietly fishing when the messengers arrived, and went on fishing while they spoke. Then, without turning his head, he said: "I have heard that the Prince of Chu keeps a dead tortoise in a shrine on the altar of his ancestral temple. Do you think that tortoise would have preferred to die and receive these high honours, or to live and wag its tail in the mud?" "Doubtless," replied the messengers, "it would have preferred to live and wag its tail in the mud." "Begone," said the sage, "I too will live and wag my tail in the mud."

It was, however, his tongue that Chwang Tze wished still to wag. By a brilliant and subversive philosophy, expressed in amazing paradoxes, keen invectives and profound

thoughts, he was then undermining the influence of the patriotic and pragmatist sophists of the Confucian school and sapping the authority of the Chow-rulers. The time was ripe for a reformer.

Although Confucius had been dead only a hundred and fifty years, his teaching had already begun to be discredited by its results. It was a system of utilitarian morality which, like some of the systems of mere ethics of modern agnostics, seemed to retain in the lifetime of its founder a source of vitality as perennial as that possessed by the ancient faith from which it was severed. But it was a tree cut off from its roots, and animated only by a scantling of the old sap. In the air of spring it had put out a few tufts of living leaves, but in the season of heat and drought, in which Chwang Tze lived, it was reduced to a sere and stricken thing. Under the influence of the sophists of the Confucian school, virtue was become a matter of calculation and rhetoric; law, a respectable branch of brigandage, and philosophy the iridescence of national decay. Even Mencius, the so-called St. Paul of Confucianism, had lost faith in the efficacy of didactic morality, and had reverted to that last resource of all agnostic regenerators of mankind, an economic view of human society. When Chwang Tze attacked him, he was engaged in an endeavour to establish the power of the state of Chi by amending its frame of government. It is the wisdom of the world, said the sage, to put one's treasures in a box and secure it with lock and bolt. But the wisdom of the world is serviceable most of all to the strong thief. He carries the box off on his shoulder and his only fear is that the lock and bolt may give way and some of the treasure be lost. Study the history of the country which you are trying to strengthen against the invader by this sort of wisdom. A hundred and fifty years since, Chi was the richest and best governed state in China. But a usurper then slew the prince and stole not only his dominions but his system of administration, and by means of this he established himself so securely that no one dared to assail him.

Chwang Tze's political stories are the wittiest of his writings. None of them exceeds ten pages in length, and none of them is surpassed in the qualities of irony, force and maliciousness by any similar work in the modern literature of the world. Confucius was his chief object of attack. He caricatured the Seneca of China; misrepresented him; placed him in ridiculous situations; and then, more fairly and more effectively, showed up his empty didacticism by contrasting it with the simple, natural habit of goodness formed by the spirit of righteousness in the soul of a poor, illiterate fisherman. In vain did the Confucianists appeal to the canonical books. The ancient books, said Chwang Tze, preserve the footprints of the wise men of old, but are footprints the same things as shoes? In order to walk in the ancient ways you must be shod with the ancient virtues. In order to find the ancient virtues you must recover the ancient faith. There, in the divine foolishness and the strength in weakness before which the power and the cunning of the world fade and are discomfited, there is the sure defence against the day of woe and disaster.

Chwang Tze, as Mr. Lionel Giles remarks in an admirable preface to a slight selection from the philosophical thoughts of the Chinese writer, was not an innovator. His monotheism was founded on the teaching of the "Old Master" of the sixth century B.C., and this teaching was, in turn, based upon ideas obtaining in China from time immemorial. What Chwang Tze did was to re-state the ancient creed in the terms of the thought of his age. Living in a period of agnosticism in which questions of science had been separated from questions of philosophy, and questions of ethics from questions of religion, he dealt with just those problems which sciolists think were never discussed until the modern era. His contemporaries were not ignorant of the idea of the evolution of species; some of them had, like Comte, elaborated a system of altruism; some had, like Nietzsche, erected in opposition

thereto a system of egoism; while many, like Renan, had developed the doctrine of relativity of knowledge into the theory of bitter scepticism and the practice of amiable indifference.

The contradictions and complexities in the philosophies of his age have left their mark upon the writings of Chwang Tze. Instead of working out his ideas in an independent fashion and building them into a consistent frame of thought, he expands them singly in a series of criticisms upon the various points of view of his contemporaries. When attacking the agnostics he makes religion a matter of knowledge; when attacking the metaphysicians he makes knowledge a matter of mysticism; when attacking the ascetics he makes mysticism a matter of virtue; when attacking the moralists he makes virtue a matter of grace.

But if these different planes of thought are regarded as rising one above the other little discrepancy, we think, will be found, on examination, between them. Setting out against the position of the sceptics, Chwang Tze contends that the feelings of man can reach to God. The one divine white light which is manifested in broken colours in the laws of nature is reflected in all its original purity in the soul of the saint. As a sense of the Absolute is a matter of feeling and not a matter of intellection—here Chwang Tze seems to have anticipated Mr. F. H. Bradley—metaphysics is not an end but a means. It is, at best, an instrument of constructive scepticism. The Chinese sage employed it admirably in destroying the alternation theory which from the days of Hui Tze to the days of Herbert Spencer has been the grand dogma of Agnosticism. He shows that to reduce the subjective aspect of the universe to the idea of mind, and the objective aspect to the idea of matter or force, is to separate the parts from the whole in which alone they subsist, and from which alone they derive value and significance. These abstractions are merely symbols which are validly employed only in analytical psychology. In ending them with individuality and actual existence, men, like children at night-time, frighten themselves, by the spectres of their fancy, from the safe and easy road that would take them home. Subject and object are one in experience; and the dissociation of experience is as productive of errors in metaphysics as the dissociation of personality is productive of errors in practice.

On this base of wholesome scepticism Chwang Tze founded his theosophy. Philosophy was a matter of the intellect; theosophy was a matter of the will. When man had purged his mind from the illusions that prevented his soul from losing itself and finding itself in God, he had still to purify and confirm his desires. By asceticism? said the hermit. No, said the practical Chinamen; by fasting with the heart and working cheerfully in the world of men. That is to say, said the moralist, by performing one's duties and cultivating one's virtues? No, said the mystic, conscious virtue is not inward grace. Be child-like, natural, patient and humble. It is in the quietness of spirit and the rest of cares, in the evenness of recollection and the stillness of thought, that the soul becomes one with that Divine Power, which works in silence and abides unseen.

We shall never understand the strength of China until we understand her religion. In the course of two thousand and two hundred years the teaching of Chwang Tze has degenerated among the ignorant Taoists into a system of superstition as ridiculous as that into which the transcendentalism of Emerson is already decaying among the spiritualists and Christian scientists of America. But somewhat of the true spirit of the message of the Chinese prophet must surely survive in that great empire which it helped to preserve against the fate that has long since overtaken all other empires of the ancient world.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

Early English Dramatists. *The Proverbs, Epigrams and Miscellanies of John Heywood.*—*The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell.* Edited by JOHN S. FARMER. (Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society.)

IN our review of the first four volumes published by the "Early English Drama Society," we expressed our regret that Mr. Farmer and his publisher Mr. Gibbings should have claimed for what appeared to be an ordinary trade venture the prestige of disinterestedness which attaches to work issued by a "Society." We also noted that the substitution of modern forms of words for Tudor ones frequently played havoc with metre and rhyme, and that in the play we selected for special examination the modernised text was not obtained by a new collation but was taken over bodily from the 1874 edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The two volumes now submitted to us appear neither better nor worse than their predecessors. They are still advertised as issued by the "Early English Drama Society," though its "Secretary," Mr. Gibbings, has not accepted our offer to print the Society's constitution in our columns, has avowed that there is no intention of printing a balance-sheet, and by dispensing with some or all of the six Vice-Presidents whose names adorned his prospectus before our review appeared, has shorn the Society of the one testimony to its public character which it originally possessed. As regards the text, modern forms are still used instead of Tudor ones, e.g., "slippery" instead of "slyper," and "seldom" instead of "seld," and we learn from the bibliographical note that the text of *Like will to Like* (which, with the aid of forty-eight pages of blank paper figures as "The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell"!) "follows that of Hazlitt." This in its turn was based on that of the quarto printed by John Allde in 1568 (Mr. Farmer's 1508 is, of course, a misprint, but should have been corrected), of which the unique copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. If this had been collated afresh for the present reprint we presume that Mr. Farmer would have said so, but we have not been able to get to Oxford to consult the original, so that we cannot tell to what extent readers are injured by the apparent omission. Mr. Farmer mentions the later edition of 1587, of which a copy is in the library of the British Museum, and this should of course have been quoted where it corrects the 1568 text. We gather, however, that Mr. Farmer has not troubled to look at it. Students of his "Note-book and Word-List" when they come upon the humorous entry "Varlorum Readings, etc." may think that we do him an injustice in this surmise, but they will find that the few variants which he records are brought together from stray foot-notes by Mr. Hazlitt, and give no evidence of independent collation. It may thus be gathered that Mr. Farmer, though he prefers to speak of Fulwell's *Like will to Like* as his "Dramatic Writings," has acted in the spirit of its title, tenderly preventing these new volumes of his series from putting their predecessors to shame by keeping them as like to them as possible.

As regards the literary value of Fulwell's play and Heywood's *Proverbs* not very much can be said for them. *Like will to Like* is interesting because here at least there is an orthodox "Vice" who, at the end of the play, rides off to hell on the devil's back, an incident which is much more prominent in histories of the drama than in the plays which have come down to us. It is also a tolerably good example of the extraordinary shallowness of the moral feeling which underlay the "moralities" in their later developments. As for Heywood's *Proverbs*, here and there they show flashes of shrewd humour, but the very readiness with which the author was prepared with an "Otherwise," or alternative version, is an indication of the carelessness with which they were thrown off. Both the play and the *Proverbs* are interesting to philologists and literary and social students, for they have a

place, though far from an important one, in the evolution of the English language, English social and moral feeling, and the English drama. It is the more to be regretted that in the texts in which they are now represented quite one half of this interest is shorn away.

ROMAN PRIVATE LAW

Roman Private Law. By A. W. LEAGE. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THE aim of this book is "to give, as simply as possible, the subject-matter of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian"; and, had the author been able to confine himself within these limits, his accuracy and clearness and the utility of his book might have been questioned, but criticism of his method would hardly have been appropriate. As it is, the book falls between two stools. It is not a simple digest of the Institutes, nor is it a proper critical treatment of the subject. Thus the author does not confine himself, on the historical side, to those changes which make the difference between the law of Gaius and the law of Justinian, but gives some account of the origin and development of most of the institutions with which he deals. We could wish that, having gone thus far, he had gone further. The value and interest of Roman Law to the modern student are becoming more and more historical. The author is as good a judge as any one of the utility of his work for the purposes of the Oxford Schools, but we suspect he has been thinking chiefly of his weaker pupils. Surely the better class requires something at once more comprehensive and critical.

No better example of what we mean could be found than the section on contract. A simple statement of the contents of the Institutes would have been harmless and useless. Mr. Leage states theories of the origin of stipulatio and mutuum, and hints views upon the bonae fidei contracts, but makes no attempt to view the subject as a whole, to show how the gulf between contract under the Twelve Tables and under the Corpus Juris was bridged. Again, the whole interest of the *Perpetua Mulierum Tutela* lies in its decay, of the system of Delicts in its strong flavour of archaism. These are topics upon which the book touches, but without real grasp or illumination.

We believe these faults to be due partly to the fact that the author is content to follow, in the main, the order of the Institutes. It is a pity, in any case, not to show the student a better way than one which results in two separated sections on *Exceptiones*, *Agency* figuring as part of the law relating to actions, and *Universal Succession* occupying a wholly unjustifiable position. But beyond this, the order makes a comprehensive and critical treatment almost impossible: it spoils the attempt to make the book a little more than an analysis.

One merit the book certainly has; it is very clearly and concisely written, except where, as is occasionally inevitable, conciseness gets the better of clearness. We wish we could add the merit of accuracy, for then the author might retort that our previous criticisms are inappropriate for a book professedly elementary. But we note with regret a number of mistakes some of which might certainly have been avoided by more careful revision. We will mention the more obvious.

Gaius does not say that the legislative power of the Senate was questioned under the Republic, for such power was not then claimed for the Senate; and it is giving a very wrong impression to say that "by the time of Augustus the auctoritas of the Senate had come to be regarded as essential for every law" (pp. 9 and 10). We do not think there is any authority for the statement—so opposed to principle—that the children of a *Latinus Junianus* were full citizens, unless, perhaps, in the later Empire. On p. 80 we find it said that in the time of Gaius a father on emancipating a filius retained absolutely one-third of the *peculium adventitium* (more correctly *bona adventitia*), which the previous page has rightly told us

only arose under Constantine. The exact title of the bona-fide possessor to fructus is not easily explained, but the account, on p. 130 seems to us confused, not to say wrong. Again, it was from the edict, not the *jus civile* that came the requirement that the number of witnesses to a will should be seven (Just. ii. 10, 3, and p. 177), though this is a trifle.

The most serious mistakes occur in the section on contracts. One might as well call stipulatio a consensual contract as nexum a real contract (p. 265). The *condictio triticaria* did not enable an additional third to be recovered by way of penalty (p. 267 and elsewhere). The account of the written stipulatio (p. 273) raises suspicions which are confirmed on turning to p. 291, where we are told that a person sued upon a cautio, which raised a presumption of a proper stipulation, could rebut that presumption by showing that no stipulation had in fact been made. The author seems to us to misunderstand and exaggerate the passage of Ulpian (Dig. 2. 14. 7. 12), and to overlook the significance of Just. iii. 19. 12 and other texts. One would hardly gather from him that the mere fact that a stipulation had not really been made might very well furnish no defence to an action on the cautio. There is mention of the second chapter of the *Lex Aquilia* neither on p. 282 nor p. 330 nor elsewhere. The statement made on p. 287, that *nomina transcripticia* were the only cases of obligatio *literis*, is tenable, but is contradicted on p. 290. The attempt made on p. 292 to import the doctrine of consideration into the consensual contracts is a bad blunder. Certain contracts were allowed to be binding by simple consent, but no common principle underlies these exceptions; a doctrine of *quid pro quo* must have had far wider consequences. Besides, the author sees that no such doctrine will apply to *mandatum*, in spite of his remark (p. 304, clearly erroneous) that from the moment of the formation of the contract the *mandatarius* had the *actio mandati contraria*. The author must know that there can be a good equitable assignment of contractual rights in this country without writing, though the contrary seems to be stated at p. 315. Only confusion can come from the attempt (p. 317) to apply the notion of *contrarius actus* to the real contracts. Release of literal obligations by *accepti relatio* is only a highly probable conjecture.

There seem to be no notable mistakes in the section on delicts. With regard to Part III. (Actions) we must advert to the supposed formula of an *actio venditi* on p. 369, which is at variance with the principles governing the drafting of the *intentio* in a *bonae fidei actio* (see p. 386).

In conclusion it is a pleasure to say that many of the sections show considerable power of lucid exposition, notably that on servitudes, and again that on legacies and that on *dos*. There is a very good summary of the slave's position in the matter of contract. But it is a pity that an elementary work should contain so many mistakes, and it is not altogether desirable that a work, professedly of that particular character, should now and again, and on no apparent principle, give a cursory account of what requires deeper treatment.

THE CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE

La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX^e Siècle. Troisième Partie. De la Mort de Wiseman à la Mort de Manning, 1865-1892. Par PAUL THUREAU-DANGIN, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: Plon, 7 fr. 50.)

THIS volume is the conclusion of M. Thureau-Dangin's history of the Catholic revival in this country, in which term he includes the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England. Those who have read the two previous volumes will not need to be told that the author shows a knowledge of the subject, and—what is still more rare—a sympathetic appreciation of the English point of view such as is rarely shown by those who write about a foreign country. This book is one which Englishmen should read; the view of an intelligent foreigner is always interesting, and the view of a foreigner so thoroughly competent and well informed as M. Thureau-Dangin is

very valuable. There is certainly no English book which gives a more just and clear account of the Oxford Movement and its effects on the two Churches, and there are very few which can be compared with this either for interest or for information.

M. Thureau-Dangin possesses in a marked degree the essential qualities of an historian. He makes no pretence to an impartiality that is equivalent to indifference and leads to dulness and misunderstanding; but his statements of fact are never coloured in the smallest degree, his candour is perfect, he never suppresses anything for reasons of "edification," and his judgment is of rare quality. In this volume he has to deal with the delicate subject of the relations between Manning and Newman; that his sympathies are with the latter is evident, but he is entirely just to both, and the story has never been told with such perfect balance and sense of proportion. In spite of the author's admiration of Newman, he makes his special failing apparent merely by his scrupulously accurate presentation of the facts. That failing was a capacity for getting other people into positions from which he could not help them to find their way out. Newman was always encouraging or half-encouraging people to take a certain course, but, when it came to the point, was apt almost to leave them in the lurch. He ought not, for instance, to have refused Dugasbury's offer to take him as his theologian to the Vatican Council; his view of the case is clearly shown in his letter to Bishop Ullathorne and in other private letters, and he ought not to have shrunk from taking an active part. In all probability Newman would never have become a Roman Catholic had he not put himself and others in an untenable position by starting his theory of the *Via Media* without making himself really acquainted with the Anglican Divines.

M. Thureau-Dangin brings out more clearly even than Mr. Purcell the greatness of the last years of Manning's life, although he has not perhaps much more sympathy than Mr. Purcell with the political and economic standpoint at which Manning arrived, one not very different from that of the French Radical-Socialists. The late Mr. Henry George, by the way, though an apostle of land nationalisation, was certainly neither a Socialist nor an opponent of private property in general, and Manning quite understood and sympathised with his views. The complete change in Manning's ecclesiastical and religious views is also made plain by the author, and his explanation is, no doubt, the true one. Manning was an Ultramontane so long as the fervour of the convert lasted; the change was due to knowledge and experience. It was even greater than M. Thureau-Dangin perhaps realises; Manning, in his later years, came to regard the breakdown of the papal system in its present form as almost inevitable; he was thoroughly disillusioned.

The last four chapters of the volume deal particularly with the movement in the Church of England, and here in particular the author shows his ability to appreciate and understand a point of view not his own. It must be admitted that this part of the volume is less interesting to an English reader than the other; the tale of ritual persecutions has often been told, and was never of absorbing interest. But it gives the French reader an accurate account of the event, though, perhaps, it will tend to give him an exaggerated notion of the relative importance of the Anglo-Catholic party in the English Church. Since M. Thureau-Dangin is writing a history of that party, not of the Church of England as a whole, this is almost inevitable: but he is not altogether just to the Broad Churchmen in the references that he makes to them. He does not attempt to forecast the future, but evidently thinks that the Church of England will break up and that the Anglo-Catholic may eventually join the Roman Communion. There does not seem to be much probability of either contingency; it may, indeed, be asked whether the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England has not passed its zenith. The Roman Catholic revival certainly passed it long since.

A LITTLE SONG FOR ST. CLARE

If I might be
A blade of grass, a flower beside the way,
To touch the hem of Francis' robe each day—
Ah, joy too sweet for me!

If I might know
The bliss the wind has for a little while
Which breathes soft kisses on his lips that smile—
God will not have it so!

ANGELA GORDON.

SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

IN these days of short voyages and pirated music the popular sea-song is rarely heard; a few old ballads, a few traditional chanties survive among a mass of very quaint modern tackle, the paradoxical humour of which is its most noticeable feature. "The Golden Vanity" in a corrupt form or "Farewell and adieu to ye gay Spanish ladies"—what a splendid line and how lamentably followed!—may still be heard; and among modern chanties "What's to do with a drunken sailor" and the rest of them, emanating, it is said, from 'Frisco, deserve the attention of the curious. But who can have written "Officers' Wives" or "Keel Haul"? What freakish mood inspired:

It was twenty-seven bells by the Waterbury watch,
Yeho, my lads, yeho!
The skipper was full of good old Scotch,
And the crew had gone below—ow—ow,
Yeho, my lads, yeho!

with its romantic MacGenty (Jonah) episode of the Brobdingnagian whale? Typical of this amazing form of humour is "The Blue-haired little Boy," which begins thus:

He has gone from us for ever has our blue-haired little boy,
We will never see our cross-eyed darling more:
Like a dream he passed away on the ninety-third of May,
He never died so suddenly before.
No more upon the mat will he play with pussy cat,
No more between his teeth he'll squeeze its tail,
No more upon the red hot bars he'll rub its little nose,
For little brother Tommy's kicked the pail.

Chorus:

He has gone for evermore at the age of ninety-four,
And there's nothing in the world his life would save.
So I'm off to the asylum to fulfil his last request
And to plant a bunch of tombstones on his grave.

Quousque tandem? These songs are possibly preferable to Dibdin's pensioned doggerel, but it is not surprising to hear that the most popular songs in the Navy of to-day are the latest music-hall trifles and such ballads as the Songs of the Sea which Mr. Newbolt wrote and Sir Charles Stanford set to music.

Most great poets have written about the sea, no one better than Beowulf; yet few have written songs which sailors can sing. That is left for the second-rate versifiers, the Deloneys and the Dibdins. Naval ballads of the nineteenth century can be written on half a sheet of note-paper; Browning's "Hervé Riel," Tennyson's "Revenge," Cory's "Two Captains," Stevenson's "Christmas at Sea," Henley's borrowed "O Falmouth is a fine town," Kipling, Newbolt and a few more—and after that it is a matter for research. Besides, they are for the great part literary imitations of the old ballads and sea-songs. To get back to the genuine contemporary broadside, half news-letter, half poem, is like passing from Southsea to the old quarter of Portsmouth. Sometimes it is an account of a sea-fight, bald and bombastic, rescued from insignificance only by its black letter and wood-cuts; sometimes an incredible romance, recorded with humble sentimentality and giving the impression that nothing could be commoner than for

maidens to join their sailor lovers in disguise and either to be shot in the breast or else discovered, pardoned, and married with acclamations. These are parallel to the broadsides which deal with landsmen and relate events or romances in the counties, strange births or bold highway-men, or fables about Robin Hood or rough treatment of the Devil. There is endless entertainment for the indolent reader who can go to the originals; but a glance through any of the reprinted ballads—Roxburgh or Bagford or Halliwell's Naval Ballads or Ashton's Real Sea-songs—will show that only a few of them can survive small print and the commentator's accretions. Many, too, are as delightful and as unprintable as Dufey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." What, for instance, could be more inspiring than the first stanza of "The Seaman's Frolic; or, A Cooler for the Captain"?

Captain Robert is gone to sea
(And I loved him well and I loved him well,
With all his merry, merry company
(Ther's them can sing and say).
Captain Robert is gone to sea,
The girls for his return doth pray,
And we shall never, never, while we live, come no more there
And we shall never . . .

The reason for this reluctance to revisit the same port may be ascertained by the inquisitive; also the happy issue of that touching ballad, "Joy after Sorrow, being the Seaman's return from Jamaica," of the Maid

which fell in desperation;
She loved a young man passing well,
Which brought her in vexation.

Rollicking, warm-hearted songs they are, regardless of probability and of length. Forlorn maidens wander sighing by the willows and the river, when suddenly the lost hero leaps ashore from his ship, pretending, perhaps, that he is the messenger of his own death at sea; or, if a morbid perverseness has afflicted the poet, his corpse is flung ashore at her feet and she dies of the shock. Villainous perfidy is treated with no less inevitable moralisation than unerring fidelity, and with equal prolixity; fifty stanzas is a common allowance for the description of a tortuous romance. The titles are alluring: "The Gosport Tragedy, or the Perjured Ship Carpenter," "The Seaman's Adieu to his pretty Betty, living near Wapping," "Love and Loyalty, a letter from a Young Man, on board of an English Privateer, to his beloved Susan in the City of London," "The Saylor's Complaint, or the True Character of the Purser of a Ship" (raciest of indictments) titillate the fancy, and, as often as not, prove to be misleading.

To be quite frank, there is no great harvest for the inquirer after beauty and poetry in these fields; but the laborious gleaner will be rewarded. Ashton, among a hundred and thirty "Real Sea Songs," has recovered several charming ballads.

Fisher lads go to the fishing,
Bonny lasses to the braes,
Fisher lads come home at even,
Tell how their fishing gaes,

sings one maiden whose lover is "away at Greenland." And another, writing her song and at every line "dropping a tear, Crying alas! for Billy my dear," says:

Thousands, thousands all in a room,
My love he carries the brightest bloom,
He surely is some chosen one,
I will have him, or else have none.

The grass doth grow on every lea,
The leaf doth fall from every tree,
How happy that small bird doth cry,
That her true love doth by her lie.

The colour of amber is my true love's hair,
His red rosy cheeks doth my heart ensnare,
His ruby lips are soft, and with charms,
I'd fain lay a night in his lovely arms.

The poem ends tragically, unlike "The Welcome Sailor" where the maiden declares:

My heart is like the sea, ever in motion.

Evidently a poetical lady; for when he unexpectedly returned:

They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring, Welcome home, my dearest.

This ballad, by the way, is only a later version of "The Valiant Seaman's Return," beginning "When Sol did cast no light"; and it is not uncommon to find considerable variations in different versions, as for instance in the development of "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low Lands," into the Scotch "Golden Vanity" which "Christopher North" used to sing.

Naturally, the historical ballads admit of less variation in transmission, with their occasionally spirited but usually pedestrian accounts of recent sea-fights. But they are too much of the nature of semi-official reports and, in point of interest, must give way to the romantic tales of famous pirates, of Captain Webb and the Rainbow and of Dansekarr the Dutchman, and, finest by far, of Sir Andrew Barton. Lord Howard's marksmen brought down all those whom this bold pirate sent up the mast-tree "to let the beams fall," and at last Sir Andrew, encased in armour, climbed up himself, and Horsly, the "bowman rare" from Yorkshire, shot in vain:

Then Horsly spied a privie place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slaine,
I'll but lie downe and bleed awhile,
and come and fight with you againe.

And do not, saith he, feare English Rogues
and of your Foes stand in no awe,
But stand fast by S. Andrewes crosse,
untill you heare my whistle blow.
They never heard his whistle blow
which made them all full sore afraid:
Then Horsly said, my Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Bartons dead.

A noble pirate and a noble singer, and we are within hailing distance of Sir Patrick Spens. Mr. Wright, in the Festive Songs which he collected for the Percy Society, includes an early pirates' song from an old comedy, published about 1570.

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes from the north.
All things we have ready, and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.

So it begins, and ends with splendid optimism:

If fortune then faile not, and our next volage prove,
Wee will returne merely and make good cheere,
And hold all together as friends linkt in love,
The cannes shall be filled with wine, ale and beere.

Several of the earliest songs are in praise of the sea-faring life; Halliwell in his Naval Ballads (Percy Society), quotes two poems which express the pro and the con., the "Hope of Good Fortune," and "Evill Fortune" of "seafardingers;" and "The Praise of Saylor," parent of numerous ballads, with its ingenuous opening:

As I lay musing in my bed,
full warm and well at ease,
I thought upon the lodgings hard
poor sailors had at seas,

is well answered by a later broadside entitled "Cordial Advice to all rash young Men who think to advance their decaying Fortunes by Navigation," which also begins with spirit.

You merchaat men of Billingsgate,
I wonder how you can thrive,
You bargain with men for six months,
and pay them but for five:

But so long as the water runs under the bridge,
and the tide doth ebb and flow,
I'll no more to Greenland sail,
no, no, no.

The description of "bisket" boiled in whale-oil, "a] to increase our woe," of brutal punishments, of storms and the risk of being "intombed by some vast whale," and of the cure for faintness (which would horrify Chicago), must have deterred many adventurous spirits from a voyage to Greenland. And even the earliest sea-song known, which tells of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, is a gruesome catalogue of discomforts. The first stanza is grim enough:

Men may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys [upsets]
When they begyn to sayle;

and the last equally depressing:

For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumps was nygh our bedde hede,
A man were as good to be dede,
As smell thereof the styngk.

It would be well to leave the subject on some less plaintive note, and to remember that the miseries of the seafarer were only one side of his life, and lessened as time went on. "The Sailor's Onely Delight" strikes a larger chord with its tale of the George Aloe and the Sweepstake; and there is even a note of pity after the Frenchman had been thrown into the sea.

Lord how it grieves our hearts full soré,
with hey, with hee, for and anony ho,
To see the drown'd Frenchmen swim along the shore,
and alongst the coast of Barvante.

All through these black-letter ballads there is the same homely touch, even in the most conventional dialogues between sailors and their sweethearts; they are one and all "human documents" and well repay a cursory examination. They are vigorous, honest and often romantic; but the impression which they leave is of sailors dreaming of home, fighting for home, and sailing home.

I stand on deck, my dearie, and in my fancy see,
The faces of the loved ones that smile across the sea;
Yes, the faces of the loved ones, but 'midst them all so clear,
I see the one I love the best—your bonnie face, my dear.
And it's hame, dearie, hame! oh it's hame I want to be,
My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea;
For the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all agrowin' green in the North-a-countree.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE ENGLISH SONNET

Most people if asked to define a sonnet would be able to give only the rough description: "a poem of fourteen lines." Except the few students of sonnets there are not many who realise the limitations and perfections of which the sonnet is capable. Its emotion, its idea, its enthusiasm, must be limited within the compass of these fourteen lines, and what is more, the idea must be born, matured and fade away in this short space. A very handsomely bound book, issued from the Wellwood Press, called "A Book of English Sonnets," has given rise to several reflections anent the duties of sonneteers. It would seem that a writer of no great merit can sometimes concentrate his talent in this direction, if he use all the depth and sincerity of which his nature is capable. With careful study of the rules and a deep study of the spirit that governs the best sonnets, a readable sonnet with the light of poetry about it may be written. But a journalist can spend a day in the country and read Jefferies coming home at night, and next day *The Sunbeam* may contain a very tolerable shadow of the "Pageant of Summer." Of course, a man

may write one song that will survive to glorify his name, so it is possible that a man may write much unvalued verse, but leave the one great thought or emotion of a lifetime in a tiny sonnet. We may recall the name of Blanco White, forgotten now, save by a few who, searching among collections of sonnets, will find sometimes that piece of vivid imaginativeness called "Night." It is not included in this present book, but the compiler in his preface says "that this anthology has no claim to be other than a personal choice, nor does it aim at an impossible completeness." However, he says further on that he has wished to include nothing that is not of the best nor does he wish to stick to any "rigid, formal theory" of the sonnet. The compiler lays himself open to criticism when he claims that he has lifted the best in the first instance; in the second, a gardener who declares that he reproduces the trim and ordered pleasaunce of the eighteenth century and yet, with the "return to nature" mind of the twentieth century, will allow wild corners and luxuriant masses of flowers, has achieved nothing. A sonnet is not an ode, it is not an indeterminate length of ecstasy, or reproach, or lovers' pleading such as come under the name of Thomas Watson in this collection. Among others, we quote with regret one by Charles Lamb as an instance of how fourteen lines of verse, because they happen to be fourteen, and for no other reason that we can imagine except that they were perpetrated by genius in an unlucky hour, are handed to the unsuspecting aspirant to literature as an example of the form and spirit of the sonnet:

In Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears;
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

If the compiler really wished to include the laughter and love of ladies' names he should have quoted Henley's Ballade on that subject. We think the following might be as suitable as an example of what a sonnet should not be:

Sentiment hallows the vowels of Delia;
Sweet simplicity breathes from Rose;
Courtly memories glitter in Celia;
Rosalind savours of quips and hose,
Araminta of wits and beaux,
Prue of puddings, and Coralie
All of sawdust and spangled shows;
Anna's the name of names for me.

In looking over what might be called the best we turn naturally to Shakespeare to seek in the magic mirror of his sonnets the saddest secrets of his heart, and what we believe to be the most perfect expression of himself. Most of the finest are quoted; but why include out of thirteen that one beginning:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,
and,
What potions have I drunk of siren tears.

There are two in their stead which the lover of literature might have prayed for:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day,
and,
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced.

It is an error in literary taste which is not covered by the plea of personal choice. There are, however, many sonnets we have not met before which the curious lover of sonnets may be glad to meet with. But the majority and all the best will be found in William Sharp's little book, "Sonnets of the Century."

Such an *omnium gatherum* leads to a very particular consideration of this form of poetry. To enumerate a few points by description may not be here out of place. First, the workmanship must be thorough, second, the inspiration throughout must be unforced. There is no other form of literary composition where the thought must be so perfectly defined in so short a space, and moreover defined in a manner that in most cases is fixed. The beginning must be eloquent with the thought, the middle contain the enlargement or generalisation, and the concluding lines either die away with the finished thought or take a decisive farewell of the emotion summoned up. We will use first an example from Keats, who loved the sonnet. His Odes seem in spirit almost a series of sonnets. His genius had largely that note of passionate self-revelation which must ever go along with the great body of sonnet literature—"with that small key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Shrouded in a man's writings are the aspirations and despairs of his personal life. The wise read them, here a word and there a word.

But the sonnet was born by a union of the desire of the heart and the unrest of the brain chained within those fourteen lines, screened by a severe art from the careless eye; there lies the history of hearts. The greatest sequences of sonnets have always been those that alternately touched on or wanted with, that embroidered on or renounced, great and desolate passions. There are, of course, sonnets, especially where a man, otherwise unknown, has written a single one of note, which deal with some independent subject that has stirred a need of fervent utterance. Among great sonnets, albeit he touched that magic string but seldom, Milton's stand alone. They mostly deal with the less personal themes, although those On His Blindness, His Dead Wife and his Twenty-third Birthday have the anguish and the aspiration of a soul's deepest life. We will take one of Keats's less well-known sonnets to trace in a small degree its creation.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

It is not one of his great sonnets, yet it has all his promise and power, something of the tears and sweetness of his magic lines.

The first line introduces the subject in completeness. The next seven lines give the reason of it, with gradual intensification of intellectual pain. It finishes, and a parallel emotion arises, and he follows it to the helpless close of love till the poem fades away in the gloom of the original thought. Shakespeare shows us that peculiar quality where the thought is evoked, searched into and compared, and finally divided into nothingness. The sonnet was his consolation. The thought came, was analysed, made poetry of, and flung aside:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

There is the history of a thought, a beginning, the middle and the declension. For an eloquent expression of one emotion we will close with Wordsworth's tenderest sonnet:

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind—
I turn to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

Z. Z.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Against Certain of our Poets," by Jane Barlow.]

FICTION

The Guarded Flame. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. MAXWELL possesses the gift of concentration to an almost dangerous extent. In "Vivien" he directed his attention to blouse-shops and drapery establishments with an ardour which lent photographic accuracy to his portrayal of life therein. In "The Guarded Flame" he is occupied entirely with a small household in a quiet south-coast town. The chief member of this household is a very great scientist, which makes it necessary that there should be much talk of science in the book. It is here that Mr. Maxwell's concentration becomes dangerous. The terminology of blouse-shops is fairly easy to master; but the average person does not wish to buy a scientific dictionary to read a novel with, and Mr. Maxwell's intense interest in his theme leads him to forget that there is a large section of the public which does not know what a cerebrum is, and that it will agree too fully with him that "the diagnosis was not clear" when that diagnosis varied between "an embolism and vascular occlusion." This obscurity is all the more annoying because of the intense interest of the book. It is like cheating us out of a thrilling passage, or what we guess may be a thrilling passage, by writing it in a foreign tongue. The author's achievement is all the greater in that his personages and his incidents are not of the newest. The old man whose young wife and secretary fall in love with each other are not new to fiction; Dickens foreshadowed them in his Dr. Strong and Annie. But the fine character of Richard Burgoyne, his charming disposition, and his quiet, sunny home-life hold the reader's attention from the first page. His achievements are unintelligible to the general, it is true, but Mr. Maxwell tells us intelligibly that they were great, and this explains the care with which "the guarded flame" of his long life is cherished by those around him. There is no member of the little household who does not sacrifice his or herself to the great man, who is also very lovable. But another flame creeps in, fierce and not to be withstood, and the sunny atmosphere of the book slowly changes, subtly, and with an ever-increasing sense of coming sorrow. The illicit love that is so natural in the young wife who has never really lived, brings a terrible punishment; the great brain is clouded, a young life is cut short, her own and her lover's are thrust into a horrible welter of shame and pain and enforced secrecy. It is all astoundingly clever, and the long processes of thought, scarcely strengthened by any action, are never for an instant tedious. When the climax comes, and the husband, in a scene of power and horror, discovers his wrong, it would have been fatally easy for Mr. Maxwell to spoil his work; but he did not. The expiation is long, and Sybil throughout recalls the little mermaid who trod on

knives at every step; but gradually the clouds lighten. There is nothing obvious about the ending; the husband does not die, and the lover's death reaches us, as it reaches Sybil, from a long way off. But in the evening there is light, and our last glimpse of husband and wife is so peaceful, and so quiet, that its poignancy is haunting. Mr. Maxwell has a quiet and very refreshing humour, which brightens his pages. He has allowed himself the trick of occasionally relating events in the present tense, and the scientific terminology is a defect. But, when all is said, "The Guarded Flame" is an enthralling study of character by an earnest and sympathetic student. In dignity of subject and treatment it is a great advance upon "Vivien," though it will probably not be so popular. It has but little action, and the hero is an old man—quite enough to frighten the circulating libraries without the aid of vascular occlusion. But it is profoundly human and profoundly moving; and—to comfort the libraries—there is one whispered scene in it which, read even in the broad glare of a summer afternoon, completely terrified us.

The House of Souls. By ARTHUR MACHEN. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

IF a man has a turn for carving gurgoyles one cannot fairly blame him for failing to produce pet lambs. We should be the last to dispute such a sound canon of criticism and have thoroughly enjoyed the brisk yet subtle shower of satire in which Mr. Machen descends (in the preface to this collection of fantastic tales) upon the shoulders of those who demand a pet lamb, as a serious, moral rallying point, and a profitable asset to boot, in the corner of every work of fiction. For all that, we cannot help feeling that he has put powers of imagination, on which he justly prides himself, to somewhat sinister uses. He is, in fact, more often than not obsessed by the gurgoylesque. He speaks somewhere of ages in which man lived in a world of mystery and love and adoration, when sacraments stood about all his ways, when the veil of the Temple grew there before his gaze and he saw the great sacrifice offered in the Holy Place: yet the atmosphere of the tales themselves is, except in one instance, wholly different, and the sacrifices therein are offered in most unholy places. If "almost every page contains a hint (under varied images and symbols) of a belief in a world that is not of ordinary every-day experience, that in a measure transcends the experience of Bethel and the Bank," one is left with the impression that the world behind the veil, as dimly imagined here, is indescribably hideous and appalling. We have every appreciation of good, hideous, ingenious gurgoyles (to keep up the metaphor) in their proper place, but Mr. Machen, like the famous wight who:

Thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a 'bus;

but:

Looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus,

might presumably mistake some innocent lily or rose, seen in a dusken fantasy, for a hobgoblin, or the King of the Fairies for Beelzebub. The particular mark at which this criticism is directed is the mystical tale called "The White People." This story, which is inset into a not particularly well-executed discussion on the nature and spiritual significance of sin, contains the narrative of a young girl, who as a child had lit somehow upon some of the secrets of Fairyland and whose initiation gradually widened as she grew. The thing is not wanting either in imagination or in a certain painful beauty of its own. It is, perhaps, the best-written piece in the book, and the childish, simple language, admirably suggested and maintained, heightens its undeniable pathos. But in the end the young girl is found dead, self-poisoned in time—whatever that may mean—and prostrate before an image which we are given vaguely to understand is symbolic of the "monstrous mythology of the (witches') Sabbath." We cannot satisfactorily follow

the process by which this gruesome consummation is attained. Mr. Machen has been inspired, no doubt, by wild, weird places. Their anciently reported spells, as Emerson has it, have crept upon him, but nowhere here does the enchantment of nature make for sober healing. And why should these influences be set to work upon a pure young spirit for sorcery rather than for sanctification? If Mr. Machen should answer: Why not? we can only say how very greatly we should prefer the alternative. The other experiments with the "gurgoylesque" are at least legitimate. Weird and resourceful as they are, however, perhaps they rather fail of horror in their super-psychical parts. Nothing elsewhere in "The Great God Pan" approaches the effect produced upon the reader by the callousness of the experiment of the doctor (in the preliminary chapter) upon the brain of the girl who had once owed her life to him, and that incident is nearer to the possibilities of a lust for science than any part of the resulting coil, in which the devil became incarnate for a while and was made woman. In neither this nor the clever arabesque entitled "The Three Impostors" (which might well have been called "The Murderers' Fantasia") is the elaborate surrounding scroll-work quite as effective as it might be; and in the latter extravaganza we lose touch with the main event through the plethora of side tales with which it is garnished, though a word of praise is due to the various literary and artistic characters upon whose vagaries and idiosyncrasies the action indirectly hinges. In our view, Mr. Machen displays a more pleasing fancy in "A Fragment of Life" which opens the collection. Herein are revealed a city clerk and his wife immured by a most sad wizardry within wall after seemingly impregnable wall of commonplace environment. But at the heart of the man is a sealed fountain of poetry and imagination. Touched by a chance association, the fountain bursts—the crumbling of those barriers may well leave the dusty reader refreshed.

The Eglamore Portraits. By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

MRS. MANN owes nothing to her plot for the success of "The Eglamore Portraits." The book holds our attention from the very beginning, by reason of the intensely human types with which we are brought into contact and the skilful and unexaggerated manner in which the author handles her characters and their doings. The story hinges upon a subject that has long ago been worn threadbare. The principal object of mirth in the days of John Leech and the early *Punches*, it has since run the gamut of the literary scale and is now usually associated with the comic half-penny press. The tyranny of the mother-in-law is a theme which few modern novelists would care to elaborate, but Mrs. Mann approaches it in all seriousness. In a simple and direct style that eliminates the vulgar jocularity with which, in obedience to tradition, the subject is generally treated, she lays before us the struggles of a young couple harassed with an exceptionally disagreeable and domineering specimen of the maligned class. The young couple are of an ordinary, middle-class type; the scene is laid in a humdrum country town, varied by a glimpse of a rich merchant's house near Birmingham; the story deals with the usual foolish quarrels and reconciliations of a hot-tempered young wife and a stubborn husband; the "Eglamore Portraits," the cause, in conjunction with the step-mother, of all the strife, are a couple of pictures by a Victorian artist, painted in "his earlier manner"; but, in spite of all this apparent mediocrity, there is not a dull page in the book. We follow with interest the career of the silly, flighty little wife, torn between her love for her husband and her dread of her mother, and the patient, though determined, young husband has our full sympathy. Mrs. Mann has been particularly happy, both in her delineation of the latter and of a certain Susy Plain, a masculine young woman, whose loud voice, breezy manner and copious use of slang successfully cover the fact that she is a busybody of the most pronounced

order. The tragic element is not wanting in the closing chapters of the book, but we leave the young couple reconciled and in each other's arms.

The Brangwyn Mystery. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a good-tempered "murder" story with a strong central situation. The practised novel reader will know at once what sort of story to expect, and will take it with him in a boat on a summer's day. When he has had lunch and moored his boat in a shady place he will read "The Brangwyn Mystery" and find all he asks of a novel in such circumstances, a lovely heroine, a suffering hero, plentiful comic relief, a stolid English detective, Frenchmen who speak broken English and an undiscovered murder that the reader, to set him quite at ease, is allowed to discover before he arrives at the sixtieth page. The dramatic possibilities of the situation are never reached, never could be reached by treatment so light and characters so sketchy: but they are there for the master hand. What is a man to do if he is generally suspected of a murder, but not officially prosecuted: and if he can only clear himself by sending his kinsman to the scaffold? The bare statement of the problem points to tragic depths: terrors that would jar on the holiday mood. Mr. Murray keeps them at arm's length, and is chiefly intent on engaging our sympathies for an habitual drunkard. In this he is entirely successful. It is impossible not to like Billery and rejoice whenever he is on the stage, even if we are sceptical about his easy conversion. We do not grudge him his delightful Irish wife, but we hope she kept the key of the Tantalus.

FINE ART

NATIONAL COMPETITION EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

I WONDER whether the high standard of much of the work of these students from all England, the enormous number of things sent up for examination, the ten gold medals, fifty-nine silver medals, two hundred and ten bronze medals, three hundred and eighty-two prizes of books, and five hundred and nineteen commendations which were awarded are matters of congratulation. We think of Cousin Pons and Balzac's profound remarks on his fate:

Il montrait gratis une des nombreuses victimes du fatal et funeste système nommé Concours, qui regne encore en France après cent ans de pratique sans résultat . . . Que penseriez-vous des Egyptiens, qui, dit-on, inventèrent des fours pour faire éclore des poulets, s'ils n'eussent point immédiatement donné la becquée à ces mêmes poulets? Ainsi se comporte cependant la France qui tâche de produire des artistes par la serre chaude du Concours: et, une fois la statuaire, le peintre, le graveur, le musicien obtenus par ce procédé mécanique, elle ne s'en inquiète pas plus que le dandy ne se soucie le soir des fleurs qu'il a mises à sa boutonnière.

What becomes of these gold medallists, bronze medallists commended students? Some hold it as an axiom that the prize winners of the schools never become really eminent as artists, though they may be popular; yet the fact that the Prix de Rome men in music during thirty years have proved their excellence, whilst in painting and sculpture they have nearly always turned out nonentities, is a singular contradiction of Balzac's complaint.

However this may be, there is one matter for congratulation, the great preponderance of works in the applied arts. Chairs and tables, teapots, card-cases, torpedo-boat-destroyers, baptism services and lace collarettes *we must have*, and we might as well have them designed well and truly, by trained eyes and cunning hands. Pictures, in oil or water-colour, are apparently not a necessary of life, and those to whom they are a luxury that can be indulged fill in their houses with works by painters who can no longer profit by their patronage, being dead. And

so the comparative scarcity of students of painting pure and simple is quite what it should be.

Even in this class the examiners, perhaps wisely, show great severity. It would be indiscreet to mention the names of students, so I will only say that one study in oil of the nude was only thought worthy of a bronze medal, because :

the examiners wish to remark that life studies should be painted in a more simple and direct method.

Perfection such as is shown in this piece is to be deprecated. It would puzzle the examiners to produce anything as sound and scholarly themselves by any method, direct or indirect. Another first-rate piece of work only obtained a bronze medal, and the reason given is quite baffling :

They again regret to find that objects with much intricacy of detail are used, such as curtains with patterns, repoussé brass work, books with type, sheets of music, etc., which are not suited to the study of Still Life painting, as they afford little play for the artistic preception [sic] of the student.

Any artist who is not an examiner would imagine that success in combining finish of detail and breadth of vision as in this group of old books is the highest achievement in mere craftsmanship, and that "artistic perception" is quite out of place in studies of still life. On the other hand, there is too much of this "beavers' labour" in places where it is inappropriate, in designs for lace which imitate the actual appearance of the finished article, in the imitation of old marble such as is to be seen in the model of the Apollino which obtained a gold medal, whilst the same student was only awarded a bronze for an excellent model of the nude from life. The examiners in one branch, metal and jewellery work :

are pleased to see no examples of the debased form of design of "l'art nouveau."

If it is not so evident in this section, *l'art nouveau* is yet exerting in other departments its baleful influence in the elbows, swirls and contortions that are its characteristics. Yet when we have said the worst we can of certain regrettable tendencies, there is so much that is promising among these students, that we must ardently hope that they will receive practical encouragement to continue and develop.

A very bad example of design is shown in the cover of the catalogue, in which the crown is balanced most unhappily on the English rose. It would be a good exercise for promising pupils to convert the rose, sham-rock and thistle, with the letters E., R., into the portrait of the king, the prize to be awarded to the design which shows the greatest economy of line. Appropriateness is one of the first qualities of good design, and this fact is too frequently neglected in the schools.

B. S.

MR. STRANG IN BOND ST.—AND PICCADILLY

THAT an exhibition of the pictures rejected in any given year by the Royal Academy would be not less interesting—and possibly more instructive—than the display of those accepted is a contention which has frequently been advanced by critics of that institution; but, whatever this *Salons des Refusés* might contain, it has hitherto been impossible to believe that it would include examples of the art of an A.R.A. We have long ceased to be surprised that the work of a distinguished foreign artist, like M. Rodin, or of a distinguished British "outsider," like Mr. Havard Thomas, should be turned away from the doors of Burlington House; but the consideration hitherto shown by the Council to Academicians and Associates ill prepares us for its rejection of two works by a member of the Royal Academy. The achievement of this unparalleled feat has only been rendered possible this spring by the election of two Associate-Engravers, and the Council with unexpected promptitude has seized the opportunity to

read one of the pair a sharp lesson in Academic manners and taste.

Although Associate-Engravers are given the courtesy title of A.R.A. and their names are allowed to figure among those of the Associates on what has been termed the "prospectus page" of the Royal Academy catalogue, they have none of the rights of Associates. They have no votes in elections, their work, with the exception of their engravings, is as liable to rejection as that of any "outsider" of repute. Now in the by-laws of Burlington House it is written: "Members of the Academy are allowed to send six works;" and Mr. William Strang, rashly opining that his election as Associate-Engraver implied membership, was doubtless conscious of forbearance when he deposited only four "works" at the august portal. Unfortunately, Mr. Strang so little realised the lowliness of his lot that he included two oil paintings in his quartet, and had the temerity to conceive that the pictures of a mere engraver—who had received medals for his paintings in Paris, Dresden, and similar inconspicuous continental art-centres—would be as acceptable to the more exacting jury of the Royal Academy of London as the finished productions of such painters as Mr. St. George Hare, Mr. Sigismond Goetze and Mrs. Louise Jopling.

Mr. Strang has had his lesson, and, being unwilling to humiliate him further, we will only add that he will be wise in the future to refrain from obtruding his paintings upon the select company of Burlington House. We have carefully examined the two rejected pictures, *In the Beginning* and *Evening*, which are now together with other paintings, drawings and etchings by Mr. Strang, on view at the Fine Art Society's (148 New Bond Street); and, though we discover in them qualities we have remarked in the work of Holbein, Titian, Rembrandt and other painters who enjoyed some reputation in past ages, we cannot find in these, nor indeed in any of his work, the remotest resemblance to the paintings of Sir E. J. Poynter, Mr. Marcus Stone or Mr. H. W. B. Davis. In these painful circumstances, Mr. Strang would surely do well to realise that his paintings, whether portraits, landscapes or allegorical subjects, are far better outside than inside the Royal Academy. If he wishes to exhibit his pictures in London elsewhere than at a dealer's, let him send them, as he has done before, to the International Society, the New English Art Club, or some other society of artists who have the frankness to acknowledge, without bitterness, that their work is out of sympathy with the general quality of work at Royal Academy exhibitions.

MUSIC

SILENCE

MUST modern music so partake of the hurry of modern life as to seem to rush ever forwards in a motor-car? A great many people ask this question, and a great many more people brush them on one side as old-fashioned and ignorant of the trend of art; and, if a writer dare give expression to the inarticulate murmurs of these simple ones and plead for repose, he is a reactionary, and we must not depend on him. But sometimes, when we have left the musical arena, when for some time all the daily food of music has been supplied by thought and heard only with the inward ear, or has been of nature's making, it is inevitable that we should bring the conscious art-made music to be judged by wider standards. Probably every musician who comes face to face with the beauties of nature upon a holiday walk finds some phrase of notes called forth in his mind, answering to this message: If he be a composer it may be his own, or at any rate something which he has never heard before; if he be just a lover of music it will, perhaps, be from the symphonies of Beethoven or whatever finds highest place in his affections; but, however that may be, herein must lie the point of

connection between the music which is his expression and that greater kind which surrounds him.

When a piece of music is completely enjoyable in face of nature's music, it must mean that somehow it is in miniature a perfect expression of the same beauty as that which nature shows. To take a very simple instance: on a dazzling sunlit morning, before a single blade of grass has lost the crispness which the night dew has brought it, when everything, from the smallest leaf or flower to the pine-trees above or the brook below, glitters with radiant freshness, Mozart's well-known symphony in E flat rings joyfully in the brain. Everything seems Mozart-like; or, rather, it was just this phase of beauty to which Mozart's spirit perfectly corresponded.

Now, if it be true that modern music rides ever in a motor-car, that its atmosphere is heat and hurry, dust and noise, our art must indeed be in a bad way. It is not unnatural that musicians should be impatient of the accusation; they know that it is unjust, that their art, as truly as that of Mozart, is an attempt to express the beautiful, and that their means of expression are infinitely wider than his, if their grasp of their means is less certain. The conditions of art are very different, and there are other types of beauty than Mozart's sparkling morning, some, perhaps, deeper and stronger than his; and nature sings a sterner music to which art has its counterpart. Still, I do not think that it is only the bias of a reactionary mind which makes most essentially modern music sound incomplete, one-sided, when brought to this searching test. Is it not that in our enthusiastic eagerness to broaden the limits of expression, to increase the possibilities of sound, to add to its complexities, to produce new qualities, greater quantities, we have forgotten that sound is but half music, that our music, like nature's, is made up of sounds and silences? The old masters, Mozart and the rest of them, had a sense of balance between the values of sounds and silences which we, in increasing the first without regarding the second, have lost.

After all, silence is the basis, the groundwork, in a way, of music. From silence we take our beginning and to silence we come. We can conceive of perfect silence, but sound is endless, so that silence is our point of contact with the absolute. With increased power of sound, our need for corresponding silence becomes greater if we would keep the poise in our artistic music which makes it a reflection of nature's music. There are degrees in silence as in sound; it is, of course, but a shifting of the point of view, as the concave to the convex, but certain passages may impress us rather as comparative silence than as a slight degree of sound. Every one acknowledges the eloquence of the silent bar as used in the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, and I need hardly say that to increase the number of silent bars in modern music in exact proportion to the increased volume of sound would not produce the same eloquence. But besides absolute there are many degrees of comparative silence, the use of which seems too little understood. One instance of an inspired use of such silence will probably occur to many people readily, as it does to me. The beautiful prelude for strings alone to the second part of "The Dream of Gerontius" is as near to silence as sound can be; it is like silence of which one has become conscious, and to which one listens as in the stillness of the night.

How greatly such passages increase the power of those in which sound holds full and undisputed sway need not be pointed out, but it is not merely a temporary decrease in volume, a sort of shutting off steam for the sake of greater effect afterwards that I am speaking of. That, I think, is realised and valued, and by none more than by such composers as Liszt, Tschaikevsky and Richard Strauss; and yet I cannot think that they ever realised the power of silence as a positive end to be achieved, as a snowclad mountain top to be reached. Perhaps Strauss may yet do so, unlikely though it at first sight appears, for there is something in the ending of "Ein Heldenleben" which seems to make it not impossible.

It is a widening of outlook rather than merely a change of procedure which will bring silence again to its own in music. There are many other symptoms than the music itself which show it at present to be rather far away. The anxiety of composers to explain themselves to their audience, to tell exactly what they mean, that they may be listened to in the way they mean and no other, seems to indicate that the repose which speaks through silence has no large share in their work. We are coming to the time of provincial festivals, when we shall be presented with new works and badgered with fussy explanations of them. The latter we may put aside; in the works themselves we shall look for advance in beauty of expression, and if I mistake not, the next steps forward will be found to lead rather towards the same mountain tops than through the busy commerce of the plain.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. METHUEN'S autumn list contains a number of important announcements. Of the series of Shakespeare Folios which they are reproducing by photography on pure linen paper, the Third and Fourth are ready, and the Second is in preparation and will be published shortly. An introduction to the Folios by Mr. A. W. Pollard is promised. A study of Blake—the man, the poet and the artist—by Mr. Laurence Binyon, is to be issued in two volumes quarto, at a guinea net each. The first will contain a complete set of the Illustrations of the Book of Job, reproduced in photogravure in the exact size of the originals; the second, fifty-four plates of The Songs of Innocence and Experience, reproduced in size and colour of the originals from the copy lately in the possession of Lord Crewe. Either volume may be purchased separately. Among the biographies promised are: "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal," Sir Evelyn Wood's story of his life; "Marie Antoinette," by Hilaire Belloc; "Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," by Allan Fea; "Garrick and his Circle," by Mrs. Clement Parsons; "The Life of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York," by H. M. Vaughan; "Thomas à Kempis, his Age and Book," by J. E. G. de Montmorency; "George Herbert and his Times," by A. G. Hyde; "St. Catherine and her Times," by Margaret Roberts; "Queen Louisa of Prussia," by Mary M. Moffat; and another life of "Nelson's Lady Hamilton," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. Of books on art, the most important are: "European Enamels," by H. Cunyngame, and "English Coloured Books," by Martin Hardie—both in the Connoisseur's Library; "The Art of the Greeks," by H. B. Waters, and "Velazquez," by A. de Beruete, translated by Hugh E. Poynter—both in a new series, entitled Classics of Art; "The Child in Art," by Margaret Carpenter; "Aims and Ideals in Art," by George Clausen; and "The Arts of Japan," by Edward Dillon, in the Little Books on Art series. Other volumes of interest are: "The Coming of the Saints," by J. W. Taylor; "Parish Life in Mediæval England," by Abbot Gasquet, "The Bells of England," by Canon J. Raven, and "The Domesday Inquest," by Adolphus Ballard—all three in the Antiquary's Books series; "A Wanderer in London," by E. V. Lucas; a selection of poems by Wordsworth; and "A Sailor's Garland: Poems of the Sea," collected by John Masefield. We gave a list of Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming novels in our issue of June 30.

The Oxford University Press announces "The Oxford Anthology of English Literature," by G. E. and W. H. Hadow, in three volumes, the object of which is to indicate the chief landmarks in the progress of English literature. The first volume traces the course of prose and poetry (other than dramatic) from Beowulf to the writers of the Jacobean age: the second volume will follow the history of the English drama to the same terminal limit; and the third volume will take up the record at the time of Milton and will continue it to that

of Tennyson and Browning. For each volume characteristic examples have been selected with such brief introductions, critical, explanatory, or biographical, as the occasion seems to require. The extracts have been made on a scale as far as possible commensurate with their importance. The first volume will be ready in August.

Messrs. Constable have in the press a book on the subject of "Time and Clocks," by Mr. H. H. Cunynghame. The book is based on the series of lectures delivered by the author at the Royal Institute, and covers and explains, as far as they are known, the methods employed in all ages for measuring and indicating time. Numerous illustrations in the text assist in making clear the principles of time measurement employed by the ancients, and carry the subject down to the present day. —The same firm announce for early publication a volume of poems entitled "The Crackling of Thorns," by Captain Kendall—the "Dum-Dum" of *Punch*.

As the result of investigations extending over a period of many years, Sir Alnoth E. Wright has written a book on the microscope which Messrs. Archibald Constable will publish. It will contain a vocabulary of technical terms.

Like St. Andrews, Glasgow University, which has made arrangements to celebrate the quater-centenary of George Buchanan's birth, will publish a memorial volume, and a foremost place is to be given to the address which Principal Lindsay is to deliver at the gathering at the University on November 1. The essay by Mr. T. D. Robb on "Sixteenth-Century Humanism, as illustrated in the life and work of Buchanan," which recently gained the one hundred guinea prize offered through the University of St. Andrews, will be included; and there are to be contributions by Professor Hume Brown and Mr. J. T. T. Brown, who will re-examine the argument for Milton's authorship of the 1642 translation of "Baptistes"; and bibliographical notes by various writers. Messrs. MacLehose will issue the volume, probably before the end of November.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited, will publish shortly a small pocket English Dictionary, at the low price of fourpence, compiled with the object of supplying a clear and concise definition of many thousands of difficult words likely to occur in reading. A useful appendix contains lists of English, Latin and Greek prefixes, suffixes, roots, foreign words, phrases, and abbreviations.

"The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight," by A. H. Mathew and Annette Calthrop is to be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Subscribers to the Lending Libraries may be glad to know that this volume can be obtained at all of them, as soon as the book is issued. Those who wish to avoid waiting for it, however, should apply to their respective libraries promptly, as the first edition has already been ordered, and some few weeks must elapse after the issue of the first edition has taken place before the second can be ready.

Mr. Walter Winans has a new book in preparation which will probably be entitled "The Sporting Rifle, and what it has taught of Nature." The volume which will be elaborately illustrated, will be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. T. N. Foulis has opened an office and warehouse at 23 Bedford Street.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ANCIENTS AND A FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“A Student of Literature” will pardon me, I hope, if, though he makes no reference to my letter in your issue of the 28th ult., I take his letter in to-day's issue (August 4) to have mine in view, and will allow me to add that he has wholly misunderstood my point. I referred in no way to literary quality, but solely to a social fact. I admitted the melancholy which pervades classic works wherever death is the theme. I take exception only to the practice of many

modern writers of taking for granted that it is universal, and I showed that it is not so. If I quoted from the Anthology it was on account of its affording me the opportunity of proving that one of the Fathers of the Church was actually more despondent in his tone when speaking of Death than some Pagan writers. Beauty of thought and language are not to the point. Vain, too, is the heap of quotations from modern authors. They could one and all be shown to contradict themselves.

Take Shakespeare. How about his

Death is a fearful thing ;

To die and go we know not where, etc. ?

Against Pascal's "Je tends les bras à mon Libérateur," set his "Death itself is less painful when it comes upon us unawares than the bare contemplation of it even when danger is far distant."

How, too, as to Byron ?

Death is a thing that makes men weep,

and his

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil is what we covet most ; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay.

Which brings somehow to mind Gray's :

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being ere resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

And would one expect to find in Burnet a way like this of dealing with the dogma of Eternal Life, which shows a lesser confidence in it than Socrates felt ?

"Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance ; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow mortals ; and, if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy."

This passage must remind many of Pascal's like way of arguing in favour of belief in the Christian faith.

If Homer makes Achilles utter the despairing cry of the eleventh Book of the Odyssey, there is the following very different passage in the fourth Book (I give Cowper's rendering) :

Thee the Gods

Have destined to the blest Elysian isles,
Earth's utmost bound'ries (Rhadamanthus there
For ever reigns, and there the human kind
Enjoy the easiest life ; no snow is there,
No biting winter and no drenching shower,
But zephyr always gently from the sea
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race).

Now to conclude with the following passage from Pindar's second Olympic, and I hope I shall have succeeded in showing that we moderns are in no better position generally, if not absolutely, as regards a repugnance towards Death, or in the preciseness of our notions of the hereafter, than were the best minds among the Greeks and Romans :

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ ;
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive,
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live. (WEST.)

Away from preachers or writers on divinity, "A Student of Literature" will have to search very widely and long before he will find anything in more modern poetry which comes as near as this to what might well be the Christian ideal of a future state. I will not refer again to Paul's ecstatic exclamation, but to the conclusion of Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals" (section xxx.) for the embodiment of what ought to be the Christian frame of mind. Let it be read, and then let the reader consider how rare is that state and how much rarer its transfusion into our literature.

Who with health, and free from poverty, with a love of literature, science, art, nature, and the use of one's mental and physical powers, would, could, or ought to wish to leave this world ? It is death, sickness, adversity (which the ancients studied to bear heroically when they befell them) which make us hope for another ; and that other we fashion, as some of the ancients did, according to our own temperaments, or moods, if we try to fashion it at all.

R. S. Y.

August 4.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Phipson's letter in the ACADEMY to-day, may I state there are several lists of amended spelling in this country

and in America: The Pitman Institute, Bath. We are moving for State or Government sanction for some form of spelling reform for use in public schools.

E. JONES.

Liscard, August 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Hav frendz, like F. Mayhew, ever askt themselfz the question: Cud filolojists, in Chaucer's day, hav asertaind the history and determind the etimology ov wordz, seeing that hiz orthografy woz different from ourz? To step over Spenser, let us ask him again: Az Shakespear rote hiz poemz and the printerz printed them without j, u, and very larly without w, and az hiz and their orthografy woz not the same az the prezent, cud the filolojists ov that period hav trased the history and discoverd the derivashon ov wordz az spelt by Shakespear? Woz etimology a ded-leter? Haz he ever askt himself how came we to spel az we doo? Does he think that the history and derivashon ov wordz iz best prezervd and procured and cud not be exsept by the prezent orthografy? If so, why wer Caedmon, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespear, and Milton permitted to rite differently from us and differently from each uther? Iz it by a speshal Providens that our filolojists hav been favord by this Heven-made English spelling? If F. Mayhew thinks so, iz it not singular that not a singl English filolojist and not a singl wun in America aproovz ov it, but utterly condemz it. Professor Skeat haz declared: "In the interests ov etimology, I wish the comon speling were utterly smasht"; and Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor ov the mamoth New English Dicshonary, says: "My Dicshonary experiens haz alredy shown me that the ordinary apeelz to etimology against speling reform utterly break down upon examinashon. The etimological informashon supozed to be enshrined in the current speling iz sapt at its very foundashon by the fact that it iz, in sober fact, oftener rong than riht, that it iz oftener the fansiez ov pedants or sciolists ov the Renascence, or monkish etimolojerz ov stil erlier tmeiz, that ar thus prezervd, than the truth which alone iz *ἐτιμολογία*. . . The tradishonal and suedo-etimological spelings ov the last few centuriez ar the direst foez with which jenuin etimology haz to contend; they ar the very curs ov the etimolojist's labor, the thornz and thistlz which everywher choke the golden grain of truth, and aford satisfacshon only to the braying asses which think them az good az wheat."

Can F. Mayhew consev such eminent men az Professor Skeat, Dr. Murray, and a host of utherz, making such declarashonz, if fonetic speling wud obscure the derivashon ov wordz, increes their laborz, and thro English into confuzhon?

Az a reformashon, or even a simplificashon, to say nothing ov a fonetizashon ov English spelling, iz not likely to be carried out in a drastic fashon, ther iz no feer ov English literature becoming a seeld trezhur. However "clothed" no orthografic garment can smother the producschons ov ancient or modern ritters, any more than the introducschon ov the Tonic Sol Fah notashon can efase musical compozishonz in the staf notashon.

H. DRUMMOND.

DOGGEREL AND FALSE QUANTITIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is it not strange that Mr. Coulton has apparently failed to observe that there are three false quantities in the four lines "quoted by Salimbene," viz., *fnitā, pūllies, cīmices*?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

August 4.

"TO QUAIL" (To lose heart)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a note of mine on the etymology of "Saracen," which appeared lately in the ACADEMY, it was pointed out how Hensleigh Wedgwood in his "Dictionary of English Etymology," published forty years ago, was the only lexicographer who had ever entered a caveat against the popular account of the word that it meant originally "Oriental." Hensleigh Wedgwood is the only lexicographer, as far as I know, who suggests a reasonable etymology for the word "to quail" used in the sense of "to lose heart." In nearly every dictionary, for example, in Richardson, Webster, Annandale, Skeat, the word has been associated with the old English forms *cwelan*, to die, and *cwellan*, to kill. This was the view of Dr. Johnson, who in his dictionary equates *quail*, to lose spirit, with Dutch *kwelen* (quelen), to pine. It never seems to have occurred to these scholars that such an etymology is quite inadmissible, as the vowel sound of "quail" cannot be made to correspond with the original vowel of old English *cwelan* or *cwellan*.

Wedgwood didn't care a brass button about phonetic laws, but he had a very keen sense for what is probable in the connection and development of meanings. And this intuitive feeling suggested to him the etymology of our word "quail." He says: "To quail, as when we speak of one's courage falling, is probably a special application of quail in the sense of curdle." The use of the verb "quail" (to curdle) is abundantly illustrated in the Oxford Dictionary and in the English Dialect Dictionary. It is the same word as Fr. *cailler*, to curdle, coagulate, a sister-form of which is Ital. *cagliare*. This word is thus Englished by Florio: "to cruddle as milk, to grow hard and thick; to begin to be afraid of one's adversary or enemy, to hold one's peace." This is precisely the meaning of the English word we are discussing.

An attempt has been made lately to connect the word "quail," to lose heart, with the bird, the "quail," but the quail is not a particularly timorous bird.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A PLANTAGENET ON THE PLANTAGENETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one who is himself directly descended from the Plantagenets, I was naturally more than usually interested to hear of the rumour that the English Government is once more "pressing its claims" to have the tombstones of the Plantagenet kings and queens, who were buried in the Abbey of Fontevault, removed to Westminster. This, it appears, is not the first occasion on which the question of transferring the monuments to England has been mooted, for in 1867 Napoleon III. made an offer of them to Queen Victoria, but there arose among French learned bodies, artists, archæologists, and even lawyers an agitation so strong that the Emperor had to request permission to withdraw his offer—a permission which was readily granted. In view of this fact I do not think it in the least likely that these memorable monuments (there are four of them) will ever be removed from their original resting-places. The four tombstones, by the way, are those of Henry II. of England and his wife, Eléonore de Guyenne (who died at the Abbey of Fontevault in 1204), Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Isabelle d'Angoulême, wife of John Lackland. It was Stothard, the traveller, who in 1816 discovered these tombstones in the cellars of the ancient and famous Abbey, but the royal bones had been, shameful to relate, scattered at the Revolution. Other of the Plantagenets were buried here, but all trace of them has long ago disappeared.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

August 5.

WHITE NIGHTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What exactly is a white night, and who coined the phrase? I met it first in Kipling's poem, "La Nuit Blanche," where the phrase connotes a revelry of waking nightmare:

"Then a creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried."

Then came Stephen Heller, the composer, with his "Nuits Blanches," translated on the cover of Litolf's edition as "Restless Nights," a conversion indeed of Kipling's gory creature.

And now, in "Marius the Epicurean," Pater, describing the ancestral mansion of Marius, speaks of "that coy, retired place—surely nothing could happen there, without its full accompaniment of thought or reverie. White-nights! so you might interpret its old Latin name. [Ad Virgilias Albas.] . . . So, white-nights, I suppose, after something like the same analogy, should be nights not of quite blank forgetfulness, but passed in continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep."

One would like to be sure, in handling such a beautiful, arresting phrase, whether it meant delirium, or restlessness, or reverie, half veiled by sleep.

JOHN BLAND.

ROSTRA NOT ROSTRUM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is singular how frequently in the course of one's reading one comes across the mistake of writing *rostrum* for *rostra*, as a synonym for "platform." If the error were to be found *only* in work bearing no evidence of classical attainment it could easily be explained as the consequence of taking it for granted that a singular form must be the correct one for the name of a single object. But it is *not* so; the mistake is *universal*: it appears not only in the reports of ignorant "penny-a-liners" and in the sermons of under-educated Dissenting ministers, but in work characterised by scrupulous care in the externals of literary art as well as diversified by classical allusions to an extent with which so stupid a blunder seems most inconsistent.

The almost invariable selection by writers of repute such as Ruskin, Frank Smedley and Thomas Hardy of the word *rostra* (and they misspell it) when the word *suggestus* or the English words *platform*, *dais*, *stage*—or even *hustings*—for the connection in which the idea of a *raised horizontal surface* is required in literature is very frequently political—would equally well suit their purpose, shows that no uncertainty about its inflection exists in their minds.

The platform in the Roman forum was called *rostra* because adorned with the *beaks*, i.e., the beak-like prows, of ships, the prizes of naval victory. Surely the knowledge of this should serve to protect those who use the word in novels and newspaper *causeries* from spelling it as it is spelt in ornithological treatises with propriety.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF DETAIL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I invite from some of your learned readers an expression of opinion as to the correct pronunciation of the word "detail" (noun).

Recently I heard Mr. Haldane in the House of Commons and

Mr. George Alexander on the stage pronounce it "détail," but on consulting the Standard Dictionary I find the balance of authority is in favour of "detail."

INQUIRER.

August 5.

SHIRLEY BROOKS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may interest Mr. G. S. Layard to learn that, for some time before he was appointed editor of *Punch*, Shirley Brooks was London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* and a personal friend of its editor, Dr. Robert Carruthers.

J. G.

August 8.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Leigh, Oliver ("Geoffrey Quarles"). *Edgar Allan Poe: the Man: the Master: the Martyr*. With Portraits. The Dilettante series. 17½ x 6½. Pp. 80. Chicago: The Frank M. Morris Co., \$1.25 net.

EDUCATION.

Sur la Montagne. La Fée Egarée. Le Bal de Mademoiselle Papillon. Petits Contes pour les Enfants. Each 5½ x 3½. Pp. 47, 56, 56. Blackie, 4d. each.

Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. Little French Classics. 6½ x 4½. Blackie, 8d.

[Vocabulary and notes.]

Stevens, J. A. *A Junior Latin Syntax*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 56. Blackie, 8d.

Atkins, H. G. *A Skeleton French Grammar*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 80. Blackie, 2s. French, C. H.; and Osborn, G. *Matriculation Graphs*. University Tutorial Series. 7 x 4½. Pp. 64. University Tutorial Press, n.p.

Kingsley's *The Water-Babies*. English School Texts. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 128. Blackie, 6d.

[Contains the first part, abridged.]

Nursery Tales. Told to the Children by Amy Steedman. With pictures by Paul Woodroffe. 6 x 4½. Pp. 118. Jack, 1s. net.

Hamilton, Mary A. *The Story of Abraham Lincoln*. With pictures by S. T. Dadd. Imlach, Gladys, M. *The Story of Columbus*. With pictures by Stewart Orr. The Children's Heroes series. Each 6 x 4½. Pp. 120, 119. Jack, 1s. 6d. net each.

FICTION.

Cobb, Thomas. *Collusion*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 328. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Maartens, Maarten. *The Woman's Victory and other Stories*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 364. Constable, 6s.

[Twenty-two short stories.]

Steel, Flora Annie. *A Sovereign Remedy*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 354. Heinemann, 6s.

Mann, Mary E. *The Eglamore Portraits*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 319. Methuen, 6s (See p. 137.)

Maxwell, W. B. *The Guarded Flame*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 361. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 135.)

HISTORY.

Mahaffy, John Pentland. *The Silver Age of the Greek World*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 482. The University of Chicago Press, \$3 net.

LITERATURE.

Brown, James Duff. *A Manual of Practical Bibliography*. The English Library. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 175. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

[A glossary of the chief bibliographical and cataloguing terms used in the English language, and a list of Latin and vernacular names of chief centres of printing, are given in appendices.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Multum in Parvo. The new pocket cookery dictionary. Containing over 2500 selected up-to-date named dishes, with description given in English. Compiled by E. Seurre. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 170. Cox, 2s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Davidson, E. F. *An Introduction to Good Poetry*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 100. Blackie, n.p.

[See ACADEMY, August 4 p. 100.]

Warren, Algernon. *The Taking of Capri*. A drama in three acts. 7½ x 5. Pp. 51. Stockwell, 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Cooper, J. Fenimore. *The Last of the Mohicans*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 295. Blackie, 1s.

Atherton, Gertrude. *The Californians*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 351. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

[In the uniform three-and-sixpenny edition of Gertrude Atherton's novels.]

Bonjoannes, Bernardus. *Compendium of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas: Pars Prima*. Translated into English. Revised by Fr. Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. With Introduction and an Appendix explanatory of Scholastic terms by R.R. Carlo Falcini, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Fiesole, Italy. 8½ x 6. Pp. xxiv, 310. Baker, 6s. 6d. net.

[Bonjoannes's *Compendium* is a sixteenth-century work; the translator's preface is signed A. J. M.]

The New Guide to Bristol and Clifton and the Bristol Channel Circuit. Edited by James Baker. 6½ x 4. Pp. 338. Clifton: Baker, n.p.

[Articles by various contributors; illustrations by Henry Whately and other artists, and from photographs. Specially prepared maps of Bristol and the Bristol Channel Circuit.]

Germany. By S. Baring-Gould, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman. Seventh edition, revised and enlarged. Story of the Nations series. Unwin, 5s.

THEOLOGY.

M'Gown, G. W. T. *Ten Bunyan Talks*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 222. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 2s. net.

The English Hymnal. 4½ x 3. Pp. 192. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, 2d. net.

The English Hymnal and Book of Common Prayer, bound together. 4½ x 3. Pp. 224. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press.

Genesis and Exodus as History. A Critical Inquiry, by the late James Thomas. 7½ x 5. Pp. viii, 541. Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Roberts, Charles G. D. *Discoveries and Explorations in the Century*. 8 x 5½. Pp. xvi, 529. The Nineteenth Century Series. Chambers, 5s. net.

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Gould, S. Baring. *A Book of the Rhine*. From Cleve to Mainz. 7½ x 5. Pp. 345. Methuen, 6s.

[The author gives incidents in the past histories of the towns described, "so that, knowing something of what that past was, the visitor may be able to appreciate the present." Illustrated.]

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Whan I aduerte to my remembrance
And see how fele folkes erren greuously
In the wey of vertuose governance
I have supposed in myn hert that I
Oughte to supporte and conseyle prudently
Them to be vertuous in luyng,
And how they shal them self in honour bring.

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART



No. 1789

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE sudden death of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) puts an end to a hope that some of us had fondly cherished for years—the hope of a novel from her pen worthy of her great gifts. Remembering the brilliant, if excessive, epigram of her earliest ventures—"Some Emotions and a Moral" and others—the tenderness and simplicity of "The Herb Moon," the impressive power and depth of "The School for Saints," many had hoped that all her good qualities, her wit, her brilliance of language, her power of description, her profound religious sense, her fine imagination, would some time be joined in a great and human novel. We noted her carelessness in construction, her vagueness of outline, and believed that some day a more passionate interest in her plot would remove these objections: we even watched her following after strange worldly gods and turning her back on humanity, and hoped that not always would she consider birth the sole criterion of interest. We hoped, in fact, that with advancing years a larger sympathy with human nature would come to inspire her.

Death has prevented that development, which, indeed, had not yet begun. The gravest charge that can be brought against her work, the fault that mars it all, is a coldness, an aloofness, a want of sympathy with human nature. It reveals, in fact, a scorn of humanity which is fatal to good work. It is not too much to say that most men and women, in the eyes of "John Oliver Hobbes," were beneath notice. How much of this sentiment was due to her birth and training, this is not the place to inquire. The result of it is that she remained in her unreal, exquisite world, weaving fancies that became more and more remote from life, wrapping herself in a cold superiority that robbed her work of its life-blood. And so an exceptionally brilliant mind has left no worthy memorial behind it.

The case of Dr. Ray Lankester has not advanced during the week; and we do not propose again entering into the relations of the Trustees and the ex-Director. An interesting example of the long debt of science to Dr. Lankester is afforded by the fact that he is quoted as the acknowledged authority on structure in the early chapters of Darwin's book on earth-worms which was begun, if we go back to the embryo, in 1837, though not published till 1881. In some respects Dr. Lankester's attainments singularly resemble Huxley's. Huxley was one of the best writers of nervous English of his time and especially excelled in polemics. "We are all right," said Darwin in effect, "if we can retain Huxley"; and Darwin, whose soul abhorred controversy, relied upon him almost wholly as his weapon of offence. Dr. Lankester has a large portion of Huxley's fighting style; and the enemies of compulsory Greek showed not a little wisdom in accepting him as their protagonist. It must be confessed that almost all the great men of science—there are those among them so

philological as to object to "scientist"—have written good strong English; and not a few of them have taken much pride in their style. We once heard an Oxford lecturer in chemistry boasting that he "usually" read a chapter or two from the minor prophets before delivering a lecture, for the sake of style! Is it from such a source that Dr. Lankester's many Jeremiads have sucked their inspiration?

Some well-known French novelists have recently founded a society with the object of protecting the rights of French novelists abroad, especially in cases of plagiarism and of bad translations. They have begun operations in Germany, as two-thirds of the novels published in that country are said to be either adaptations or translations of French works. An office has been opened in Paris for the purpose of making translations, and a notice has been sent to German editors informing them that no work of the members of the society is to be published under the form of a translation, unless the translation has been made under the superintendence of duly appointed officials of the society who reside in Paris. Solicitors have been appointed in various German towns to watch over the interests of the society, and it has been resolved to bring any violation of its rules before a court of law. It is intended later to adopt the same system in other countries, and we may expect to have a branch of the society established in London.

These practical steps to protect the rights of French authors merit praise, and already a great success has been obtained. We referred at the beginning of last month (July 7) to a case that had been brought by two French publishers before the Roumanian High Court of Appeal, to define their rights as foreigners. The High Court has just given a decision that is in favour of the publishers. The consequence is that henceforth it will be impossible to put plays on the Roumanian stage without the consent of the author, or to reproduce foreign music without an arrangement with the composer. Probably, too, it will be impossible to issue unauthorised translations of novels. A literary congress will be held at Bucharest on September 21 and the following days, when there will be a debate upon the question of the adhesion of Roumania to the Berne Convention.

A small but suggestive coincidence in grammar may be found in two books published this week. In the preface to his Latin grammar, published by the Cambridge Press, Mr. Sloman protests against the infliction on the schoolboy of the Terentian cliché, "*Irae amantium amoris integratio 'st'*" on the ground that the singular verb is a poetic licence. The parallel to the objection appears in the notes to a book of selections, intended for boys, from the best poets. In criticising "The Recessional," the author points out the ill-concord in the line:

The tumult and the shouting dies,

giving the ordinary explanation. But objection is wholly hypercritical in both cases. It is a latitude demanded by language and generally accepted by all but purists that the verb may be in concord with its nearest substantive and may always be singular when the list of subjects are at all similar. It is worth remembering, while we are on the subject of "the Recessional," that M. Chevrillon, one of the most acute of French critics, objected to the poem for missing the very virtues claimed for it by the writer of the notes in this anthology. We are inclined to agree with the Frenchman.

A rather amusing study in French idiom is provided by a list, issued by a French amateur association, of the technical terms generally adopted on French golf courses. The French, always catholic in taste, show no tendency to adopt the Kaiser's exclusive method. Even "sport" is a "forbidden" word in Germany and presumably "tee"

and "dormie" are also taboo. The French, on the other hand, have adopted all the English names for clubs, the iron alone excepted; and the iron is "Le Fer." Most other golf terms however, have a French form. Caddie is "cadet" which we may presume to be the original form of the word, altered on the Scotch tongue. "Tee"—French "Dé"—has perhaps the same history. A "lie" is *assiette*. "Poter" is not to "putt"—for which no word exists—but to "hole out" and there is something rather ludicrously French in the phrase "Trou d'arrivée." Our idiom delights in brevity. The French, especially in sport, enjoy rotundity. Does not the principal French boating club rejoice in the title of "Société pour l'encouragement des sports nautiques à Paris"?

It will be a shock to the enthusiasts who have devoted time and money to visiting Norfolk in order to see the skull of the author of "Religio Medici" to learn that the doubt as to the genuineness of the relic now appears to be well founded. A local antiquary has discovered a reference in the Mackerell Manuscripts which suggests that Archdeacon Jefferys was buried in Sir Thomas Browne's vault in St. Peter Mancroft Church, and the skull, which Dr. Edward Lubbock secured from that vault some sixty years ago, was presumably Jefferys's. The matter will, of course, be investigated to the full.

Where do all the cheap reprints go to? Every new publisher seems to think that the royal road to success is to be found in a Library of Familiar Classics. There is very little attempt at novelty except in regard to printing and binding. The same works appear in every reprint library, as though time had determined once and for all the limits beyond which it would not be safe to go. The result is sameness, and increased wonder at the capacity of the public to absorb edition after edition of particular works by Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Scott and the rest. Do people read these books or do they buy them to adorn a favourite shelf? When nicely bound they are readily taken up by those unfortunate people who are called upon to provide wedding presents. Many purchasers of single volumes read them, of course. They have a special object in view. It is the occasional purchaser who is so much struck with the want of variety in the different libraries. Why, for instance, as a contemporary points out, do we not get a cheap edition of Hakluyt or Purchas as well as of Cook's Voyages? And why is Fielding comparatively neglected? There is a wide field for experiment by some enterprising and resourceful publisher. We are growing a little tired of reprints of the "East Lynne" order.

Not alone in France will the forthcoming publication of the early note-books of Ernest Renan be hailed as a literary and philosophical event of the utmost interest. These note-books, of which Alys Hallard gives a foretaste in the pages of the *Independent Review*, will serve to reveal "the very germ of the great savant's life-work." They will show Renan in the seed time of his speculations on life, religion and literature. At the age of twenty-two he set down his most intimate thoughts. The notes will make two substantial volumes which his daughter has prepared for the press. Nothing will be touched. No one would presume to edit this collection of confessions and impressions which were destined, after Renan had passed through a period of travail and renunciation for conscience' sake, to blossom into epoch-marking works. As these daily jottings were never intended for publication—indeed at that time Renan can have had no idea of the future which was to be his—they give us in native simplicity and force the man himself, permitting the world at large to get a glimpse of the inspirations from which Renan was to draw the masterpieces of his maturity. In many cases the publication of mere juvenilia does a deadly wrong to a great man's reputation. In Renan's case the revelations

of his early self will only confirm the world's conviction of his entire sincerity and devotion to truth.

Two extracts from among those quoted in the *Independent* may appropriately be given here. Renan, like most men plethoric of thought, did not find it easy to convey what was in him to others:

The poet and the thinker can only express the very smallest part of themselves. That which is the most precious, the untranslatable, the inexpressible, the delicate source of sentiment, the keen acumen which has no name—all that is there, hidden. It is this which is the despair of the poet. For he feels the need of expressing himself outwardly; and this is not petty conceit. It is a primordial sentiment of nature, like the instinct of sociability.

He was convinced that "humanity and philosophy were getting richer all the time, by more and more valuable results"—results to which he was destined to contribute so largely. He felt that in order to exercise real influence Science and Criticism must be blended with poetry, "with the ideal creation":

A poet alone, constructing by himself, will do nothing. The past occupies too great a place for it not to be obligatory for every one to say what he has to say about it. It would be like a system that said nothing of God.

The Mysore Government, which has always been in the van of progress, has just created a new institution at Bangalore, the seat of the administration, which possesses a literary and educational value. This is a Press Room in which the staff of the different newspapers of Mysore as well as the correspondents of other Indian journals are supplied with all official papers and records. The most needed works of general reference and files of the principal English and vernacular newspapers are also available. Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., the Minister who has just founded this institution in a pleasant office in Cubbon Park, the Whitehall of Bangalore, is following the example of the Government of India which created a similar institution in August 1904.

Mr. Horace Traubel—Whitman's Boswell—has published in America an interesting book entitled "With Walt Whitman in Camden." Mr. Traubel sat at his hero's feet, note-book in hand, and his memoir would have been the better for a little judicious editing; but there are many interesting records of conversations with the poet which reveal curious likes and dislikes, expressed in a typically American way. Asked by his biographer whether he had met Crabbe, Whitman replied:

Yes—once; and he is the thinnest, most uninteresting man I ever struck—the typical Sunday-school superintendent, with all that that signifies. I am told that he has a class, a Sunday-school class, in Boston—that he conducts it from Sunday to Sunday. I don't see how such a man could interest anybody for ten minutes, much less an afternoon.

Howells, Aldrich, good fellows: I have met them and like them (Howells especially is genial and ample—rather inclined to be big—full size) but they are *thin*—no weight; such men are in certain ways important—they run a few temporary errands, but they are not out for immortal service: perhaps even Hawthorne, though not surely Hawthorne, in whom there is a morbid streak to which I can never accommodate myself. I call this thing in our modern literature delirium tremens.

Of Browning he said:

I have read Browning, but I do not feel that I know him. I realize him—that is, I see him for a great figure—I see him for a proud achievement . . . but I do not feel that I know his books. I have read "The Ring and the Book," "Paracelsus," some scattering poems (many of them, in fact)—that is all. My impression has been not that he was not for anybody but that he was not for me, though Professor Corson says that I am mistaken, that Browning is my man, only that I have not so far got at him the right way. I do not assent to that—Corson does not know my appetite and my capacity as well as I know it myself. One thing I always feel like saying about Browning—that I am always conscious of his roominess; he is no way a small man: all his connections are big strong.

His view of Matthew Arnold is curious:

Arnold has been writing new things about the United States [he said]. Arnold could know nothing about the States—essentially nothing:

the real things here—the real dangers as well as the real promises—a man of his sort would always miss. Arnold knows nothing of elements—nothing of things as they start. I know he is a significant figure—I do not propose to wipe him out. He came in at the rear of a procession two thousand years old—the great army of critics, parlor apostles, worshippers of hangings, laces, and so forth and so forth—they never have anything properly at first hand. Naturally I have little inclination their way. But take Emerson, now—Emerson: some ways rather of thin blood, yet a man who with all his culture and refinement, superficial and intrinsic, was elemental and a born democrat.

An instance of the care exercised by men of science over the minutiae of style is supplied by a discussion, of which we heard fragments, over the question whether the programmes of the British Association procedure should refer to "secretaries of section" or "secretaries of sections." Pure logic would be on the side of the advocates of the singular, and this view, we believe, prevailed. But the ear, which is always affected more by use or idiom than unrelated euphony, is certainly irritated by the singular. Those who care for such minutiae—and most people have a quite absurd interest in these vexed questions of grammar—will be able to think of examples on both sides. "Inns of Court" occurs to us on the one side. For the other the declension of *paterfamilias* secures the authority of the most logical of tongues.

Notwithstanding the imperfect condition of the "Madonna of the Tower," ascribed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Raphael, its acquisition by the National Gallery is an event of considerable importance. The picture was originally in the Orleans collection whence, towards the close of the eighteenth century it passed into the hands of Samuel Rogers, the poet. It was bought at the sale of his gallery in 1856 by Mr. R. T. Mackintosh for four hundred and eighty guineas. Four thousand pounds would not buy it to-day, and the debt of gratitude which the public owes to Miss Mackintosh, who has presented it to the National collection, cannot be over-estimated.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have acquired the following pictures, which will be placed on exhibition as soon as possible: Samuel Johnson, LL.D., a study in oils by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the well-known portrait at Knole—presented by T. Humphry Ward, Esq.; Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, an old copy after T. Gainsborough—presented by Charles Viscount Cobham, a Trustee of the Gallery; Samuel Cousins, R.A., the mezzotint engraver, painted by James Leakey—presented by the artist's daughter; Robert Dodsley, bookseller, poet, and dramatist, painted by W. Alcock; and two sketches by J. Sanders from the painting of "The Royal Academy in 1772," by J. Zoffany, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle—both presented by Alfred Jones, Esq., of Bath; and Mary Anne Everett Green, historian, drawn in chalks by her husband, George Pycroft Green—presented by her daughter, Mrs. James Gow. The Trustees have accepted the bequest to the Gallery by the late Mr. George J. Holyoake of a portrait in oils of Richard Carlile. As we go to press news comes from America that Whistler's water-colour, "The Lady in Grey," has been purchased for the Metropolitan Museum at New York.

A writer in *The Periodical*, which Mr. Frowde issues quarterly as a record of the work of the Oxford University Press, gives some interesting recollections concerning "The Ruskin Road at Oxford." "Ruskin first proposed the plan," it is related, "in conversation over the tea-cups with two Scottish undergraduates at Balliol . . . The scheme was further sketched out at a breakfast party in the last term of 1874 and put into execution in the summer term following . . . Arnold Toynbee acted for some time as superintendent of works for Ruskin. The work came to an end in the spring of 1875. I cannot say exactly how or why; certainly not because the road was finished, as any one who goes there can see."

As to the motives, besides Ruskin's personal influence and the tendency to go with one's friends, that actuated the writer and, he supposes, others in "digging," it is remarked: "The current philosophy of the day, though it has inspired much good work since, was unintelligible to some of us, and did not seem to suggest immediate action. And when Ruskin came along and told us to *do* something, we jumped at it, without asking questions. In 1874 there were no 'University Settlements'; they began in 1884-5. There was very little 'Socialism,' practical or other. 'Parish work' was for various reasons less attractive than it often is now. The present Bishop of London had not yet left school at Marlborough; Canon Barnett became Vicar of St. Jude's in 1873; Mr. C. S. Loch became Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society ('John Ruskin, Esq.,' was one of its Vice-Presidents) in 1875."

Some of the London Public Libraries have scarcely recovered from the effects of the London Government Act; and they are again threatened by a proposal, compared with which the other was quite simple. On the former occasion some libraries, which before had been either central libraries or at all events the only ones in the administrative district, were converted into branch libraries; in one or two cases a branch library became a central. On the broad lines of public good the Act effected an improvement, but it is not so certain that it effected any economy of administration, either in particular boroughs or over the whole of London. Although no scheme has been formulated, it appears that whatever alterations are made next year will be in the direction of the centralisation of the work of the London Boroughs. The proposal of Captain FitzRoy Hemphill, L.C.C., so far as it deals with ordinary municipal work, does not come within the scope of the ACADEMY; it is only in regard to its probable effect upon the Public Libraries of the Metropolis that it concerns our readers. The proposal to include the control of libraries in the duties of the Education Committee of the new London Council, is not likely to be welcomed by the various Metropolitan library authorities.

There is no doubt that centralisation, if properly carried out, would be of immense advantage to the public libraries of the kingdom. Centralisation has been the dream of many librarians for years past. But the only scheme which promises to be wholly successful is the formation of a governmental library board somewhat on the lines of the Board of Education, but dealing only with the public libraries of the country. Acting in a similar capacity to the Board of Education, this department would appoint committees for approved areas, and delegate to them the fullest powers in administration, while retaining financial control. This would equalise the Library system, small starved localities would be better supplied, either by more support for the particular institution or by amalgamation, or inclusion in a larger system. The bugbear of the "penny limit" would be removed, and the Public Library would take the place it should occupy as the centre of the intellectual life of the community.

British Empire Shakespeare Society.—Persons wishing to enter for the elocution competition of this society are asked to send in their names and addresses to Miss Morritt, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W. (stating whether professional or amateur), before September 30. All competitors must recite two passages—one comedy and the other serious—from Shakespeare's plays. Both scenes and speeches are admissible, providing they do not exceed the time limit of five minutes. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein will distribute the prizes in this competition in London in November.

LITERATURE

ARISTOTLE AND THE MODERN READER

Aristotle's Theory of Conduct. By THOMAS MARSHALL, M.A.
(Unwin, 21s. net.)

"In the following pages an attempt is made to present Aristotle's Ethics in a readable shape."

So Mr. Marshall in his Preface. And it is no easy task that he has here set himself. For, great as is Aristotle's treatise, it still—as Mr. Marshall himself says—is not literature in the sense in which Plato's works are literature. Cicero, indeed, speaks of the "golden stream" of Aristotle's language. What he can have meant by this we must be content to leave as one of the unsolved problems of literary criticism. For us the greater part of Aristotle must remain, from a purely literary point of view, unattractive reading. Mr. Marshall's undertaking, therefore, was an ambitious one. He is the more to be congratulated on the result. His book—a combination of paraphrase and commentary—is eminently readable. We certainly have read it, not always with agreement, but with pleasure and interest.

The general principle on which Aristotle's theory of happiness is based . . . the value of work and the superiority of an existence in which powers are exercised to one in which they are only possessed . . . is probably his most valuable contribution to the theory of conduct.

This is Mr. Marshall's closing verdict. It may or may not be a correct one, but it may at least be questioned whether Aristotle himself would have subscribed to it. Indeed, if emphasis can be accepted as any guide, it would seem as though, in his eyes, the doctrine of the Mean and the doctrine of the Practical Syllogism were the two most interesting features in his formulation—or reformulation—of the theory of Conduct. Strangely enough, it has been against these two points that criticism, not to say ridicule, has chiefly been directed. And with that criticism, so far as the doctrine of the Mean is concerned, Mr. Marshall appears to associate himself.

Now, it is, no doubt, very little illuminating to be told that there is a vice on each side of a virtue—an excess on the one side, and a defect on the other. But the significance, after all, of "the Mean" only begins where this purely external aspect of it ends: and it can only have been because he had failed to appreciate the real meaning of the doctrine that Kant could have passed upon it the criticism that it makes the difference between vice and virtue merely quantitative. For what, to a more sympathetic interpretation, does the doctrine actually teach? It teaches that Conduct, no less than Art, involves on the one hand a material, and on the other a principle in accordance with which that material is moulded. Our impulses, affections, desires—these, and the actual objects to which they are directed, may be said to be the raw material out of which we, as moral artists, have to shape our lives. The distinctive characteristic of the good man is that he recognises a standard, a limiting principle, in his life. "Evil," Aristotle quotes in this connection, "is of the nature of the Unlimited"; and good can only begin with the admission of a limit—a principle, as we should say. This, which is the heart of the doctrine of the Mean, is not exclusively Aristotelian. He, no doubt, has given to it a new turn, and reduced it to a formula; but its essence is there already in Plato. We are the more surprised to find Mr. Marshall asserting (p. 37) that "no convinced Platonist could accept it." And on p. 131 he commits himself still more definitely:

This conception of moral excellence as moderation is spoken of with contempt by Plato, who calls it "popular and political virtue," and ranks it with the conduct which is found in communities of social insects like bees, wasps, and ants.

This is altogether misleading. The virtue which Plato calls "δημοτική καὶ πολιτική" was criticised by him, not on the

ground that it was based upon a principle of "limit" or proportion, but on the plain ground that it was automatic and unreflective, that it was uninspired by any consciousness of the principles upon which it was based (ἐξ ἔθους τε καὶ μελέτης γεγονυῖαν ἀνεί φιλοσοφίας καὶ νοῦ). Mr. Marshall has been in this matter no less unjust to Plato than to Aristotle.

The whole contention that the doctrine of the Mean makes the difference between vice and virtue merely quantitative is, indeed, singularly ungenerous. Is the difference between the good sculptor and the bad—or the good carpenter and the bad; it is all one—"merely quantitative" because it is in the "so much and no more" that the artist's sense of fitness evidences, or externalises, itself? And how is the moral artist to externalise his sense of the fitting if not by introducing, in an analogous way, a limit into the (in itself unlimited) "matter" of conduct?

Virtue, says Aristotle, *shows itself* as a mean—in the sense that it *aims at* a mean (στοχεαστική οὐσα τοῦ μέσου). And, by so putting it, he has, deliberately, based morality upon a principle which is equally operative in art, in science, in nature—wherever, in fact, chaos gives place to system. "He might have pointed out," writes Mr. Marshall (p. 131, note) "that it [*i.e.*, the law of the Mean] is shown in the exercise of the senses . . . powerful lights or sounds being painful, and sometimes destructive of the senses." A strange criticism! For this is exactly what Aristotle has pointed out, in a well-known passage. (*De An.* 424^a 28.)

If we turn from the doctrine of the Mean to that of the Practical Syllogism we find, here too, below the academic formula, a characteristic and important principle—the principle that every action for which a man accepts responsibility, bad no less than good, will reveal upon analysis an end (or general principle) and a means (or particular application). Significant as is from this point of view the Practical Syllogism, it is actually from a different side that, in the Ethics, Aristotle approaches it. He there advances it as in some sense an explanation of the problem of ἀκρασία—the problem, that is, of actions which we commit "against our better judgment." ἀκρασία Mr. Marshall renders by "irresolution." But in accepted usage "irresolution" represents the condition of the man who has difficulty in making up his mind: whereas the ἀκράτης is he who, having made up his mind, is unable to stick to it. And these are two different things. To the Practical Syllogism as an "explanation" of ἀκρασία Mr. Marshall allows perhaps more credit than is its due when he writes (p. 421): "it is not the least valuable of his many contributions to moral philosophy." Of the phenomenon of "knowledge" overridden by desire the Practical Syllogism can hardly be said to provide us with an explanation. It does little more than formulate the facts. The problem is with us still.

Mr. Marshall continues (p. 421):

Unfortunately he has deprived his explanation of much of its value by insisting that the phenomenon of irresolution is, strictly speaking, limited to the cases to which the words self-restraint and confirmed self-indulgence apply.

We fail to understand this. Aristotle, with perfect propriety surely, uses ἀκρασία in the sense in which everybody else used it. (It may be, as Mr. Marshall says, "not the business of moral philosophers to help the public to spoil useful words by giving them a limited and accidental meaning": but still less is it their business to breed misunderstanding by using common words in unfamiliar senses.) But it is difficult to see how he has thereby "deprived his explanation of much of its value"—unless he has at the same time told us that his explanation applies to ἀκρασία, and to ἀκρασία alone. Where has he done that? It is, no doubt, in connection with ἀκρασία that the "explanation" is offered: but he has nowhere suggested that the same psychological analysis might not be applied equally well to other cases in which men fail to act up to their intentions.

There are other points in Mr. Marshall's book to which we should take exception. On p. 146, in a note, we read:

What Aristotle means by choice [this is Mr. Marshall's rendering of *proairesis*] is impulse or propension, which may be unaccompanied by reason (as in the case of the lower animals or very young children) or may be guided by reason.

Prima facie, this note implies that in Aristotle's opinion children and the lower animals exercise *proairesis*. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Marshall can have meant to ascribe this doctrine to Aristotle; for he himself quotes, a few pages further on, a passage from the Ethics in which Aristotle expressly denies that the animals share in *proairesis*. Yet, if he did not mean to do so, he has certainly written a very clumsy note.

For his further statement that "*proairesis* is not what we call Will" he has no doubt some justification, in so far, that is, as we do normally think of some sense of effort, or tension, as accompanying the exercise of Will. To a psychological analysis this sense of effort may be important, or even essential; but from the point of view of morals (which is the point of view of the Ethics) what is important is the conscious identification of oneself with a motive. And that is precisely what *proairesis* means. It is no mere intellectual judgment: it is no mere wish: it is a direction of oneself with a view to action; by which, as Aristotle says, character is tested. Perhaps, then, we may allow to Aristotle that, incomplete as may be his psychology of the Will, he has still given us, in *proairesis*, what, for moral philosophy, is the essence of Will.

Mr. Marshall suggests (p. 159 and p. 172) that *τὸ ἡγούμενον*, as used in Ethics 1113^a 5, is "the nearest equivalent to Will." This is not a felicitous suggestion. *τὸ ἡγούμενον* has absolutely no psychological significance whatsoever. In the passage referred to, Aristotle says that, deliberation being a process in which we analyse an end into its means with a view to action, we carry this process on until we bring the principle back to ourselves, "and of ourselves to the Sovereign part (*τὸ ἡγούμενον*), for that is the part which decides (or wills)." He illustrates this by reference to the Homeric Constitutions in which the kings decided, and the common people merely carried out the will of their rulers. Mr. Marshall distorts this illustration by making the people "represent the appetitive side of choice." This is nonsense. The people in the illustration correspond to the limbs in the body. The limbs obediently carry out the Will of the personality which decides. The whole passage, so far from lending any support to Mr. Marshall's suggestion that *τὸ ἡγούμενον* is a word meaning will as distinguished from wish (p. 192), points all the other way. Had *τὸ ἡγούμενον* meant "that part of us which wills"—instead of meaning, as it does, simply "the Sovereign part of ourselves"—the addition, in Ethics 1113^a 5, of the words *τοῦτο γὰρ τὸ προαιρούμενον* would have been not merely unnecessary, but positively illogical.

We must also protest against the rendering (however orthodox) which Mr. Marshall favours of *ἡ εἰς ἄλλα πρότασις* in Ethics 1143^b 3. He renders this by "the minor proposition in the Practical Syllogism," meaning thereby, we presume, the minor *premise*. But the immediately succeeding words, "*ἀρχαὶ γὰρ τοῦ οὗ ἐνεκα αὐταί*," force upon us the conclusion that *ἡ εἰς ἄλλα πρότασις* here corresponds not to the minor premise but to the *conclusion* of the Practical Syllogism. A little reflection will show that it is from such conclusions, and not from minor premises, that "rules of conduct are generalised." It is, for instance, from a succession of immediate particular judgments of the form "this is wrong—that is wrong—and the other is wrong—" that there emerges in due time in consciousness an explicit general principle: "Acts of such and such a character are wrong." But these immediate particular judgments, if we insist on expressing them in terms of the Practical Syllogism, are conclusions rather than minor premises. Nor indeed is this the only passage in Aristotle

in which "minor premise" is a misleading rendering of the words *ἡ εἰς ἄλλα πρότασις*.

And last—for we shall be glad to make an end of criticism—we seem to find in Mr. Marshall's treatment of Aristotle's conception of "natural justice" a singular misunderstanding, or indeed confusion. This conception Mr. Marshall regards as inconsistent with the doctrine that virtue is a habit, and therefore acquired.

Readers . . . will be surprised to find Aristotle in this chapter assuming the existence of a natural justice . . . of a justice which does not conform to that part of the definition of good conduct which asserts it to be a habit produced by repeated acts.

And immediately afterwards he remarks that Aristotle, not merely in the 5th book of the Ethics but also in the Rhetoric, suggests the existence of a completely developed virtue "as the result of an effort of nature and distinct from a virtue of the same kind as a result of habit." Now this is all a fiction of Mr. Marshall's imagination. So far as the Rhetoric is concerned, all that the passage on which he relies tells us is that, quite apart from the conventions of organised societies, there are certain elementary principles of justice which all men instinctively *divine* (*ἐστὶν ὁ μαντεύονται τι πάντες φύσει κοινὸν δίκαιον*). And the *φυσικὸν δίκαιον* of Eth. 1134^b 18 has not any other meaning. But what has all this to do with the doctrine that the virtues (justice no less than the rest) are not innate but acquired? *δικαιοσύνη* as a "completely developed virtue" is no instinct of divination, it is a *habit of doing*. The instinctive sense of the elementary principles of justice to which Aristotle refers in the Rhetoric would be no more than the raw material and potentiality of the virtue of justice.

The criticisms we have offered will have shown that we do not consider Mr. Marshall an interpreter of Aristotle whom it is always safe to follow. They are not, however, intended to weaken the judgment with which we began—that he has given us Aristotle in a readable form, and that his book will well repay perusal.

ART AND SCIENCE IN BUILDING DESIGN

Reason in Architecture. By T. G. JACKSON, R.A. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

COMING from the pen of so careful a student and so accomplished an architect as Mr. Jackson, the essays which form this volume have a strong claim on the interest, not merely of architects and students, but of all who profess an intelligent admiration for the great buildings of our country. The book aims at proving a theory and pointing a moral—a theory of the development of style in Gothic architecture, and an application of the lessons derived from a survey of history to the design and method of the present day.

Mr. Jackson's theory, in brief, is that all the great changes of style have arisen not from the inspired imagination of great builders but from some practical or constructional necessity or convenience, a variation in the nature of the material available, a contrivance for economy, or a fresh experience gained in the statics of building, the distribution of weight and pressure. To the demonstration of this theory Mr. Jackson devotes nearly three-fourths of the book, and it is incontestable that he sets out his facts and his arguments with great skill and force. Beginning, for example, with the Corinthian capital of Roman date, he traces from it the gradual evolution of Byzantine and Gothic forms, as the trabeated yielded to the arched construction of the walling above the columns. And though the illustrations are chosen from a wide field, which stretches from Dalmatia to Normandy, Mr. Jackson's argument establishes a progressive development founded mainly on constructional motives. Nevertheless, it is admitted that this order of change with its slow gradations cannot be traced in English architecture, in which the Gothic burst from classic bonds with far more swiftness

and vigour. From capital and impost Mr. Jackson passes to arch and pier, and shows how departure from Roman models was caused by the necessity of using smaller stones, and how this necessity led to the recessing of rings in arches and shafts in piers, and so to all the glories of clustered columns and sculptured doorways in our great cathedrals. Similarly, two most able chapters are devoted to a history of vaulting construction, which is traced from the Roman type, depending for stability on inert mass, to the Gothic, which secures stability by a balance of opposing forces. And not only the ribbed vaulting which adds much to the charm of Gothic interiors, but the whole system of clerestory, buttress, pinnacle, and flying buttress is proved to be based on what Mr. Jackson calls "reason" or "reasonableness," by which he really means science. For his whole thesis may be stated in other terms as follows: first, that underneath all changes of style there lies not a reason but a *scientific* reason; and next that this scientific reason preponderated over artistic reason in determining such changes.

It is an interesting question, and Mr. Jackson is not merely ingenious but clearly successful in proving that architecture is a science which has largely depended for its development on scientific laws. Yet one cannot help feeling that his case is somewhat overstated. The converse view of artistic inspiration—the view, for instance, that the Early English style was a pattern formed in the mind of a great builder before it was expressed in stone—is one which has some authority: Mr. Jackson thinks it wholly wrong. Yet architecture is an art as well as a science, and artistic genius must count for a good deal in its development. Originality of design is a strong factor in the production of great works, which owe their stability no doubt to scientific law, but their artistic excellence to the canons of taste and beauty in the designer's mind. And because a constructional advantage can be shown to have accompanied most, if not all, changes of style, does it follow that the constructional motive was antecedent to and predominant over the artistic? May not artistic impulse have suggested new problems to constructional science instead of merely accepting advances in construction as fresh data for exercises in embellishment? Unluckily the literary evidence which might furnish an answer to such questions is almost entirely wanting. But Mr. Jackson, after stating that the round arch was abandoned by twelfth-century builders with great reluctance and quoting the case of Vezelay to show that the pointed arch was forced upon them by constructional necessity, yet has to admit that in England "the pointed arch was adopted with something like enthusiasm." Take the case of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, where the arches joining the nave pillars and those between aisle and transept are round; while the western arch, though springing from purely Norman engaged columns, is slightly pointed, and in the walling above the chancel arch, which is sharply pointed, are two round arches, each enclosing a pair of small pointed arches. The motive here seems clearly decorative, the pointed arches being used only in places of honour. Again, while Mr. Jackson, on his theory, explains the change from Early English to Decorated, he does not explain the change from Decorated to Perpendicular—a change very hard to account for on merely constructional grounds. The truth seems to be that in the formation of style, power of imagination, play of fancy, sense of beauty and of proportion are factors quite as real as regard for scientific laws: that the artistic and the scientific elements of style are inseparable: and that you cannot determine the proportions in which they have combined or should combine. How the hard facts of mechanics can be transfigured by the artistic imagination, Mr. Jackson himself shows in this brilliant passage:

It would surprise many people, as they stand in the silence of some great Gothic minster, whose ancient stones seem to have grown old in peaceful calm and slumberous quiet, if they were to realise the truth that so far from everything being at rest around them they were surrounded by mighty unseen forces engaged in active combat, thrusting

and counter-thrusting one another in fierce encounter, a never-ending conflict that never slackens between antagonists that never tire, the high vaults striving to push the walls outwards but rebuffed by the flying buttresses which try to push them inwards; the aisle vaults doing their best to push the nave columns inwards, but unable to move them under the dead weight of the superstructure of triforium and clerestory which holds them down; the whole fabric struggling to burst itself asunder, but manfully resisted by the system of counter-vailing forces, which only bargain as a condition of success that their great parent buttresses outside shall stand like a rock, and give them a firm foot-hold from which to get a purchase. (Pp. 126-7.)

But beyond the writer's historical survey there lies his practical purpose: which is to show that as the great styles in the past arose:

not from arbitrary design or fancy but as consequence of rational and logical development from causes partly external and partly social, so at the present day our architecture will depend for its vitality upon its accommodation to the circumstances of to-day.

The reproduction of bygone styles, the conditions of which are also bygone, must be a failure: witness the mullioned sash-windows and sham half-timbering of suburban villas, and business houses supported on shop-fronts of thin glass—construction which deliberately cheats the eye and the mind. Changed conditions must be frankly recognised and design be based upon them, even to construction with iron. Classic and Gothic models should be studied for instruction, but not copied, though imitation of them has been preached by all the authorities and taught by all the writers of the last century. Mr. Jackson refers (p. 8) to Scott, Sharp, Ruskin and others as having set up the past as the only model for students of architecture: and again (p. 160) he says: "all the books on architecture were in the same story from Palladio to Chambers, and Chambers to Pugin," *i.e.*, dealing only with the externals of style and severely governed by precedent. But is it possible that he has forgotten Fergusson? More than forty years ago Fergusson published his "History of Architecture" with a remarkable preface, in which views are advocated and even language used which coincide very closely with Mr. Jackson's:

Some men [says Fergusson] are becoming aware of the fact that archæology is not architecture, and would willingly see something done more reasonable than an attempt to reproduce the middle ages. . . . Architecture with most people is a mystery—something different from all other arts: and they do not see that it is and must be subject to the same rules and be practised in the same manner, if it is to be successful.

Again:

If people can only be induced to think seriously about it, I feel that they will be as much astonished at their present admiration of Gothic Town Halls and Hyde Park Albert Memorials as we are now at the Gothic fancies of Horace Walpole and men of his day.

All this might have been written by Mr. Jackson, who indeed describes the Gothic revival as "in Horace Walpole's hands not much more serious than Sir William Chambers's Chinese pagoda." Fergusson praises the Crystal Palace, as Mr. Jackson praises the front of King's Cross Station; and just as Fergusson calls the reproduction of Gothic a mere "masquerade like the Eglinton Tournament," so Mr. Jackson (p. 185) says: "The mere copyist is after all only playing at Classicism and Mediævalism . . . he is only masquerading." Clearly James Fergusson should be recognised by Mr. Jackson as holding up a light in the darkness. Space, however, forbids us to follow this part of the subject: we can only hope that architects will ponder the plea for what Fergusson calls "common sense," and Mr. Jackson "reason" as their guiding principle.

But before closing there are one or two slips to note. On p. 11 "motion" should be "motive," p. 17 "practise" should be "practice," p. 81 *n.* Cicero did not write "authoritas," p. 126 "downward" for "downward," and p. 184 "verbiage" seems wrongly used. It is to be hoped, too, that in another edition Mr. Jackson will give up capital letters and the female personification of architecture. "She is the most reasonable and logical of the

Arts," and "her outward form, when she is in a healthy state" neither sound well nor look well in English. But it must be added that the book is in all ways a charming one, beautifully printed and bound, and as pleasant in form to handle and peruse as it is thoughtful and entertaining in matter.

A. J. BUTLER.

A QUIET LIFE

Augustus Austen Leigh. A Record of College Reform. By WILLIAM AUSTEN LEIGH. (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. WILLIAM AUSTEN LEIGH has written the life of his brother, the late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, with just that modesty, unaffected loyalty, and absence of exaggeration, which befit his subject. He prefers to speak of himself as the editor rather than the author of the volume; but the book is, in fact, a careful and balanced study, not only of a character, but also of a critical epoch in the life of a college. "A Record of College Reform" is the sub-title; and it was the Provost's intimate connection during forty years with the transformation of King's, so Mr. Austen Leigh explains in the preface, that made the book a possibility. There never was a quieter or busier life than the Provost's; but it is not quiet and busy lives that give most materials for biography; and if the work which he accomplished in King's had not been of interest and importance in itself, it would have been difficult, without appearing to exaggerate, to write the life of Augustus Austen Leigh. He was not a man of genius, he was neither a great scholar nor a great preacher, he had no striking gift of talk or expression. But his was a nature on whose unselfish goodness and truth all who came into contact with him knew, beyond possibility of doubt, that they could entirely rely. It is difficult to explain in a picturesque or arresting manner the place which such a nature holds in life. It can only be said that all who knew Austen Leigh knew a good friend—a friend in whom thought of self or indifference or changeability had no part. It was inconceivable to those who had once known him that they could see him again without finding the same welcome, the same friendly interest as before. Unless he hold some position where work of a conspicuous kind is placed in his hands, a man of this character will not attract wide attention. But his friends will learn to realise that it is from natures like his that such words as goodness and unselfishness take their meaning; and they are not likely to think that men of whom that could be said are many or are likely to be.

Austen Leigh's life was of the simplest description. He was one of a distinguished succession of brothers (grand-nephews of Jane Austen), whose names for many years past have been household words at Eton and King's. Augustus entered college at Eton in 1852, preceded and closely followed by an elder and a younger brother, and in due course they passed to King's, where all three became Fellows under the old *régime*. As Fellow, Tutor, Vice-Provost and Provost, Augustus Austen Leigh remained at King's almost continuously for the rest of his life. The chapter covering the Eton years is contributed by Mr. Arthur C. James. That was a time in the life of the school which with all its anomalies and abuses and shortcomings had yet a certain heroic air, traditions of culture and freedom—upheld perhaps by few, but not lacking a liberal distinction—which a far more energetic and conscientious age does not always find easy to recapture! There is less than nothing of the sort to be said about King's up to that time. Eton had grown far beyond the intentions of her founder, and for many generations had lived in touch with the world. King's was equally different from the ideal of Henry VI., but instead of growing beyond had fallen below it. Between the great estates and the unique privileges, exempting it from all University examinations, which the College

enjoyed, it had become a strange little backwater, cut off not merely from the world, but even from the rest of Cambridge. Practically what Henry VI.'s fine flight of zeal and imagination had produced was a system of life-pensions awarded yearly without examination to a few Eton boys! If an Eton Foundation Scholar happened to reach the top of the school and to succeed to a vacancy at King's before he was nineteen, he might spend the rest of his life, provided that he did not marry, in comfortable and uninterrupted meditation at Cambridge, without being confronted with another anxiety or another surprise until the day of his death. The age of nineteen is perhaps the age at which a life-pension appears most desirable, the key to freedom and fame. But the King's system had for the most part proved to be a key to nothing of the kind. The place lacked the spirit of learned refinement and dignity, and though it possibly had not stagnated to a greater degree than other small colleges, its wealth, its magnificent buildings, its position as the appanage of Eton, all combined to make it a more conspicuous case. Within the last sixty years a change, set on foot by a group of remarkable men, has passed so entirely over all this that the very legend of the old order hardly exists for the modern undergraduate. The College preserves a special affinity towards Eton, but it is an affinity of sentiment, not a jealous and exclusive tie; it has grown rapidly, it shares completely in the life of the University, it maintains a special standard of scholarship. It is gratifying for King's men to reflect that the long series of reforms which all this implies sprang from within—not imposed by a despotic Commission from outside, but evolved by members of the College itself. Among that early liberal band the two most striking personalities were William Johnson (Cory), who watched the changes from Eton, and Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian. Johnson was a man whose incisive genius, whose rare and varied character, can never perhaps be fully felt except by those who inherited, directly or indirectly, the traditions which he bequeathed to his followers. Bradshaw was cast in a less difficult mould: and the influence of his wide sympathy and wisdom, of his humorous and extraordinarily lovable nature, was thrown into the scale of reform. But much as King's owed to these great men, it was Augustus Austen Leigh above all who guided and finally carried out its regeneration. He became Tutor in 1868, at the age of twenty-seven, and from then until his death in 1905 he never wavered in his efforts to win for his College the place it now holds. His brother traces with concise clearness the complicated steps by which the emancipation was effected. They were far too many and too technical to detail here, and the full account will doubtless be of interest chiefly to King's men. But enough has been said to show the extent of the change of which the late Provost saw the beginning and the completion. He was, of course, met at first with plenty of opposition and obstruction, but his reconciling courtesy and profound common sense steadily made their way. Very early in his career all those who worked with or against him recognised him as a man whom they could trust, who would never go back upon a friend or try to over-reach an opponent, who never lost sight of what was just, and who was incapable of stooping to play for his own hand. He became Provost in 1889, and married in the same year Miss Florence Lefroy. For the next sixteen years the Lodge at King's was the centre of a friendly hospitality which many generations of undergraduates have good reason to remember gratefully. The Provost was not outspoken upon intimate subjects, nor did he ever take the line, always viewed by youth with suspicion, of "gaining influence" over the young. But no one of the innumerable friends who remember him as a familiar figure on the lawns of King's or in the huge Chapel, ever had a moment's reason to doubt his never-failing interest and affection. When he died, quite suddenly and with little pain, in January 1905, his loss was felt to a degree which would have surprised him,

but could surprise no one else. There never was a wiser ruler of a College, a more humble-hearted man, a better friend, and of this only he himself was unaware.

THE MODERN HISTORIAN

Haddon: the Hall, its Lords and Traditions. By G. LE BLANC SMITH. With illustrations by the author. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE majority of our readers will be familiar with the story of the discovery, by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, who visited Belvoir Castle on behalf of the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1885, of a vast mass of priceless manuscripts relating to Haddon Hall, in a loft over a stable.

No one [we quote Sir Henry's own account] had entered the room for some years; a curtain of cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the floor was so covered with documents, piled to a height of three or four feet, that at first there was scarcely standing room. Over everything there was a thick layer of broken plaster and dirt, which made white paper indistinguishable from brown.

A labourer was called in to assist in the manual work, and it soon became evident that the loft had been tenanted by rats, who had done lasting damage to valuable manuscripts by gnawing and staining them:

Some documents had been reduced to powder, others had lost their dates or their signatures. The entire centre of a long letter in the hand of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had entirely disappeared. Those that remained were of a very varied character. A deed of the time of Henry II. was found among some granary accounts of the eighteenth century, and gossiping letters from the Court of Elizabeth among modern vouchers. Letters to Henry Vernon from the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick, and Kings Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., written on paper and folded very small, lay hidden between large leases engrossed on thick parchment.

Many of the deeds and documents were transcribed by Mr. W. A. Carrington and contributed to the Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society, and the late Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Pym Yeatman and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt have worked in the same field. Little more remained to be said, and Mr. Smith's beautifully illustrated book is, to some extent, a summary. He claims for it no originality, but we owe him a debt of gratitude for his attempt to dispose of the sentimental drivel which has grown up around the supposed elopement of Dorothy Vernon with John Manners and for the light he throws on points in the Haddon pedigree which have led former historians astray. Here our gratitude ceases: for the rest his book is a curious mixture of facts, jottings, errors and confusions; literary merit it has none.

The precise date of the building of Haddon Hall is unknown, but the Manor formed one of William the Conqueror's many gifts to William Peverel: he probably constructed part, and from his great grandson it passed to the Avenels. (When the fourth William Peverel, charged with poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, forfeited his estates, Haddon Hall was not among the property inherited by the de Ferrars, who, presumably to show their disbelief in Peverel's guilt, discarded their armorial bearings—*Argent, six horseshoes sable*—and adopted his: *Vairé, or and gules*.) The earliest document among the Haddon muniments is an agreement between William Avenel and Richard de Vernon and Simon Basset, who married Avice and Elizabeth, his daughters and co-heiresses, in which the estate is divided between Vernon and Basset, the Hall itself going to Vernon. To Richard and Avice were born two sons, William and Robert, the former of whom married Margaret de Stockport, who bore him two sons, Richard and Robert. Both were banished, and the estate went to their cousin, Avice, the only daughter of the first Robert. She married a Gilbert le Franceis, and their son, Richard, adopted his mother's name. (It is this adoption of the name of Vernon which has led several historians astray and induced at least one of them to attempt to trace his descent from an

imaginary son of William Vernon.) He married Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gernon of Blakewell, but his son, Richard, who married Maude, or Matilda, de Campville, appears to have predeceased him and the estate went to his grandson William. Whom he married is uncertain (it certainly was not Joan ap Griffith, as Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt claimed, since she married his grandson), but his son, Richard, was a distinguished soldier who married Juliana de Pembrugge, and thus acquired the valuable Manor of Tong. It was their son, another Richard, who married Joan ap Griffith, and the third Richard, Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, Speaker of the Leicester Parliament, and Steward of the Peak Forest, was perhaps the most noteworthy of the Vernons who followed, if we except the famous Sir George, who won—and merited—the title of "King of the Peak." By his first wife, Margaret Taylebois, Sir George had two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, but there was no issue of the second marriage. Of the two daughters, Margaret, the elder, married Sir Thomas Stanley, and Dorothy (the "Sweet Doll of Haddon," "Dorothy o' the Hall," and so on) became the wife of John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland. He was in every way a desirable husband, and there is no record of any difference ever having arisen between him and Sir George Vernon, on whose death he succeeded to Haddon Hall. The room in which Dorothy Vernon is said to have been dancing on the night of her elopement and the steps down which she fled into the arms of her expectant lover (we beg pardon for the lapse into sentimentality) were not built at the time of her marriage, and in point of fact she did not elope at all.

Mr. le Blanc Smith has interesting and informative chapters on the tapestry, furniture, etc., but they do not strike us—we may be wrong—as being based on first-hand knowledge. We must protest very strongly against the author's habit of introducing matter of his own into quotations; thus, in an inventory dated 1639, we have:

A longe spoone (not for "supping with the devil," we hope).

It may be very funny, an exquisite jest, but this kind of humour should be relegated to the foot-notes. It is not the only instance of irritating interjections: we could cite twenty. Again, a number of cheap sneers such as those on pages 82 and 93 might well have been omitted, and the interjections on pages 150 and 154 are merely vulgar. For whom does our author think he is writing when he deems it necessary to add to the item "payd for an Accidence" in the selections from the "Steward's [sic] Accounts 1549-1671," a note to the effect that "Accidence book" means "a little book containing the first principles of the Latin tongue"? Three pages further on is a note to the word "tafitie"—"Taffeta, a sort of thin lace." Mr. Smith may buy a taffeta shirt at Messrs. So-and So's in Burlington Arcade which he will discover to be by no means "a sort of thin lace." On the word "vellvett" the author is illuminating. It means, he explains, "velvet." If a second edition of this book should be called for he might do well to revise sentences such as: "The fine was ultimately reduced to £10,000, thanks to the endeavours of Sir Robert Cecil, who might very well have done the reverse;" and "Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt makes the terrible mistake of taking Sir George Vernon as brother of Henry Vernon (owner of Sudbury) whereas he was his cousin, being son of his (Sir George's) father's brother John, who married Helen Montgomery;" and so on. On page 15 there is an absolute contradiction on line 11 of a statement made on lines 1 and 2; on the same page "care" should be "case"; in the pedigree on page 4 "de Franceis" should be "le Franceis"; in the same pedigree we have "Havis de Vernon" though in three other pedigrees she is given as "Avice" and she is Avice in the text; and on page 16 we read (of Juliana de Pembrugge): "Juliana de Vernon, after the death of her second husband, Richard de Vernon, retired into seclusion, seeking refuge in a convent." Her first husband was the

Vernon mentioned, her second Sir Thomas de Wennesley. We have not space to point out more of the errors in the book. We shall keep it on our shelves—for its illustrations.

IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN

Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes. In twenty volumes. Vols. xiii. and xiv. (MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net each.)

THE documents which Samuel Purchas was at such pains to collect are no longer, we are inclined to fear, as essential to the proper outfit of a traveller to the North Pole or the West Indies as they were some three hundred years ago or as Baedeker's packed books are now. Even Captain Cook has been replaced by another Cook. Time has robbed Purchas's work of its intrinsic value and endowed it with unspeakable charm. These two of the twenty large comely volumes in which Purchas makes the world's discoverers write "the history of the world in sea voyages and lande travells" contain records of voyages to the far North to search for the North-western passage, or to get oil or morse's teeth, and always to find adventure. They contain also a long account of Russia and "the occurrences of principall note which happened in the time while the Honorable Sir Thomas Smith remained there Embassadour from his Majestie." Of this Sir T. Smith, Stowe chronicles that "he became so gracious with the Emperor that he fully obtained whatsoever he desired." And both Stowe and Purchas exclaim at Russian affairs with as much justice as the modern journalist exclaims to-day:

And now Russia blushed with impudencie, that is with shamelesse sight of the daily effusion and profusion of her best blood; now every man was an Actor: and oh had they beene but Actors! too really did they present (not represent) bloudie Tragedies, of which their whole Countrey was become the Theatre; the Devil the Choragus (a Murderer from the beginning) and the whole World Spectator, stupid with admiration, quaking with horror of so uncouth a sight!

That was in 1612: in 1906 the world still stares in horror.

But Russian confusion occupies only a small part of the volumes, which deal chiefly with the voyages of Thomas Edge, of Robert Fotherby, of Jonas Poole, of Josias Logan, of Arngrim Jones, who wrote about the Goths, and of the famous Henry Hudson, who left his name to far-off bays. For the most part the accounts are *naïf* log-books, though Arngrim Jones was learned in the strange language of Ulfilas, and Henry Hudson had something of great Raleigh's width of outlook. They dropped down the Thames from Blackwall, past Greenwich and Gravesend, and set sail for the white unknown, to lands inhabited by bears and morse. They named the coves and hills of these lands after themselves or in memory of some exploit or misadventure; and if they came upon other men they pointed to their flag of possession and regarded them as intruders upon themselves and the great bears and little foxes and the ice and the fog and the snow. Their own ingenuity was pitted against the elements of unknown lands and little-known seas. They knew less than a boy knows now who has read his Ballantyne. They struggled desperately, and gave thanks quietly to God when the ice did not crush their boats to atoms and the fogs lifted before their ships drifted aground. And they would come back, year after year, to the island which had become their own by discovery, as Jonas Poole used to come back to Cherie Island, leaving London in April and returning towards the end of August, and perhaps find again their own traces—boats and rough shelters, which some previous year they had used and abandoned, and which must have filled them with a thrilling sense of proprietorship. Jonas Poole could not resist telling of each bear he saw or wounded or killed. Bears worked a subtle fascination over him: bears obsessed him. On one occasion he landed with his men and at once espied three bears, two of whom walked away, but

the third stood still champing and foaming as though he would have eaten us. . . . I let the angry devill come within two Pikes lengths and gave him such a welcome that he fell down stone dead.

They proceeded farther and found the shallop which they had left the year before, and sat down to eat a little food; however:

wee were no sooner set to eat than there came a Beare with two young ones as big as Lambes of a moneth old: they skipped about their dams necke and played with one another very wantonly.

Jonas shot at the dam but missed her, though she came very near, and the flint of his musket broke and prevented him slaying the next he saw, which a friend shot in the foot; but he was consoled by seeing soon another

huge Beare fast a sleep on the Snow. I went softly towards him and gave him such a flip that he never rose out of the place where he lay.

This makes capital reading, and it is not likely that the stories of their adventures lost spice in the telling when the sailors were spending autumn and winter evenings in London taverns; and their tales would fire the imaginations of the listeners, who would not know what to believe and what not to believe where all was marvellous and new. Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner, two of Henry Hudson's company, actually saw a mermaid. Thomas saw her first and called to Robert Rayner, and they both looked at her, for

by that time shee was come close to the ships side, looking earnestly on the man: a little after a Sea came and overturned her: . . . her back and breasts were like a womans (as they say that saw her) her body as big as one of us; her skin very white, and long haire hanging down behind, of colour blacke: in her going down they saw her tayle which was like the tayle of a Porposse and speckled like a Macrell.

And all would agree that in those lands the sun did not go down for weeks together, and that the sound of the cracking ice was loud as the crash of artillery. No wonder that the poets found inspiration in the London taverns, and that men lived almost in the streets where at any moment they might meet some fellow with a new tale of the world's wonder, that might very likely be true.

TWO ASPECTS OF FLORENTINE HISTORY

The Florentine History. By NICCOLÒ MACCHIAVELLI. Translated by N. H. THOMSON. 2 vols. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

The Guilds of Florence. By EDGUMBE STALEY. (Methuen, 16s. net.)

THE changes which in our time have come over the methods and ideals of history could scarcely find a better illustration than that afforded by a comparison of these two works. Both deal mainly with the history of Florence in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the ground they cover is so different, and their point of view is so unlike, that, were it not for an occasional mention of the same facts and a rather more frequent occurrence of the same names, they would seem to describe two civilisations, separated widely alike by time and distance. Of the two books, Mr. Staley's is that which explains Florence to a modern reader, and without some such study Macchiavelli's narrative is but half intelligible. The modern work of research results in a collection of facts of which, in the day and in the country of the Medicean writer, some were too well known to need explanation, while the rest had been forgotten and their importance for historical purposes was not recognised. The space which Macchiavelli devotes to home affairs is chiefly taken up by bloody riots, feuds, personal ambitions and revenges, and sudden changes in the government; while the greater part of his book is a chronicle of mock-heroic warfare waged by hired captains and mercenary soldiers, the intrigues of Popes and princes, and the ever-changing leagues and alliances between Milan, Naples, Florence, Rome, Genoa and Venice. The part which Florence sustained in these international wranglings and peace-makings was but an outcome of her inner life and

development. Her foreign affairs were managed for her by a few citizens deputed to act as ambassadors, or by the mercenary leaders whom she employed. To engage in a war or to make a peace was a question of money, not of the lives of the citizens, who stayed at home carrying on their business. Consequently, money being plentiful in Florence, the chief thing to be dreaded from complications abroad was that the unsuccessful issue of some war or embassy might cause dissatisfaction and dissensions, and the citizens take sides and shed each other's blood. The costly wars in which Florence took part, and to a large extent her internal conspiracies and revolutions, must now sink into comparative insignificance, for they affected her life merely as disturbances and hindrances to its peaceful development. We shall seek the true history of the Renaissance in Florence in the rise of prosperity and republican liberty under the Guilds, and in the increase of riches and the gradual loss of liberty as the Medici became more important and the Guilds less powerful.

That Florence and the Guilds of Florence were at one time one and the same thing is apparent immediately from one or two considerations. Not only did commercial life give proof of its stability by continuing on its course little touched by revolution and war, but it was practically impossible for a Florentine to rise to any eminence owing to his personal position. Everything must be attained through the guilds. Early in the history of the city the commons began to restrict the powers of the nobles, until by 1343 the nobles were entirely excluded from any share in the government. A curious instance of the subjection of the Nobili by the commons is to be found in one of the articles in the code of the guild of Bankers and Money-changers. It enacts that if any noble of the city or contado of Florence should "presume to enter unasked the residences or offices of the Guild," he would be fined ten *lire* and not set at liberty until the whole fine had been paid. Imagine the astonishment of the grantees of Venice if they had been brought face to face with a democracy of this temper! Afterwards many noble Florentine families, in order to recover their lost position, renounced their titles and became enrolled as members of one or another of the guilds. The guilds appointed the Podestà and the Gonfaloniere, the heads of the State, together with all the councils and committees. The judges were not merely controlled by the guilds, but were themselves enrolled as a guild, together with the notaries, and were subject to the same limitations and surveillance as the merchant-guilds. The landed gentry of the Contado, in order to sell the wine made on their estates, had to become members of the Guild of Wine Merchants. Most of the famous painters, sculptors, poets, historians and scholars were members of the guilds. Dante, as is well known, was a member of the Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries, and was a Prior in 1300; Luca della Robbia held office in the same guild upwards of thirty times; while we find that in 1281 Brunetto Latini, famous as scholar and sinner, brought before the Signoria a proposal to appoint inspectors whose duty should be to detect frauds on the part of the retailers of meat and fish! Another side-light on Dante may be mentioned here. It will be remembered that in *Inferno* xvii. Dante says he could not recognise the faces of the usurers whom he saw in that circle, but that each had hanging from his neck a purse, or pouch, of a certain shape or colour, with arms painted upon it. This is no mere artifice on the part of Dante, as some have thought, to vary his method of recognising the people of the lower world, but it refers to a well-established custom in old Florence, whereby men used to wear a leather pouch, the shape of which denoted the guild to which they belonged, while on the front might be shown either the arms of the wearer's family or those of his guild.

Mr. Thomson's version of the *Storie Fiorentine* is in all important respects to be commended, as it is both readable and accurate. The chief criticism we have to offer is that, especially at the beginning of the book, there is some attempt at writing in an archaic manner, which does

not harmonise at all well with very modern phrases to be found later on. The writer who uses the expression "factious humours" surprises us unpleasantly when he says afterwards that "the Cerchi decided to have it out with the Donah." The phrase, "one man, *who may be disabled by obstruction or removed by death*" is awkward. And is it fair to the memory of Lorenzo de' Medici to represent him as having said: "I have more enemies in this city than I had thought for"?

Mr. Staley has done so much good work that it is a thousand pities he should have added to his book pages and pages of writing which is both valueless and unworthy. The work of research has been carried out patiently and conscientiously. An account is given of each Guild, its origin, constitution, development and decline. In these chapters we read of the officers of the Guilds, their codes, the rules by which employers and workmen were bound, and those regulating prices, conditions of sale, export and import. The author also gives a good many technical details of the processes employed by some of the guilds, for instance the Guild of Wool and of the Calimala, or foreign cloth merchants. The work is beautifully illustrated by numerous plates reproducing old prints, pictures, miniatures and carvings, an especial feature being supplied by photographs of the della Robbia work. Many chapters strongly impress the reader with Mr. Staley's grasp of his subject and his recognition of the comparative importance of its various ramifications. In fact, so long as he is giving us information we have no word for him but thanks. But why will he persist in trying to "write up" his subject? It did not need it, and, what is more, the author cannot do it. The inevitable opening and concluding paragraphs, vapid, feeble, sometimes nonsensical, and the wildly metaphorical eulogies of Florence and her famous citizens, contribute a good deal to the size and weight of a volume already huge and heavy, but to its interest, nothing at all. The following sentence, for instance, represents no thought, but is merely inserted to lead up to a few remarks on Leather: "As to who first wore coverings on the feet nobody knows, and probably nobody cares; but no age and no nation has ever been without them." Why, God 'a mercy, fellow, if the second part of the sentence be true, then the answer to the question contained in the first is obvious, namely, the first man of the first nation of the first age. Of what use, too, is a sentence like the following:

The Men of Letters of the Renaissance, whose sun rose and shone in Florence, form a paradise of celebrities which have placed the Fair City upon the premier throne of the Valhalla of Learning.

There are many paragraphs and pages which do no more towards advancing the subject than the two sentences we have quoted. The reader is constantly worried by inaccurate citations of Italian words and phrases, while Dante, who is constantly referred to, is never quoted but always represented by translations which can only be called ridiculously bad. It is with real regret that we find a work of so much intrinsic worth defaced by the inclusion of so much which is unnecessary and irritating to read.

THE UNCLASSED

Glimpses into the Abyss. By MARY HIGGS. (King & Son, 3s. 6d.)

FOR many years Mrs. Higgs has been earnestly and actively interested in tramp life—the causes of vagrancy, the temptations to it, its miseries, and their daily aggravation by official ignorance and a neglect that runs to positive cruelty. Eager for reform, she has not been content with such an understanding of the matter as may be drawn from official statistics, or from the unceasing supply of information gathered by journalistic enterprise and reported with journalistic emphasis. Starting with but one half-crown in her pocket, she has spent days on the tramp with tramps, nights in the casual wards of

workhouses, and other days and nights in common lodging-house dens, not excluding such as are the haunts of the most degraded prostitution. These investigations she thought necessary to a right comprehension of "the root problems of poverty," and to their solution by the grand desideratum, scientific method. So far there has been no attempt at scientific method, or at any rate no published discovery of anything of the kind. But Mrs. Higgs thinks a scientific mode of treatment achievable, if inquiry into the facts be accompanied by "investigation into deterioration of human personality, viewed from the psychological, medical, and religious points of view." By how much Mrs. Higgs would claim to have cleared the way to scientific treatment by these means we are uncertain. But this much may be said—the statistics are here in full force, and though we do not find in her pages much aid from psychological, medical, and religious study, aids they certainly are; while as for inquiry, as for experiential investigation of the facts of the matter as they exist to-day, we are almost inclined to doubt whether there are two other women in England who would have carried it so far or repeated it so often as did Mrs. Higgs and the companion of her loathsome adventures. As these adventures are here described—that is to say with a detail which stops at nothing short of the absolutely unspeakable—the wonder is that they could be endured more than once by such investigators; nor, indeed, does there seem to have been any necessity for continuing them so often. We say this the more confidently because, when the outlines of the common lodging-house life and the life on tramp are drawn, and when they are touched in here and there with a significant hint (and that has been done a hundred times in the last twenty years) the worst details are at once understood: we know what they are by knowing what they must be. There is no need to describe them in print: certainly no need to describe them in all their naked offensiveness three times over. We do not know, however, that we should have urged this criticism against Mrs. Higgs's book were it not likely to be taken into general lending-library reading, or if its descriptions had been confined to the hardships and horrors of casual wards and "doss-houses." But that is not the case. The persistent reader of this book, whoever he or she may be, will spend two or three days and nights in a sixpenny lodging-house populated by the lowest and foulest women of the town: and here he (or she) will become acquainted with all the detail of their lives, habits, and conversation, short of the absolutely unspeakable. Of what service are these pages likely to be for those who are either learned or unlearned in the subject? A more unprofitable, unedifying superfluity of nastiness can hardly be conceived, no matter into whose hands the book is likely to fall. Yet we cannot end without expressing a very sincere regret at being compelled to make these remarks, so generous are the author's intentions and so willing has she been to endure the most odious sacrifice of feeling in endeavouring to carry them out.

WOMEN'S WORK

Women's Work and Wages. By EDWARD CADBURY, M. CÉCILE MATHESON and GEORGE SHANN. (Unwin, 6s.)

THREE out of the four aims which the writers of this book set before themselves have been successfully accomplished. They have succeeded in giving a wide and interesting survey of the conditions of women's work in Birmingham, and thus in enabling the progress towards future improvement to be measured. And they have also dealt, as far as possible in the space, with the question: "To what extent the present industrial and social conditions are helping forward or retarding the physical, mental and moral condition of the workers." Their views on the latter point are based on considerable experience and will certainly be useful to all whose zeal for industrial reforms is in need of definite guidance.

But the chief importance of the book consists in the mass of facts it contains, many of which are little known to the outside world. For instance, the widespread belief that men and women workers are two competing groups is shown to be on the whole groundless; the branches in which they are employed are mostly different. And, again, the assumption that, since women are largely dependent on men, their wages are low because "auxiliary" is confronted by the fact that in Birmingham in almost every trade the married women get higher wages than the unmarried. The overcrowded state of the market for women's work appears to be the result partly of the desire of the better class of girls for the kind of trade which offers decent surroundings, partly of the various causes which tend to make women less skilled, and partly of their failure to combine. It is satisfactory to find that places where cleanliness and order of person and language are demanded are popular with girls and that they show an ardent desire to "keep themselves respectable." In spite of this, however, many of them drift into the first trade suggested, without knowing much about its conditions; and often they are driven to choose an inferior one because the better trades entail an apprenticeship of months or even years, and during the apprenticeship merely a "pocket-money wage." Naturally also the expectation of marriage interferes to some extent with a girl's energy in learning her trade, and so tends to keep her unskilled. On the whole it is a gloomy view that is given of the present condition of women's work in Birmingham, and the completeness of its detail will be of great service to reformers in search of material.

The fourth aim of the writers, as stated in the introduction, is

to indicate upon what lines they think reformers will obtain the best results in their attempt to raise and brighten the lives of those who are the future mothers of the race.

Here their success is less complete. It is, perhaps, too much to ask that those who have the interests of wage-earners deeply at heart should altogether escape the anti-capitalist bias which so often distorts or obscures economic theory and prevents any far-seeing view of industrial causes and effects. Yet we cannot help thinking that this blemish rather excessively pervades some parts of the book. When it is a question merely of providing lavatories, ventilation, girls' clubs or classes, of shortening work-time, or improving the special rules for dangerous trades, the reader's sympathy is entirely on the side of the authors of the book; their proposals seem based on knowledge.

It is difficult, however, to accept in the same spirit suggestions arising out of the half-true assumptions and shallow generalisations which the older and more abstract theory allows the wage-earner to make or interpret in his own favour. When, for instance, the factors of production are crudely distinguished as "Land, Labour, and Capital," when such factors as enterprise, foresight, organisation, employers' industry, are left out of account, it is easy to draw all sorts of false conclusions. Thus, in the chapter on Wages the old assumption is made that Labour and Capital are related only as a pair of dogs fighting for a bone—namely, for the largest possible share of "the national dividend"; and that Labour is the relatively weak dog, who therefore fails to get his fair share. It is apparently taken for granted that we can know by instinct what is a fair or normal share, for we do not find this perplexing but important question raised, though the proposal to cut the knot by enforcing a "minimum wage" is favoured in another chapter. But as things now are it is assumed that the labourer's fighting disability as against the capitalist is itself sufficient evidence that his share of the product must be an unfair one. And it does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, since the disability consists precisely in the fact that the labourer is not a capitalist, the only remedy would be either to turn him into one or else to turn the capitalist into a wage-earner. In the latter case it is not clear who would be entrusted

with the important functions now performed by the employer of labour, though a vague hope of something like the nationalisation of capital seems suggested in the concluding chapter. It is easy, on paper, to throw all our real difficulties into that convenient receptacle, the State.

Again, in another place, by means of the same insufficient analysis, the conclusion is reached (p. 302) that :

of the joint product of these factors the owners of capital and land, though comparatively very few in number, take an enormous share ;

and that consequently the main problem is to be solved by the simple process of squeezing "Profits" till the desires of the wage-earner are satisfied ; and though it is true enough that "no one has a moral right to use a man or woman merely as a means of producing wealth," and quite possible that "the end of work should be to develop and humanise the life of the worker," the really important question is how such aphorisms are to be applied, or such ideals to be approached in practice. Merely by themselves, and in virtue of their own inherent excellence, they do not allow us straight away to assume that in given cases profits can be lowered without depressing the trade as a whole and therefore curtailing employment. The question is what can actually be done, not merely what would be ideally desirable. For we all agree that extreme poverty, and extreme luxury, are blots on our civilisation ; what we want to know is how they may be abolished or mitigated. For this purpose it is well to study the conditions of labour as they really are, and not to accept unquestioned the partial view which is natural to the impatient sympathiser with suffering. The value of this book consists in its contribution to such a study, and its defect consists in its occasional disregard of facts and difficulties that should be faced by any sound economic theory.

CANADA'S FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

The Canadian War of 1812. By C. P. LUCAS, C.B. (Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some civil servants who retire and write dull memoirs, there are others who take an interest in their profession and write, while still on the active list, for the edification and enjoyment of their countrymen. Mr. C. P. Lucas, already known as a keen exponent of colonial history and geography, is happily one of the latter and more useful class. With an inside knowledge of the Colonial Office, he has been able to approach the subject of the Canadian War of 1812 to great advantage : the result of his labours is, though not free from defects, a splendid instalment of Canadian history. The war, as the national war of Canada, is of great importance to those who study colonial history : it was, as Mr. Lucas says, "at once the supplement and the corrective of the American War of Independence." It became of importance, because it illustrated the failure of men who had once been citizens of the British Empire to subdue other British colonists turning their frontier and facing their settlements. That it has been comparatively ignored by historians, in England at any rate, is due chiefly to the accident of time when it was waged.

Its incidents were to Englishmen completely overshadowed by the far more glorious record of the Peninsula and Waterloo. The last thing in the world that the British government and the British people desired in the midst of their sore trial and distress was this additional war with the United States of America. They were loath to enter into it. They were glad to be quit of it ; and they willingly tried to forget it, not least because, while it lasted, the British navy—Nelson's own navy—had distinctly lost reputation.

The war is remembered most because of the fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, an incident very briefly described in this book, and it deserves to be studied because of its amphibious character. The water communications in the main scene of fighting give to the

operations their chief military interest ; but from the point of view of colonial history the war was of greater interest.

This latter aspect is described by Mr. Lucas very clearly and well : he has done what Kingsford in his history of Canada hoped to do. Mr. Lucas would have us study the war also because "in no war were the merits and defects of citizen soldiers more clearly to be seen, or the priceless value in the early stages of such a war of a nucleus of trained men." The facts may be as thus stated, but unfortunately Mr. Lucas writes of the political events in one way and the military in another. We need read no more than half a dozen pages to discover that the author is a civilian. Infantry regiments have no "flags" ; the 49th is not now the Berkshire regiment but the first battalion of that regiment, and the 41st is not the Welsh regiment but the first battalion of that regiment. It may be urged that these are small details : that they are, but they show better than longer examples that Mr. Lucas is not a military historian. We are grateful to him for the maps, reproduced from a volume published in 1813, but battle-plans, based on the known facts, would have made the history more intelligible.

'IN MEMORIAM' AND 'THE DOOR OF HUMILITY'

THE readers of the ACADEMY owe thanks to the editor for drawing their attention, in the issue of August 4, to Mr. Mallock's acute and attractive paper in the *National Review* on Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and the present Laureate's "Door of Humility." The subject of both is largely the same—the efforts of a poet assailed with doubts to find some foothold for faith. Mr. Mallock tries to show that in dealing philosophically with the problem Mr. Austin is far the more successful. We do not hold this opinion, but we do not propose to discuss the question here. The article, however, is very stimulating and suggestive, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. The part of it which offends us is his comparison of the two poets as executants. In mastery of technique Tennyson is the peer of Milton. Mr. Austin is often so careless as to justify the attribution to him of the term "slipshod." Mr. Mallock admits carelessness, but he has not adverted to many of the most slovenly and formless passages in "The Door of Humility." He directs our attention to one very beautiful verse, which we do not apologise for quoting again :

The fluttering of the fallen leaves
Dimples the leaden pool awhile ;
So Age impassively receives
Youth's tale of troubles with a smile.

This is a delicately expressed thought, a little marred by the last line, which is too closely packed. This is a characteristic defect in the Laureate's muse. Some of his verses are nearly as hard to read aloud as Browning's :

Draughts dregwards loose tongues tied ;

For instance,

Around me ; fixedly shine the stars

and

The eyes of yashmaked odalisques.

But there are other offences far more serious. Can Mr. Mallock have overlooked a gross violation of grammar in the use of "lay" as a transitive verb instead of "laid" :

Borne by that tearful Mother whom,
Nigh unto Ostia's shelving sand,
Augustine lay in lonely tomb
Ere sailing for his Afric land.

We should like to know how Mr. Mallock would construe :

Nor like to those that cross the main
To wander witless in strange land,
Hearing unmastered tongues, disdain
The speech they do not understand.

The only theory we can form is that, by a vulgar error, Mr. Austin used "like" for "as." We sometimes hear in talk the atrocity "Like I did."

We are unable to parse "begin" in

Yet whence came Life, and how begin?
Rolleth the globe by choice or chance?

and we find the same difficulty with "be" in the last line of the following verse :

Yet if one's upward gaze could be
But stationed where the planets are,
The star were restless as the sea,
The sea be tranquil as the star.

The metre is well handled, as a rule; but there are flaws, as in

That bade the land appear and bring
Forth herb and leaf, both fruit and flower,

where the divorce of "bring" from "forth" is intolerable to the ear. Again, we have

The worm and me He also made

where the meaning demands "me also."
In Monica's letter we find

When did your singing voice awake,

though there is no interrogation, and the meaning is "awoke." So

The Pagan gods can help us not

for "cannot help us." On p. 82 there is a piece of gross carelessness, where

My will withstand

is printed, though the rhyme demands

Withstand my will;

and surely "that" should be "than" in the first line of stanza ix. p. 138.

We have laboured in vain to find the point of the simile in :

Godhead, withal, remains the same,
And Art embalms its symbols still;
As Poets, when athirst for Fame,
Still dream of Aganippe's rill.

Will some reader of the ACADEMY lighten our darkness?

Comparatives like "more large," "more great," "more old" offend the ear when the monosyllabic adjective is a common and unambitious word; not so when the word has some colour in it, as in Milton's

The bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

The poet is not often guilty of *bathos*, but sometimes he can hardly be acquitted of that sin :

They scan, they prate, they marvel why
The figures still expressive glow,
Oblivious they were painted by
Adoring Fra Angelico.

Sometimes we have a Latinism such as may often be met in Coventry Patmore, whose influence on the Laureate is quite perceptible :

The belfry strikes the silvery hour,
Announcing her propinquity.

As we have been looking only for faults, perhaps we may draw attention to two beautiful passages :

Rain, wind, and rain. The writhing lake
Scuds to and fro to scape their stroke :
The mountains veil their heads, and make
Of cloud and mist a wintry cloak.

Through where the arching pinewoods make
Dusk cloisters down the mountain side,
The loosened avalanches take
Valeward their way, with death for guide,

And toss their shaggy manes and fling
To air their foam and tawny froth,
From ledge and precipice bound and spring,
With hungry roar and deepening wrath ;

Till, hamlet homes and orchards crushed,
And, rage for further ravin stayed,
They slumber, satiated, husht,
Upon the ruins they have made.

I rise from larch-log hearth, and, lone,
Gaze on the spears of serried rain,
That faster, nigher, still are blown,
Then stream adown the window pane.

The peasant's goatskin garments drip,
As home he wends with lowered head,
Shakes off the drops from lid and lip,
Then slinks within his châlet shed.

The cattle bells sound dull and hoarse,
The boats rock idly by the shore ;
Only the swollen torrents course
With faster feet and fuller roar.

Mournful, I shape a mournful song,
And ask the heavens, but ask in vain,
"How long, how long?" Ah! not so long
As, in my heart, rain, wind, and rain.

These fine stanzas are somewhat marred by the last, which could easily be ridiculed. The second passage has an intolerable *hyperbaton* in "deem they" for "they deem" in the fourth verse :

How blest, when organ concords swell,
And anthems are intoned, are they
Who neither reason nor rebel,
But meekly bow their heads and pray.

And such the peasants mountain-bred,
Who hail to-day with blithe accord
Her Feast Who to the Angel said,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Downward they wind from pastoral height,
Of hamlet grouped round shattered towers,
To wend to shrine more richly dight,
And bring their gift of wilding flowers ;

Their gifts, their griefs, their daily needs,
And lay these at Her statue's base,
Who never, deem they, intercedes
Vainly before the Throne of Grace.

Shall I, because I stand apart,
A stranger to their pious vows,
Scorn their humility of heart,
That pleads before the Virgin Spouse,

Confiding that the Son will ne'er,
If in His justice wroth with them,
Refuse to hearken to Her prayer
Who suckled Him in Bethlehem?

Mr. Mallock has pointed out many instances of distorted order of words, some worse than any which we have noted. We do not accuse him of being too lenient to a slovenliness which must be very offensive to his fastidious ear. But we protest against the absurdity of affecting to hold the balance between the most perfect executant among the British poets and one who, however graceful and fascinating at times, is capable of giving to the world from the Laureate's chair such clumsy work as that of which we have given examples.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

WHITE NIGHTS

THE quiet moonlight making
A silence dear and deep
For the sleep that half is waking
And the waking that half is sleep;

White nights when the spirit-places
And the wonder-ways are trod,
And the raptured soul embraces
The Kingdom and Heart of God.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

AGAINST CERTAIN OF OUR POETS

Quam opinionem magni errores consecuti sunt: quos auxerunt poetæ.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quest.*, lib. i. 16.

Totaque de ratione humationis unum tenendum est; ad corpus illam pertinere, sive occiderit animus, sive vigeat; in corpore autem perspicuum est, vel extincto animo, vel elapso, nullum residere sensum.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quest.*, lib. i. 43.

"EVERYTHING is spoilt by use," Keats declared in his plea for the enlargement of the Fancy, and this sweeping assertion perhaps nowhere encloses more truth than when applied to metaphor and simile. "Spoilt" seems, indeed, scarcely a strong enough word for the process of deterioration which here often occurs. Of course not by any means invariably. It may be all very well that a metaphor should expand itself into an apologue; very harmless that a simile should condense itself into a new dictionary word, though even this does argue a certain amount of preliminary triteness and damnable iteration. Still the tendency is as a rule a thing to be guarded against. We should "ever let the Fancy roam," but bear in mind that she is by nature a vagrant, and must be kept moving on. If she takes up her abode permanently anywhere in particular, or so much as loiters there over-long, it is probably with felonious intent. And similes and metaphors, being essentially Fancy-bred, inherit their parent's qualities. They are like the thistledown, a trifle light almost as the air on which it floats, a pretty and innocent-looking sort of furbelow to adorn the sunshine of late-summer days, yet possessing properties that, should the dainty white tuft descend, manifest themselves later in a stubborn, prickly, very reprehensible shape. More aptly, perhaps, they might be likened to the watercress, which we know as a wholesome, and to some tastes agreeable, garnish of our bread-and-butter, yet which beneath the too kindly skies of the Antipodes has unlearned its humble creeping habits, and, waxen hugely, has taken upon itself to turn awry the currents of strong-flowing rivers. For it has happened not once or twice in the story of humanity that very important streams of thought and action have been given their set through the ages by nothing more nor less than an over-grown figure of speech.

Ancient and obvious among these is the likening of death to sleep. At first, no doubt, it may have been rather an identification than a comparison, while mortal men were slow to learn that there was a difference not alone of degree but of kind between the two states. In fact they can hardly be said even to have thoroughly mastered the lesson; and the charge now brought against certain of our poets is connected with such a failure, though merely a small modern instance of it.

As old as the hills, of course, or at least as the hill-folk, is a belief that dead bodies retain personality and sense, and not only so, but that their proprietors by some mysterious law have a conscious existence simultaneously both in and out of them, "double-lived in regions new."

Here a *locus classicus* is the well-known Homeric passage where we find the souls of mighty heroes sent to Hades, while they *themselves*, their corpses namely, become a prey to dogs and fowls:

πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι—

Nor need we go back all the way to the tale of Troy town for examples of this strange mental confusion. A couple of thousand years later, Claudio in *Measure for Measure* when suddenly confronted with his latter end, gives wild and whirling words to his apprehensions that although he goes he knows not whither, he may at the same time lie in cold obstruction, and bathe in fiery floods, a view which, albeit more dolorous in details, does not essentially differ from that of pre-historic Hellas. Again, there is nothing distinctively modern in the assumption that death does not really part soul from body, and that they are buried together. We find this both before and after Shakespeare. Chaucer's Duke Theseus speaks of how fate decrees a man to be

Nowe with his love, nowe in the colde grave,
Alone, withouten anie companye.

Spenser's Despair eulogises the end that "lays the soul to rest in quiet grave"; and the Poets' theory of ghosts in general regards the tomb as at least the trap-door through which they must emerge, if not as their fixed abode.

What does seem to be a comparatively new note is the attempt to represent such a state of things as compatible with positive pleasure on the part of those who are thus buried alive. The merely negative advantage of profound repose, that we might well conceive to be the utmost possible in such circumstances, does not satisfy many of our modern bards. They will not be content that a dead body should lie in its coffin, insensible, entranced; wide awake they will have it, and aware of its surroundings both above and below ground—the change of the seasons, the growth of vegetation, the song of birds, the visits of friends—and, moreover, capable of enjoying the whole thing. Abundant evidence of this may be found *passim* in the verse of our last hundred years or so. For, roughly speaking, the beginning of the nineteenth century was the date when this ghoulish mode first became prevalent, and it has remained with us ever since.

The cause, or causes, which it must have had may possibly be traced, in some measure at least, to the publication about that time of a famous poem by a great poet: Wordsworth's "We are Seven." It is true that the poem, which, by the way, contains a very imperfect rhyme to the much discussed word "porringer," does not strike any such note. Designed avowedly to illustrate the invincible ignorance of childhood on a certain point, its utterances are altogether dramatic. Opinions may differ as to their propriety and verisimilitude. To some people the little cottage girl may seem childish almost "beyond the reason of her youthful years," even though they were not more than eight. Others may hold that a natural instinct would have apprised her, through all her simplicity and vital vigour, or that she must have been singularly unimaginative and incurious to have so placidly acquiesced in the state of Jane and John; or else that the circumstance of her graveyard dwelling made her an exception and not a rule. Be that as it may, Wordsworth himself has explicitly and implicitly disclaimed all participation in this fancy:

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

But readers are ever prone to ignore the distinction between an author's own sentiments and those of his characters. "As Shakespeare says," prefaces many a statement the ascription of which to himself might well have

vexed his soul more than any meddling with his bones. And it would be quite in accordance with this propensity if Wordsworth's admirers and imitators should fasten upon the prominent features of the situation described in the poem, overlooking the fact that it is described as it appears to a little girl of eight. "Here," they may have reflected, "are two children dead and buried, yet supposed capable of listening while a third child sings. Why not follow the suggestion further, and imagine that many such faculties do persist after burial: that there are all manner of devices for fleeting the time in the grave whither we are going? The theme admits of innumerable variations, gay, pathetic, and withal easy enough to execute." And upon this hint they wrote, with results which presently began to appear in the "Keepsakes," "Garlands," and periodical literature of their day.

Then in the next generation came another well-known poem, which seems likely to have had the same effect—Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children." This is also, of course, mainly dramatic; but equally, of course, the same class of readers would neglect to observe that it is her contemporaries who extol the happy lot of "Little Alice" in having died last year.

If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.

Was Mrs. Browning conscious as she wrote of what a ghastly *εἰσωνεία* lurked in her words? It may be presumed so, as she proceeds to comment on them:

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have."

For a very deadly liveliness is in truth a marked characteristic of these speculations, even when they are to be taken as the outcome of sincere ignorance. Yet she has herself on more than one occasion indulged in them without that palliating excuse, and so have some of her peers.

It may be urged that to treat the matter seriously is a mistake: that our Ciceronian mottoes are inappropriate, because they originally referred to what was really a common superstition, whereas we now have to deal not so much with any sane person's actual belief as with a sort of sentimental conceit employed for literary purposes. There would be truth in such a statement, but it is not to the point. On the contrary, it seems rather to aggravate the offence, and demand the discountenancing thereof. For here on the frontier of two worlds the mists of doubt are surely dense enough without wantonly thickening them by conjuring up a fancy known to be a baseless figment. Even regarded merely as decorative, we cannot think it otherwise than unsuccessful. Though the death's head with a bone in its mouth, often presented for our contemplation by edifying writers, such as the seventeenth-century divines, is not—and is not meant to be—an attractive object, it appears still less so when it wears the wreath of roses twined about it by those who would invest with incongruous prettiness and pleasantness a nightmare life-in-grave, which might well "thick man's blood with cold."

That, however, is only a minor consideration in comparison with the fact that despite its palpable absurdity it does help to render more obscure any rational view of a future life, and thus makes us a better mark for what the author of "Hydriotaphia" calls "the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man"; which is "to tell him that he is at the end of his nature, or that there is no further state to come . . ."

JANE BARLOW.

FICTION

The Woman's Victory. By MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. MAARTENS'S book is interesting and valuable because he writes with strength and distinction; because he takes cognisance of many things, and because everything he treats is shaped to a finish by a definite attitude towards life. His attitude is the chivalrous one: and his insight is as profound as chivalry will allow. At its best the chivalrous attitude is pleasant and refreshing and bears with it an aroma of reverence: at its worst it is mawkish and untrue and leads to a kind of specious enthusiasm so cheap and easy that it is worthless to feel and irritating to experience. There is something indiscriminating in its very essence, something plausible and unsatisfying. It would have given to Richard Feverel a happy ending, and thereby would have belittled Richard, belittled Lucy and belittled their love, robbing it of its exquisite simplicity by making it practicable. But Mr. Maartens generally catches chivalry at its best: and then the buoyancy which informs his style with vigour puts a rare swing into his telling of the stories. And there are some really fine short stories in the present collection. "A Resurrection," "The Dream Knight," "The Bargain," and the first story which names and notifies the book, go a long way to belie those who say that the art of the short story is a lost art in England. Nothing could be better than the swift picturing in "A Resurrection of Walter Gozlett" and the train of thought and circumstance that leads him back after twelve years of needless absence to Wiesbaden, where he lived his last years of boyhood and loved, with a boy's love, Julia his German friend's sister, who lived opposite. He calls on her and finds her disconcertingly unchanged. The interview, and his feelings at the interview, are poignantly vivid and real. Mr. Maartens is at his best in handling such a situation: a shadow of mockery, a hint of a sneer, and the thing would collapse into the ridiculous and lose all force and meaning. But the treatment is masterly in its delicate precision and has just that touch of hidden regret which lends the story, for all its slender fabric, a kind of fragile beauty. It is a pity that work so admirable as the stories mentioned and some others should be jostled by work so feeble and inferior as "The Diamonds" and several stories better unnamed. *Il faut cultiver le jardin.*

Hugh Leventhorpe. By EDWARD HARDINGHAM. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)

MR. HARDINGHAM'S memory for quotations must be a great joy to himself. The quotations, too, are always apt, and sometimes of excellent quality, but, when they are scattered through a book of four hundred and sixty pages with a frequency that recalls the leaves in Vallombrosa, they have the unfortunate effect of so getting on the nerves of the reader that his eye roams over the page for them. It is like listening for the soft hiss which runs through a church when the congregation is saying the general confession, and comes to an "s" sound. Apart from this fault, "Hugh Leventhorpe" is an interesting story of adventure and buried treasure in Mexico, with a curious interlude in England, wherein some quite unnecessary discussions on Ritualism are diversified by High Church curates who shut up girls in disused mills and hire gipsies to kidnap persons who annoy them. However, the experienced novel-reader is happier than the reviewer: he not only knows where to skip, but is free to skip. There are no problems in the book—it is a brain-rest to come across a story which deals with actions instead of thoughts. There is plenty of excitement, and there are battles and murder and sudden death; and touches of pathos; and not too rosy a view of life for grown-up people to swallow, though they may have been playing at youth in the Mexican forests, with lovely girl-queens hidden among the Aztecs, and treachery and bravery in plenty. It is all charming, and it is delightful

to pair all the couples off at the end, and leave them with a plentiful supply of babies and hard cash and supreme contentment. After talking of art and the terrible bathos of "the happy ending," it is with open arms that we welcome it. Kipling sang of the three-decker and the three-volume novel, when both were dying, and he said :

I left 'em all in couples, a-kissing on the decks ;
I left the lovers loving, and the parents signing cheques.
In endless English comfort, by county-folks caressed,
I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest.

That is what we do after a most pleasant sojourn with "Hugh Leventhorpe." The only thing is, that we like Mr. Hardingham's story quite well enough to prefer it in his own words. We envy him his memory, and his knowledge of many languages; but we do not believe that men who want to commit suicide first recite German poetry to themselves, or that their friends who save them cap it with more poetry. Mr. Hardingham may call a dog a hound and a girl a maiden, and introduce little French phrases unnecessarily, if he likes; but he need not rely on other men's thoughts to catch our interest.

Amor Veritatis. By M. PENNELL. (Elliot Stock, 5s.)

THE author of "Amor Veritatis" makes an unfortunate attempt to combine instruction with amusement, and fails signally. The book is not instructive, being neither more nor less than a vehement and acrimonious diatribe against the Church of Rome, teaching us nothing that we have not learned already from other broader-minded and less prejudiced writers: neither can it be called amusing, owing to the pooriness of the plot and the weakness of the characters, if such a name can be given to the nine or ten wooden absurdities who compose the personnel of the book. Were it possible to consider them as anything other than mere machines, from whose mouths issue the denunciatory sentiments of the author, we should be disgusted at the depths of narrow-minded priggishness to which the hero and heroine have sunk. Their conversation, or rather, their long, dreary monologues, covering several pages at a time, are thickly interlarded with Scriptural quotations, and they have a detestable habit of breaking into inferior verse on the smallest provocation. A weak-minded and devout widow and an "obsequious priest" are the Roman Catholic elements in the book. The priest, a Jesuit needless to say, and capable of every kind of petty villainy, is foiled in the end, and we leave him, a sinister and scowling figure, no doubt plotting fresh mischief. The widow is rescued from the clutches of the "Romanists" by her intrepid daughter. The incidents in the book take place, apparently, at the present time, but the manners and language of the characters belong to the early forties. We are introduced to our heroine at an archery meeting and, though no mention is made of ringlets or crinolines, their sentiment pervades the atmosphere. The less said about the whole thing the better.

The Man Who Rose Again. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

ONE of Oscar Wilde's delightful fairy tales ends thus :

"I am rather afraid I have annoyed him," answered the Linnet.
"The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral."
"Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

It is perhaps a little unfair to begin a review of a book by Mr. Joseph Hocking with a quotation from a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde; but the moral of the former is so very obvious that it called to mind the offended water-rat, who said that, had he known beforehand that there was a moral, he should certainly have said "Pooh!" Mr. Hocking does everything aboveboard, however; we know from the beginning that the cynical young man with a brilliant Parliamentary career, who is given to secret drinking will

reform before we have done with him. When he put his marked handkerchief into the pocket of an unidentifiable corpse in the river one night, and, only waiting in London to read his obituary notices, disappeared, reappearing in the disguise of a Turk with an Italian name who plays golf like an expert, if seemed almost as if the five years of interval had seen his reformation. This would scarcely be dramatic, however; he is really only brought to his senses during a thunderstorm on Dartmoor. The story is not probable, but the first half of it is really interesting, although we know that there is that moral hanging over us. If Radford Leicester had gone to the dogs his own way, he would have been a fine character-study; but what would have become of the moral? He has to be converted from a brilliant, sarcastic, rather impossible young politician, well on the road to D.T., into, *via* Islamism, an orthodox Christian, and in the permanence of that conversion we have no faith at all. The girl who is the heroine of the book is the usual charming, rather priggish maiden who throws a man over just when he most wants her—loves him while he has no faults, and holds out a helping hand to him only so long as he is sturdy on his own feet. Mr. Hocking has started out to prove that: "Rob a man of his religion and he is only a savage, with a savage's instincts and desires." If one can agree with that point of view, the story will gain, though the incidents remain improbable. The treatment is interesting; but with such a moral as this, which only takes in one side of the question, the broader issues of character must suffer. As it is, it is a pleasant story, with a happy ending, an excellent doctrine, and four illustrations.

Of Mistress Eve. By HOWARD PEASE. (Constable, 6s.)

A MORE appropriate title for this story would have been: "Of the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess-Dowager of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," but that would be long and clumsy. It is a narrative of Life on the Border during the period before and after the Restoration; but there is very little about the Stuarts, and too much about the Border. The lady who gives her name to the title takes a vow not to marry till the king enjoys his own again, which is a good, Stanley Weymanish start. But she is immediately left on one side, in favour of her ancient godmother, the Lady Anne, and the vow is only casually mentioned now and then. The king comes back, quite quietly, half-way through the book, and we are told that Eve became engaged and was married. Of course, this was entirely her own business, and the author evidently thought it was none of his or ours; but, after all, we had started out to read about Mistress Eve. She and her husband, a shadowy pair without a grain of character, went to London and met with shadowy adventures, while the narrator, her cousin, with a still more shadowy wife, wandered from Whitehall to the Docks and met kings and villains. When he heard that his cousin had been abducted, he said that something must be done, and went home to think. Four days later he moved in the matter, and in a casual walk met and tracked the one man in London who could help him. This coincidence would have been quite in keeping, but for the four days' interval. People who think for that period about what they are going to do in serious and pressing circumstances, do not go out and grasp the skirts of Happy Chance like that. Happy Chance loves not the deliberate. The fact is that Mr. Pease has had access to some interesting documents about the Lady Anne, and he is much interested in the Border. What he wanted to do was to write a biography of the lady, with a photogravure from an old picture, and copious notes. In an evil moment he decided to make a story out of his material and to turn it into a sequel to his "Magnus Sinclair." The result is a spoilt biography and a spoilt novel; there is no plot, and, when Mr. Pease is tired of going on, he leaves off. That is on page 301. If the period and personages were more

important, it would be a palatable way of serving up a history lesson; but the learners would have to be cautioned against too implicit a reliance on the grammar. However, there is a really nice murder, under the guise of a duel; and the narrator saw it only by climbing up the waterspout of a lonely inn on a Cumberland moor and looking through the floor, which seems to have been of the open-work kind. After seeing this, it was quite a long time before he could get to sleep; but we thought we knew what he would do, and five lines later he did it. He fell into an uneasy dose towards morning.

FINE ART

Warwickshire. Painted by FRED WHITEHEAD, R.B.A.; described by CLIVE HOLLAND. *Sussex.* Painted by WILFRID BALL, R.E. (Black, 20s. net each.)

OF recent years the production of table-literature, that is to say of books the primary object of which is to solace the lonely vigil of premature callers, has received a fresh impetus from the invention of the three-colour process. In place of the "Book of Beauty" or "Portfolio of Royalty," without which no lady's drawing-room or fashionable physician's waiting-room was complete in the forties, we now have overgrown octavos illustrated with sixty to a hundred full-page reproductions in colours, gaudily bound and issued with much flourishing of trumpets by one of Mr. Charles Heath's numerous successors. To regard these volumes as serious contributions to art or literature would be to arrogate to them pretensions which few could hope to justify. Their illustrations demand, as a rule, no weightier consideration than the picture postcards which they resemble, and which in some cases we know to be duplicate reproductions. Their letterpress, to which the publishers admittedly attach secondary importance, calls for no more exacting criticism than that applicable to guide-books and humbler topographical works.

The volumes on Warwickshire and Sussex which Messrs. Black have added to their "Beautiful Books" are typical examples of this class of literature. We have seen better results obtained from colour-printing, a process which is still in its infancy, but we have also seen worse. Mr. Wilfrid Ball's paintings of Sussex are strictly objective, and give no clearer revelation of the painter's personality than a faint suggestion of neatness, methodical habits and orderly behaviour. Of the county depicted they tell us with the help of colour a little more than could the average photographer, yet not so much as could a photographer with a gift for seizing the most salient and characteristic features of a landscape. In his choice of subject Mr. Ball has allowed himself to be obsessed by the picturesque cottage, and cottages and streets are not the monopoly of any single English county. Had he given us fewer of these and a greater number of more extensive views, as his *Malling Mill*, *Cliffs near Eastbourne*, and *Crowborough Heath*, Mr. Ball's illustrations would be more representative of the county whose distinctive features, its woods, its downs and sea-bathed pastures, are not sufficiently emphasised.

Mr. Whitehead's pictures of Warwickshire are more personal, and if all showed the same decorative charm and technical dexterity as his *Guy's Cliff Mill*, his illustrations would take a high place in this series. Unfortunately, Mr. Whitehead frequently falls away from his own standard, and several of his illustrations have the appearance of being copies of photographs rather than direct impressions of nature. He is at his best in his broader sketches, where his vigorous colour touches atone for the weakness of his draughtsmanship, and atmosphere is not lost by the over-elaboration of unimportant details. His subjects are generally well chosen, though the leafiness of Warwickshire might have been insisted upon by his painting fewer swans and more trees.

In the generous supply of text to this volume, Mr. Clive Holland says a great deal about Warwickshire, though very little that has not been said sufficiently before. The triteness of his style and his tender consideration for the ignorance of his reader are typically illustrated by his allusions to "William Shakespeare, one of the greatest poets of any age," and to the Earl of March, "afterwards made Edward IV."

The letterpress of Sussex is shorter and less tedious. Of the three sections into which it is divided, the second, dealing with "The Historical Development of Sussex," is decidedly the best and contains much matter with regard to Roman remains and family histories which will be of genuine interest to the amateur antiquary. Few people save reviewers, we imagine, take up a book of this class with the deliberate intention of reading it from cover to cover, but whosoever dips into this section of "Sussex" is likely to find himself speedily immersed.

MUSIC

A HISTORY OF BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES

FIVE hundred pages or thereabouts on the symphonies of Beethoven, published in this present year, do not inspire the reader with the expectation of much new reading, and on opening M. Prod'homme's book, "*Les Symphonies de Beethoven*," the first impression is that somehow it has been belated, that it ought to have appeared at latest twenty years ago. But the author very modestly apologises for this in a preface, on the grounds of "la penurie d'ouvrages écrits en notre langue sur le grand compositeur allemand," and he therefore attempts to do for his countrymen something of what Grove did for English-speaking music-lovers in "*Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies*." He has analysed each symphony and made careful investigation into the circumstances which influenced the production of each and its reception, and has compiled this ample volume from very full knowledge of his material. That this should be reached at second-hand was inevitable, but the author is not slow to acknowledge his indebtedness to many authorities, especially to Nottebohm, Wasielewski, and Grove.

M. Prod'homme's personal share of the work is chiefly shown in the arrangement. The plan is clear and simple and logically carried out. Each symphony has a chapter to itself, which is divided into three sections. The first deals with the antecedents of the work. It is partly biographical. How far the circumstances of his life affected Beethoven's work must ever remain in some doubt. In certain places the two are easily connected, at others there seems something like a contradiction, as between the deep emotion of his letters and the light-heartedness of the fourth symphony. But this almost tabular arrangement saves the author from that sort of discussion which is now futile and even impertinent. The facts are given with copious quotations from the correspondence and other authorities, as well as references to, and quotations from Beethoven's sketch-book. In the second section the symphony itself is analysed, with of course musical quotations of themes and important passages. It is here that one feels some disappointment. The nine symphonies have been so often subjected to the process, from the crude statement of themes found in a concert programme to the really individual and glowing descriptions in which Sir George Grove excelled, that one expects something more than the rather conventional eulogy and description of M. Prod'homme. In a work of this size an elementary knowledge of the symphonies might have been assumed, and a more detailed comparison of passages made and deductions drawn as to the composer's own development. To take a single instance, the Introduction of the first symphony foreshadows in its tendency to break away from the tonic key the more extended excursions of this kind which introduce the fourth and seventh.

That chord of C with the flattened seventh in it, which begins the first symphony, was in itself almost sufficient to proclaim Beethoven's new epoch, but M. Prod'homme only says—

L'attention fortement éveillée par ces sautes brusques, de quatre en quatre, après cette sorte de lutte entre trois tonalités différentes, le ton de la symphonie s'impose et l'introduction, de douze mesures en tout, amène bientôt le premier thème. . . .

and this lack of critical insight, or at any rate of the power or wish to convey such insight to the reader, is apparent through all the analyses. Where occasionally he indulges in a comparison with other works, as where he remarks on a similarity between the first subject of the *Eroica* and that of Brahms's second symphony, the allusion is not very forcible. After all, there is little in common between these two, save the triple time and the fact that each is built on an arpeggio of the tonic chord.

The third part of each chapter deals with the production of each symphony. First performances in various countries are recorded, and press notices and criticisms quoted at length. These are very much more interesting than the sections about the symphonies themselves, for in them is given a fairly complete picture of the advance of musical taste in general in the few years, only twenty-four, which saw the production of the nine symphonies. The quotations are full and drawn from all European countries, not even excluding England. There is a little too much of it, though it is good to include samples of the rather patronising comments on the first two symphonies, that we may appreciate the storm which gathered round the *Eroica*, and Beethoven's ultimate justification in his complete acceptance by the best minds on the production of the Choral Symphony. It shows, in fact, quite a genius for selection, and it is this quality in the author, as displayed in the first and third parts of each chapter, which makes the book a striking collection of thought on Beethoven. It includes the thought of his contemporaries and of musicians who came after him, and it is excellently summed up and presented by one whose knowledge is thorough and discriminating.

The book is recommended in a short preface by M. Edouard Colonne, the eminent conductor, who pays therein a tribute to Beethoven's genius, which to some extent atones for the lack of personal contribution of this kind in the work itself. We Englishmen, if we are enthusiastic, are apt to take our enthusiasm for granted and leave it unexpressed, so it is good for us to read such words as these:

Gloire à lui sur la terre! Les peuples prêtent l'oreille; les historiens proclament sa puissance; les interprètes répandent sa doctrine; le monde obéit à sa voix; se hausser jusqu'à lui c'est devenir plus grand.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge University Press have ready and will issue next month a Bible so printed that both the Authorised and Revised Versions may be read from the same text, without difficulty and without need of reference from text to margin or from one text to a second. The method adopted is to print in large type such words as are common to both Versions. Where there is a difference between the Versions, however minute, the one line of large type divides into two parallel lines of smaller type, of which the upper gives the reading of the Revised and the lower that of the Authorised Version. Thus, by reading along the large type and following, where it ceases, the upper of the two small lines, the Revised Version may be read; while the large type, in conjunction with the lower of the small lines, gives the continuous text of the Authorised Version. Many methods have been tried to facilitate comparisons between the two texts, but it is claimed that no method other than that now adopted has given a comparative view of the two Versions showing at

a glance the position, extent and exact nature of every difference between them. On account of the way in which the type is set, the Bible is to be known as "The Interlinear Bible."

The third and concluding volume of "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by the Rev. James Dennis is about to be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

Dr. James Donaldson, who has been Principal of St. Andrews University since 1889, has for some time been engaged on a work the character and scope of which are sufficiently indicated by its title—"The Position of Women in Ancient Rome and among the Early Christians." It is over forty years since Dr. Donaldson completed his "Critical History of Christian Literature from the Death of the Apostles till the Nicene Creed," and almost a quarter of a century since his "Lyra Græca" appeared. His new work is to be published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, before he proceeds on his projected Australasian tour, will finish his work on "The World's Famous Orations." The volumes—there will be ten in all—are to be published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls at a price that will bring the work, according to Mr. Bryan's wish, within the reach of the working classes "as a stimulus to democracy in all English-speaking lands." Three volumes will be devoted to Great Britain and three to America, and one volume respectively to Ireland, Continental Europe, Greece and Rome, thus covering, according to the publishers, "the entire range of historic oratory from the time of Achilles to the day of Roosevelt and Campbell-Bannerman!"

Messrs. Skeffington's new Autumn novels will include "Bubble Reputation" by Alfred Buchanan; "Kinsman" by David Heron; "The Betrayal of Mistress Donis" by George Cannock Dyke, and "The Web of Circumstance" by Dr. Lucian De Zilwa, all of which will be published early in September.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "DETAIL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question put by "Inquirer" last week hastens my letter to you on the general subject of Pronunciation, which I should have been glad to postpone till the winter.

Unfortunately the dictionaries give little help in such matters, even when not positively misleading, as like the "Standard" in the present instance, instead of seeking and conforming to the best rule or idiom, they merely balance the usages of certain arbitrarily selected "authorities" and advise the public to follow the majority. This futile and inane custom is adopted also by amateur mentors in literary and ordinary papers, as, for instance, where "S. L. H." gave a list of authors writing "averse to" and "averse from" respectively, and decided that the former were the more numerous, whereas of course the latter phrase is the only correct one no matter how few use it.

In the case of words like "detail," where noun and verb are spelt alike, the rule is that the accent shall be on the first syllable in the former and on the second in the latter. This at once disposes of all such as the general public seem undecided about, e.g., *content*, *contract*, *control*, *combine*, *perfect*, *combat*, *address*, *accord*, *recess*, *concern*, *incline*, *detail*, etc. Here sticklers will triumphantly imagine they have caught me in a trap, pointing to words like *effect*, *delay*, which are only accented one way. But now comes in the one great master rule which settles all such problems. This is the simple and obvious one that the idiom is to be followed *as far as possible*; in other words, that in cases of doubt preference is to be given to the analogical form. Hence the first syllable is correctly stressed in the substantives *defect*, *report*, *repute*, *refrain*, *resume*, *precise*, *expose*, *disguise*, *discourse*, *return*, while even *ally* (which should be properly *alliee*), seeing it has assumed the present form, should also be pronounced to correspond.

Pedants delight in evolving some new fashion in pronunciation because, they say, it is "more euphonious," and distinguishes the superfine from the common herd. Thus, as if we had not already trouble enough with our "h," they are constantly insisting that it should be silent in certain arbitrarily chosen words, such as *hotel*, *herb*, *humble*, *historical*, *heroic* (I don't know whether they include *heterogeneous*). Hence confusion is worse confounded and further perplexities are added to the trials of writers and school-children. Yet here again the great main rule smooths all difficulties. *Wherever possible* the aspirate should be sounded, that is, in every word in the

language but *hour, heir, honour, honest*, and their derivatives, nor would there be any harm if it were restored to these also, as they are mere accidental survivals from times when, as in the biblical *horse* and *house*, its pronunciation was a matter of individual taste and fancy.

Euphony, indeed, is the worst possible criterion. It is appealed to in justification of the nauseous dragging in of French words or phrases, mostly by half-educated authors or journalists who have but a smattering of that language. Those who really are well versed in it use it the least. Thus in the admirable translations of Zola's works by Ernest Vizetelly, it is but rarely that one finds a French word, although a slovenly writer would have yielded to the temptation to save trouble by simple transcription. People who so adore French should write in it altogether, if they can, and abjure their own tongue entirely. In cases where a new word for the French is really required it should be anglicised completely. Thus *fracas* (rumpus, shindy, brawl, tussle) should rime with *jackass* (as in Burns). There are in French no such words as *locale, morale, envelope, portmanteaux, double entendre*, etc., at least with the meanings intended, and those who thus use them only advertise their own ignorance. There is no need to employ unpronounceable French words for *recount, recount, shamoy, employee, debauchee, attachee, avalanch*, nor meaningless or ungrammatical alleged translations like "on the carpet," "it goes without saying," "castles in Spain," for "on the (table-)cloth," "it needs no saying," "castles in the air." If half the pains were taken to evolve or discover good English expressions that are expended in looking up or inventing pseudo-French affectations, when indeed these are not mere indolent or brainless acceptations of current jargon, many good old words might come into use again. Thus "scoll" expresses exactly the sense usually given by *débris*, "urchin" that of *gamin*, "mettle" or "fettle" of *moral(e)*, and so on. And is "ballade" to be pronounced "ballaid" or "ballahd"?

I cannot too strongly insist that Consistency is usually an infallible guide. As is pointed out on p. 127, appeals to even Latin usage soon lead to an impasse, and as regards quantity the only safe rule to follow is: When in doubt, sound the vowel short. This for three reasons: first, because it sounds better (I make this concession to euphony); secondly, because the short vowels have more nearly retained their original phones; and thirdly, because consistent with analogy and the genius of the language. Thus not only *doctrinal*, but *inspiration, finance, tremor, respite, dynamic*, etc., *ad libitum*. So with the wholeseries of words like *docile, hostile, mercantile*.

Many words have odd pronunciations without any reason at all. Thus *indict, phthisis, schism, suffice, executive, conquer, regiment, clerk*, etc., might all be spoken as spelt, *bréal* is a dis-syllable (there is no Latin *ordealis*) and *promenade* should agree with *parade* or *esplanade*, *tomato* with *potato*.

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This is essentially a question for the generation now commencing at elementary schools and all succeeding generations, and it concerns those who have already left school mostly as to their responsibility for the education of the former. In other words, it is hopeless and useless to expect educated people to alter their spelling until they are forced to do it by the invading custom of the youngsters when they mingle amongst them endowed with a close approximation to phonetic and logical spelling. Educated people however are the only ones who can instruct the young, and those who study the science and practise the art of teaching must at least be converted to recognising the benefits of phonetic spelling before it can be set to work in schools.

To bring about this conversion is the task which reformers really have before them. It must consist mainly in breaking down or weakening antiquated prejudice so far as to establish toleration for elasticity in spelling and a general disregard for all the existing canons of Orthography as an indispensable mark of education and good breeding.

Ingenious and elaborate stages of reform such as so ably arranged by Mr. E. A. Fyppson in the ACADEMY of August 4 are of very little practical utility. It is difficult to remember precise rules for limited reform, and no one can be hurt by adopting an elastic principle in preference to a rigid code.

It is desirable that the untainted minds of the children should at once be emancipated from the senseless drudgery of memorising a multitude of grotesque arrangements of letters taken to designate sound but which are neither correct in accordance with any assignable rational and consistent values of the letters nor reliably indicative of the origin or history of the words. During the transition stage while these adolescents shall gradually displace the senescent users of the traditional spelling, it is inevitable that there should be a wild outbreak of disorderly spelling. It is of little advantage to try and crystallise and stiffen this progress into a number of precisely graded stages. Elasticity and tolerance is what is most wanted. It is hopeless to demand uniformity. Nor should reformers be disheartened and their opponents be derisive because of the presentation of a host of schemes exhibiting larger or smaller degrees of divergence. In this branch of biological evolution, as in others, variation must supply the forms to be sifted by national selection.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

August 10.

AUTHORS AND LITERARY AGENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As it happens that I wrote the article on Agents in the August *Fortnightly*, concerning which you have made good-natured comments this week, perhaps you will let me answer the problem you have set in the following paragraph:

"A, a novelist, has written a successful novel; B, his publisher, asks him for another, of course through C, his agent. But C happens to know that since A published that novel another firm of publishers has become desperately anxious for novels of that kind, and is willing to pay A half as much again as B is prepared to offer. What is C's duty? To 'maintain the close literary relationship' between A and B, or to get for A the biggest profit he can? Whichever he does, he will be in the black books of either author or publishers."

It is a problem the agent is so often called upon to solve that the answer can be given off-hand. In the given circumstances the ordinary mundane agent, who would be the last to claim that he is ideal or that he wants to do anything except make his business profitable and at the same time give every one a fair deal, would carefully figure out whether the offer from the new publisher, whom we will call D, would bring as much ultimately in money and prestige to client A as B's offer. If he decides that, everything considered, D's offer is better than B's, he gives B a chance to equal D's offer. If B won't do it D gets the book, and B can have no reasonable ground of complaint, while A (we will hope) realises anew the advantage of having the right sort of an agent for work that is in demand. The less the value of the author's work, the less the value of an agent to him. That sounds like a paradox, but it is absolutely true, and my article in the August *Fortnightly* was intended to prove it.

CURTIS BROWN.

August 11.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Yorkshire Dales and Fells. Painted and described by Gordon Home 9½ x 6½. Pp. 180. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Sloman, Arthur. *A Grammar of Classical Latin for use in Schools and Colleges*. 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 480. Cambridge University Press, 6s.

["This book," says the author in his preface, "is called a 'Grammar of Classical Latin,' because its aim is to state, with such degree of accuracy as the knowledge and time of the writer have permitted, the facts of the language as they appear in the accepted models of Classical Latin. By 'Classical Latin' is here meant that artificial literary dialect of which Cicero and Caesar are the recognised exponents in prose, Vergil, Ovid and Horace in poetry. All statements of Syntax, if made without specific extension or limitation, apply to Latin as we find it in these writers."]

FICTION.

Capes, Bernard. *A Rogue's Tragedy*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 304. Methuen, 6s.

A Pixy in Petticoats. 7½ x 5. Pp. 324. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Bearne, David, S.J. *Sanctity's Romance*, or Stories of the Bright Ages. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 157. Messenger Office, Wimbledon, 1s. 6d. net.

HISTORY.

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited, and translated by James Henry Breasted. Vol. iv.—The Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Dynasty. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 520. Luzac, 3s.

[An elaborate index is being prepared. It will occupy a separate volume, and will be sold at a price not exceeding two dollars.]

LITERATURE.

Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by Charles Edwin Bennett, John Robert Sitlington Skerrett, and George Prentice Bristol. No. xvii.—*Erichthonius and the Three Daughters of Cecrops*. By Benjamin Powell. 9 x 6. Pp. 86 + Plates xii. Published for the University by the Macmillan Co., n.p.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Franciscan Days. Being selections for every day in the year from ancient Franciscan writings. Translated and arranged by A. G. Ferraers Howell. 7½ x 5. Pp. 366. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

Folkard, Henry Tennyson. *Poets and Poetry*. A Representative Collection Preserved in the Reference Department of the Wigan Free Public Library. Wigan: James Starr.

[Detached from the General Catalogue.]

Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Edited by the Secretary. Vol. xxxvii. 1905-1906. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 499. Published by the Institute, Northumberland Avenue, n.p.

Crothers, Samuel McChord. *The Gentle Reader*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 321. *The Pardoner's Wallet*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 287. Constable 5s. net.

[Two volumes of essays on various subjects, previously published in America.]

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Horn, W. A. *Notes by a Nomad*. An Olla-Podrida. With forty-nine illustrations from photographs by the author and others. 7½ x 5. Pp. 184. Melville & Mullen, 5s. net.

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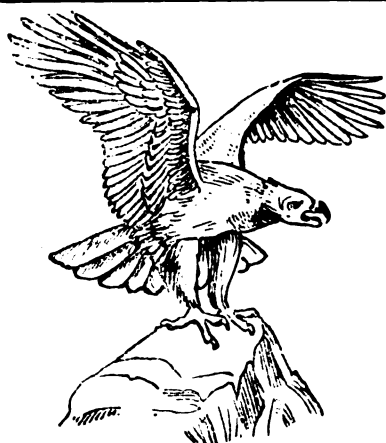
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have found not a little entertainment in two volumes of essays, or, rather, occasional papers, by Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers, an American man of letters. Mr. Crothers is not a formal essayist: he is a *causeur*, a chatter, a cultivated person who takes you aside and talks as he will, starting from a given topic, but leaving it when he wishes to, talking round and about it, always freshly, usually with some pleasing paradox, sometimes brilliantly. The title of one of his volumes, "The Gentle Reader," appealed to us at once, and the first paper fulfilled our hopes. The Gentle Reader, Mr. Crothers implies, has not yet died out, and he gives some account of his characteristics; but what he is really anxious to talk about is the author who wrote for the gentle reader, and so encouraged him to survive. This is the fine old leisurely class of authors, of whom none are left; the kind that took the gentle reader aside, and interrupted the business in hand to have a good talk over it, much as a modern plumber will interrupt his work to talk about it with his mate.

Fielding wrote like that, with his long and delightful digressions in the middle of a story; Isaak Walton was another of the order; in Sterne we find the manner carried to an extreme. Montaigne, Burton, and many another had no business; they were all for these interruptions. And there are the authors with whom it is a delight to dwell, the authors who become personal friends of the gentle reader. They talk to him about himself and about themselves; and he buys them to keep, not to devour.

The point of view has changed since the days of those writers. Nowadays we aim not at reading, but at having read (the distinction is Mr. Crothers's, and a good one). And much of it is waste labour. When a man complains that the great number of new books prevents him reading the old books, he is making a feeble excuse. It is easier, says Mr. Crothers somewhere (in a paper, we fancy, on "The Honorable Points of Ignorance"), to talk about a new book before you have read it, than after. And one reason for that, which appears to have escaped him, is this: that, thanks to the modern Press, it is very easy to get a good idea (good, that is, for purposes of conversation) of a new book in ten minutes.

The wise man will choose carefully two papers which deal with books, opposed, if possible, in point of view and in manner of treatment; and he will read both. He will thus, in one evening, have observed from both sides all the new books, and will be well-primed against his next dinner-party. The rest of the week remains for the reading and reading again of the old books. So that we light on something of a paradox. The more literary journalism there is,

the more time has the really gentle reader for his old friends. He may, however, now and then make a new friend; and we find qualities in Mr. Crothers's "Gentle Reader" and "Pardoner's Wallet" which will endear him to many.

From America we receive more books of such essays or papers than come from all the English publishers. The reason possibly is that, since there are more readers and writers in America than in England, therefore there are more examples of each different kind of book. But the essay, or the occasional paper, is becoming rarer and rarer in England. The essayist labours, of course, under a great disadvantage. Steele, Hazlitt, Stevenson, one or another is sure to be thrown in his teeth by the reviewers, just as it used to be the foolish fashion to tell a minor poet that he was not a Milton. But the novelist labours under the same burden: Fielding, Scott and Thackeray have lived and written; and the thought does not deter the novelist. The dearth of essays is probably due to the prevalence of fiction. The stimulus or the sedative, doctors tell us, must be increased, if it is to preserve its efficacy. The palate enured to chilis finds no flavour in white pepper. And the taste formed on novels, the hottest and strongest kindest of mental food, finds the essay insipid. So far as the interpretation of life goes, we are ready to believe that a novel—a good novel—gives more of it than an equally good essay; but we may be permitted a sigh for the disappearance of a peculiarly pleasant form of literary art.

In the third series (vol. ii.) of "Archaeologia Aeliana" the miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we find a very interesting paper by Dr. T. M. Allison on "The Flail and its Varieties." It seems strange, somehow, to find the flail referred to as an "antiquity," and yet the people under sixty who have actually seen it in use must be few. The present writer saw it but once; wielded by a man on the little threshing-floor at the bottom of an old west-country garden. That was nearly thirty years ago, and the thresher then spoke of himself as one of the few men left who knew how to wield the dangerous instrument. Dangerous it must have been, no less so than a stock-whip, in the hands of an inexperienced workman.

"The flail," writes Dr. Allison, "is mentioned by Milton, Shakespeare, Burns and Oliver Wendell Holmes [a queer conjunction of names], but is not named in Scripture." The last part of the statement sounds odd, until we remember that corn in the East is trodden out, not threshed. The threshing-floor, which is often made the symbol of judgment and retribution in the Old Testament, was the place where the beasts trod out the grain. One cannot but imagine, however, what splendid use the Old Testament writers would have made of the flail, had they known it. The measured fall of its unceasing blows has much that is terrible about it.

Some of the words Dr. Allison preserves are interesting. A flail is in Gaelic a "suist," in Scotch a "flinging-tree"—readers of Burns will remember his lines:

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the sun had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the spence, right pensively
I gaed to rest;

—a "threshall" in Hampshire, a "drashall" in Devon, "the sticks" in Weadale, and "frail" in South Durham and Yorkshire. The handle was called in England and Ireland the "handstaff," the "haft" in Scotland, "lorg" in Gaelic, and "collop" or "collopon" in original Irish; and the second stick, or "souple"—that which is

attached to the handle, usually by a thong of leather, and falls on the corn—was called the “beater” in Hampshire, the “soople” or “swingle” in Northumberland, the “swingle” in Kent, the “swipple” in Yorkshire, “buaalten” in Gaelic, and “buailtan” or “boottan” in old Irish. In Devon the souple was called the “flail” (the whole thing being the “drashall”) and the “threshing-tree” in Perthshire. The Old English name for it was the “swingle-tree.” These are only a few of the terms given by Dr. Allison, whose article is full of lore on the subject and amply illustrated. It is strange to reflect that the Japanese have always used flails for threshing rice, though their bamboo flail is a clumsy weapon.

The *Times* of last Thursday had an interesting article on the Library of the University of London, which is shortly to be thrown open, under certain restrictions, to the public. Many of the books in it belonged to George Grote, the historian of Greece, and to Professor Augustus de Morgan. Grote bequeathed his books—mainly classical and historical—to the University, and his habit (shared by Professor de Morgan) of writing bibliographical and biographical notes in them adds considerably to their interest and value. Other benefactors of the library have been the Goldsmiths' Company, which presented among many other things Professor Somerton Foxwell's library, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Lord Granville, Lord Avebury, and others. The librarian is Mr. Lawrence W. Haward, and the assistant librarian is Mr. Reginald A. Rye. The Library is to be opened by Lord Rosebery on October 29.

Some of the books are of rare value and importance. Bibliophiles will be interested in the “*Kalendarium*” of Joannes de Monteregio, printed by Ratdolt in 1476, which is the first known book with a title-page bearing the printer's names and date, information usually kept in those days for the colophon. Then there are fine copies of the first four editions of Euclid, the first edition being Venice, 1482; a Bale: “*Illustrium Maioris Britanniae Scriptorum*” (Ipswich, 1548), which is “the foundation of English Biography,” and a “*Whetstone of Witte*,” which is the seconde parte of *Arithmetike*, by Robert Record, 1557, which is the book referred to by Sir Walter Scott in “*The Fortunes of Nigel*” as the only book in the usurer's house besides the Bible.

In a little book of jottings called “*Notes of a Nomad*,” by W. A. Horn (published by Messrs. Melville and Mullen), we find an extraordinary example of ingenuity. He was challenged, it appears, to write thirty lines on sea-sickness, with a musical term in every line; and here is his first stanza:

If rolling is her crotchet
This vessel ought to score;
She spoils my rest, she spoils my notes,
She spoils my *répertoire*.

But he improves as he goes on:

There *demi* goes my dinner,
As the ship on *upper C*
Appoggiaturas. Oh! the brute,
She's pitched too high for me. . . .

I know you'll think me very *bass*.
I'll *pause* till calm prevails;
It's all because they've gone and *set*
A bad *falsetto* sails.

I cannot *scale* the dizzy mast:
The *chords* are very slack;
Oh! how I *shake*; I know I shall
B flat upon my back.

I'll bet a *tenor* that she strikes
The *bar* upon the lee;
Andante up the money, should
She safely reach the key.

Poker players will see the meaning of the reference contained in the word “*Andante*.”

The joy of misquotation is so widely diffused that it seems a pity to reserve the following instance of that error for private consumption. Every one knows Longfellow's “*Resignation*”:

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.

This was given in a recent examination paper, obviously without intent to parody, as:

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one black sheep is there.

An example of the misuse of a single word was furnished by another candidate, who credited Mr. Chamberlain with a habit of collecting *orchards*. The figure known to grammarians as *litotes*, and defined as the suggestion of a strong notion by the use of a weak form of speech, was pleasantly exemplified as follows: “Sometimes, as in the case of rabbits, the hobby is neglected, and unpleasant circumstances may arise.” A seer was defined as one who overlooks work done by others. Wordsworth's “poring antiquarian” became a *perspiring* curio-hunter, and the immortal twins were partially disguised as “Romulus and Romford.”

With reference to our suggestion made two weeks ago that, as among servants there is one voice for the mistress and another for the kitchen, so among poor people there is one language for the “quality” and another for their own circle, a correspondent writes pointing out that in one district of England at least, the Peak of Derbyshire, the natives are bilingual.

“Amongst themselves they speak the old Derbyshire dialect, which resembles the English of the First Prayer-book of Edward VI.: but they keep modern English for strangers who live amongst them, the clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the policeman, whom they habitually speak of as ‘foreigners.’ So-and-So's daughter is his ‘wench,’ children they call ‘childer,’ ornaments are ‘gauds,’ and my wife was much surprised one day at being asked if she had ever ‘a cast-away body,’ meaning a bodice, ‘to give to a poor wench.’” Probably this bilingual state is common all over the country.

Professor Richard Lodge, occupant of the History chair in Edinburgh University, in opening the holiday courses in modern languages in the northern capital the other day, paid a fine tribute to the influence of Sir Walter Scott. The Scots, according to Professor Lodge, who were born on this side the Border, had proved themselves the most adaptable nation in the history of Europe, the most eager and most ready to learn from its neighbours and allies. It was only at the beginning of the nineteenth century that the Scots intercourse with the continent of Europe ceased to be a conspicuous element in the development of Scotland; and this change Dr. Lodge attributed above everything else to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, which operated more strongly, he was certain, than the Act of Union or the growth of commerce to bridge over the gulf which had so long divided England from Scotland. In commemoration of Scott's birthday, the Edinburgh and Glasgow statues of Scott, it may be stated, were florally decorated on August 15, his birthday, and there is a proposal that the anniversary of the great romancist's death next month should be appropriately celebrated at Dryburgh Abbey.

It was mentioned in the ACADEMY the other week that the librarian of Camberwell Central Library was engaged in a biographical work relating to noted Camberwellians. It was not stated, however—and the fact is not very widely known—that Lord Byron spent a part of his early schooldays at an academy in the Dulwich district of

Camberwell. It is an interesting and little known fact, too, that Mendelssohn composed his "Spring Song" in a house on Denmark Hill adjoining the new Ruskin Park. The editor of the *South London Mail* is engaged, we understand, on a South London bibliography.

Among recent acquisitions to the British Museum Library is a small volume, "Poems," J. Ballantyne, Edinburgh, 1803, in which appear for the first time and anonymously Thomas Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning" and "Hohenlinden." The original manuscript of the former has long been in the possession of Lord Minto at Minto House, Hawick, where the poem was written. Both poems were written in 1802, and the latter—called by its author "a mere drum and trumpet thing"—was rejected by the *Greenock Advertiser*.

Professor Saintsbury, whose "appreciation" of Walter Pater forms the chief feature of the August *Bookman*, writes that: "If you cannot construe Pater aright from the 'Studies,' the 'Marius,' and the 'Appreciations,' he himself would do you very little good if he could arise and speak afresh with whatever considerations and correctives. . . . In literature . . . I know no one who supplies at once so much stimulus, and so much practical help, with such a range of illustrative enjoyment into the bargain. And apart from literature—in almost the widest ranges of thought and life—I can see no reason why his method should not be applied with an infinite gain of satisfaction to the soul as well as to the senses: and with no necessary—with no even probable—prospect of disaster, except in cases where disaster was antecedently all but certain."

We are sometimes told that romance is dead, and that the adventures of the heroes of "Kingston of the wind and wave" or of "Ballantyne the brave," can never again be witnessed in real life. But the papers of the last week have given us facts that make Defoe, or Stevenson, even Jules Verne, seem timid inventors. It seems that Robinson Crusoe's island has disappeared in the Valparaiso upheaval, though whether Defoe intended the island to be on the East or the West of South America is a point never likely to be settled beyond dispute. If the earthquake has carried off the island, then it has plagiarised Jules Verne. At the same time, we have the starting of the good ship *Xena* for a mysterious treasure island somewhere off the African coast in the approved manner of Stevenson himself. A Captain Jones left a chart telling of a spot in the ocean where diamonds apparently may be had for the mere scratching of the earth, and a secret expedition has been fitted out to secure the treasure. The *Xena*, under sealed orders, is now on the way, and even in these days of much traffic and fast ships, expects to be able to elude the vigilance of all "shadowers."

We understand that the Russian Government has purchased the library of Alexander Pushkin. It is to be housed temporarily in the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, and there is a proposal on foot to found a museum, bearing the name of the poet, to which the library will be transferred.

Mr. D. S. MacColl is heartily to be congratulated on the first acquisition made by the Tate Gallery under his keepership. Ford Madox Brown's *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* is of great intrinsic value as an example of the decorative treatment of an historical subject, and it is not less welcome as a reminder of the long roll of famous British painters unrepresented, or inadequately represented, in what is nominally the National Gallery of British Art. Hitherto the Tate Gallery has contained but one example of Brown's noble art, *Christ Washing Peter's Feet*, and though the first master of Rossetti may now be said to be

satisfactorily represented, no work by his second, Mr. Holman Hunt, finds a place in the collection. We hear that a movement is on foot to secure his last painting, *The Lady of Shalott* for the Tate Gallery, and if its purchase can be effected we know no work by Mr. Hunt better calculated to impress posterity with his great gifts as a designer and illustrator.

Within the last few days there have also been hung in the Tate Gallery five new Turners—*Tivoli*, *The Arch of Constantine*, *The Burning of The Ships*, *The Old Chain Pier, Brighton*, and *A Ship Aground*—raised from the tomb of those apartments in the National Gallery to which the public has not access. The new director, Sir Charles Holroyd, has done well in so speedily bringing these long-hidden works before the public, but the steady dispersal of a collection bequeathed to the nation on the express condition that it should be kept together in one building emphasises the need for a separate gallery in which the huge Turner bequest of oils, water-colours and drawings might more worthily be housed and more effectively displayed. We trust that when the Government consider the question of the extension of the National Galleries at Trafalgar Square and Millbank—the necessity of which was urged by the Earl of Carlisle in the House of Lords a few weeks ago—they will recognise that the formation of a separate Turner Gallery will be the best solution of this problem as well as the discharge of a debt long overdue.

Nothing is more difficult to gauge than the taste of a future generation in art, and a picture which cost an acute critic thousands of pounds one year may be worth only hundreds a decade later. The late Mr. Woods was undoubtedly one of the most far-seeing buyers of his age, but that there is no royal road to success as a picture-dealer or picture-collector is proved by the auction room records. In the current issue of a contemporary monthly Mr. W. Roberts has an article on "The Ups and Downs of Picture Prices," in which he tabulates a number of recent records, several of which have already been given in the ACADEMY. Mr. Woods bought carefully, and his purchases were comparatively few, but hardly any of them realised less than he gave. A pair of vases of flowers by Baptiste, for which he gave seven shillings, brought fifty-four guineas at his sale in May; his greatest triumphs, however, were Hoppner's *Lady Waldegrave* and Lawrence's *Miss Emily C. Ogilvie*. Bought for twenty-three pounds and two hundred guineas respectively, they realised six thousand and three thousand guineas. No one, we think, has beaten, or is likely to beat, Mr. Wynn Ellis's record for the Gainsborough *Duchess of Devonshire*: it cost him sixty-five pounds and was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for over ten thousand pounds. At the sale of Raeburn's remaining works in 1877, forty-nine portraits were sold for six thousand pounds. Within the last two seasons thirteen of his pictures have brought no less than forty-two thousand nine hundred pounds.

Gainsborough's *Portrait of Viscountess Tracy* was purchased in 1895 for one thousand five hundred pounds; in 1906 it sold for six thousand guineas. Morland's *Morning, Higgles Preparing for Market*, brought only fifty-five guineas in 1861; last year it realised two thousand guineas. Twenty guineas was paid for Rembrandt's *The Evangelist* in 1854, and two thousand guineas in 1905. Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Simplicity: Miss Gwatkin* cost one hundred and sixty guineas in 1884, and two thousand one hundred guineas in 1905: ten years hence we think the price will have dropped. Romney's *The Stanhope Children* realised only twenty-eight guineas in 1872, and was sold for four thousand six hundred guineas in June; and Turner's *Rape of Europa*, which brought two hundred and ninety-five guineas in 1871 went for six thousand four hundred guineas in the same month. On the other side

we have Mr. C. T. Garland paying two thousand guineas in 1905 for Gainsborough's *Portrait of Indiana Talbot*, which was bought for nine hundred and eighty guineas a year later. Among the "downs" list the mid-Victorian artists hold a conspicuous place. As Mr. Roberts says: "Time has indeed had his revenge, and the Academy sensations of the fifties and sixties of the last century are now for the most part the despised and rejected of the auction room."

Mr. Nugent Monck, the Secretary of the English Drama Society, is arranging to revive, under the auspices of the Chester Archæological Society the cycle of fourteenth-century plays written for the Chester guilds. It is hoped that the representation will take place at Whitsuntide 1907.

LITERATURE

THE GROWTH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Oxford Treasury of English Literature. Vol. i. *Old English to Jacobean.* By G. E. HADOW and W. H. HADOW. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

UNABLE to believe seriously that we can produce any literature as good as our predecessors did, we turn our attention in the present age to the past and devote our main energies to making sure that our successors shall have an exact and complete knowledge of that. We will establish truth for them in the field of literature, let daylight into dark corners and see that their heritage shall reach them in good order. The day of "Elegant Extracts," when men were willing to take their literature in disconnected sips and bites like a woman's meal, is over. We have realised that a poem or a work of prose loses most, if not all, of its value if it is read or learned apart from its surroundings, detached from its contemporaries, without reference to the history of its growth from earlier efforts and its influence on later. The aim, that is, of students and teachers is to see English literature as a live and organic whole, a thing that grew, influenced by its "environment," by historical and social events; a thing with its roots in the national soul, drawing its nourishment from the national development, growing luxuriantly or feebly, stiffly or generously, according to the kind of nourishment it could receive at the different stages in its life. It is for that reason, no doubt, and not for any particular interest or sustenance they can offer to the modern mind that the sources and origins are searched and studied; that we read *Beowulf* and *Cynewulf*, *Gower*, *Skelton* or *Wyatt*. And more: to be logical we must hold that the subject cannot be fully understood unless even the inferior works of inferior writers are kept alive. They are part of the great plant: it is impossible to know it thoroughly without paying to these weak or withered shoots the due share of attention; and it has more than once occurred that such apparently negligible members have been the means whereby the main and splendid limbs attained their full glory.

That is the spirit in which Mr. and Miss Hadow have set to work to compile the Treasury of which the first volume is before us. Their aim is to indicate "the chief landmarks in the progress of English Literature." That means that to begin with, their title is a misnomer. A "treasury" of literature is, surely, a collection of its choicest things, not a swift survey of its history. We read a "treasury" purely for pleasure (which will be the greater if we know the history of the jewels): we study a book like this as a preparation for the proper appreciation of the contents of a treasury. This is an illustrated handbook to the study of the medals in our cabinet. And a good handbook it is. The subject, as the authors point out, had to be divided into chapters, and these chapters must each have either a main topic or a main chronological period: taken all in

all, these chapter headings have been wisely chosen, and if the reader will bear in mind the authors' warning against trusting to hard and fast divisions in such a subject, he will not be misled by them. The first chapter is Old English Literature, beginning not with *Caedmon* but with *Beowulf* and containing translated selections also from *Cynewulf* and *Alfred's Orosius*. We come next to the lyric poems produced under the French influence that came in with and after the Conquest—"Sumer is icumen in," the "Spring Song" and *Hendyng's Proverbs*; and these are followed by the romance, the fabliau and the ballad. In chapter iv. we find the "Nationalist Reaction," with extracts from "*Sir Gawayn*;" and in chapters v. and vi. we have *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lydgate* and *Occleve*. To keep, for a moment, to poetry, chapter viii. gives us "The Revolt against Poetic Convention," which means *Skelton* and the ballads; and in chapter ix. we come to the influence of the Renaissance in Italy, with *Wyatt*, *Surrey* and *Sackville*. *Spenser* has chapter x.; the Elizabethan songs and sonnets chapter xi., and the last chapter gives "The Followers," by which the compilers mean the poets of the Jacobean decline, *Giles Fletcher*, *Browne*, *Drayton*, *Chapman*. Two chapters, meanwhile, have been given to prose; chapter vii. includes *Mandeville to More*; and chapter xii. Elizabethan Prose, the euphuists, *Bacon* and the colloquial school of *Nash* and *Dekker*. The selections occupy much more space than the introductions, and the whole book runs to three hundred and fifty-six crown octavo pages.

This, clearly, is no treasury. A treasury of English literature from Old English to Jacobean without a line of "Pearl," a word of *Raleigh*, or *Hooker*, or *Burton*, a stanza of *Peele*, or *Lodge*, or "A. W.," with only three songs of *Campion* and one of *Fletcher*?

The idea is plainly absurd; and we dwell upon this matter of the title because it seems to us that the error is likely to mislead a great many who might profit by the book if they accepted it for what it is, an illustrated handbook, and a good one. It does well what it professes (elsewhere than in the title) to do. It gives a clear outline of the history of the subject; and it pays due attention to the influence of foreign literatures on our own, a matter that handbooks are apt to omit.

The subjects of the chapters as given above will show that no complaint can be made with regard to this part of the work. The authors show, with surprising clearness considering the small space in which they had to move, how the Old English literature of saga and chronicle contained the lyric seed which was ripened by the French influence after the Conquest; and how, before we became too Gallic, there was a national reaction after *Poitiers* which gave us such work as the romance of "*Sir Gawayn*." They do not, to our surprise, mention "Pearl," which, whether or not by the same author, forms part of the same manuscript, and is at least as interesting and important a landmark in our progress. They do not, for reasons given in the preface, do more than touch on "*Piers Plowman*." They proceed to show how out of the two tendencies, the English and the French, rose *Chaucer*, who drew from Italy the final breath of his greatness. Then, or contemporaneously, came the fore-runners of the Reformation, *Gower*, *Lydgate* and *Occleve*, "ethical, political or religious"; to be followed by the second revolt, that against court influences and established forms in poetry, which gave us *Skelton* and the ballads. And so we come to the great outburst, when the sun of the Italian Renaissance dawned over us, and the singers in the first glimmer, *Wyatt* and *Surrey*, heralded the matchless chorus of the dawn. And the story is told with just and apt criticism, wide and deep knowledge, and plenty of fact.

The only question is: Is not such work as this robbed of its due effect by the cramped space allowed it? Here is a volume that attempts to take in the whole of English literature from *Beowulf* to the Jacobean decline, and is scarcely bigger than Mr. Pollard's "*English Miracle*

Plays." The omissions, as we have incidentally pointed out, are necessarily vast in quantity and supreme in beauty and interest: the introductions, despite the care and knowledge with which they are written, are inevitably insufficient and a little dictatorial; the selections, though chosen with fine judgment, are brief and not wholly representative. For instance, who could gain a fair idea of the Elizabethan lyrics from twenty pages of extracts? The book is not one to be "enjoyed"; it is for study, and if a matter is to be studied, it had better be studied at greater length than this. In succeeding volumes the compilers will surely find their difficulties increased. Volume ii. is to deal with the drama up to the Jacobean age; volume iii. to "take up the record at the time of Milton and continue it to that of Tennyson and Browning." The result will be a primer: very likely a better primer than any other that exists; but the authors are worthy of more scope than a primer gives them.

In conclusion, there are one or two points to which attention might be drawn. When space is so valuable, there is no room for sentences like this concerning Langland:

As we think of the Fabliaux beside his work we can imagine the Roman courtiers flocking to an improvisation of Statius, and Juvenal with bent brows watching them as they pass.

Why should the spelling of Wyatt, Surrey and Sackville have been modernised, when due reverence for Spenser has left his spelling unchanged? More space should have been devoted to the development of prose from the chronicle to Bacon; and we must take exception to a sentence in the introduction to chapter vii. Speaking of Chaucer's plots and persons, the authors say:

If any prose writer of the time could have built upon his foundation the English Novel would have dated from the fourteenth century. The chance was lost by the historical accident that Mandeville lived half a century too early, that his work was contemporary with the beginning, not the end, of Chaucer's life.

No good ever came of such criticism as that. Last, the use of "euphuistic" or "euphuism" according to "our modern habit of calling mean things by high-sounding names" is an inexact use, and should not have been mentioned in a book of this kind. We are inclined to agree with the authors of "The King's English" that when George Eliot (in a passage quoted by Mr. and Miss Hadow in a footnote) wrote: "the workhouse, euphuistically called the college," she made a slip, and intended to write "euphemistically."

THE MASTERPIECE OF SOPHOCLES

F. Schubert's edition of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. Re-edited by Prof. LUDWIG HÜTER. (Leipsic and Vienna: Tempisky, 2s. 6d.)

THE *Oedipus Tyrannus* may fairly be regarded as the most interesting of all the dramas which ancient Hellas has transmitted to us. It was selected by Aristotle as the model tragedy, and it is not only full of magnificent passages, but in its delineation of character and above all in its ingenuity of construction it is the masterpiece of the Attic stage. But it must be borne in mind that in the judgment of the great critic of Stagira dramatic *vraisemblance* is requisite only within the scope of the drama on which it is engaged. Everything which lies outside the framework of the play may be disregarded. Thus, the modern imitators of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, Dryden, Corneille, Voltaire, endeavour to account for the fact, to which Sophocles never adverts, that for some sixteen years separating the death of Laius from the opening scene of the drama, Oedipus seems never to have questioned Jocasta, his mother, whom he has unwittingly espoused, concerning the fate of her former husband, Laius, who has died by the hand of his son Oedipus.

But within the framework of the play the dramatist's art is most carefully exercised. Nothing could be more

natural and at the same time powerfully impressive than the scene in which Tiresias is stung by the taunts of Oedipus into denouncing him as the murderer of Laius. At first the seer only makes covert allusion to the tragic tale how Oedipus unwittingly slew his father and espoused his mother—"never will I reveal my secret—that I say not thine," and, again, by a delicate use of Sophoclean irony, "thou blamest my temper, but what thou hast in thine own bosom thou knowest not." Here Oedipus would understand the words as meaning "the wrath that thou harbourst," but the audience would see the real meaning of the seer's words "the wife thou hast in thy bosom." Very similar in expression is a quaint passage in Locke *On the Human Understanding*:

For though a man can with satisfaction enough own a no-very handsome wife in his bosom, yet who is bold enough openly to avow that he has espoused a falsehood, and received into his breast so ugly a thing as a lie?

At last Tiresias explicitly arraigns Oedipus, who replies with bitter taunts,

Night is thy nursing-mother, so that thou art impotent to hurt me or any man that looks upon the Day.

The right reading in this passage (374) is certainly *μαίας* not *μῆας*, which cannot mean anything but "one night" not "uniform, endless," like the Latin *una*.

It is when Jocasta thinks she can relieve her husband of all disquietude that she strikes the first note of alarm in his mind. She tells him how he cannot have slain Laius, because Laius was destined according to an oracle to be slain by his own son: now his only son was exposed and destroyed in infancy, and Laius was slain by robbers "at the meeting of three roads." These are the disquieting words. Oedipus remembers how on his journey from Corinth he slew an old man with whom he had a quarrel at the meeting of three roads, and subsequent questioning confirms his fears. But they are all set at rest by the arrival of a messenger from Corinth announcing to Jocasta the death of Polybus, the supposed father of Oedipus. She sends for Oedipus, who greets her with the words:

Dearest wife Jocasta, why hast thou summoned me?

This is the last time he calls her by her name. When the terrible truth comes out and she hangs herself, Oedipus designates as "her that is within"—a terribly true touch of nature. The scene of their triumph over the falsification of the oracle, just before the *peripeteia*, so justly praised by Aristotle, in which Oedipus discovers his true parentage, has another exquisite touch. Oedipus still fears the second predicted horror, union with his mother. Here is the scene in Jebb's translation:

OE. All these bold words of thine would have been well, were not my mother living: but as it is I must needs fear.

JO. Howbeit thy father's death is a great sign to cheer us.

OE. Great, I know: but my fear is of her who lives. Loxias has said that I was doomed to espouse my own mother, and to shed with my own hands my father's blood. Wherefore my home in Corinth was long kept by me afar: with happy event indeed—yet still 'tis sweet to see the face of parents.

Could anything be more graceful, more princely? When regretting his enforced absence from the home of his reputed parents, he is careful to advert to the happy lot which gave him his spouse and his throne in Thebes. And could there be a more terrible irony? While he speaks of his long exile from the house of his parents in Corinth he is looking into his mother's eyes in Thebes. There is a certain hardness in Jocasta's exultation over the supposed father's death, but such a feeling is very natural in a woman just relieved of a terrible apprehension.

The language of Oedipus and Jocasta is princely throughout. When he asks her to describe Laius her reply is:

Tall, and with newly sable-silvered head.

And this is (slightly abridged) the passage (in Jebb's splendid version) wherein he justifies the act by which he blinded himself:

After baring such a stain upon me, was I to look with steady eyes on this folk? No, verily: no, were there yet a way to choke the fount of hearing, I had not spared to make a fast prison of this wretched frame, that so I should have known nor sight nor sound. Alas, Cithaeron, why hadst thou a shelter for me? Ah, Polybus, ah, Corinth, and thou that wast called the ancient house of my fathers, how seeming-fair was I your nursling and what ills were festering beneath! O marriage rites, ye gave me birth, and when ye had brought me forth, again ye bore children to your child, ye created an incestuous kinship of fathers, brothers, sons, brides, wives, mothers, yea, all the foulest shame that is wrought among men!

The edition before us has no explanatory notes, but it has a long introduction in German dealing with the origin of Tragedy, the life and work of Sophocles, the metres and staging of the play, followed by an analysis of the same and some remarks on the characters of a rather sketchy and conventional kind. For instance, no note is taken of the fact that Creon is very much less truculent than the Creon of the *Antigone*. After the disclosure, he approaches Oedipus (1422) with the words:

I have not come in mockery, Oedipus, nor to reproach thee with any bygone fault;

but further on (1445) he cannot refrain from something like a taunt:

OE. Will ye then seek a response on behalf of such a wretch as I am?

Cr. Aye, for thou wilt surely now put faith in the god.

And afterwards (1523):

Crave not to be master in all things: for the mastery which thou didst win has not followed thee through life.

The text is very conservative, and in that respect is much to be preferred to the Teubner (Dindorf-Mekler) edition, which often corrects readings almost demonstrably sound, e.g., *ἐκπερνούμενος* (794), which is proved to be right by a passage in Aelian which says that *ἀστροπος ἐκπερνούσθαι* was a proverb like our "to shake off the dust of one's feet." And there are many similar places in which perfectly right readings are rejected and replaced by tasteless conjectures. Professor Hüter's book shows no knowledge of the monumental edition of Jebb nor of any British work on Sophocles.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

LOCUS REFRIGERII

Selected Poems. By NORA CHESSEON. In 5 vols. (Alston Rivers, 5s. net.)

THE publishers of these selected poems have followed the plan adopted by another firm in issuing Mr. Sturge Moore's poems. The five volumes are little paper-covered booklets put together in a cardboard case, very dainty and chaste. We opened them with expectations of pleasure, and were not disappointed. Nora Hopper, or Nora Chesson, was a poet whose name was always appearing—and readers were always glad to see it. In the corner of some newspaper or magazine would nestle a little poem, and to read it was to be transported at once out of the world of newspapers and noise into a place of refreshment, a cool and shadowy place, of silence, gentle regret, faint beauty, above all of coolness. It was hard—impossible even—to imagine the poems of Nora Hopper being "set up" by live printers in real type, dabbed with ink, banged together in "formes," sent hurtling through roaring, rattling presses, distributed by carts and hawked with "all the winners" by newspaper boys. The Pixy-folk set them, and the ink was honey-dew. And so the name of Nora Hopper came to be a name one regarded with affection. It was the key to a peaceful, grey garden, a magic wand to waft one through leagues of air to a paradise that is not of this world.

There are, by a rough division, two kinds of poetry. There is the poetry that is a staff, a weapon, a strong right arm; and there is the poetry that is a rest, a refreshment, a means of escape. The one men take down into

battle with them, and use: it is their strength in difficulty, their guide in uncertainty. And that, no doubt, is the greatest poetry. It is useful in life, because it has mastered life: the great imagination has expressed in a dozen lines all the troubles, the woes, the joys, the triumphs and the failures, of the men that live life. It transcends life because it embraces the whole of it. The other kind of poetry men take away with them into hiding. It is not a weapon of battle, but a means of escape; it helps only by wafting the mind away for a while to a place of rest and peace and dreams, whence it may return, if not invigorated, at least soothed.

Such is the poetry of Nora Hopper, the Irish poet of whom death has robbed us all too soon. And those who turn to those five slim volumes will find themselves in that *locus refrigerii* for which even the stoutest and the most eager crave now and then. The selections have been admirably made, and show her art and spirit at their best. This is not great poetry, the poetry of a great mind that has mastered life: it is the sweet, haunting, wistful poetry of one who lived apart, dreaming in a twilight world. It rarely excites. Only once, as we turned the pages, scanning old friends, did we find our blood flowing quicker, and that was when we came upon the poem called "June":

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hope forbidden—
That's the way of June.

That has the true fire in it, the fire that burned too faintly in Nora Hopper to allow her greatness. But, that notwithstanding, she offers something that no one, even of her fellow "Celts," has to give, a special note, a special charm of her own; a faint note, a subtle charm not always easily caught, but enough to mark her as an individual singer. Analysed, part of it will be found to lie in her use of accent, which is extraordinarily happy:

Hear, Sleep, dear Sleep, ere my song be ended,
Gather me thy fairest flowers a soft dream to make
For my love—a dream of scent and of music blended.
Ay, and let me kiss the dream for the dreamer's sake.
O Sleep, blow sleep-dust upon his pillow
Till he dreams it is my breast, and to dream is fain;
Let him think it is my hair, not thy branch of willow,
Dark against the little light through the rain-blurred pane.

And that command of accent gave her a power over irregular metres which is none too common. Perhaps the best example is that "Phæacia" which shows not only her power over metre and rhythm but much of the thought, or dream, that makes her poetry what it is:

Let us go hence and find those islands fair,
Go hence and take no care
For Lydian flutes that falter far away.
Let us go hence and take no thought for all
The Linus-songs whose long lamentings fall
Like rain, like rain round our departing feet.
These songs are oversweet
And we are weary of the homespun day,
And we are sick for shadows: let's away,
Link hands and let us go, ere we grow old . . .
Your hand is cold;
Loose hands and let us go, ere we grow old,
To mistier meadows and a softer sky,
There in Phæacia to live and die.

So she dreamed, coming back to earth and its hard facts with a brave effort. Not that her dreaming robbed her of a power to see what was about her. She is often strikingly vivid, catching, as in her poems to the months, the very spirit of the thing, or painting a scene, as in "A White Night," so intensely that it can never be forgotten.

White stand the houses out in the moonless midnight.
Here and there a window lighted yet stands plain,
Strange as a lifted eyelid in a face that slumbers.
The wakefulness behind it, is it grief or sin or pain?

Cart on cart moves stealthily, feet on feet follow;
Wheels plod on reluctantly, creaking as they go;
A snatch of crazy song beats down a baby's crying;
But over all and each the silence falls like snow.

All sounds flower slowly from the heart of silence,
Not as in the daylight, shrieked at ears a-strain:
Harsh sounds come less harshly, and fade before they trouble
Ears that hear them come and go, and peace grow whole again.

One by one the fixed lights grow paler and grow fewer;
One by one man quenches what he lit; the stars remain.
The gray sky whitens; with a shudder it is daylight;
Cocks are crowing sleep away, and day brings rain.

But, throughout, her poetical attitude is that of one who bears with life rather than enjoys it. It will be noticed in reading the selections how many of the poems deal with death, tenderly and sweetly, rather as the reconciler, the reuniter, than the parter of loving hearts, the rest—lonely perhaps for a time, but only for a time—that shall prepare for a final fruition.

The one false word of life is ICHABOD,
The glory is not departed;
They lie who say it, being heavy-hearted.
The glory was here; the glory is hid with God.
All glories that we lose, or we forego,
Some day shall find us, this I surely know.

All lost and lovely things of long ago,
Whose living fire grew cold
Upon the altars that we built of old,
Shall come and warm again
The gray and empty places of our pain,
Visible gods and fair
Breathing immortal promise in the air
That, being past sunset, lets all colours go,

Gladness and sadness that we put away,
And every dim belief of yesterday
For which we do not pray,
Grown old and cold and tired with long desire,
Grown stiff with kneeling in a winter's night
In the ghost-ridden place of old delight,
Blowing the ashes gray
Of youth's extinguished fire,
Grace that we dare not hope for,
Good that we blindly grope for—
A sweet and piteous host
Of lovelinesses lost.

It only remains to add that Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has written a valuable and temperate little critical study of Nora Chesson's work as an introduction to the selection, and that there is, for those who need it, a glossary of Irish words and allusions. Mr. Hueffer puts the matter of these Irish words with amiable bluntness: Nora Chesson, he says, sometimes called a girl a "colleen" because "the flesh is weak . . . or more often because the line in which it occurred needed a dissyllable." Taking a number of test cases, we find that "maiden" would usually have done just as well as "colleen." Mrs. Chesson chose the Irish word because she was an Irish woman, and her mind a peculiarly Irish mind.

SALMON FISHING

Salmon Fishing. By W. EARL HODGSON. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN his Prefatory Note Mr. Hodgson deprecates the view that his book should be regarded as a compilation of writings already published; yet this is exactly the impression which it leaves upon the reader. It is a compilation, with the component parts very disconnected and very unequal in merit. It is a Fly Book, a Blue Book, a Treatise on Salmon Fishing and, we had almost added, a Novelette, all bound up together. Roughly speaking, it may be divided into four parts. First, and best, come the coloured illustrations of salmon flies;

seventy-six patterns of flies specially tied for the purpose by Malloch of Perth. Then follow several discursive chapters on salmon and salmon fishing, full of speculations and controversy, in the course of which Mr. Hodgson asks innumerable questions and suggests various solutions for most of the problems touching upon the life history of the salmon and the methods of catching him. This leads us on to the third part of the book, where the author inquires into the state of our salmon rivers, and gives us a hundred and fifty pages of letters from authorities in all parts of the British Empire, in his endeavour to answer the question, "Are our salmon rivers declining?" Fourth, we have a very interesting and instructive chapter on "Storage and Passes," which concludes a somewhat pessimistic review of our rivers with the hopeful statement: "Any river that is equipped with storage and passes will speedily recover." Interspersed with this more solid material are lighter pages on river and loch fishing, and a discussion of the spirit of the chase; whilst the book concludes with an amusing account, reproduced from the *Cornhill*, of an adventure at "The Otter's Stone Pool" on the Tay.

"Salmon fishing, though an art, is scarcely a fine art," wrote Mr. Senior, many years ago: be that as it may, Mr. Hodgson now deals with it as a science, and sets himself to work out many of the problems that it suggests. Chiefly is he interested in the discussion of the questions: "Do salmon in fresh water ever, before spawning, take a lure with intent to eat? and, if they do, how often?" Mounted on a white butterfly, he rides full tilt against the serried ranks of the men of science, brushing lightly aside, though he will not "absolutely reject," the great mass of negative evidence which goes to prove "the scientific dogma" that salmon do not feed in fresh water. He scoffs at Dr. Barton's theory that salmon rise at the fly only when they have been running and are fatigued. Possibly they rise from curiosity, possibly from sheer playfulness; but plainly Mr. Hodgson inclines to the view that they rise with "gustatory intent," though he has to admit that this is not yet proven, and decides that "the ultimate verdict of science will be a compromise."

His own contribution to the argument is based on the analogy between salmon and trout. Salmon rise, as a rule, particularly well at or about sundown: so do trout. It is agreed that trout rise then for the purpose of feeding: trout and salmon are near of kin: and therefore it is quite conceivable that salmon should have, like the trout, a regular hour for feeding, or trying to feed, their "evening rise." Indeed it is not easy to believe that while the trout are rising to feed the salmon are only rising in frolic. But he feels bound to admit that this habit may take its rise "in racial reminiscence rather than in actual need." It is interesting to compare this with the other side of the question in New Zealand and Tasmania, where the trout "have acquired a sea-going habit precisely analogous to our salmon, and are taken in nets at sea of great size and with a silver marine livery." From this Mr. Hodgson queries: "Is it possible that salmon and trout are in reality fish of the same race, sprung from a uniform stock? If this be so, we can readily understand why, when in river or lake, salmon rise during the daily feeding-times of the trout." Many salmon fishers, however, would reply to this that salmon undoubtedly rise best in the morning; Mr. Hodgson himself admits that "especially in spring, the heat of the day is good": and no sooner does one lay down any general rule for salmon than one is immediately met by any number of exceptions.

"In all parts of the United Kingdom," writes Mr. Hodgson, "one finds a general belief that the salmon are not to be long in the land." This is very pessimistic; truly "the burden of Egypt" seems to be come upon us, and we are reminded of the words of Isaiah:

The fishes also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.

But this is not a new cry, and Mr. Hodgson is by no means the first to attempt to grapple with the question. As long ago as July 1860 a Royal Commission was appointed "to inquire into the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales, with the view of increasing the supply of a valuable article of food for the public." It reported the fisheries then "to be in a lamentable state of depression"; but they have since been raised into a valuable source of food-supply. The Report of the Royal Commission of 1902 is much more cheerful in tone:

In Scotland the evidence brought before us does not seem to indicate that in that country there has been any serious diminution in the abundance of salmon, although in many rivers, especially in the less important rivers, the number of fish taken by rods seems to have decreased.

As to the English and Welsh Salmon Fisheries:

while the general tendency during the period of '16 years is, no doubt, downwards, the actual falling off, comparing 1885 and 1900, is not so great as the representations of many witnesses would have led us to expect.

Indeed, the three best years occur towards the end of the period under review, viz., '91, '92, and '95. We quote last from the annual report of proceedings under the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Acts, 1905:

The evidence with regard to the salmon fishing season is somewhat conflicting. From the returns of the Boards of Conservators it would appear that it was not satisfactory. On the other hand, the return of the quantity of English and Welsh salmon sent to Billingsgate Market is greater than in any of the nine preceding years.

Blue Books as a rule are not given to optimism, and we consider the reports of the salmon rivers distinctly hopeful. Moreover, when we recollect that, beside the reports of Royal Commissions and the reports issued annually by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the Scottish Salmon Fisheries, we have the monumental work of Augustus Grimble on "The Salmon Rivers of the British Isles," it might seem a little unnecessary for Mr. Hodgson to have given himself so much trouble in collecting afresh conflicting expressions of opinion about our salmon rivers.

After a collection of letters dealing with all our salmon rivers, we are left to draw our own conclusions. On the whole it seems probable that the actual quantity of salmon caught annually shows increase rather than diminution; that the nets injuriously affect the rod fishing except in wet seasons; and that the Irish rivers are in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, owing to inveterate poaching, poisoning and pollution. Incidentally we gather that better results are obtained by protecting spawning salmon on the natural redds than by stripping them of their spawn and rearing it in hatcheries; that otters and crows, cormorants, herons and other birds which prey upon smolts and salmon eggs are greatly on the increase; and that many a pass has been erected at great expense, which has proved absolutely useless owing to the ignorance of the designer.

We entirely agree with Mr. Hodgson that the root of the difficulty is the water-supply, improved methods of drainage having completely altered the conditions of our rivers. He gives a most favourable account of the experiments in artificial storage on the Helmsdale, in which he is supported by the last Report of the Scottish Salmon Fisheries. Something of the same kind was tried on a smaller scale in 1888 on the Grimersta river in the Island of Lewis, when Mr. Naylor and two friends caught with fly the remarkable bag of three hundred and thirty-three salmon and seventy-one sea trout in the last six days of August, as the result of making an artificial spate in the river from Loch Langabhat.

Space would fail us to discuss the many other topics of interest which are touched upon by Mr. Hodgson, such as the eyesight of salmon, and the way in which they are affected by the temperature of the water, by floods, and by violent disturbances in their neighbourhood, such as

blasting or stoning the pool. It is too early yet to say whether the Thames will again become an important salmon river; and we doubt whether salmon will ever again become so plentiful that the Act of King John's reign, which imposed penalties for using the young salmon smolt for manure, will have to be put into force; nor are apprentices likely to complain again, if ever they did, that salmon figures too often in their bill of fare. But it is quite plain that the salmon of our islands are not likely to die out now through any lack of interest: and Mr. Hodgson's enthusiasm for the cause will do much to spread amongst the general public the interest in our salmon industry, scientific as well as practical, which has increased so much of late in angling quarters.

He would be difficult to please who could quarrel with the Model Set of Flies for Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales, selected by Mr. Malloch and the author. The illustrations are admirable, presumably executed by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the artist of "The Book of Flies" included in Mr. Hodgson's former work on "Trout Fishing." They are far in advance of any coloured illustrations of salmon flies yet given to the public, but we would suggest that in another edition a list of the flies might with advantage be appended, from which the reader could refer to the plates. The seventy-six flies do not, of course, pretend to be exhaustive: on the other hand many people will think the selection unnecessarily complete.

"CRICKET THE KING"

Great Batsmen: their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. BELDAM and C. B. FRY. Illustrated by 600 Action-Photographs. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

Great Bowlers and Fielders: their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. BELDAM and C. B. FRY. Illustrated by 464 Action-Photographs. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

The Complete Cricketer. By A. E. KNIGHT. With 50 illustrations. (Methuen, 7s. (d. net.))

The M.C.C. in South Africa. By P. F. WARNER. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

Of the four books before us two are obviously designed for the amateur cricketer's shelves; the third should find a place on every cricketer's table. The value of the first two—and we think their practical value very slight—lies in the illustrations; that of the third—and we think it considerable from every point of view save the pictorial—in the text. In the "Key-notes" which are prefixed to "Great Batsmen" the authors say:

In short, the book is founded upon Action-Photography and Actual Experience [the capitals, we imagine, are Mr. C. B. Fry's]. It is hoped that the result will prove new and instructive not only to those who are interested in how the leading batsmen play, but also to those who wish to learn the art of batting.

And again:

It is necessary to state with some emphasis that in the selection of the series of photographs of individual batsmen, and in the arrangement of them under "Individualities" and "Strokes Illustrated," there is no differentiation on a basis of merit. That is to say, it must not be supposed that the batsmen included in "Individualities" were picked out as more worthy of individual treatment than some who are distributed under the several divisions of "Strokes Illustrated;" nor that those who are arranged under a particular stroke were selected as being more skilful exponents of it than those who do not appear. Selection and arrangement have been largely determined by the success and completeness of the series of photographs of each player.

We do not think that any one who understands cricket would consider that the authors' hopes have been realised. Instruction in cricket—in batting or in bowling—cannot be conveyed in this way, and it is no exaggeration to say that the unskilled player would learn more from a hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Knight's book than from the whole of the thousand and sixty-four photographs contained between the covers of Messrs. Beldam and Fry's beautiful volumes. If the

authors considered that their scheme was likely to prove "instructive . . . to those who wish to learn the art of batting," none but the best batsmen should have been included, and where particular strokes are illustrated none but the best exponents of those strokes should have been selected. To determine inclusion or exclusion by caprice, by the success or failure of photographs or sets of photographs, is to destroy any practical value the books might have possessed and to render them nugatory in every respect save the photographic. If the negatives of the photographs of L. C. H. Palaret—there are only eight—had been unsatisfactory, we take it he would have been omitted entirely from Messrs. Beldam and Fry's picture-gallery. Yet far more instruction might be derived from watching him play a single innings than from watching Clem Hill, to whom nineteen plates are devoted, play fifteen. And R. E. Foster, to whom eighteen plates are assigned, would teach the spectator more of cricket in thirty minutes than Victor Trumper, who is given twenty plates, would in thirty years! Why are there only nine photographs of Tyldesley and thirteen of Hayward against twenty-four of C. B. Fry? Perhaps because Mr. Fry is the more accomplished *poseur*. But did a faint sense of the fitness of things steal over him when he hid his face behind his arm in posing for the picture which ornaments the cover of "Great Batsmen"? Mr. Beldam, we note, figures seldom: his modesty is akin to that of Mr. Knight, who does not admit a single photograph of himself into his book.

Again, the action-photographs, with perhaps one or two exceptions, cannot be said to represent the players in their natural actions: they have stood to the photographer, always endeavouring to "look their best." The result is not helpful to the man or youth who picks up the volumes for instruction. Sometimes—more often, we suspect, than the authors themselves admit—the ball bowled to the batsman was not the one he would have countered with the stroke he had been asked to illustrate: compelled to drive, he would have preferred to cut the ball received; compelled to cut, he would have preferred to drive. The resulting photograph is not fair to the batsman. Nor is it quite fair to the purchaser. Cricket cannot be taught in this fashion. Messrs. Beldam and Fry may plead that time did not enable them to obtain natural photographs; if this were so, the defective negatives should never have been printed. You cannot teach a man how to ride by depicting another on a wooden horse.

Substantially the same objection may be urged against the volume on "Great Bowlers and Fielders: their Methods at a Glance." True, these methods are in most cases admirably shown, but of what use is this to the man who buys the book in order to obtain an insight into the real thing? Will attempted imitation of W. G. Grace or Ranjitsinji, of Spofforth or Hirst, make a great batsman or a great bowler? We think not. No two men can play the same kind of stroke or bowl the same kind of ball in the same way. Careful tuition will do much: but a man's style, in cricket as in most other things, is the expression of his individuality.

We have left ourselves insufficient space to do justice to the third book on our list: "The Complete Cricketer." Mr. Knight—a young Leicestershire professional—is a delightful cricketer to watch, and his book affords as much entertainment as his play, though much of the humour is not intentional, for he is wholly serious when he tells us that W. G. Grace "represents cricket as the Pope represents Christianity, not as St. Francis represents it," and speaks of Victor Trumper's play, with its "luminant masterfulness, yet with the unlaboured easy naturalness of a falling tear, or rather showers from the sunny lips of summer"! We expected to find a reference to "Euripides the human" in the near neighbourhood, but were disappointed. These, however, are minor defects. Mr. Knight is new to literature, his education has been, we believe, largely self-acquired, and he is anxious, as most young authors are anxious, to display his learning. But he writes with

enthusiasm and with the knowledge that comes of experience in the best possible school: a county which invariably figures near the bottom of the championship list.

Starting with an excellent outline of the early history and development of the game, Mr. Knight gives us chapters on batting, bowling, fielding, captaincy, umpiring, cricket on farther shores, players of the past and present, and modern cricket and its problems, with two appendices: the rules as revised and amended by the M.C.C., and an invaluable glossary of cricket terms, from which the uninitiated may learn the meaning of "donkey-drops," "googlies," "rabbits," "sitters," "trealers," and so on. His remarks on the amateur v. professional question are interesting: the attitude taken up by a section of the public and by many of our leading newspapers too often approaches snobbishness, and the professional is seldom heard. The chapter on captaincy is the best we have read, and those on batting and bowling are instructive. We have heard many good cricketers object to a batsman criticising bowling, but it cannot be denied that he is in the best position to judge of the merits and demerits of a particular ball. Mr. Knight is at one with us in our view that it is futile to attempt to teach a man to bowl by means of pictorial illustrations. The great bowler is born: by tuition you may improve his deliveries, make them more destructive of the batsman's peace of mind, but you cannot make a great, or even a good, bowler of a man who has no natural ability for the work. We entirely agree with his protest against the view that fielding is a decaying art. To watch R. E. Foster in the slips, L. G. Wright at point, Rhodes at cover-point, or Denton in the long field, is to watch four of the finest fielders we have ever had. On the whole, we think the average level of fielding amongst the county teams remarkably high: we do not wish to see a better all round field than G. L. Jessop. Mr. Knight's book is one which, put into the hands of youth, will make cricketers of many who, but for its stimulus, might never have pursued their early triumphs. In its way it bids fair to become a cricket classic; we should like to see it in every school library.

Of Mr. Warner's "The M.C.C. in South Africa" little need be said. It is pretentious and dull, and we think the letters reprinted might well have been allowed a last resting-place in the columns of the paper in which they originally appeared.

A WAIF

A POET dreamed me; but he woke,
And with the slumber-thread
Of Memory, the morning broke,
And, lo, the vision fled!

Henceforth a homeless wanderer
It is my fate to be.
Till Memory of things that were
Re-clothe and shelter me.

JOHN B. TARR.

SOME OLD PROVERBS

IN the days before cheap editions, penny posts and daily newspapers, if a man wished his wisdom to be known and remembered, he had perforce to enshrine it briefly and pithily. Hence our rich proverbial lore, packed with philosophy and knowledge of human nature, yet clear to the humblest understanding, as it had to be when its only means of propagation was the tongue of pedlars and village folk. Nowadays, if a man has an idea half so rich and suggestive as some of these old saws, he makes a treatise on it, or at least a serious novel, and it is reviewed as "an earnest effort to grapple with the problem," and is dead in half a year. The germ of several

volumes of worthy Discourses can be seen in the vigorous terseness of: "Ye wald do little for God an the Devil were dead."

To study a collection of proverbs is to take a bird's-eye view of human nature; the unanimity on some points in different parts of the earth speaks of the touch of nature that makes us kin. This is specially true of food; *Punch* only topped the chorus with his: "Feed the brute." The old Hebrew had been before him with: "Spread the table and contention will cease"; the Englishman with: "An hungry man is an angry man"; and the South American Indian with: "The dus' shouldn't settle on de meal-box," and "It's a mighty deaf nigger dat don't year de dinner-ho'n."

Physicians fare badly in proverbial lore. There is a mystery about the sayings applied to the medical profession which lends them a dark fascination. "Do not," says an Oriental maxim with much earnestness but no explanation, "Do *not* dwell in a city whose governor is a Physician." Equally libellous, and equally subtle is: "Honour a Physician before thou hast need of him." Or . . . what? asks the mind. "God healeth," sighs a Cornishman, with perhaps a fee to pay, "and the Physician hath the thanks."

The Law and the Church fare just as badly, for Truth must dispense with her crinoline if she is to fit into a proverb. "The Law is not the same at morning and night" is the most kindly remark to be found applied to it; and the Church must not cavil (for fear of going further and faring worse) at: "Take heed of an Ox before, an Ass behind, and a Monk on all sides." Although the proverb-makers waste no praise on the law, they are not much inclined towards the quality of mercy. "He that gives honour to his enemy is like to an ass," mildly observes one, who evidently wishes to be as little rude as may be. Seven hundred years ago, Sa'adi sat in his Rose-Garden and wrote: "Show no mercy to a foe in his weakness, since when he is strong he will show thee none," quite the wrong sort of reflection for a Rose-Garden. He found an echo five hundred years later in England:

When you are an Anvil, hold you still,
When you are a Hammer, strike your fill.

The descent to Avernus is easy in other languages than Latin. "It's easier to fall than to climb," says an old proverb; and the further West has it: "De top ob de hill is harder to find dan de bottom." Virginian wisdom is delightful, and not always in accordance with tradition. For instance, it does not believe that the shorn lamb has the wind tempered for it, but rather that: "De hail-stones don't pick de hard heads to drop on." It would be interesting to know the real solution of this weird saying: "Nigger wid a pocket-han'kcher better be looked atter," but perhaps ignorance is bliss in this case. The conduct of life is not neglected in the darkie's lore; he thinks that: "Looks won't do ter split rails wid"; and that: "Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke?" a question which criminals would do well to consider; but he goes deeper, and joins hands with Poly-crates of the emerald ring, when he counsels: "Watch out w'en you'er gittin all you want. Fattenin' hogs ain't in luck." The last five words have the force of a sledge-hammer.

Fools monopolise a great number of proverbs, but, as a rule, without much rancour. "Twa fools in ane house is ower many," plaintively remarks an unknown with whom most people will agree; there is a feeling tone about his exclamation, as of personal experience of such a household. An alarming suggestion of infection is contained in: "One fool makes a hundred"; but the antidote follows in: "He is a fool who is not melancholy once a day."

"Wheresoever you see your kindred, make much of your friends," is a dark saying; but if family affection is not enjoined, neighbourly affection is to be qualified: "Love thy neighbour—but pull not down thy hedge." No one will deny that "the best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both."

Children do not figure very prominently among the elder proverbs; but it is occasionally evident that they made their mark even in the days when they were brought up in suppression. Most people have experienced the desperate calm, the inward, frozen "Kismet!" with which one hears a small voice clearly proclaiming most private matters.

Children pick up words as pigeons pease,
And utter them again as God shall please.

Some poor soul had passed through dreadful moments before arriving at the conclusion that earthly intervention was useless and only Heaven could help!

It is a crude way of mentioning poetical licence to say: "Painters and poets have leave to lie," and shows a lack of sympathy for the sensitive artistic temperament. Yet without this bluntness these sayings would lose half their charm. They all bear the impress of life and experience upon them; they have been forged by sincere emotion, and are the outcome of many thousands of human lives. Who could resist the directness, the penetration, and the careless touch of honest democracy, in the simple sentence: "Kings and Bares oft worries their keepers"?

There are many books on the classes and the masses of all countries and ages; but there has never been a truer solution of the surface difference which has always separated them, and must separate them to the end, than in the kindly tolerance of the unknown wise man, who, untrammelled by grammar, said (may his memory live for ever!): "Courtesie is cumbersom to them that kens it not."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HAZLITT AND SAINTE-BEUVE

It now seems to be an accepted idea that the English mind has ever been wanting in critical power. But, as a matter of history, the modern art of criticism is of English origin. It was one of the branches of portraiture founded in this country in that age of invention, the eighteenth century. Hogarth was the first painter, I believe, to depict natural gesture; Richardson was certainly the first novelist to portray the subtler lights and shadows of passion, and Dr. Johnson was the first critic to delineate the complexion of genius, and to trace its substance and form in the lives and characters of authors, before studying in their works its manifestation and general value. By definitely connecting, in a manner adumbrated by Dryden, the art of biography with the art of appreciation, the writer of the "Lives of the Poets" did that which it has been given to few men in any era to accomplish: he elaborated a new literary form. Moreover, it is one which, as M. Anatole France has observed, may yet end in absorbing many of the older forms. This event is no doubt a remote one. The modern art of criticism supposes a greater general culture than all other kinds of literature: it needs, in order to prosper, a public with an unusual fineness of taste, catholicity of interests, and breadth and versatility of mind. Hence, it has never been a popular branch of letters. It has flourished only in circles of curious, polished, and well-informed readers: in the circle of Dr. Johnson, in the circle of Hazlitt, and in the circle of Sainte-Beuve. Happily, the circle of Hazlitt was larger than that of Dr. Johnson, and the circle of Sainte-Beuve larger still than that of Hazlitt; and this progress in popularity has been accompanied by a progress in the art itself.

In the matter of invention Hazlitt equalled Dr. Johnson. The "Contemporary Portraits" were as authentic in design and as original in execution as the "Lives of the Poets." Dr. Johnson was a critic who had practised as a novelist: Hazlitt was a critic who had practised as a painter. Their points of view were, therefore, entirely different. Hazlitt was not concerned with character in its growth, but with character in its flower. He regarded the personality of an author, in the fashion of a painter,

as a fixed thing to be set forth in as vivid and brilliant a manner as possible. The Velasquez of literary critics, he depicted excellently that which he really saw. In the art of appreciation he may not have been pre-eminent: Coleridge's depth of insight and Lamb's exquisiteness of taste were, perhaps, as remarkable as Hazlitt's gusto, range and directness of vision: but in the art of character-writing in the manner of the seventeenth century, he was incomparable. His picture of "The Spirit of the Age" is a masterpiece. He seems to have been interested more in the cast of mind of his contemporaries than in the form of their ideas, and to have interpreted their works in the light of his study of their temperaments. The result is that his sketches have the glow, the colour and the movement of life. Affecting neither aloofness nor impartiality, he carries his readers with him into the arena, and inspires them with somewhat of the interest and the passion with which he mingled in the conflict of the personal forces of his period.

One reader he inspired with an enthusiasm equal to his own. When the "Contemporary Portraits" became known in France, the future author of "Portraits Contemporains" was a critic of the academic French school of the eighteenth century. Though Sainte-Beuve was well versed in English letters, he had failed to see the importance of the revolution effected by Dr. Johnson in the method of criticism, and it was not until Villemain applied the new method to the study of French literature that he recognised its great value. But, just when he appeared to have lost in the field of criticism the position of innovator which his comrades were acquiring in the field of lyrical and dramatic poetry, he found in the work of Hazlitt the example of an art more novel and attractive than that which Villemain had introduced. "The Spirit of the Age," with its bold and incisive delineation of the characters of living authors, its romantic and liberal point of view, and its impassioned discussion of the problems of the day, was to him a source of enlightenment and an object of emulation:

There is another sort of criticism [he exclaimed with the joy of a discoverer] more alert and more engaged in the tumult of the hour and in its living issues: in this the critic, armed like a light horseman, rides in the van of the battle and there directs the movements of the spirits of his age.

Then, to show clearly from whom he derived his inspiration, Sainte-Beuve published under the name of Hazlitt some verses on the new school of criticism. His "Sonnet by Hazlitt" is of no great literary merit, but it is, perhaps, worth citing, as it certainly expresses something of the spirit of the English essayist:

Oh, ne me blamez pas de ma critique active !
Tout lendemain d'article emporté vaillamment
A pour moi son réveil matinal et charmant,
Tant la pensée afflue et tant l'image arrive !

Au clairon de la veille, à ce pressant *qui vive*,
Maint beau rêve lointain, et sans cela dormant,
S'arme, accourt, mais trop tard, et voit l'endroit fumant,
Et se met avec l'aube à chanter sur la rive.

Après les lents écrits, après les longs combats,
A-t-on si fol essor, si joyeuses recrues,
Tant d'oiseaux babillards panachés en soldats ?

Le steam-boat a passé : les vagues accrues
Se dressant comme au bruit de flottes apparues,
S'ébattent à grand 'aise et rêvent d' Armadas.

Some serious men of letters [Sainte-Beuve continued with a glance at Villemain] are inclined to slight this sort of writing; still, a gallery of contemporary portraits may present a lively idea of the spirit of a period. In the case of writers of past ages, it is not easy to trace the connection between their books and their personality and circumstances. On the other hand, in the case of living authors, however incomplete and changeable their work may be, and in however constrained a manner a critic may have to write of them, yet, when he has found the key to their talent or genius, he can make his discovery known without proclaiming it from the house-tops.

The last sentence is characteristic of Sainte-Beuve. There is something feminine in his curious mixture of timidity and subtlety, as there is something masculine in

Hazlitt's vehemence and outspokenness. The two critics had, however, much in common with each other. They were sentimental epicureans with a strain of morbid feeling which found expression in a similar manner in the "Liber Amoris" and the "Livre d'Amour"—Sainte-Beuve was fond of Hazlitt's titles!—; and probably they both saved themselves from the fate of Amiel by giving an outward direction to their restless faculty of introspection, and transforming it into an unusual power of insight into the souls of their contemporaries. Hazlitt had the stronger character, Sainte-Beuve the more impressionable nature. The French writer's interests in life were narrower than those of the English essayist, but his sympathies were more profound. Insensible to the influence of abstract ideas but keenly susceptible to the force of personality, he was dominated in turn by every leader of thought of his age. As his attachments were matters of sentiment rather than matters of reason, when the attachments were broken something of the sentiment remained to intimidate and weaken his judgment. Hence his "Portraits Contemporains" compare unfavourably with the "Contemporary Portraits" of Hazlitt. The disciple lacked his master's clarity of vision and his sureness and vivacity of touch. He did not then know his own mind well enough to understand fully the minds of the men who had subdued and misled him. Having failed to find in Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamennais and the Saint-Simonians the strength and inspiration he needed, he was so vexed with them that he wished to indicate the element of unsoundness in their genius; but he was unable to do so as he had no settled ground of criticism. He still wavered between surrendering himself to his sense of the sweetness and beauty of religion, and cultivating his growing interest in life as a spectacle as meaningless as it was entertaining. He was a sentimental sceptic in the making, the forerunner of Renan, but he had not succeeded in transforming his natural indecision and voluptuousness of character into an instrument of exquisite epicureanism. This, however, he at last did in his work on the greatest of his contemporaries, Chateaubriand. He was then forty-five years of age.

His genius, slower in growth than that of Hazlitt, produced, when it arrived at maturity, fruit of a stranger and more penetrating savour. His weaknesses gradually became a source of strength; his timidity was refined into subtlety; his vacillation into the hesitancy of a taste of extraordinary delicacy; his aversion from plain-speaking into a sort of Attic reticence in expression. Above all, the erratic adventures of his own frail and vagrant soul in a world of personal forces endued him with a singular versatility of sympathy and an uncommon power of insight, which enabled him to enter into the souls of all kinds of men and to study them dispassionately and yet intimately as examples of the frames of mind through which he had passed on his way to a profound and ultimate state of scepticism. In his hands, criticism became the art of living an infinity of lives and of living them, at times, more deeply, more intensely and more clearly than the persons who actually had lived them. In matters of taste he never displayed, in regard to the sublime things in literature, the gusto of Hazlitt; in matters of feeling he never exhibited, in regard to the heroic things in life, the fiery passion of Carlyle; nevertheless, in the matter of portraiture Hazlitt, in comparison with him at his best, seems to be a painter of surfaces, and Carlyle a sculptor of figures of fantasy. Sainte-Beuve was, in fact, an incomparable student of the varieties of the human mind. Partly English in his origin and culture, but wholly French in the diverseness and undulancy of his nature, he infused into the form of art invented by Dr. Johnson something of the charm and the spirit of Montaigne.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Dostoyevsky," by Edward Garnett.]

FICTION

A Sovereign Remedy. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE have sometimes thought in reading Mrs. Steel's Indian stories that they owed much, if not everything, to their Indian background. The author was able to throw the glamour of India like a golden veil over men and women who, if seen without the veil, would have lacked life. In this novel Mrs. Steel has bravely thrown away the veil and given us what is in her without the aid of Eastern magic. The surroundings are British, the characters are British and the moral is that Britons are in a bad way. Mrs. Steel has the most positive opinions about matters that other minds see from various sides and find puzzling. We will not say that the opinions are held consistently or even are consistent with each other; but consistency is a virtue requiring qualities of judgment and deliberation that are apt to put out the generous fire of enthusiasm. At any rate, Mrs. Steel is not in agreement with Pippa, who, after touching tragedy at various points, decided that all was right with the world. Mrs. Steel says that there are three nations in this country, the idle rich, the philanthropic rich and the poor; and that the people who do the most harm are the philanthropic rich. When Lord Blackborough is introduced to us he is the richest peer in England; when we part from him he is ruined. We knew from the beginning that he would be, and it made us uncomfortable, because we think that heroes who squander their money for no good reason are more silly than heroic. But in this story all the sordid, material people either have money or get it; and all the noble, spiritual people either have none or throw it away as soon as they can. The best thing in the book is the distinction between Ned and Ted: the little touches that show you one man made of fine clay, the other of coarse; one man so indifferent to money that his folly in losing it provokes you: the other man so set on money that his whole outlook is vulgarised, his moral standard gradually lowered. The incredible thing is that a girl like Aura should have been happy in his neighbourhood. We believe that Mrs. Steel is trying to express a high spiritual idea in Aura's love-story, and we want to follow and understand her as well as we can. But we find now, as we have often found before in her novels, that she is content to leave her people and their motives half-explained, nebulous. The result is that we have no faith in Aura just when we want faith most. We can believe that an innocent unworldly girl might refuse at first to marry the man she loved because she was afraid of putting her love to the test of marriage. But the whole episode is too fine for us. We can just succeed in following Aura to the point where she refuses to marry Ned and we hope, as he did, that she will have changed her mind when he comes back in two months. It staggers us when she goes straight home from her interview with him and agrees quite cheerfully to marry Ted. Later in the story Ned visits her and finds that she actually is happy with Ted in a hideous semi-detached villa, cooking his dinner and wearing pink satin and pearls when Mr. Hirsch and Miss Hirsch dine with them. Ned, who has been trying in vain to forget her at the other end of the world, is shocked; and so are we. "The electric blue paper covered with gigantic poppies of a deeper hue" jars on us, as do all her surroundings. If fate had driven her there we would have applauded her for making the best of fate; but we never met a young woman who chose the lowest with more inexplicable determination: inexplicable, because Aura is a charming figure, innocent and beautiful. So her history becomes a baffling medley of the real and the ideal, and in spite of her charm she remains one of Mrs. Steel's enigmas. There are many other people in the book: the Jewish financier, Mr. Hirsch, is a character we often meet in fiction nowadays, but this one is likeable. He must have lived a long while in England however, for he seems to have forgotten his German.

A Rogue's Tragedy. By BERNARD CAPES. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is no one like Mr. Capes for rogues; no one like him for showing us depths of roguery contrasted sharply against the whitest of innocence. The difficulty in his new novel is to determine which was the rogue, whose tragedy gives the title. For there are many rogues in this story of old Savoy, and they all have tragedies: the aged, hideous libertine, the Marquis di San Rocco, who married the white lily of Savoy on the understanding that for a year he should not be her husband in more than name, and then met his death in attempting to break that understanding; there is his natural son, Gaston, or Cartouche, or Mr. Trix, the *macaroni*, the dandy of iron will and a great capacity for affairs, who loved the white lily all his life and died to save her; there is Dr. Bonito, ex-physician to the Marquis and a prominent member of the Society of the Illuminati, who blackmailed the white lily and was killed by Cartouche for his pains. There is Monsieur de France, the lily's father, a truer villain in his meanness and pride than any; finally there is Louis-Marie de Saint-Péray, the lily's second husband, who murdered her first. He, however, was not so much villain as fool. Pious, hesitating, over-sensitive, he allows the lily to shoulder the whole burden of his life—murder and all—and bear it till in their middle age the French Revolution brings both to the guillotine, and the lily, as she thinks, to Hell for her husband's sin. And then, there is the lily herself. Now, some novelists have a gift of pitching you head foremost into love with the heroine at first meeting—and that without a word of description. Mr. Capes is not one of these. We are never in love with Yolande of the white hands; we can but take it for granted—without sympathy—that she was as lovely and desirable as the Marquis, Mr. Trix, Louis-Marie, and others all found her. And the more we hear of her, the less we love her. We come, in fact, almost to dislike her, and for a simple reason. It is conceivable that the Latin races are able to discuss purity without feeling it soiled thereby: the English are not. Nine readers out of ten will feel that in so persistently dwelling on the purity, the maidenhood, of his heroine, in making it the point of his story and preserving no reticence on the subject, Mr. Capes has rubbed all the bloom off her freshness, has staled the very whiteness with which he intended to dazzle us. That gives a mawkish flavour to a book that is strong, with the elaborate strength of Mr. Capes, full of thought, of incident, of contrast, of sharp characterisation and vigorous narrative. We read, spell-bound, fascinated; we shudder as we lay down the book, feeling that nothing is so horrible as a clumsy hand.

Our Lady of the Pillar. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. Done into English by EDGAR PRESTAGE. (Constable, 2s. 6d. net.)
The Sweet Miracle. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. Done into English by EDGAR PRESTAGE. (Moser.)

THE works of the Portuguese novelist, Eça de Queiroz, of whom we have two little translations by Mr. Edgar Prestage before us, should be translated entire by the same hand and published for the delectation of English readers. Queiroz was the founder of the modern realist school in Portugal, and, being born in 1843, he accomplished in the lifetime that closed in 1900 a great work. "Cousin Basil," "The Correspondence of Fradique Mendes," "The Relic" and other books, show the extraordinary versatility of the man, the breadth of his sympathies, the exactness of his observation, his humour, the richness of his mind, his unique vividness of presentation. In the original his management of language recalls that of Flaubert, and we may say at once that Mr. Prestage has done very well in his translations. We have here not a little of the music of the original, the inevitable aptness and vividness of the words, the rigid rejection of the unfitting, and the harmony of style that breathes through the whole of each of these short stories. "Our Lady of the Pillar" is a work that one cannot forget. In tone, sentiment, subject, it is mediæval.

It tells of a young Spanish knight and his love for a young Spanish lady married to a jealous old noble: of the horrible trap by which the lover, who had no idea of pressing his suit, was lured into visiting the old noble's country castle, and of the strange means by which the Virgin of the Pillar saved him from being foully murdered. It is a weird, an enthralling story, of gibbets by lonely roadsides, of creaking chains, of a dead felon who came to life, and returned, when his mission was done, to his gibbet. Passionate love and hideous jealousy and lofty honour are in every line; there is deep mystery and thrilling horror; and over all the blaze of the Spanish sun or the glowing depths of the Spanish night. But what makes the story especially remarkable is the manner of its telling; the extraordinary closeness and vividness of imagination, the sharpness of effect, the severe economy of words with which the desired impression is irresistibly conveyed. It shows workmanship of the highest order. So, in its very different way, does "The Sweet Miracle" (*Suave Milagre*). This is a little fantasy of the Holy Land in the days of our Lord. A rich man of Samaria sends his servants to seek Him, that He may remove the misfortunes that have befallen his estates: they cannot find Him. A Roman centurion sends his soldiers to seek Him, that He may cure his only daughter; they cannot find Him. A crippled boy, who has lain starving and groaning on the rags of a rotting mattress in a hovel wishes that He might come to cure him, and with a smile, He appears in the doorway. Once more the particular effect is gained by severe economy of means: it is perfect—a minute jewel, but flawless and of the first water and cut by a master hand.

The Wickhamses. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE work of Mr. Pett Ridge commands attention and quite deservedly so: for, though it lacks distinction of thought and of expression, it is downright and amiable and sincere. He has the knack (and it is no inconsiderable one) of fitting friends as old as Dickens with fresh garments, so that the old friends appear amazingly well in their new guise. He makes no attempt to be modern, and herein precisely lies his quality and his limitation. There is something about his work that is strangely reminiscent of a German room, neatly arranged and very clean, with its warmth and comfort and the agreeable sweet smell of some old herb coming from the great stove in the corner: and yet stay in that room too long and open goes the large window to its full extent, however biting the wind may be outside. Though the herb is at first fragrant, and the warmth and neatness are at first pleasant and home-like, the room suddenly and soon is apt to become stuffy and unbearable: its comfort is deceptive and so unduly exaggerates pique at its natural consequence. Mr. Pett Ridge never keeps you too long in his room. The visit is timed to a nicety and its effect is, therefore, all that is agreeable. "The Wickhamses" is no exception and is perfectly typical of his manner and mind in its old-fashioned fragrance of sentiment, its closeness and its extreme neatness of construction. The family come up to London from the country—their arrival in Islington in the first chapter is a capital opening—and Mr. Wickhams settles down to his work as a printer with Joseph his son, Mary, Sarah and Ruth, his three daughters. The children's wits are sharpened by the air of London and they strike out lines of their own, leaving their father, who is an old tyrant, yet lovable for all his tyranny. Mary marries very well: Sarah becomes an illustrator and journalist: Jo makes his way in the City and Ruth teaches. In a word, the family breaks up, and Mr. Wickhams, who is too old to adapt himself to London, fails. Each member of the family is too interested in his or her own pursuits to care much for him or his future or each other, until they all meet at little Ruth's funeral in the country—she was the youngest and the gentlest—and then they make a compact to stand by each other in the future and not to forget the compact until they have forgotten her. The best thing in

the book (and that alone would make the book well worth reading) is Jo's initiation as office-boy in the business house. Mr. Pett Ridge can describe a phase of life with extraordinary skill: the picture is vivid and convincing: if he possessed the same skill in presenting his persons as he does in presenting his actual background, his work would be of a very high order indeed. But he does not. His characters are no more than agreeable shadows, and his work accordingly—good honest work though it undoubtedly is and full of charm—just misses excellence.

A Pixy in Petticoats. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

IF "A Pixy in Petticoats" be a first essay in fiction, the author—or authors, for here and there we fancy we detected traces of a woman's hand—shows considerable promise. That we found the opening chapters dull and both Burrough and Beatrice a little unconvincing at first, is a tribute rather than a reproach: the authors of the book have studied the varied elements which make up the sum of life, and they know that the gold seldom overshadows the drab. Once launched on the story, our interest never flags: little by little, by subtle revelations of character, we come to understand the "pixy in petticoats" and the man who is slowly winning his way back to health in the solitudes of Dartmoor, and our doubts clear. They are not the conventional hero and heroine: faultless, impossible. That is why they become convincing. We are shown their deficiencies—very real deficiencies they are—and as our understanding increases, we grow to love the wayward Beatrice whom the moor and the winds and the pixies call from the habitations of man, and to love also, in lesser degree, the lonely Burrough in his cottage at the edge of the gorge. They are living, breathing creatures, and we follow them in their mad escapades; enter into their swaling excursion and their adventures in the storm that breaks upon them on their way back from Cranmere; sit in the ruins of Tom-tit-tot's Palace and listen to Beatrice telling her Cornish folk-tale—the story of the famous Tregeagle; and gradually the spirit of the moors enters into our veins, and we live their lives. But we know that Beatrice is not for Burrough: is not, indeed, for any man: we know that she is wedded to the moor and the winds and the flowers and the pixies, and when the bogs of Cranmere claim their toll, we turn the last page with a feeling of thankfulness that the author has triumphed over an obvious temptation. With a little more power, and here and there a little more restraint, "A Pixy in Petticoats" might have been a great book. Dickens would have gloried in the characters Anne and Willum Cobbledick—but he would probably have spouted them by exaggeration.

FINE ART

PAINT AND PERSONALITY

OR the general belief that painters can be made though poets must be born, ample evidence is afforded by the innumerable art-schools in all civilised countries. The common habit of regarding pictures as imitations rather than creations, as representations rather than presentations, has betrayed us into attaching too great an importance to the painter's manual dexterity, too little to his mental qualities. Criticism of recent years has devoted itself so exclusively to the analysis of the painter's handiwork that we are in danger of losing sight of that "fundamental brain-work" which is, as Rossetti said, the ground foundation of every work of art; and in debating on the relative importance of subject and treatment our critics are apt to forget the supreme importance of the painter's personality.

Just as in the eighteenth century the student was taught that excellence in painting might be attained by imitating the performances of the old masters, so to-day art-students

all the world over are being exhorted to copy nature as the best means to artistic grace, and few have the wit to perceive or the courage to declare that art proceedeth from within and not from without, that fidelity to nature is unavailing without a personal appreciation of the pictorial beauties in a landscape. That beauty resides more in the seeing eye than in the object seen is now admitted to be a truism, but the belief is still prevalent that artistic mastery springs more from the painter's hand than his brain.

To combat this fashionable fallacy is the principal object of an article recently contributed by M. Maurice Denis to the Parisian review, *L'Ermitage*, an article so sound in theory and apt in expression that we make no apology for the following quotation:

Parce que trop de critiques autrefois la confondaient avec la littérature et ne jugeaient dans un tableau que les intentions du sujet écrit, ou le plus ou moins de ressemblance entre l'objet peint et l'objet représenté, on c'est insurgé avec quelle raison! contre la peinture littéraire, contre la niaiserie naturaliste. Il s'en faut qu'il faille cependant exalter uniquement les qualités matérielles de l'œuvre d'art et mépriser les qualités de l'homme qui s'en sert pour s'exprimer. L'artiste est à lui-même son véritable sujet. Restreindre l'art à traduire une sensation d'un moment, c'est sous couleur de sincérité, une forme d'abdication de soi, aussi fâcheuse que celle qui consiste à raconter froidement une anecdote ou à paraphraser un sujet littéraire. Mais ne chercher dans la peinture, comme on tend à le faire de plus en plus, que le plaisir sensuel des yeux, ne la vouloir que décorative, c'est ignorer la part que prend l'âme humaine aux satisfactions esthétiques, c'est faire de la psychologie de primaire, c'est soumettre une des plus complexes opérations de l'esprit à d'inexactes catégories. Qu'importe dans une œuvre d'art la vérité ou la fantaisie, le sujet littéraire ou l'absence de sujet? Il n'y a pas de peinture vivante une émotion d'homme? Il y a trop de peintures qui n'ont pas d'âme. A force de se vouloir personnels, originaux, libérés de toute influence, les jeunes artistes en sont arrivés à s'enorgueillir des moindres singularités de leur technique improvisée. Leur ambition est de n'être que peintres et de ne devoir leur supériorité qu'aux tours de force de peinture qu'ils croient avoir réussi. C'est ce que M. Remy de Gourmont appelle la *superstition du talent*. . . . Il ne suffit pas de vouloir n'être que peintre pour l'être supérieurement. L'exemple d'un Cézanne ou d'un Vuillard n'infirme pas notre opinion. Car s'il est vrai qu'il ne tirent que des ressources mêmes de leur art les moyens par quoi ils nous émeuvent, il faut noter quel est l'apport de leur sensibilité: avec quelle passion ils s'efforcent de chercher aux spectacles de la nature des équivalents exquis ou somptueux; avec quels scrupules ils s'attachent à ne rendre de la nature que l'admirable reflet qu'ils en trouvent en eux-mêmes.

The warnings sounded by this French critic are more than ever needed during the present reign of the virtuoso. Our Royal Academy exhibitions prove that there are too many "soulless pictures" in England as well as in France, and in painting, as in music, the tendency of the day is to rate execution above expression. Yet we need go no further than the Tate Gallery to learn by comparing Rossetti's *Annunciation* with Mr. Hacker's treatment of the same subject which of these two is the more important. Technically Mr. Hacker is far better equipped than Rossetti was at the time he made this picture, his drawing of the figure is far more correct, his knowledge of perspective is doubtless more profound; yet with all his dexterity he fails to give the one thing Rossetti secures with his scantier technical ability, that living, human emotion without which, as M. Denis observes, all pictures are profitless.

L'artiste est à lui-même son véritable sujet. It is the painter who makes the picture, not his model, nor his master, though these, we willingly concede, may give him some assistance. If a painter have no poetry in himself, there will be no poetry in his painting. If he be a commonplace man, his pictures will be commonplace, for all his knowledge of drawing, perspective and chiaroscuro. On the other hand, if a man be possessed of an artistic temperament, his paintings, howsoever faulty they may be in technique, will assuredly be neither uninteresting nor commonplace. Whatsoever there be in a man will come out in his picture, whether he be a trained draughtsman or no. "Whatever of dignity," said Leighton, "whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and make strong the labour of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen and drag them down.

Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work, whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it." Can we not read in the over-polished surfaces of Leighton's own works that excess of courtliness which sapped his strength?

No amount of training will make the student a great painter unless the artist soul be his already, and his first step towards becoming a great painter must be the cultivation and development of his own personality. And if training cannot save him, neither can truth. Mere attention to accuracy has never yet made a great artist. As Watts, arguing himself into a corner, was forced to concede that the subject of a painting was less important than the treatment, the "character of utterance," so one of the simplest and deepest of Nature-lovers, Jules Dupré, was bound to admit: "Nature is only a pretext; art, passing through the individual, is the goal. Why," he asked, "does one speak of a Vandyck, a Rembrandt, without saying what the picture represents? It is because the subject should disappear, so that the individual only, the creator, may exist. Another example: one says, 'stupid as a cabbage.' But who dares to say 'stupid as a cabbage painted by Chardin?' It is that the human being has passed into it."

Let the painter go to nature by all means, but let him not come back seeking our praise solely because he has truthfully copied what he saw. If accuracy were all, then would painting be a science and not an art; but because the subjective qualities in a painting outweigh its objective truth we demand of the artist that he should return, not with a topographical inventory, but with the reflection of an aspect of nature transfigured in his own soul.

THE SEASON AT CHRISTIE'S

IF devoid of sensational transactions, the past season at Christie's has not been without features of interest. Generally speaking, it has been a better year for buyers than sellers; for, whereas the works of a few painters—notably Sam Bough, P. Nasmyth and Fantin-Latour—have shown an increase in market value, those of a far greater number have shown a remarkable decrease. The reaction against Royal Academy pictures of an anecdotal and historical order has resulted in the severe depreciation of works not only by Messrs. Frith, Goodall, Egg and Marcus Stone, but practically all early Victorian paintings, including the works of Etty, Stothard, W. Muller and John Phillip. The sterling qualities, especially of colour, in the paintings of these four artists render it extremely probable that the depreciation of their work is only temporary. Consequently, it may be held that buyers have this year had the opportunity to secure good examples of these artists at low prices, while similar opportunities have been presented by the appearance in the sale-room of early works by New English and other non-Academic painters whose productions are likely to be more highly valued in the future.

That prices have been uniformly low is sufficiently indicated by the fact that only twenty-seven pictures this year exceeded 1400 guineas, as against 43 in 1905, 37 in 1904 and 38 in 1903. No work reached five figures, the highest sum given for a single painting this year being 6400 guineas for a late Turner, *The Rape of Europa*. Early English portraits by recognised masters continue in favour, but in the absence this year of any outstanding examples of Raeburn, Gainsborough and Reynolds prior place as regards price has been taken by Romney's *Mrs. Mingay* (6200 guineas), and Hoppner's *Lady Waldegrave* (6000 guineas). The last was bought by the late Mr. Woods for £23. Of the continental old masters few important examples have been seen. A doubtful Botticelli, *The Virgin*, sold for 5000 guineas, a more probable Titian, *Lorenzo di Medici*, was bought by Mr. Hugh P. Lans for 2100 guineas, while an *Extensive View over a Landscape* by P. de Koninck realised 2100 guineas, the

highest sum yet given at auction for an example of this master.

New records have also been made by Sam Bough's *Loch Achray* (£1029), and Cosway's drawing, *The Fair Step-mother and Ladies of the Loftus Family* (1150 guineas). Downman drawings, which have enormously increased in value during the last twenty years, again advanced in price, three averaging £300, while a fourth broke all records at 820 guineas. Thirty years ago they could have been bought for a less number of shillings.

At Sotheby's Rembrandt's famous etching, *The Three Trees*, advanced from £355 to £385, McArdell's mezzotint after Reynolds's portrait of *Mary Duchess of Ancaster* reached a maximum at £450, Burke's *Lady Rushout and Child*, in brown, after Angelica Kauffman, rose from £70 to £130, and several Whistler etchings, notably *The Palaces*, showed a slight increase in value.

We may conclude this brief review of the season's art sales with the mention of two notable prices given at Christie's for miniatures, £624 for Isaac Oliver's *Henry Prince of Wales eldest son of James I.*, and £1155 for two portraits by Nicholas Hilliard of himself and his father.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS—I

ONCE more, while all who can are flying away from her, London is cheering her captives with the nightly Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. At the first of these on Saturday night the whole floor of the hall was packed with a standing audience, and a sea of upturned, eager faces gazed with devout attention at Mr. Wood and his orchestra and offered incense at the shrine in a cloud of tobacco smoke. The first concert was even longer than usual and included all the prime favourites of the more dramatic or sensational kind, the prelude to *Lohengrin*, act iii., the overture to *Tannhäuser*, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2, the "1812" overture and the Peer Gynt Suite, so that the hundreds who had waited to get places and who stood through three hours or more of music, could not be disappointed; they got all they came for and more besides. Yes, a good deal more, because some did not bargain for Mozart's concerto for flute and orchestra in G, and though to many this must have been a most refreshing and delightful treat, like a breath of fresh air after the stifling heat of Wagner's footlights, a little movement among the tired ones who were standing all the time, showed that its quietness had given them time to remember the weakness of the flesh.

It was altogether the revival of an old scene. There was nothing new in this beginning of a new season, unless it was that Mr. Wood seemed to hold both his orchestra and his audience still better in hand than formerly, that he inspired his men with new fervour in playing the old music, that his audience were good children and stood more still than they used to, and never once struck matches in pianissimo passages. This discipline of his audience is, by the way, one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Wood's work, and he has now acquired an autocracy which is only paralleled in completeness by that of the policeman who controls the traffic of a crowded thoroughfare. To one who has the privilege of a seat in the balcony, and who knows the music well enough to listen rather lazily, the audience soon becomes the absorbing interest, and I must confess to just this amount of laziness on Saturday, that it was the impression of the music on the mass of the audience below rather than on myself which held my attention. Those little movements and fluctuations, contrasted with the perfect stillness of the intensely interesting moments, seem to show the common attitude towards the music, illuminating the individual element of the people who have, or think they have taste and knowledge.

The old question crops up: What do people like and want?—the question, which, asked wrongly, has ruined the work of countless composers and retarded the advance of public taste to a lamentable extent. In spite of that, however, it has got to be asked and answered in some way by every one who puts his finger into the musical pie, whether as composer or interpreter, and it is probably because he has got nearer than any one to the answer to the question, that Mr. Wood is the strongest popular power in the musical life of London. At first sight the answer seems to be: Sensation and excitement with a good deal of noise; but that is only a very superficial one. It is true that a Queen's Hall audience, like any other crowd, is easily excited by a noise, and then wants to make a noise too, which takes the form of tumultuous applause at the end, but that has not much to do with what music appeals most, and it is quite easy to look a little deeper. Next, two things seem to make the most direct and genuine appeal: one of them musical, the other not so, namely a tune and a story. The audience themselves do not know it; on the contrary, they rather think that they give themselves up to be swayed by the deep emotions of Wagner and Tschaikovsky, but a very slight experience in the art of listening through the ears of the crowd will reveal the fact that tune and story are the ruling powers. They are not very particular or far seeing as to whether the tune is a good one or the story well told: one or other they must have, and, at best, both. The "1812" overture has not much except ingenuity to recommend it musically, but it is a stirring story well told, and, allowing something for the mere excitation of the noise, it is that that inspires enthusiasm. On the other hand, Sullivan's dreadfully silly song, "Thou art passing hence, my brother," tells its story very badly, both in words and music, but it is the story of life and death in which every one is interested, and all its faults are forgiven it. So much for the love of a story. The question whether it helps to a musical appreciation brings us back to the much debated controversy about programme music. Sometimes, as in the case of Sullivan's song, it kills musical judgment, but that it plays an important part in making people come to hear music no one who frequents Queen's Hall can deny.

But the love of tune is no less strong and is the starting-point of real musical appreciation. Most of Saturday's audience probably knew little enough about William Tell, except the apple-shooting story, and if they had known more they would have found some difficulty in hearing his story in Rossini's overture, but they were, as usual, delighted by the tunes; and in the case of the *Tannhäuser* overture, where a story is told by means of several contrasted tunes, good long ones, not irritating scraps of *leit motif*, the delight rose higher still, and that is probably the most popular work in the repertoire of the Queen's Hall orchestra.

New works are going to be performed at the Promenade Concerts. To his great powers as an interpreter Mr. Wood adds the virtue of unbounded resource, and he leaves no type of orchestral music untouched; but these new things generally fall rather flat and are rarely given a second time. It may be different this year, but on the whole that has been so in the past. Yet they have been clever works, full of emotion and local colour and all the things that critics praise and modern audiences are expected to admire. Why do not composers write tunes, long tunes that give people time to learn them, tunes that go on getting better and aspiring higher? They are what the patient, standing audience at Queen's Hall really wants and craves for, though it does not always know it, and they, by meeting people on their own ground, could do more than by any other means to help to develop musical taste. What such forms of composition would do for the composers themselves I dare not suggest, but the possibilities for the development of new melodic rhythms seems almost endless and at present almost unexplored. The audience, however, can enjoy tunes and stories.

Give them a story by all means if it helps them to listen, and the composer to write; but he is a musician, and tunes are his point of contact with his hearers, so he needs must write tunes.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have in the press a new edition, in eight volumes, of the works of Mrs. Gaskell. "The Knutsford Edition" will be edited, with introductions, by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and each volume is to contain a frontispiece in photogravure. The works, which will be issued at fortnightly intervals, beginning on September 3 next, will be arranged as far as possible in chronological order, and will include several hitherto unreprinted contributions to periodicals, together with two new poems, and some unpublished fragments of stories. It may be interesting to recall George Sand's verdict on Mrs. Gaskell: "Mrs. Gaskell," she said, "has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish. She has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be the better for reading."

Professor Maitland's biography of Sir Leslie Stephen will be published by Messrs. Duckworth early in the autumn.

"The Best Plays of George Farquhar," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. William Archer, are about to be added to Mr. Unwin's Mermaid Series. The plays reprinted are: *The Constant Couple*, *The Recruiting Officer*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, and *The Twin Rivals*. Mr. Archer's is the first edition in which the various readings of the early quartos have been noted. The volume will be ready on August 27. Mr. Unwin will publish on the same date a volume by Mr. S. Parnell Kerr entitled "From Charing Cross to Delhi." The book is not a guide-book or an elaborate treatise on Indian problems, but a light, humorous and irresponsible chronicle of impressions received during a visit to India, with certain grave matter in appendices for those who desire it. It is illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

Messrs. Methuen announce for publication next week, in their Antiquary's Library, a book on "The Bells of England," by Canon J. J. Raven. At the same time they will publish, in the Library of Devotion, "Death and Immortality," a little book of meditations written by the first Earl of Manchester early in the seventeenth century.

Mrs. George Bernard Shaw's translation of Brieux's *Maternité*, performed before the Stage Society in the spring of this year, is to be issued, together with Mr. St. John Hankin's translation of *Les trois filles de M. Dupont* and a hitherto unacted translation of *Les Avariés* by Mr. John Pollock, in the autumn. Mr. Bernard Shaw is at work on a preface to the volume, in which he will deal with the whole of the dramatic work of M. Brieux.

Messrs. Longmans have several important biographies in the press. Dr. Edgar Sheppard is editing a Memoir of the Private Life of the late Duke of Cambridge which will appear in two volumes, and "Letters Personal and Literary of Robert Earl of Lytton" will appear in the same form. Mr. J. Stuart Reid's "Life and Letters of the first Earl of Durham" is announced for early publication. Another book of interest promised by the same publishers is "The Correspondence of Two Brothers": the eleventh Duke of Somerset and Lord Webb Seymour.

Messrs. Methuen will publish early in September Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Call of the Blood." It is a story of Sicilian life, although the scene of the first two chapters is laid in London. The three principal characters are an Englishwoman, a Frenchman, and a man of mixed blood, English and Sicilian. Almost the whole of the story passes in or near a lonely cottage on a mountain not far from Etna,

between Messina and Catania. The subsidiary characters are Sicilians, one of whom, a peasant boy, is brought into intimate relation with the three already mentioned, and plays an important part in the development of the plot, which is concerned with the strange domination sometimes exercised over a man by a strain of foreign blood inherited from an ancestor.

Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish early next month, a new novel by "Q"—"Sir John Constantine," an eighteenth-century story of a romantic adventure undertaken by a chivalrous Englishman to secure the crown of Corsica for his son, and to rescue a royal lady from duance. This involves the adventurers in the fierce strife of Corsican parties and Genoese invaders.

Messrs. Jack will issue in October "The Child's Life of Jesus," by the Rev. C. M. Steedman, uniform with their beautifully illustrated editions of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In a new "Shown to the Children" series—similar in design to the "Told to the Children" series—they will publish three books on Birds, Beasts, and Flowers.

Mr. Nutt will publish this autumn a new volume of verse by Mr. Kaufmann Spiers, entitled "Durante and Selvaggia and other poems"—a companion book to "Guido and Veronica."

The third volume of "The Arts in Early England," the work on which Professor Baldwin Brown, the occupant of the Watson Fine Art Chair in Edinburgh University, has been engaged for some time past, will be issued shortly. The new volume deals with the decorative arts of the Anglo-Saxon period.

"From Carpathian to Pindus: Pictures of Roumanian Country Life," by Tereza Stratilesco, will be published by Mr. Unwin shortly. Roumanian country life is dealt with under various aspects: history, religion, economics and social and political life; and the ideas and customs of the peasantry are illustrated by specimens of their folk-lore songs. These are given both in the original and in the English translation, and airs are also appended. Two other travel books promised by the same publisher are: "Romantic Cities of Provence," by Mona Caird, illustrated with sketches by Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge, and "Uganda to Khartoum: Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile," by Albert B. Lloyd.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has in the press and will publish early next month "A Twice-Crowned Queen, Anne of Brittany," by Constance, Countess De La Warr. About the same date he promises "The Red Burgee," a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts.

The second volume of the "Index to Book Prices Current" covering the second ten years' volumes, from 1897 to 1906, is nearly ready for issue. It will present a key and epitome to the last decade of the book sales on the same plan as the first volume, but will contain several additional features. The total number of entries will be greatly increased. To the anonyms and pseudonyms the real names of authors will be added. Sub-indexes of illustrators of books and of Americana are to be given, and editors' and translators' names will also be indexed.

Two volumes which Messrs. Skeffington are shortly to issue are "Pribbles and Prabbles, or Rambling Reflections on varied Topics," by the late Major-General Patrick Maxwell, LL.D.; and "My Experiences of the Island of Cyprus," by B. Stewart.

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) has a new novel, "The Far Horizon," in the press. It is not a sequel to her last work, "Sir Richard Calmady," though several of the characters which figured there are re-introduced. It is almost a quarter of a century since Lucas Malet published her first novel, "Mrs. Lorimer, a Sketch in Black and White."

So great was the popularity of Sir Frederick Treves's account of his trip round the world, which Messrs. Cassell and Company published last year under the title of "The Other Side of the Lantern" that eight impressions were called for. With a view of bringing this work

under the notice of a much larger section of the public, the publishers have arranged to issued a cheap edition on August 31.

A feature of the Bradford Meeting of the Library Association, September 3 to 7, 1906, will be the publication of a "Class List of Best Books published 1905-6." The work will comprise over two thousand entries of books classified according to the Deucey Decimal Classification, and will be published at one shilling net by the Library Supply Co., of 181 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The serial rights of Harry Vardon's book "The Complete Golfer" have been secured by *The World of Golf*, and the opening chapter appears in the issue of August 23. The original photographs will also be published.

CORRESPONDENCE

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Prof. Tyrrell's calling the use of "like" for "as" "a vulgar error," and the correct phrase "like I did" an "atrocious" (ACADEMY, August 18, p. 159, col. 1) illustrates anew the old complaint that classical scholars and many otherwise cultured men know nothing of the history of their own language. Had Prof. Tyrrell spared a little of his time for that, he would have known that "like" is just as good a conjunction as it is a preposition. The early forms were "like as" and "like to." Gradually the *as* and *to* dropt off, and the single "like" became both conjunction and preposition. The more frequent use of it as a preposition made some inattentive folk suppose that it couldn't be a conjunction. But if Prof. Tyrrell will turn to Sidney Walker's paper on the conjunctive use of "like" in vol. ii. of his *Works*, and to Dr. Henry Bradley's article on "like" in our Oxford Dictionary, he will find that Shakespeare and his helper in *Pericles* used "like" as a conjunction, and that a chain of authors of good repute link our age to theirs in this legitimate use of the word. Shelley and William Morris were among them. Away from books, I cannot give other names.

This is, I think, the fourth letter I have written to literary journals on this "like" point during the last thirty years; but vulgar errors are hard to uproot. I think Prof. Tyrrell owes us English students the atonement of attending Prof. Napier's lectures on Historical English Grammar.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

August 18.

[Professor Tyrrell writes: More than half of the vulgarisms now current in the speech of the uneducated are really archaisms. I am not surprised to hear that *like* was used as a conjunction three hundred years ago. It is news to me that Shelley and William Morris so used it, and I will take care to verify that statement when next I have access to the Oxford Dictionary. But even if this be so, the employment of *like* as a conjunction is now a vulgarism. The pleonastic *for* is to be found in the New Testament; but if Dr. Furnivall will venture to say (among strangers unacquainted with his position in literature) "I went to Brighton for to see if I should enjoy it like I did last year," let me assure him that every educated person among his hearers will class him with the illiterate and vulgar.

I do not think *like* was ever a preposition or any part of speech but an adjective, as in Milton's verse

That liker thy Narcissus are.

I repeat, the phrase "like I did" is an atrocity in modern speech, like "I came for to see," and many similar phrases which I cannot quote, being like Dr. Furnivall (not, like Dr. F. is) away from my books. Byron used *lay* as an intransitive verb instead of *lie*. Mr. Austin writes *lay* when he means *laid*. That does not justify the usage; neither would a lapse in grammar, if such there be, on the part of Shelley or Morris, "trammel up the consequence" for one who should now make a like slip.

August 22.

ECCENTRICITIES OF PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among eccentricities of pronunciation no one, so far as I have observed, has noticed that Tennyson has not only "révenue" and "réfinue" but "réponse":

Then did my response clearer fall:
No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.

The Dictt. give "subsidence" wrongly: cp. "résidence"; the quantity of the *s* in *resideo* and *subsido* is not the same; but there was a *subsideo* as there was a *resido*.

R. Y. T.

August 18.

"THE ANTIQUARY AND THE SEAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My friend Dr. Cox tells you that he does not agree with several of the strictures contained in my review of Mr. Harvey Bloom's book on English Seals, and thinks "in common with other critics, that the book will fill a niche in popular archæology."

I am glad to see that Dr. Cox separates me from those critics who are so ready to use that delectable phrase.

Those who read Dr. Cox's letter carelessly will gather that I assailed this book for its printer's errors. It is true that it is full of such, and I regret to learn that the writer's ill-health kept him from correcting his proofs. In such a case it would have been surely better to delay the issue. But some three lines only of my review deal with slips for which the printer can be held responsible.

The contention which I must needs maintain against Mr. Bloom's other critics is that one who describe seals should have some accurate knowledge of the costume, the armour and the heraldry which enter into every page of his book. And I am obstinate in my belief that such a writer should be able to transcribe and translate accurately the seal-inscriptions encountered by him. Assuredly it was not the printer who made Mr. Bloom translate "Radulpho sis pia tutrix" as "to thy Ralph teach piety."

At the same time I am ready to acknowledge that Mr. Bloom's book is well bound, clearly printed and pleasantly illustrated. I have the plodding habit of reading books before reviewing them. Otherwise I could hardly have kept back the phrase that this handsome book filled a niche in popular archæology.

OSWALD BARRON.

Bruges, August 22

AMANTIUM IRAE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a word of explanation as to an editorial comment in your issue of August 18, on a remark in the preface of my Latin Grammar? You considered it as "hypercritical" to find fault with the presentation of Terence's line *Amantium irae amoris integratio* as a model of Classical Prose. Now our model of Classical Prose is Cicero, who does not admit the idiom in question. Therefore, in my opinion, a Grammar ought to say so, and not lead a learner to suppose the contrary. Cicero may have been "hypercritical," but that is quite another matter.

A. SLOMAN.

[We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Sloman's letter. Our objection was raised from the point of view of grammar as a whole, not from that of classical Latin. From the latter aspect he is, of course, perfectly right in protesting against the inclusion in grammars of the Terentian tag: and the protest is on a par with the general level of his admirable and scholarly work.—ED.]

THE ENGLISH TONGUE

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Otto Jespersen's defence of "the use of the split infinitive in moderation, and where necessary for rhythm or emphasis," as in Burns's line:

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride

—I quote from Mr. Mayhew's review of "Growth and Structure of the English Tongue"—seems to me a little weak. The line as it stands is incorrect.

Who nobly dared to stem tyrannic pride
is indisputably better: it does away with the split infinitive and places the adverb in the right position for the sense.

Y. D.

August 11.

"DIEU ET MON DROIT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I find the following statement in a treatise entitled *Anglia Notitia*, by Edw. Chamberlayne, Doctor of Laws (1637), ed. 16, p. 69:

"The Motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*, that is, God and my Right, was first given by Richard the First, to intimate, that the King of England holdeth his Empire not in Vassalage of any Mortal Man, but of God only; and afterwards taken up by Edward the Third, when he first claimed the Kingdom of France."

I wonder if any of the readers of the ACADEMY would be kind enough to tell me on what contemporary authority these two assertions of Dr. Chamberlayne are based. They appear again and again in books of reference. But no one ever deigns to prove them by any historical evidence.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A PROTEST AGAINST "OG"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am encouraged by correspondence which I see in THE ACADEMY to ask permission to protest in your columns against the distortion of sound and sense in the generally accepted pronunciation

of Photog'raphy, Geog'raphy, et hoc genus omne. In no other language is this solecism found, the Continental pronunciation being Geo'graphie, Photo'graphie, etc. One bad result is that the mind does not readily grasp the real meaning and etymology of the words mispronounced in the really vulgar, illiterate manner mentioned above. Let us all do what in us lies to undermine "Og"!

LEWIS R. S. TOMALIN.

August 17.

TOWARDS JOY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

MONSIEUR,—J'ai lu avec beaucoup d'intérêt et de plaisir le bel article que, dans l'ACADEMY, vous avez bien voulu consacrer à mon dernier ouvrage. Merci millefois pour les délicats éloges que vous lui décernez. Votre philosophie diffère de la mienne. Certes, je connais les beaux travaux de M. Metchnikoff, mais je ne pense pas qu'on puisse tirer de la seule biologie la philosophie totale de la vie humaine, et toute profane que je suis en pareille matière, je n'ignore pas que le Docteur Grasset, de Montpellier, un savant et un Chrétien, a justement intitulé un livre: *Les Limites de la Biologie*. Cela, d'ailleurs, vous le savez sans doute mieux que moi. Quoi qu'il en soit, je ne veux pas, Monsieur, vous laisser douter de ma reconnaissance, et je vous prie de croire à mes sentiments les plus distingués.

LUCIE FÉLIX-FAURE GOYAU.

Le Havre, August 19.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret that, owing to an accident, I have only to-day seen R.S.Y.'s answer to my letter. I thank him heartily for it, and I trust that in view of the deep interest which the subject must possess for all literary students you will do me the kindness to insert my lengthy and belated reply.

I can assure R.S.Y. that I did not mistake his object, and that I, too, was thinking only of the "social fact" and not of "literary quality." I contend that as a social fact there is found in many of the master minds of literature since the beginning of the Christian era a confident and exultant strain in the presence and contemplation of the solemn fact of death which it is absolutely impossible to parallel from the pre-Christian literatures of the world.

How does my friendly critic meet this contention?

(1) Modern authors "could one and all be shown to contradict themselves?" Does he really mean to say that Milton, Bunyan, and Cowper contradicted themselves on this point? I venture to ask for a proof of this. Can he show that Schiller ever contradicted the passages which I quoted? He cannot have done so, for the simple reason that he was a whole-hearted and devoted pupil of Kant, and it is well known that Kant made the belief in immortality one of the corner-stones of his philosophy. Let me quote a few words out of the lengthy passage in the "Critique of Pure Reason": "God and a future life are two hypotheses which, according to the principles of pure reason, are inseparable from the obligation which this reason imposes upon us." I can find nothing like this in the realm of ancient philosophy. Indeed, Kant's moral teaching (as Ritschl has admirably shown) was coloured throughout by the unavowed influence of Christianity.

(2) I fail to see how Pascal's words which R.S.Y. quotes can be held to cancel the sublime confidence of the passage to which I referred; and if he thinks that the passage from Pindar rivals the closing lines from "Lycidas," or the magnificent passage in the Third Book of the "Paradise Lost," or the final scene of the "Pilgrim's Progress," I am constrained to say that I do not agree with him. As to Byron and Goethe, I quoted from them because they were avowed unbelievers, and therefore any concession to Christian sentiment on their part is doubly significant.

(3) But modern writers are inconsistent. Most certainly; we are all inconsistent; even Saint Paul can be shown to have been inconsistent. But I submit that there are two kinds of inconsistency, an inconsistency which is fatal and an inconsistency which is venial.

Let me add one more instance to those which I gave in my former letter. If there is one great man in European literature who united to the most unquestionable genius the consummate knowledge of a man of the world, it was the famous Duc de St. Simon. Can we imagine Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Cicero, or Livy, or Tacitus writing a score of passages on the subject of death and the life beyond the grave which might be quoted from his "Memoirs"? I trow not.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

August 21.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Moffat, Mary Maxwell. *Queen Louisa of Prussia*. With 20 illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 323. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Collingwood, W. G. *The Fdsale Club Papers*. Being Lessons in Sketching for Home-Learners. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 144. W. Holmes, Ulverston, Lancs. 3s. 6d. net.

["These letters to beginners and amateurs in sketching," the author

explains, "were written, from 1891 onwards, at the request of the Editor of *The Parents' Review*, in order to form a correspondence-class in connection with the work of the Parents' National Education Union."]

FICTION.

Hill, Headon. *Unmasked at Last*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 314. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Ridge, W. Pett. *The Wickhamses*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 343. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 183.)

Albanesi, E. Maria. *I Know a Maiden*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 356. Methuen, 6s.

Mathers, Helen. *Tally Ho!* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 333. Methuen, 6s.

Holmes, Gordon. *The Arncliffe Puzzle*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 308. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Gay, Geraldine M. *The Astrologer's Daughter*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 147. Drane, 3s. 6d.

Long, George. *Two Lives in Parenthesis*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 286. Drane, 6s.

Mills, John. *Jack Cherton of Sydney*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 543. Drane, 6s.

Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe. *The Trials of Commander McTurk*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 348. Murray, 6s.

Ohnet, Georges. *The Path of Glory*. Authorised translation by F. Rothwell. 7½ x 5. Pp. 328. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

LITERATURE.

Hadow, G. E. and W. H. *The Oxford Treasury of English Literature*. Vol. i. *Old English to Jacobean*. 8 x 5½. Pp. xii + 356. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. (See p. 174.)

Viëtor, Wilhelm. *A Shakespeare Phonology*. With a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. 8 x 5½. Pp. 290. Nutt, 6s. net. [A companion volume, a Shakespeare Reader, is in the press.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Report of the Proceedings of the National Conference on Infantile Mortality held in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 13th and 14th June, 1906. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 314. R. S. King, 1s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

Chesson, Nora. *Selected Poems*. 8 x 5½. Alston Rivers, 5s. net. (See p. 176. [Five volumes in a cardboard case: (1) "Dirge for Aoine and other poems"; (2) "A Dead Girl to her Lover, and other poems"; (3) "Jack O'Lantern and other poems"; (4) "The Happy Maid and other poems"; (5) "The Waiting Widow and other poems." The proceeds of the sale are to go to the fund for the support of Mrs. Chesson's children.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Dodd, J. Theodore. *Administrative Reform and the Local Government Board*. Second edition. 7½ x 5. Pp. 105. P. S. King, 1s. 6d. net.

Clark, John Willis. *A Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge, in an Introduction and Four Walks*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 191. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes, 1s.

[This little book is intended for visitors, and all matter requiring special knowledge or special examination has been excluded. The Scientific Museums and Laboratories, however, are described in detail.]

The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: a translation of the First Book of the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum written by William Durandus. With an introductory essay and notes by the Rev. John Mason Neale and the Rev. Benjamin Webb. Third edition. 9 x 5½. Pp. 195. Gibbings, 6s. net.

Merriman, H. Seton. *Flotsam*. Newnes' Sixpenny Novels Illustrated.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With many hundred illustrations. Vols. v. and vi.—*King John*; *The Merchant of Venice*; *King Henry IV.*; *King Henry V.*; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Henry Irving Shakespeare. 9½ x 6½. Gresham Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net per vol.

Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. A Book for All and None. Second (revised) edition. Part i. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 62. Edinburgh: Common, 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Selected Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases for Congregational Worship. Edited by Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 5½ x 4. Pp. 86. Paisley: Gardner, n.p.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Tourmaline Expedition. By Major A. Gibbon Spilsbury. (Dent 5s. net.)—Some ten years ago the proverbial man in the street would have been quite prepared to argue the rights and wrongs of the *Tourmaline* expedition; but, as his memory is short, the affair has by now been forgotten, and Major Spilsbury's book appears as a welcome reminder. It is welcome because the author was the protagonist in one of the most extraordinary adventures of the nineteenth century; an adventure which reminds us more of Captain Cook than of any one else. The story, which Mr. Spilsbury tells in a very straightforward way, is of how he went to the Court of Morocco with a view to inducing the Sultan to sanction the working of a concession, which purported to grant, on behalf of the tribes of Sus—the mysterious land south of the Atlas Mountains—the sole right to trade in their country. This is the least interesting part of the narrative: the fun begins when the steam yacht *Tourmaline* is bought and sails with a cargo, chiefly of arms and ammunition, to trade with the Susi on behalf of the Globe Venture Syndicate, Ltd. The encounter with the Sultan's man-of-war *Hassanie*, the offer by the Sultan of fifteen hundred dollars for Major Spilsbury's head, and the failure of the expedition make a tale of great interest, after which as an anti-climax, there is the account of the

trial on the charge of "riotously and routously assaulting the soldiers of the Sultan of Morocco." It was that trial which made the *Tourmaline* famous, and the account of the trial as told in these pages is indeed remarkable. There is one point prominent throughout the book, and certainly borne out by facts: namely, that our Consular authorities do not look after our interests as well as the Consuls of other nationalities attend to their duty. And the remark is not only applicable to Morocco. The book is rather poorly illustrated with photographs, and contains an appendix on "South-West Barbary as a field for Colonisation," by Mr. W. B. Stewart.

Tales from the Talmud. By E. R. Montague. (Blackwood, 6s.)—The Mishna, the first half of the Talmud or oral law of the Jews, was committed to writing by the Rabbi Jehudah in the year 190 A.D. Tradition tells us that the unwritten law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai, was taught by him to Joshua, and so passed down by word of mouth until the second century B.C. Of the Mishna alone there have been many translations, notably that of Surenhusius into Latin (1697-1703), that of Abraham Ruben into Spanish (1606), and of Rabe into German (1760). The Gemara, or second half of the Talmud, was completed at Jerusalem about 400 A.D.; a larger Gemara being produced at Babylon about a hundred years later. Mr. Montague does not aspire to the translation of this rambling and voluminous code. He gives his work the modest title *Tales from the Talmud*, but the book is more than this, if only by virtue of the admirable introduction with which he prefaces the stories. The latter are taken chiefly from the Talmud, though a few come from the Targums, the Pirke Rabbi Eliezer, and other works more or less contemporaneous with the Talmud. Mr. Montague sets down these legends in very much the same rambling fashion in which they are to be found in the original, including much of the quaint and homely wisdom of the ancient Rabbis. Nothing was too great for their consideration, nothing too little. "In every action, in every conceivable circumstance . . . for food, dress, habit, language, devotion, relaxation . . . it prescribes almost every word and almost every thought to be conceived," said Deutsch in the *Quarterly Review*, July 1873. From a deep and learned dissertation on criminal law we pass suddenly to an intricate and conflicting discussion as to whether it constitutes "work" for a man to use a wooden leg or wear a false tooth on the Sabbath. To blow out a candle on the Sabbath, from motives of economy, is a sin, coming under the heading of "work," but to blow it out for fear of an evil spirit or a robber is not a sin. As in many old legends, we come continually on cases where a man is saved from execution by his ability to answer a conundrum or give a satisfactory solution to some abstruse problem. Many of the tales are wonderfully beautiful in native wisdom.

It is no easy matter to produce a work on British Birds, which shall be of moderate price, and yet contain accurate and artistic illustrations of each species. Mrs. Grant Richards has now brought out the first part of a book entitled *The Birds of the British Islands*, by Charles Stonham, C.M.G., F.R.C.S., F.Z.S., in which the chief feature will be the photogravure illustrations by Mr. L. M. Medland. These pictures are extremely beautiful and true to life, while the fine gradations of tone so well reproduce the markings of the plumage that for purposes of identification they are hardly at all inferior to the finest coloured illustrations. The work will be complete in twenty parts, each costing 7s. 6d. net. Mr. Stonham supplies descriptions of the birds, their plumage, food, habits, etc., which are brief in scope, but extremely accurate and observant. Owing to the essential character of most of the information which he supplies, the effect of their comparatively brief accounts is often more vivid, and of greater assistance for purposes of identification, than very much longer descriptions in standard works. Particular stress is laid upon the attempt which has been made to elucidate the derivation of the accepted scientific titles—often a darkly obscure matter; but it cannot be said that the author is always happy in his conclusions, and the way he expresses them. *Rubeus*, for instance, is not "a bramble," nor is *rubeta* accurately translated "a bramble-bush"; while in the former Latin word the quantity of the first syllable is given wrongly, and in the latter it is not given at all. *Ερυθρός*, again, is not the Greek for red, as it is said to be under the heading of Redbreast. In cases of greater obscurity it is an inadequate treatment of the difficulty boldly to adopt one, extremely disputable, theory, such, for instance, as to derive *ruticilla*, the generic name of the redstart, thus: "from *rutilus*, red, and *cilla*, meaning the tail, but the etymology of the second element is not known." This solution is certainly not more probable or convincing than the alternative which is named only to be refuted. It would also have been better to have avoided the split infinitive with more consistency; while by one carelessly framed sentence the impression is given that the thrush feeds in autumn on turnips and potatoes, instead of in fields devoted to their cultivation.

A Varied Life: a record of military and civil service, of sport and of travel in India, Central Asia and Persia, 1840-1902. By Gen. Sir Thomas E. Gordon. (Murray, 15s.)—Sport and military service take up a large part of this book, but it differs from the biographies of many soldiers in the fact that the author's long life in the East brought him into personal contact with five Central Asian sovereigns. Sir Thomas Gordon is, moreover, an accomplished Persian scholar with a considerable knowledge of Persia, so that what he has to say about that part of the world will be read with interest and respect. He tells us that in 1866 he began a prose translation of Omar Khayyam which remains unpublished to this day: he took it with him to Tehran in '89 and read it over amid Persian surroundings, but was forced to the conclusion, at which others also have arrived, that the mystic poet is

not nearly so well known or so popular in his own land as is Hafiz. This attention to Persian literature, however, was only the recreation of a busy soldier, who has many soldier tales to relate. The story of the guard which always saluted cats, under the impression that the soul of a Governor of Bombay had transmigrated into the body of a cat, is in particular to be commended, and the remarkable resemblance which Sir Thomas Gordon bore to his twin brother, also a general, is the cause of many amusing stories. The author is inclined to be somewhat diffuse, but the fault is not uncommon and can be forgiven in a book which does not pretend to be "history," and which gives a fine example of the useful life of a soldier.

British Flowering Plants. By W. F. Kirkby, F.L.S., F.E.S., with one hundred and twenty coloured plates showing the most important characters of each plant figured and one hundred and nineteen illustrations in the text. (Sidney Appleton, 5s. net.)—It is always a difficult thing to get the exact information required out of a work on flowers; generally it results in obtaining a sonorous Latin name and some highly technical particulars which do not aid in any way to the recognition by the amateur of the flower in question the next time he sees it; or the book may be so "popular," that a buttercup in its illustrations can hardly be distinguished from a ranunculus. Between these the author claims that this volume steers a happy medium course. It follows the classification of Babington's ninth edition and also notes some of the insects which feed upon or frequent the various plants described, such as the nut-weevil, whose maggots are to be found inside the nuts, and the butterflies that haunt clumps of nettle. By the way the author repeats that old story as to the edibility of nettle tips in spring. We wonder if he himself has tried it; we hope not; we have, and the conclusion came to was that it was specially intended for starving people.

Essays upon the History of Meaux Abbey and some principles of Mediæval Land Tenure; based upon a consideration of the Latin Chronicles of Meaux (A.D. 1150-1400), by the Rev. A. Earle, M.A. (Brown & Sons.) The author starts with the fairly well-known fact that the people in the centuries under consideration were an unconsidered quantity, the great landowners, the Earl of Albemarle and the Religious Houses being the influencing factors around and in Holderness. A list is given of the Abbots down to the Dissolution, and the amount of stock owned by these monastic farm-owners. The second part of the book, dealing with Land Tenure in the Middle Ages, is interesting in that it illustrates the strength of the "entail" principle, an heir being able to claim and recover all land that had ever been alienated in any way by any of his ancestors. The author gives chapter and verse for all his statements and this is especially valuable when he refers to the bondsman and the disabilities under which he lived. An impartial judgment is given on the effect of the presence of such religious bodies as the monks of Meaux on rural England, and of their absorption of the revenues of livings. This is a book full of interest and suggestion in which the reader is not offered any ill-digested theories, but left to draw his own conclusions.

Augustine the Man (Lane, 5s. net) is the title of a charming little play by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) or rather, perhaps, not so much a play as a dramatic poem in four scenes. The first shows us St. Augustine in Carthage, living happily enough with his mistress Melcara and his little son Adeodatus, to all appearances a sensible, gay and learned *pater familias*. But there is already stirring within him a spiritual restlessness. He finds his literary triumphs Dead Sea fruit, and pines for he knows not what; and in a long and very learned discussion with his friend Antonius, we hear the cry of his soul. In scene ii. he is at Milan; here we have a very dramatic parting from Melcara, for the call has come and he is preparing for the religious life. In scene iii., Augustine is in his conventual establishment, the Villa Verecundus at Cassiciacum. Here, too, is Adeodatus, a young novice, in whom the world is fighting against grace. The scourge cannot free him from the cravings of the flesh:

Last night the nightingales . . . the nightingales . . .
All night they sang . . . I could not sleep for it.
And something seemed to answer in my heart
And drew me that I followed where they sang,
And listened, praying not, but rapt away
Into a paradise unknown to Christ,
For I was there alone . . .

And anon

Came the young Roman poet through the night,
Singing of mortal love in lovely words
Set to the music of the nightingales . . .
And then . . . Oh, then I took the little scourge
I had made me, as a memory of my Lord,
And scourged myself till He remembered me
Who had forgotten Him . . .

And in the last scene, "Augustine at Tagaste" we see the death of Adeodatus and the agony of his father's grief—the grief of "the man" Augustine, the father, the husband (in effect) who is the subject of Princess Troubetzkoy's poem. Her blank verse is often delightful and always melodious, and she reaches heights of passion which affect the reader with the sense of yet greater powers restrained.

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September 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE question of spelling reform, which was revived lately in this country on the publication of Professor Skeat's lecture delivered before the British Academy, has received a fillip from the characteristically impulsive action of Mr. Roosevelt. The President of the United States has decreed that all Presidential messages and other documents emanating from the White House shall be spelled according to a preliminary schedule of reforms drawn up by Professor Brander Matthews, the head of the Simplified Spelling Board which Mr. Andrew Carnegie finances. Later news is to the effect that this order is to be extended to all departments of the Federal Government.

Our correspondence columns have, for weeks past, been giving evidences of the public interest in the question. The letters have ranged from the private expressions of desire for reform and simplification to outrageous examples of the worst that may be expected; from sane counsel like that of Mr. Mayhew or of Mr. Robert Bridges, whose very interesting letter we publish to-day, to the wild, sometimes ungrammatical, sometimes vulgar extravagance of the thorough-going enthusiast on either side. For the justification of these epithets we need only refer our readers to two letters on pp. 210 and 211 of this issue. There can be no question that the leading philologists, at any rate in this country, are on the side of reform—Professor Skeat, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Murray, Professor Sweet.

That, however, is not to say that they are one and all in agreement with the hot-headed plunge of President Roosevelt, who, in his attempt to swim the Channel, takes no thought, as it appears, for wind, tide, or wave, but plunges in with a dive of which all must admire the courage while few accept the augury. Were the Home Secretary suddenly to declare that he would set aside the existing criminal law and follow a schedule prepared by a single adviser, he would be following no rasher or more clearly foredoomed a course. For the present, no doubt, it would be fairly easy to follow the prescriptions of Mr. Brander Matthews's first schedule. Inevitable disagreements will arise—to take a simple instance—between those who say "spilled" and those who say "spilt," while the word "killed," as was pointed out by the *Times*, must certainly be either misspelled or mispronounced. But these matters are comparatively slight. The real difficulty will arise when Mr. Brander Matthews supplements his first list by others.

Simplified spelling, as every one is aware, is only a half-way house to phonetic spelling. So much is admitted by all. And the difficulties of phonetic spelling are, as it appears to us, quite as great as those of our present chaos, though arising from an opposite reason. The pronunciation of words is almost infinitely various. We have

only to turn to a letter of Mr. Evacustes A. Phipson in our issue of August 4, or of Mr. H. Drummond in that of August 11, to find a score of instances.

His and their orthography, writes Mr. Drummond, "woz" not the same as at present. Now, do the letters "woz" at all adequately represent the sound of the word as uttered by any educated person in reading the sentence? Certainly not: "wuz" is much nearer. Mr. Phipson, again, gives us "laf" and "cof" for "laugh" and "cough." The natural sounds of these words in the mouths of at least half the educated population of England is nearer to "larf" and "corf," though these two latter forms are far from representing the true sound. And unless the greatest care is taken, we shall have, doubtless, "lawn" and "lorn" spelled in the same way, when every cultivated mouth and ear makes and notes the subtle difference between them.

To the argument raised by Mr. Oswald Crawford in his letter to the *Times*—that we should have henceforth to be bilingual, the reformers would obviously reply that it would be our own fault if we were. They would re-edit all our classics for us in phonetic spelling! The thought would be hideous, if it were not so funny. Imagine the "modern spelling" and the "original spelling" schools of editors laying their disagreements aside and putting their heads together to print, say, Beaumont and Fletcher thus:

Cum lets be sad mi Gurls [? Gairls];
That down cast of thine i, Oлимпias,
Shos a fine soro; mark Antifila,
Just such anuthr woz the nimf Enony,
Wen Paris brort [!] hoam Helen; now a teer,
And then thow art a pece expresing fuly
The Carthidg Queen, wen from a cold see roc . . .

and so forth. Those would be great days for the old "fogies" who clung to the condemned system. "Midnight darlings" at half a crown apiece, and all the Kelmescott Press books at a penny the pound! We could almost wish the dream were true.

It will not come true in our lifetime, and it seems probable that the movement will receive, thanks to the action of Mr. Roosevelt, a serious set-back. There is no one so stubborn as your scholar; and light-hearted amateur attempts to rush in where he has been treading with caution and pains all his life will inevitably meet with his disapproval. Had a commission of scholars for both countries been convened to discuss the first steps of a sound and moderate reform, certain faults in English and American spelling might have been satisfactorily removed. Let us hope that it is not too late.

There has been interesting news lately of excavations into Roman remains in two parts of the world. At Rome the indefatigable Commendatore Boni has been busy under the column of Trajan, making his way into the sepulchral chamber in the western side of the pedestal, which he has now opened and made accessible by its old doorway. It was discovered empty, thanks doubtless to the depredators of the Middle Ages. A hole made by mediæval treasure-hunters has been filled up with cement; and several large fragments of the laurel wreaths forming the lower *torus* of the column have been taken out of it and will be restored to their old place.

It is interesting to note that a discovery made by Commendatore Boni, as announced in the *Times*, seems to lend colour to his favourite theory that the height of the column marked not the altitude of the hill (which would have been higher than the Capitoline) removed to make room for Trajan's *forum*, but the depth of the depression filled up by the *Ulpian forum*. His recent excavations

have revealed an old paved road under the concrete pavement of the court of the Bibliothecae on either side of the column; a road which had evidently been buried beneath the Ulpian *forum* and was actually cut through by the foundations of Trajan's column. If this road belongs to the same period as the Republican tomb of Bibulus hard by, it is impossible that the supposed hill can ever have existed.

At Mont Auxois, between Paris and Dijon, the Archæological Society of Semur in Burgundy is excavating the Gallic town of Alesia, where Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni, made his last stand against Julius Cæsar in B.C. 52. A *forum* of the Augustan period, a theatre, and many traces of other monuments have been discovered, besides statues, bas-reliefs and other things. Incidentally, the discoveries are said to support a view expressed by Napoleon III. in his life of Cæsar.

A good many admirers of Stevenson may not be familiar with a characteristic and playful letter he wrote in his Samoan home in the summer of 1891. About that time R. L. S. wanted to adopt the little daughter of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Ide. Annie H. Ide spent a part of every day in the Stevensons' bungalow, and on her complaining that, having been born on Christmas, she was defrauded of the rights of a birthday, Stevenson without delay wrote to her father. The letter began: "I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots Bar, author of 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Moral Emblems,' civil engineer, the owner and patentee of the palace and plantation known as Vailima, in the island of Upola, Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind and pretty well, I thank you, in body. Considering that I," the document in legal phraseology proceeds, "have attained such an age that I have no further use of a birthday," and that he had found the father of the said Annie H. Ide "about as white a land commissioner" as he required, "I have transferred to the said Annie H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors. And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name the name Louisa—at least in private—and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being quite so young as it was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember."

To this document Robert Louis Stevenson set his "hand and seal on the nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one," witnessed by Lloyd Osbourne and Harold Watts.

It was stated in the ACADEMY of July 28 that the Sunderland Public Library Committee had been compelled, by the protests of the readers, to reinstate in their Library the banished daily papers. We understand that this statement is incorrect. The Committee has not changed its policy, introduced in March 1905, of excluding daily papers and fictional magazines; and it is found that since, in accordance with our suggestion, the better class of periodicals has been offered to readers, the numbers have been increased.

A correspondent directs our attention to the fact that for some weeks past it has been impossible to obtain either the descriptive or abridged catalogue of the pictures of the foreign schools at the National Gallery. It is unfortunate that the supply should be exhausted at this holiday season when catalogues are so much in request, but we are by no means sorry to learn that a new edition

is necessitated. It must be confessed that the catalogues of our principal galleries leave a great deal to be desired, and both as regards information and attractiveness are far behind those of continental museums, notably those of Berlin, Dresden, St. Petersburg, The Hague and Stockholm. What is wanted in an official catalogue is a condensed summary of the latest results obtained by the researches of modern critical authorities, a precise description of the works exhibited, an indication of their date and pedigree and the conditions under which they were executed. Some account of the artists, classified into schools, must also be given, but the extended biographies and personal tittle-tattle dear to the British cataloguer are unnecessary and undesirable. If Sir Charles Holroyd can bring the National Gallery catalogue into line with the best continental publications he will increase that debt of gratitude which we owe him already.

Mr. Thomas Brock's marble statue of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., which was exhibited at the Academy this year, has been placed in position in Room VIII. at Millbank, so that the President of the Society of British Sculptors is now represented at the Gallery by no less than four works. Without wishing in any way to disparage Mr. Brock's art, we cannot help feeling that this representation is disproportionate when we remember how many equally able British sculptors remain wholly unrepresented. Mr. J. M. Swan, our English Barye, has only paintings to show us in this gallery. Of Mr. Gilbert there is but a solitary and by no means adequate example, while our younger and non-academic sculptors are entirely ignored. Taken collectively the statuary at Millbank cannot fail to give the foreigner a feeble and false idea of the powers of British sculptors.

At Bethnal Green Museum there is now on view a large portion of the Asiatic collection of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, made by him in the course of his travels in the East during the last twenty years, and notably during the seven years from 1898 to 1905, when he was Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The collection illustrates chiefly the Art of India, Burma, Nepal and Tibet, but specimens are also included of the art productions of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam and China. It thus embraces in a single survey the majority of the countries on the mainland of Asia and presents a comprehensive picture of some at least of the principal artistic manufactures of the East, as well as many interesting personal mementoes of Lord Curzon's term of office in India. The collection will remain on view for some time and will be varied or added to as occasion arises.

A limited company has been formed to give a four weeks' season of German opera at Covent Garden after Christmas, to begin on January 14. In addition to the evening performances, some *matinées* will be given, and moderate charges will be maintained throughout the house. The repertory includes *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Die Walküre*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and one complete novelty at Covent Garden—Smetana's *Die verkaufte Braut*. In mounting the Wagner works an earnest endeavour will be made to reproduce Bayreuth conditions, more especially as regards the instrumental music on the stage. The singers engaged for the leading *rôles* are of European reputation, and in addition to these the list contains the names of several eminent English singers. The performances will be under the direction of M. Ernest van Dyck; a competent German chorus and a well-known Wagnerian stage manager (from Germany) have been engaged, and the London Symphony Orchestra retained for the entire season. Herr Felix Mottl, of Munich and Bayreuth, and Dr. Kiotta, of Amsterdam, will be the conductors, assisted by Mr. Carl Armbruster, who undertakes the direction of the chorus. A full list of the performers engaged will shortly be issued.

The Three Choirs Festival is to hold its one hundred and eighty-third meeting this year at Hereford on Sunday, September 9, and Tuesday to Friday, September 11 to 14, inclusive. On the Sunday afternoon there will be a special musical service in the Cathedral; Tuesday is given up to the *Elijah*, with a concert in the evening at which Dr. Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* will be preceded by a new Sacred Symphony in F, *Lift up your Hearts*, composed for this festival by Dr. H. Walford Davies. On the Wednesday morning will be performed Sir Hubert Parry's Psalm of the Poor, *The Soul's Ransom*, for soprano and baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, a new work composed for this festival. The Wednesday evening concert includes two new works: Mr. Herbert Brewer's Three Elizabethan Pastorals for solo and orchestra, and Mr. Josef Holbrooke's Orchestral suite No. 2, *Childhood*. On Thursday, *The Apostles*, and in the evening Berlioz's *Te Deum* and the *Hymn of Praise*; and on Friday *The Messiah*.

LITERATURE

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS

The Dream and the Business. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
(Unwin, 6s.)

It is not enough for a novelist to have imagination. That is a gift that most people have in a larger measure than is commonly supposed. It is easy to say—and it is said a thousand times a day: "I can imagine what he thought of it;" or: "I can fancy what she felt." For the novelist, a further step is necessary. Just as to the making of poetry there must go something more than a flight of fancy—the effort of brain and will which follows up that flight, striving, often painfully and laboriously, to grasp it, to absorb and master it—so to the making of good fiction there must go something more than the imagining of fictitious people in fictitious circumstances. It is not enough for the novelist to be able to imagine what this one thought of it or the other felt: he must go on to think with this and to feel with that; to put himself in the place of his characters, identify himself with them, not watch them from outside. There must be sympathy as well as the reflected observation which we call imagination.

Of the strength and subtlety of Mrs. Craigie's imagination there was never any doubt. Of all the functions of her brilliant mind, none was better performed than that. She had to a rare degree the power of picturing to herself subtle, complicated, people, products of an artificial society, of seeing them clearly, keeping all their apparent self-contradictions unified in one character, grasping their elusive aims, hopes, fears and sorrows. She watched the world about her with wise, keen eyes; she watched the world below her with equal wisdom and keenness. An incessantly active brain examined and judged; when she came to use the results of this observation on a work of imagination she constructed characters whom all could recognise, complex and elaborate as they were, for true types of human nature.

And there she stopped. The further step she was unable to make. She could understand exactly what each of her characters would feel in given circumstances: she could not sympathise—feel with them (we are speaking, of course, of her literature only: that she had in a very high degree sympathy in the sense of a desire to alleviate suffering, the story of her life bears witness). And a fact at first sight strange is that this lack of sympathy is able to nullify the effects of her piercing understanding: it can upset "psychology" and lead to an entirely false view of a character which readers entirely incompetent to have imagined such a character for themselves can easily discern to be misleading. Let us take an instance from "The Dream and the Business." Lady Marlesford, a young married woman who has fallen in love with a man not her

husband and believes that Lord Marlesford is deceiving her, comes for advice to her friend James Firmalden, a well-bred and cultivated dissenting minister, who is secretly in love with her himself:

"I am not of the type that can live with half my nature perpetually on the rack and the other half drowsy. I must live all over in order to live at all. I cannot exist, on the present terms, with Basil. We must separate. . . . I do not choose to wait until his life and mine are so wrecked that nothing can be made of either. He can do much with his: I can still work out mine."

"That will never do. Nothing is worse than a formal separation—except an informal one."

"Ah! Then you think that a divorce is the one course possible—in such a case as ours?" . . .

"If you want me to defend divorce, I will defend it," he said.

"I myself am utterly opposed to it," she answered; "all I wish you to realise is this—that while I am determined to leave Basil, I am quite aware that to be legally separated but morally bound for life would be, to both of us, but to him especially, servitude in despair. Bad as it will be, it cannot be so bad as the wretchedness he must feel now in deceiving me, or my wretchedness in trying to act as though I suspected nothing. Own that I am talking reasonably."

"Too reasonably," said Firmalden. "But are you quite sure that he cares for somebody else?" He wondered how much she knew.

"I am certain," she replied, "that he no longer cares, as he once cared, for me. How much he loves—this other—I cannot say."

"Has he any idea that you have noticed any change in his manner?"

"No; he is too absorbed in himself to think about me at all!"

"But isn't it hard," he asked, "to say what a man might or might not notice in a woman? He's often a dumb dog who cannot speak."

"Then such dumb dogs should not marry!"

The discussion goes on; and Firmalden, characteristically, insists that there is no half-way house: either she must divorce her husband, or bear with him altogether. The other woman, whom Lady Marlesford is anxious to screen, must be either exposed altogether, or left altogether alone. And Lady Marlesford cries:

"You are unfair—too unfair. I am going to tell you something which I never meant to tell you. The woman you won't let me spare, the woman you think I want to screen for paltry worldly reasons, is your own sister! It is Sophy!"

"That's a lie! They have lied to you. It isn't true!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"It is perfectly true."

"I wouldn't believe it if she herself confessed it. I wouldn't believe the evidence of my eyes if they denounced her!" . . .

"Is Sophy alone, out of the whole world of women, immune from temptation?"

"She is so little immune from it, that she would recognise it and thus avoid something which might prove too strong for her."

"When women love exceedingly, they do not recognise it as a temptation. They think it the supreme blessing of their lives. When they renounce it, they do so for the man's sake—not for their own. This is the history of all women who have loved with any depth. It is perhaps the one sure test of their earnestness. Otherwise," she added, shrugging her shoulders, "it may all be curiosity or caprice or mere viciousness. I am willing to give Sophy credit for as many struggles as you please."

"I can swear to her innocence."

"I myself do not believe the worst. But for no other reason than this—I am willing to judge of her conduct by my own. You, when you thought her a strange woman, had no excuse for her—not one."

"I would not ask you to spare her—if she were guilty—though she were twenty times my sister."

"Every woman is some man's daughter, and often some man's sister!"

"But unhappily, every brother cannot feel so certain of his sister's character as I can of Sophy's. She has many failings, but she is utterly incapable of dishonour."

"Then perhaps you will admit, for argument's sake, that I too am incapable of dishonour, and that not we two only, whom you happen to know, are incapable of it, but that numbers of women, whom you do not know, are incapable of it. You say you would not accept the evidence of your own eyes if they denounced her!"

"I would not."

"Well," said Tessa, giving him her hand, "have as much faith in me—no matter what happens!"

It cannot be denied that the whole long scene from which we have chosen these extracts is, intellectually, brilliant: the question of divorce (Lady Marlesford is a Catholic) is most ably discussed; the thoughts of the disputants are as clear as daylight. But is that the way in which they would have talked? Is that the way they would have behaved under such conditions? Lady Marlesford's brain we see: where is her heart, her passions? Where are the *spretæ iniuriæ formæ*, and the sickness of desolation

that no woman, however "refined," however sophisticated, could escape in such circumstances? Would any man, however strongly self-controlled, hear his sister called a wanton and proceed to discuss the likelihood of the charge being true? The author, with that keen intellect, that eager interest in moral and religious questions and the relation to them of men and women, has forgotten that no amount of culture, thought and sophistication will eradicate certain deep-rooted emotions. She has held her characters under the glass, watching their brains at work: to their hearts she has not penetrated. And so we get the old impression of unreality—or, rather, of partial reality, of lack of sympathy, of inability to be really dramatic, really one with the characters of the story.

Nevertheless, the book is of absorbing interest—not so much for the fortunes of the people as for the elucidation of or comment on topics of great moment, religious, moral and social, round which the thoughts and difficulties of the characters are grouped. As is not uncommon in Mrs. Craigie's later novels, the story follows the course, not of one or two protagonists, but of a group of people. There is Dr. Firmalden, of the old school of Protestantism, his son James, of the new; James's sister Sophy, a woman who clings of choice to the old law though her tastes have much in them of the Pagan; Lady Marlesford, the devout but semi-Pagan Catholic, and her husband—a pair of devoted lovers whom a strange incompatibility of mind prevents from being friends; Lessard, the utterly Pagan musician, whom Sophy refused to marry because of his "atheism," and with whom Lady Marlesford later falls in love; and Nannie Cloots, otherwise Rosanette de Verney, actress, formerly betrothed to James Firmalden. Nannie is one of the most striking pictures of underbred vulgarity, meanness and folly we have met in fiction. The portrait may not be fair on actresses as a whole; by itself it is masterly. And it is the loves and religious difficulties, and the two combined, of this group which we follow. Of all, the story of Tessa Marlesford moves us most. She is so good in intention, so feeble in performance; so completely a prey to her yearnings for a perfect love, and her striving after utility and interest in life, so pathetic in her vain wanderings hither and thither—to Firmalden, to her confessor, to her husband—for satisfactions of these longings, that we feel for her a deeper sympathy than we can find to bestow on any of the others. All people know such marriages as that of the Marlesfords: their sadness is all the greater for the apparent needlessness, the seemingly trivial but ineluctable causes, of their failure.

The book is full of wisdom, clear thinking, illuminating discussion of states of mind and soul. And, in the earlier chapters, at any rate, we find much of the old epigrammatic brilliance of the earlier novels. Its perusal leaves one cold. The sense of effort in construction, of labour in the working rarely leaves us: we close it with the feeling that here is a fine novel marred by the old lack of sympathetic interest in human nature.

THE AENEID IN SPENSERIAN STANZAS

Temple Greek and Latin Classics. *The Aeneid of Virgil*. Translated by E. FAIRFAX TAYLOR, with an introduction and notes by E. M. FOSTER. Two vols. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.)

THE introduction is short, but bright and original. Here is a characteristic passage:

Virgil has not travelled much, and he has never been introduced to a hero. The things he really understands are not heroic—the dancing reflection of water on a ceiling, the whizz of tops in the courtyard, the departure of colours at nightfall, sea that trembles under the moon, the poor woman who must rise early, obscure deaths, the sufferings of animals and flowers,—and these things contrast oddly with the conscientious robustness of their setting. The art of Virgil seems the wrong way up—if we assume that the art of Homer is up the only right way. . . . It has been given to him to shed the light that never was on sea or land, but he uses it, so to speak, as a search-light,

illuminating objects that are often isolated and sometimes contradictory. . . . Let us not equip him with any scheme. Above all let us not make him too tearful or too mellow. For that is the direction in which modern eulogy, following the example of Tennyson, would seem to tend.

Thus Mr. Foster, B.A., who does not seem to think very much of the poet. He blames Virgil because he (Mr. Foster) sympathises more with Dido than Aeneas. But great poets have a way of arousing sympathy even for the person not primarily intended to evoke it. The late Sir Henry Irving had a feeling for Shylock, which the present writer confesses he largely shares. The notes are elementary, chiefly on geography and history.

Mr. Taylor, the translator, seems to have formed a higher estimate of Virgil as a poet. He has chosen the Spenserian metre, the complexity of which, as well as its recurrent nine-lined stanza with the sledge hammer fall of the Alexandrine at the end of each, whether the meaning demands or repudiates it, obviously unfits it to represent the steady and even flow of the hexameter. But he has certainly shown great dexterity in the handling of the metre, and generally makes us believe that the Alexandrine is not out of place, that the narrative really does run in stanzas of nine lines. There have been of late so many versions of the Aeneid that nearly all has been said that may be said, no matter how charming the topic. Quite recently we reviewed Mr. Billson's faithful and literal and often musical and powerful version in blank verse. We will now give some specimens of Mr. Taylor's art (Aen. i, 157-173):

Tired out the Trojans seek the nearest land
And turn to Libya. In a far retreat
There lies a haven; towards the deep doth stand
An island, on whose jutting headlands beat
The broken billows, shivered into sleet.
Two tow'ring crags, twin giants, guard the cove,
And threat the skies. The waters at their feet
Sleep hushed, and, like a curtain, frowns above,
Mixt with the glancing green, the darkness of the grove.

It needs not to be said that in a metre so elaborate there must often be an omission or an interpolation in the interests of the rhyme. Ascanius in the English:

Longs to hear
The tawny lion issuing with a roar
Forth from the lofty hills, and front the foaming boar.

But in the original there is no "roar." On the other hand, "one cave protects the pair" hardly represents:

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt.

And, in the same context (iv. 170-173) five lines are too many for two and a half in the Latin:

No more she meditates to hide the stain,
No longer chooses to conceal her flame.
Marriage she calls it, but the fraud is plain,
And pretexes weaves, and with a specious name
Attempts to veil her guilt, and sanctify her shame.

The rendering:

Dear guest no longer as a husband known

fails to convey the pathos which drew tears from Virgil when he recited the passage before the court of Augustus; and:

Hen furiis incensa feror

is far better rendered by Thornhill's

Ha! That way madness lies,

than by Mr. Taylor's:

The Furies drive me to despair.

Again:

Changeful is woman's mood, and varying with the day

is not half so poetical as Conington's prose:

A thing of moods and fancies is a woman.

The curse of Dido (iv. 621-629) is very vigorously done, and so is the dying scene:

Deep gurgles in her breast the deadly wound;
Thrice on her elbow she essays to rise,
Thrice back she sinks. With wand'ring eyes all round
She seeks the light of heaven, and moans when it is found.

We must protest against *Iūsus* with long penult (v. 843), and against "Tell the stars that rise," for *surgentia sidera dicent* in the famous imperialistic passage in Bk. vi., which is well rendered, but "tell the stars" could only mean "count the stars" and *dicent* must mean "name" not "count." In the simile (viii. 380) of the whipping-top, *vacua atria*, is not "empty courtyards" but "empty halls"; the words, as Conington saw, are meant to indicate that the boys were sons of nobles, and whipped their tops in the spacious halls of palaces.

We do not find in any of the many versions which we have read the princely dignity of the words in which Evander welcomes Aeneas to his humble home (viii. 364, 5):

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This is the passage of which Dryden wrote: "I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think of it, and myself when I translate it." Certainly a good deal of the kingliness has evaporated in Mr. Taylor's:

Dare thou to quit thee like a god, nor dread
To scorn mere wealth, nor humble cheer disdain.

Far better, though less smooth, is Mr. Billson's:

Thou too, O guest, scorn riches and put on
A God's great heart, not rough to poverty.

The picture of Camilla in Bk. vii. and the episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Bk. ix. are excellent. We must give a short extract from the latter (435-440):

So doth the purple floweret dying droop,
Smit by the ploughshare. So the poppy frail
On stricken stalk its languid head doth stoop,
And bows o'erladen with the drenching hail.
But onward now through thickest ranks of mail
Rushed Nisus. Volscens only will he slay;
He waits for none but Volscens. They assail
From right and left, and crowd his steps to stay.
He whirls his lightning brand, and presses to his prey.

The last words of the episode (446-449) compare favourably with Conington's metrical version.

O happy pair! if aught my verse ensure,
No length of time shall make your memory wane,
While throned upon the Capitol secure
The Aeneian house shall reign and Roman rule endure,

Conington is less dignified and more diffuse:

Blest pair! if aught my verse avail,
No day shall make your memory fail
Prom off the heart of time,
While Capitol abides in place,
The mansion of the Aeneian race,
And throned upon that moveless base
Rome's father sits sublime.

We will conclude with Mr. Taylor's very spirited rendering of the closing lines of the Aeneid:

Wrathful in arms with rolling eyeballs stood
Aeneas, and his lifted arm withdrew;
And more and more now melts his wavering mood,
When lo! on Turnus' shoulder—known too true—
The luckless sword-belt flashed upon his view;
And bright with gold studs shone the glittering prey,
Which ruthless Turnus, when the youth he slew,
Stripped from the lifeless Pallas as he lay,
And on his shoulder wore as token of the day.

Then terribly Aeneas' wrath upboils,
His fierce eyes fixed upon the sign of woe.
"Shalt thou go hence and with the loved one's spoils?
'Tis Pallas, Pallas deals the deadly blow,
And claims this victim for his ghost below."

He spake and mad with fury as he said
Drove the keen falchion through his prostrate foe.
The stalwart limbs grew stiff with cold and dead,
And groaning to the shades the scornful spirit fled.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

GEORGE FARQUHAR

The Mermaid Series. *George Farquhar*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM ARCHER. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

JEREMY COLLIER'S "Short View" was published in March 1698; in the following December, Farquhar's first play, *Love and a Bottle*, was produced at Drury Lane, containing, as the Biographica Dramatica holds, "the best drawn rake we have ever had on the stage." In March 1707, while the author lay dying, was produced at the Haymarket his best play, *The Beaux' Stalagem*, which contains the scene (Act v. sc. iii.) between (Francis) Archer and Mrs. Sullen in the latter's bedroom. Between Roebuck and Archer come Sir Harry Wildair, Lady Lurewell, Richmore and Mrs. Mandrake, Kite and Plume. And yet Farquhar is the author of whom Mr. (William) Archer, with all the seriousness but none of the fatuity of Dr. Schmid, maintains that he marked an advance in the morality of our comedy. "More clearly than any of his contemporaries, he was progressing towards a sane and humane form of comedy." It sounds paradoxical; but we believe Mr. Archer to be right in his pretty flat contradiction of Dr. Ward's verdict on the Irish rogue who came to London, wrote six original plays, adapted another from Fletcher, and died destitute (but for Robert Wilks's charity) in his thirtieth year. To put him in the worst light first: Roebuck is too hideously depraved to be real; the business between Wildair and Angelica is detestable; Lady Lurewell (for all Hazlitt's admiration of the development of that character in *Sir Harry Wildair*) is monstrous; in all the comedy of the age there is only one person more horrible than Mrs. Mandrake, and the scene between Archer and Mrs. Sullen—a strange piece of work for a man on his death-bed—is unblushingly licentious. Moreover, Farquhar's heroes are all rakes and adventurers, or both. Even Worthy, the most serious of them all, only changed his dishonourable designs on Melinda into honourable wooing when her inheritance put her virtue beyond his means to purchase. Intrigue and seduction are the common themes of his work, and his gentlemen talk of marriage as the extreme price to pay for the satisfaction of their desires. But it is useless to try to base the morality of a play on its incidents. We must accept the manners and morals of the age for fact; the gentlemen and ladies of the day—we are forced to believe—did behave like that. Farquhar shows us, quite as clearly as the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh, a very corrupt state of society. It is often claimed for the England of that age that it is not fairly represented in its comedy; that the playhouse was the diversion of the Court and the aristocracy and gave a picture of their manners only, to the exclusion of the virtues and good sense of the mass of the people. In that aspect, Farquhar is a little disturbing. He left the Court and the aristocracy, the small circle of the "little parish of Covent Garden," and went for some of his people and scenes to the country. And there he shows us a Mr. Justice Balance, who is in sentiment one of the most cynical and immoral old rogues in all literature; Worthy, of whom we have spoken before; Rose, a country girl whose innocence is an accident she deeply regrets—all seeming to imply that the country was no better than the town in matters of love and courtship. If it had been otherwise, could Silvia have talked as she did talk and would her farcical behaviour with Rose have been tolerable to an audience? The other alternative appears to be Squire Sullen, who is an even lower specimen of a man than the jolly town-rakes who come to disturb his household. Against these, indeed, we have to set Cherry Boniface, who atones for

the weakness which was regarded as inevitable in women by courage and fidelity, and Dorinda, who, lax enough in thought and admitting the weakness of women more freely than a modern view of her sex would permit, shows good sense, honour and generosity.

But the morality or immorality of an author depends not so much on the types of character and the incident with which he deals as on the use he makes of his material; and Farquhar's use of his material seems to us such as to justify, or very nearly to justify, the claim made for him by Mr. Archer. Where Steele avoided immorality by achieving mawkish sentimentality at the expense of verisimilitude, Farquhar clung to life as he saw it about him, widened the bounds of comedy to embrace a great deal of life that had been excluded before, and yet succeeded in setting the sun a-shining on it in place of what Mr. Archer calls the "black, bitter, cruel atmosphere" of Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh. They were, in their manner, gay; but their gaiety is often hideous—the gaiety of cynical, scoffing demons. The gaiety of Farquhar (which Dr. Ward so strangely denies him) is a material, spontaneous, sunny gaiety, the gaiety not only of a jolly dog of an Irishman but of a man of a simple, kindly and generous nature. There is more love of his fellow men and delight in their oddities and humours in George Farquhar than in any other writer of his day. His characters (though some of them, it is true, are but puppets) have a pliancy and a buoyancy about them which makes them very human. They are not merely fashionable; even the fashionable ones among them are men and women too. His few plays present us with a whole gallery of oddities, jolly rogues, pert maids, fine ladies, villains and honest men, very different from the hide-bound wits of the "smart" comedy. The fact was, of course, that Farquhar was not by birth or acquirement a member of "the coterie," as Mr. Archer calls it. He was not a man of rank, wealth or fashion, but a literary adventurer who had the world to conquer and conquered it by entering it and enjoying its varied humours, classes and characters. It is that sunny gaiety, that delight in life, which is his distinguishing characteristic. It sweetens all his pages, even the worst, and wins forgiveness from modern readers for many violations of modern manners. For at his worst he is, strictly speaking, not so much immoral as non-moral (to use the old tag). He simply is not concerned with whether his people is good or bad. He knows that they are great fun, and insists on our sharing his boyish delight in them. Hence, he is to a great extent a farcical author, not a comic. When he ascends to the level of comedy, as in passages pointed out by Mr. Archer, he proves himself on the side of the angels, a man of good sense, independent thought and kindly feeling. And the older he grows, the wiser and the kindlier he grows. The gaiety of *The Beaux' Stratagem* is not a whit less sunny, less buoyant than that of *The Trip to the Jubilee* or *Love and a Bottle*. It is finer, too, and mellower; less wanton and irresponsible; more subordinated to the dramatic necessities of the play, more penetrated by the natural sweetness of the author's temper. Meanwhile the wisdom and kindly feeling have grown under his adversities. If Aimwell and Archer are no saints, neither are they repulsive libertines nor grinning cynics. Aimwell proves himself a gentleman. His sudden confession has been called improbable: it is no more sudden, and to our thinking far better founded, than that of the gay Lord Quex. And if Archer is a rogue, he is a lovable rogue, and one who shows some advance in morality on the standpoint of Sir Harry Wildair, still more of Roebuck.

On another matter Mr. William Archer gives us as sound and valuable a piece of criticism as anything that has been yet written about Farquhar. He points out that Farquhar's dramatic technique is an improvement on that of Congreve, Wycherley, or Vanbrugh, in more than one respect. It must be admitted, it is true, that most of his plots are farcical, often badly put together—the sub-plot having little connection with the main plot—disjointed and

clumsy. There are cases where he seems to have forgotten, as he went on, what he intended to do. For instance, we have always suspected that Cherry Boniface was meant to be proved no daughter of her supposed father—possibly with the intention of discovering her to be of gentle birth and of marrying her to Archer: we hear nothing of this later, and she is fobbed off as maid to Dorinda. But Farquhar's technical advance on his contemporaries shows itself first of all in his treatment of his characters, whom he allows to explain and to reveal themselves, instead of describing them before they enter and then leaving them to represent the type described—a type easily recognisable to the audience as one of themselves. The change is mainly due to this, that he is not content with types; he must have individuals. And, going outside the bounds of society for his characters, he found human nature to be so complex a thing that it could not be labelled and classified; it must be shown. The other important point in his technique is this: that, although the stage in his day was still a rhetorical stage, and still, to a great extent, the magazine and lending library, even the pulpit, of the town, he managed to do without the general remarks, the set disquisitions, the deliberate comment on life which so often held up the action in the plays of his contemporaries. Once more, he writes to show life, not to explain it; and his criticism of it—including the valuable criticism on marriage in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, on which Mr. William Archer has wise words to say—is conducted by example, not by comment. The fact is, as Mr. Archer explains, that the essay was then beginning to be successful, and Farquhar knew what to leave to the essay and what to keep to the stage. It is quite possible that, had he lived till sixty instead of dying at thirty, the poor Irishman might have become, as Mr. Archer rather obscurely puts it, a Fielding of the theatre: that is, might have done for the drama what Fielding did for the novel, and raised it to a position in art and truth equal to that held by the novel. Looking back over the hundred and fifty years that followed him, we must cry: Would that he had!

It only remains to say that Mr. Archer's edition is, as would be expected, scholarly and trustworthy. The four plays he gives are *The Constant Couple*, *The Twin Rivals*, *The Recruiting Officer*, and *The Beaux' Stratagem*. *Love and a Bottle* we can well spare; *Sir Harry Wildair* we should have liked, and to omit *The Inconstant* is to omit one of the best of Farquhar's plays. Still, if space had to be considered, the four plays we are offered form the most representative part of Farquhar's work. For the text of *The Constant Couple* Mr. Archer has gone to the second Quarto (1700), giving in an appendix the original (and preferable because shorter) version of the ending of Act v. sc. i., that between Wildair and Angelica. *The Twin Rivals* and *The Beaux' Stratagem* have been collated with the first Quartos, and in *The Recruiting Officer* the first and second Quartos have been used. Textual matters are clearly dealt with, and the stage history of each play, references to contemporary history and other matters are adequately explained in foot-notes, in which the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to another sound scholar, Mr. W. J. Lawrence.

ANACREONTEA

Anacreon. Translated by THOMAS STANLEY. With a Preface and Notes by A. H. BULLEN, and Illustrations by J. R. WEGUELIN. (Bullen, 6s. net.)

WE are glad to see a new edition of Thomas Stanley's delightful "*Anacreon*," illustrated by so dainty and refined an artist as Mr. Weguelin. It is more than two hundred and fifty years since Stanley published his translations, and, though they came long after the Rebellion had all but stifled the flow of English song, they have the best qualities of the Elizabethan lyric outburst. Stanley was a gentleman and a scholar, a pupil of

Thomas Fairfax, son of the Edward Fairfax who translated the "Gerusalemme Liberata." Returning from the Continent in the midst of the Civil War, he shut himself up in the Middle Temple, where, according to the Life quoted by Mr. Bullen in a footnote: "Neither the Cares nor Concerns for his Family, nor the Caresses and Endearments of a Young Wife could prevail with him to intermit his ordinary studies on which he was obstinately bent." He published a learned edition of Aeschylus, composed love-songs for music, wrote a History of Philosophy after the manner of Diogenes Laertius, and translated the Anacreontea. A good all-round scholar, a great linguist, and no small poet, this Thomas Stanley.

He was not the first in the field with the Anacreontea, and Mr. Bullen's erudite introduction and notes give many details of earlier translations. The Anacreontea were first published in 1554 by Henri Estienne of Paris, who had shown them to Ronsard in manuscript, with what delightful results the readers of the poet know. The full story of the manuscript (now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, having formed part of Napoleon's loot from the Vatican and never having been returned to its right owner) its purchase by John Clements, the friend of Sir Thomas More, and its subsequent adventures, may be read in Mr. Bullen's introduction, and a very interesting piece of bibliography it is. The poems, of course, are not all of them, possibly none of them, the work of Anacreon; they are later poetry, the earliest probably dating from three centuries later than the poet of Teos. But that they are delightful in their facile elegance there can be no denying, and it was not long before English poets began to make use of the French discovery. The first to borrow from the volume was Greene, who in his "Orpharion" (1589) translates the ode *Μεσονυκτίος ποτ' ὦραις*, which tells how Cupid came knocking at the door on a wet night, and being admitted drew his bow on his host:

He pierced the quick, and I began to start;
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high:
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugar'd smart:
And he flew, for now his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

Stanley's translation is better than Greene's; it is closer to the original and has more of the inimitable lightness and mischief of the Greek:

When well warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, "'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

We prefer, indeed, Stanley's version—which has, by the way a beautiful opening—even before that of the "mysterious" poet, A. W., whom Mr. Bullen has done so much to introduce to modern English readers. A. W., whom no one has yet been able to identify, is one of the best poets among the Elizabethan song-writers, and his songs include three odes from the Anacreontea: *Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας*, *Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις*, and the ode quoted above. Another Elizabethan to draw from the same source was the author of the song "Cupid, in a bed of roses," that occurs in Thome Bateson's "Second Set of Madrigals," 1618; and very many others have been indebted to the same collection: Herrick, Cowley, Rochester, Prior, Oldmixon, Ambrose Philips, Tom Moore, Byron—these are some of the names given by Mr. Bullen, and the list could doubtless be increased. It is interesting, and may strike some as a little strange, that George Crabbe heard John Wesley, preaching at Lowestoft in 1791 in the eighty-eighth year of his age, quote Cowley's translation of a famous ode from the Anacreontea: "Oft am I by women told, Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old."

It is not surprising that poets, ancient and modern, should have been tempted by the Anacreontea. There is about the Greek a deceptive air of ease, which, when you come to analyse it, is not so easy to imitate as it appears. This little collection of songs of love and wine has the quality which the best of the Elizabethan song-books have, a perfect and apparently inevitable agreement between thought and language. Not a word could be moved or altered without injury. Their spontaneity, their *gracility*, to borrow a word from the Latin, is perfect. Their context is a mere nothing, a jest, a tiny tale, a praise of drinking, a praise or a flouting of love.

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὖ γῆν,
πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὖρας,
ὁ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,
τὸν δ' ἥλιον σελήνη·
τί μοι μάχεσθ' ἑταῖροι,
καὶ τῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;

The outburst is so fresh and free that one can well imagine it extemporised by some jolly toper with his wreath slipping down over one eye; and Stanley, good though his version is, seems lame beside it:

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

And Cowley's paraphrase, delicious if we had not the Greek original, is very long-winded and heavy with those seven galloping lines before us.

But to see the Anacreontea at their best we must turn to two odes in particular: "Roses" (the *Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν ἐρώτων* of the Greek) and the still more famous ode to the grasshopper. Of the first Stanley's version is as follows:

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff!
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
In the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus temple go:
Then some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

Best known of all, probably is the

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,
ὅτε δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων
ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκώς
βασιλεὺς ὅπως αἰδεῖται.

Stanley, Cowley, Leconte de Lisle, Goethe—the versions of all these may be found in Mr. Bullen's volume; and though for many reasons we like Cowley's best, since this is Stanley's book we select his translation to close our article.

Grasshopper thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated in some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honoured; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admired,
By Apollo art inspired,
Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!

Stanley's Anacreontea, especially as edited by a scholar like Mr. Bullen, is a charming possession, a perpetual source of gaiety, pleasure and interest.

ISOLATION

THERE is a dread I know by night,
And sometimes in the sunlit day,
When all around me slips away
To lose me in the Infinite.

The earth's a veil—a veil the sky;
I cannot touch, nor hear, nor see;
What is, is just a part of me,
There is naught else, but only I.

ETHEL EDWARDS.

IN DARK WEATHER

WHEN I was very glad
I wished the rain away;
I would not be made sad
On such a dear gold day.

But now the years move slow,
And life is full of pain.
Ah! how I feel and know
The beauty of the rain.

ETHEL EDWARDS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DOSTOIEVSKY

It is rather strange that it is impossible, apparently, to procure to-day any of the translations of Dostoevsky's works that the late Mr. Vizetelly issued about twenty years ago. The selection then made was not a very good one, but at least two out of the five volumes published reached a third edition, and from the Press notices appended as an advertisement of Mr. Wishaw's translations, we gather that the critics who wrote in the *Spectator*, the *Scotsman*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Athenæum* were more delicately alive to their duties than are the majority of reviewers to-day. These translations, however, appear to have sunk out of sight, along with innumerable versions of "The House of the Dead," that masterpiece of Dostoevsky's which narrates life in a Siberian convict prison; and now the only novel still procurable is Miss Milman's version of "Poor Folk," published by Mr. John Lane. The present generation of English readers knows not Dostoevsky. So much the worse for the present generation!

No doubt the reason for our neglect of the great Russian author lies in the Englishman's fear of morbidity. I was delighted to find in the *Spectator* some years back a criticism on Mr. W. D. Howells's novels which defines our insular apprehensions in the naivest fashion. "Mr. Howells," said the critic, "is a standing proof that subtlety of analysis need not involve the slightest sacrifice of wholesomeness." The sentence conjures up a comforting little picture of idyllic, wholesome surroundings, say a vicarage lawn, where the pleasant clatter of tea-things is punctuated by the vicar's voice rising sonorously amid the cries of "deuce" and "vantage" from the sunk tennis-court. Dostoevsky would be a strange and ironical guest here, nor is he in place in a London club, hotel, in any well-to-do house or suburban villa residence. There is little "wholesomeness" to be sacrificed in most of Dostoevsky's novels, but his analysis of the workings of the minds of his sick and suffering people, of the weak, the tormented, the criminal, and the possessed, show us just what value is to be placed on "wholesomeness," and how the underworld of the suffering or thwarted consciousness yields us insight into deep, dark ranges of spiritual truths for ever denied to healthy, comfortable, normal folk. Yet Dostoevsky's work demonstrates what every experienced physician knows, that no hard dividing line can

be drawn between the world of health and strength and the world of disease, weakness and insanity; and that all our normal impulses and acts will shade, given the cruel pressure of circumstance, into the abnormal in an infinite, finely wrought net of deviations, all of which are, psychologically, of import. Dostoevsky's peculiar and unique value is that of the great writers he is the one who stands furthest down the slope of that deep underworld of tortuous, diseased impulse, he is the one who has established best the relation the abnormal bears to the normal mind, and the one who has most fully explored the labyrinthine workings of the mind unhinged, impaired or thrown off its balance, while still mixing with and surrounded by the world of normal men. And Dostoevsky's lifework may be likened to a long winding road, traversed by the subtlest and most deep-seeing of psychologists, who at every turn is seen questioning, listening to and commenting on the strange experiences and confessions of crowds of mental patients, some almost normal, and some insane.

The immense power and underlying sanity of Dostoevsky's own mind is best attested by the perfect clarity, calm, penetrating judgment, and classic objectivity of "The House of the Dead" (1862). There is not a line of exaggeration, not one word of sentimentality here. The whole life of the convict prison, the character of the prisoners, their relations one with another and with their jailors, the effect of their work, punishments and pleasures, the hopes that sustain and the fears that torture these chained human animals in their grim environment and the common bond of humanity between the inmates, whether dangerous murderers or ordinary normal folk, all are painted with the marvellous precision of touch and delicate truth of a master painter. The accompanying morbidity and erratic abnormality of Dostoevsky's brain, on the other hand, is well attested by the fantastic confusion and startling divagations in the motives and impulses of his favourite characters, his sick and possessed heroes, suffering from hallucinations, with whom the author temporarily identifies himself and then suddenly parts company from just when the reader is beginning to get alarmed and wonder whether he himself has wandered into an asylum. In "The Idiot" (1868) while Dostoevsky's unrivalled intensity grips the reader with undiminished force, we are unpleasantly conscious of doubts as to whether the sane are insane or the insane are sane, so spasmodic and irregular is the development of the situations. Visitors to asylums know well the peculiar suspicious and alert expression with which doctors and attendants sometimes favour the sane as well as the sick, and Dostoevsky's scenes are sometimes as startling as a conversation in which a stranger who has been talking with great intelligence is suddenly detected putting out his tongue at his neighbour and the next instant continuing the conversation as though nothing had happened. In "Crime and Punishment" (1866), however, though the subject is the analysis of the tortuous reasonings of a mind on the borders of delirium, first trying to justify the right to murder and then struggling with the consciousness of its guilt, the author holds with a fairly steady hand the flickering lamp by whose light we follow the intricate mental processes of the criminal's motives and acts. There is sentimentality here, and a certain love of melodramatic situation which, joined to confusion and complexity, are the defects of many of Dostoevsky's pages; but these, though serious artistic blemishes, do not seriously impair the force of his psychological genius. In "The Brothers Karamazov" Dostoevsky has established his greatness beyond question. The book has a breadth and depth of vision, a temperamental richness and sustained intensity which characterise great tragedy. In his portraits of the corrupted, diseased and suffering Karamazov family, Dostoevsky has probed the human soul of all who are victims to their own vicious past and infirmity of will. The indissoluble relation between human vice and human suffering, and the thesis that the sinner is the man infected with mental, moral or

physical malady, are shown and maintained with a fertility of psychological insight drawn from the storehouse of national suffering. It is not surprising that Dostoevsky should be the author most beloved by his countrymen, for that broad human tolerance and fraternal feeling peculiar to the Russian soul is so strong in the atmosphere of "The Brothers Karamazov" as to destroy all desire in the reader to condemn the Karamazovs, when once he has penetrated to and understood the driving force behind their actions.

It is much to be regretted that no English translation of this great novel exists, though there are two versions in French. But the most remarkable example of Dostoevsky's genius contained in a comparatively short compass, that is accessible to the English reader, is the story entitled "The Permanent Husband," translated by Mr. Wishaw and published in 1888. Dostoevsky has written more powerful and more enthralling works, but as a piece of sustained psychological analysis of the passion of jealousy it is unique in literature. It is moreover such a good example of Dostoevsky's method that I make no apologies for giving the reader a short analysis of the story, instead of passing hurriedly in review the sanest, most normal and most harmonious of all Dostoevsky's works, the posthumous novel, "The Adolescent."

The hero of "The Permanent Husband" is a certain man of the world, Velchaninov, who, through financial difficulties of two years' standing, has lost his gay, careless, healthy pleasure in life, and has grown irritable, morose and mistrustful. Detained by a lawsuit in Petersburg and feeling worried and ill in body, Velchaninov has met in the street four times in the last fortnight a certain gentleman with crape round his hat, who has stared at him in a peculiarly fixed way. Velchaninov feels that he certainly has met this person before somewhere, but he irritates himself to no purpose by racking his memory, and he feels puzzled and ill at ease that thrice he has got angry and agitated at the recollection of this man's face. On the night of the last occasion on which he has been met and stared at by the man, Velchaninov awakes trembling from a very unpleasant dream of some crime of which he is accused by a continuous swarm of people who pour into the room without ceasing, and approaching the window he is staggered to see, in the light summer Petersburg night, that the man with the crape hatband is standing on the other side of the street carefully examining the house. The man then crosses the road and enters the gateway, and Velchaninov, trembling, runs to the front door, and, after waiting and hearing him trying the doorhandle to see if it is locked, suddenly flings the door wide open and confronts the midnight visitor.

Both men stared in each other's eyes silent and motionless. So passed a few moments, and suddenly like a flash of lightning Velchaninov became aware of the identity of his guest. At the same moment the latter seemed to guess that Velchaninov had recognised him. In one instant the visitor's whole face was all ablaze with its very sweetest of smiles.

The midnight visitor turns out to be a certain Trutsotsky, the insignificant husband of a woman, Natalia Vasilievna, "one of those women who exist only to be unfaithful wives." Velchaninov nine years ago has acted the part of her lover during a whole year in a little provincial town; he had been the slave of his passion, and he had been suddenly "thrown over like an old worn out shoe" by Natalia in favour of a new lover, a young artillery officer. The husband, Trutsotsky, had never discovered his wife's infidelities. And now, after nine years, behold! the husband turns up quite unexpectedly, a little drunken and maudlin, to announce his wife's death and "to talk over that sweet mutual tie of which Natalia formed so treasured a link in our friendship." The dialogues that ensue between the two "old friends" are masterpieces of psychological insight. Velchaninov is very much on his guard, but Trutsotsky is always springing disconcerting surprises on him and taking strange

liberties while narrowly scrutinising him. When Velchaninov pays Trutsotsky a return visit he discovers him in the act of:

trying to persuade a little girl to do something or other, and using cries and gestures, and what looked to Velchaninov very like kicks in order to effect his purpose.

The girl, seven or eight years of age, is in a very hysterical condition. She runs away when Velchaninov appears, and the latter, on mentally comparing dates, discovers to his horror that she must be his child. She has his own eyes, his own hair and refined pallor of face and her mother's lips. Trutsotsky has a disagreeable grin when he speaks of his affection for his daughter, and Velchaninov surmises that he has long been playing on the child's nerves, bullying and ill-treating her. After a good deal of mental fencing between the two men, the real father is great agitation succeeds, in carrying off Liza on a visit to the house of some old friends, a charming family to whose care he confides her. One of the most terrible pages in literature is that in which the child, Liza, on her arrival, begs to implore Velchaninov to "help" her, because she knows that Trutsotsky will hang himself. The child cannot be appeased in her terror and anxiety, and Velchaninov goes back to find Trutsotsky, but the latter will not come, he has just heard of the death of his dear friend, Bagantov, who was also one of his late wife's acquaintances. And now Trutsotsky, with a smile of detestable cunning and irony confides to the alarmed Velchaninov that:

When Natalia died, she left behind her a little black desk, and there were about a hundred examples of Bagantov's literary genius in the desk, ranging over a period of five years.

But Velchaninov remembers, to his relief, that he had never written a single letter to the dead woman.

We have no space left in which to tell how Liza dies, and how Trutsotsky plays cat and mouse with his wife's lover, till the hour comes when he tries to murder him in his sleep. The final analysis of Trutsotsky's motives is of extraordinary brilliancy, and indeed every page is a revelation of the depths of the human consciousness. Trutsotsky does not know that he wishes to murder Velchaninov, but the hatred is at the bottom, underlying his other feelings. The essence of Dostoevsky's method here is surprise. We are first of all carefully prepared for something abnormal to happen, through the analysis of the hero's neurosis, and then there is sprung on him and us a series of surprises, through the medium of unexpected arrivals, unforeseen revelations, bad dreams, and lightning-like divinations. Bit by bit the chain of cause and effect is unwound, and the reader has the uncanny feeling of the subconsciousness of the characters being made to yield up, piecemeal, curious hints of the revelations in store. Dostoevsky is *par excellence* a psychologist, unsurpassed in his knowledge of the workings of the human mind exposed to abnormal strain. It is small wonder that Nietzsche hailed him as his master, for many of the most brilliant ideas of the German philosopher are to be found, either crystallised or in solution, in the pages of the great Russian.

EDWARD GARNETT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The later poems of William Morris," by Arthur Clutton Brock.]

FICTION

Children of Far Cathay. By CHARLES HALCOMBE. (Hongkong Daily Press Office, 6s.)

EXPERIENCE has equipped Mr. Halcombe, more fully than most Englishmen, to write a novel of Chinese life and character. For in an extract from a literary journal, printed on a front page of his book, we read with interest: "My life and adventures in China where my life was heroically saved by a young Chinese lady who is now my

wife were recorded . . ." and the extract ends with the name of the book in which these absorbing details are recorded; its price too and publisher are generously added. This would assure him a unique opportunity of studying the domestic manners of the Chinese and of learning much which would escape the observation, however acute, of the ordinary Fang-qwai or foreign-devil.

But, although he starts with this capital advantage, thus delicately advertised, he is handicapped partly by his inability to express himself grammatically or clearly, and partly by his ignorance of the form he has chosen. The construction is on a level with the style: and the style suggests nothing so vividly as a tract (writing which little boys are sometimes given to throw fluttering from railway carriage windows to improve the moral standpoint of the platelayers) and a tract which on occasions takes wing from chatty inconsequence to the lurid heights of a Penny Dreadful (writing which little boys have been known to treasure crumpled and coverless in their jacket pockets). Two passages will explain:

A young girl, passingly fair, and I regret to say equally fickle, and a dark and somewhat tall young man, well set though slender and decidedly handsome, were standing together in an old-fashioned garden bordering upon the Lancashire coast. I may add that it was a pleasant spot, from which a glimpse of the sea was obtainable on that sultry July morning in the year 1896, of which I am speaking.

This is taken from the introductory chapter: it tells how Montrose, the decidedly handsome young man, was jilted by the young girl and became an unattached missionary. His broken heart is doubtless meant to lessen any shock that might be caused by his future marriage with Luh-Hwa, the charming daughter of Hung-Fong. But if, as they say, marriages are made in heaven, this one surely was. For only Fate could have worked the tremendous coincidences which bring the couple into each other's arms.

The other passage is taken from the scene where Hung-Fong is being tried by the iniquitous judge, Shun Ming, on a false charge of conspiracy.

The claw-like hands of many hirelings who were accustomed to these scenes gripped the manly form of the merchant, and hissing curses in his ear they once more banded him forward and drew his lacerated hand down upon the blood-stained document. Another rude character was compulsively made and the signature was complete.

But any book which throws a new light, however, smoky, upon a strange people must have some interest. And there is much that Mr. Halcombe knows about the Chinese. Though, of course, he does not interpret them as Lafcadio Hearn interpreted the Japanese, yet he can describe the interior of a Chinese house, and little isolated details of custom or points of etiquette in a way that holds the fancy. Facts nail him down to simplicity; and show what a fine background he has spoiled. He wastes too much energy in killing dead dogs. No one now thinks that the Chinese are all rat-devouring heathen: every one knows that there are many courteous Chinese gentlemen. Continued insistence on this point robs the book of virtue which it can ill spare.

I know a Maid. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE wonder how often in real life a will has been destroyed by the person who would have been disinherited by it? We suppose that, if no one but a dying man saw you do it, you would not be in much danger from the law, provided the man died without speaking. The witnesses might or might not be alive, but they could not produce the will or prove that you had made away with it. Indeed, all the probabilities would be against a document so hostile to your interests ever reaching your hands. In real life the improbable often happens: the difficulty is to make it seem like fact in fiction. Lady Otterburne's crimes do not suit her complexion: and one of them, which in some of its details recalls a *cause célèbre*, leads to nothing, and, we believe, could have led to nothing. A promise of marriage extorted from a minor by a clumsy

subterfuge would not be worth the paper it was written on, and the promise of money made under the same conditions and with the same absence of formalities would not have bound Sara Lavington to pay a penny. Sara is a charming heroine, and, indeed, Madame Albanesi has written another pleasant story. But villainies are not in her atmosphere, and when she tells you of them she fails to convince you. She sees the world through kindly eyes, and she gets her best effect of reality in such a character as Natalie Benyon, whom some love and others hate, and who is a lifelike mixture of good and bad. Lady Otterburne, in spite of her crimes, is lovable too: in fact, her charm remains and her sins vanish into the limbo that must be full of sins half-imagined and never committed. Most novelists have helped at one time or the other to fill it.

The Trials of Commander McTurk. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ has let loose another energetic and sinewy adventurer upon the high-seas of romance. His heroes are nothing if not strenuous, and it is no surprise to us to learn that Commander McTurk was placed upon the retired list of his country's navy for excess of zeal rather than for inefficiency. The story of his struggles to regain his lost prestige is both pathetic and enthralling. Even the adamant hearts upon the Naval Board at Washington are touched at last by the audacious exploits of the "man in the flaxen wig," and we leave him embarking upon a second career in the American Navy. As he has, by this time, been annexed by the most capable of all the amorous ladies who pursue him through his many and stirring adventures, we hope that his ardent spirit may be kept within bounds and his country may continue to smile upon him. The flaxen wig, which earns him the name of "Wiggy McTurk" in the Navy, is as important an attribute as the concertina of that other ocean free-lance, Captain Kettle. Indeed, these irrepressible sea-dogs have much in common. The artistic vein, which finds vent in the poetic rhapsodies of Kettle, inspires McTurk to execute weird, impressionist sketches in oils. The description of the meeting between these kindred spirits, whose friendship is sealed for ever by their common appreciation of the beauty of the sunset at Halifax—McTurk pressing his sketch of the harbour upon Kettle, while the latter melodiously warbles his "Lines to the Sunset," to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains"—is worthy of the subject. That, between them, they should succeed in kidnapping two prominent American millionaires, making them work their way to England before the mast, is not surprising. The quixotic commander is blessed with a sister, Bridget McTurk, whose golden transformation is as unruly as her brother's flaxen wig. Her efforts to rescue him from his various matrimonial entanglements are untiring. We meet another old friend in these pages. Mr. Neil Angus McTodd, of Arctic fame, spends a portion of his thirsty existence as chief engineer to Commander McTurk, during which period he covers himself with glory by impersonating a submarine in mid-ocean, and frightening out of his Teutonic wits the captain of a German ironclad.

Tally Ho! By HELEN MATHERS. (Methuen, 6s.)

JUDGED by comparison with certain of Miss Mathers's earlier novels—"Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and others—"Tally Ho!" is a sad disappointment. The school of writers to which she belonged is slowly dying out, and we opened her latest book with no little expectation, sure that we should find at least good characterisation, a healthy atmosphere, and mild and pleasant diversion. We find, instead, great possibilities and a failure to realise them. *Tally Ho!* was a famous steeple-chaser—in his way a very Katerfelto—disguised as a hunter. A good story well told, with a fine horse for a theme, would have excited and delighted us. Unfortunately, confident expectations notwithstanding, we find no cure for sore eyes in these pages, nothing to set the

hot blood racing madly to the pounding of galloping hoofs—who, of those who know, has not felt the thrill of it, and swept helter-skelter into the rush? But this is not really the story of Tally Ho!; it is rather the story of San (a girl, by the way), and of a not incorruptible “splendid brute,” one Blaise Blundell, Major, gentleman-jockey. Here we have a combination full of promise, particularly when coupled with a devouring passion on the part of the man to win the Blue Riband of the Chase; a famous steeplechaser, bequeathed to the lady, a Diana of the hunting-field who abhorred racing, with conditions which blocked the gallant Major’s way; and three girls who do their own stable work and perform impossible feats of horsemanship. In truth, there is good material enough and character enough to have made a fine novel, and Miss Mathers might have made it. But no gleam of merriment, no sparkling phrase, not a line of vivid description rewards the reader. Miss Mathers has failed in her construction, and she has failed in her characterisation. We find Blaise—how much better was the original “Blaze”—anything but a gentleman, and shall never believe that the San we are shown would have married him. Nor does Miss Mathers realise the possibilities, and the limitations, of her honest lad from Galway. He would not “negotiate” stone walls and water-jumps on or off a racecourse—he would *lep* them. He would not speak of a horse winning “off his own bat—blindfold”; he might say: “Troth, an’ he’d win with his head in a bucket.” Miss Mathers should know, too, that the lowliest Irish peasant does not drop his h’s. “Tally Ho!” is not without its good points; we are disappointed that it is no better, and we lay down the book to read Whyte-Melville again.

DRAMA

THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON

THE success of the dramatic author (the artist, not the man of business) is complete only when his appeal proves universal and effectual—only when there is no member of his audience whom he has not succeeded in affecting, and in affecting to the full extent required. Universality of appeal is only possible, of course, in the case of plays of universal truth—in the case of plays which deal, that is to say, with what, in life and nature, is common to us all; but, the question is largely one of treatment too. For, though the subject of the dramatist is common, universal life and nature, it is local life and individual nature which constitute his medium of expression. He cannot deal directly with a given situation in the abstract. He must create a concrete instance of it, and can approach it in the abstract only through that instance. The instance, too, must be particular; it must consist, that is, of actual events peculiar to individual persons. For, were he to deal with characters which are merely the embodiment of traits and with events of general application, then although the extent of his appeal would be assured, the strength of it would not. His play would then be but an allegory, as much a disquisition as a story. The more particular his instance, the more effectual his appeal will prove. But, the more surely his appeal is strong, the less so is it, in itself, extended; for the more particular the instance, the less clear is its connection found with the abstract situation which it typifies. In order, therefore, that his appeal may be not only effectual but universal too he has to treat the concrete instance as if it were the abstract situation, tracing and establishing, as he proceeds, the connection between the two, supplementing and expanding by the certain appeal of the general the chance or partial appeal of the particular. In dealing with a character, for example, he must explain its relation to the type it represents and, if necessary, the relation of the type to all the world.

It is necessary to understand all this if the services to

English drama of Thomas William Robertson are in any exact degree to be appreciated. By the middle of last century the law which governs extent of appeal had not, of course, been framed, though its existence was suspected. But, if the need was felt of some kind of elaboration, the exact kind needed was misjudged, and the investment of the unit with the significance of the type was practised as exaggeration only. Because even the expanded fact, unemphasised, is somewhat ineffective in the theatre; what was thought, unemphasised, to be so was not the expanded but the literal fact. The necessity to expand had been confounded with the necessity to exaggerate. The faithful, either to nature or to life, was considered unsuitable for treatment. To this, no doubt, the unproductiveness of the time was largely due; for the theatre had become not only ridiculous but a thing of ridicule. To this must be assigned in full the caricatures—“stage types,” as they are called—and the false and highly-coloured views of life with which “the play” is still in part identified. To the work of Robertson is due to a great extent the credit of the fact that the theatre deals effectively to-day with life and men and women as they are. To him we very largely owe it that exaggeration is at length discredited.

It is only, however, so far as Robertson replaced the existing method by the new that the whole and actual credit should be his, for it is only so far that his personal achievement was complete. The exaggerated undoubtedly possesses in the theatre a certain broad effectiveness of its own; and, had Robertson deprived his facts of this and yet not made them any reparation, his influence could not have been conclusive. What has made it in great measure so is that, at least as far as character is concerned, he replaced exaggeration by expansion. In this respect he not only substituted the faithful fact for the exaggerated but justified his action by making it the more effective, of surer and more general interest than the exaggerated fact had ever been. As regards event, his achievement was but partial. In dealing with it he discarded exaggeration, but in a measure only. He substituted the faithful fact for the exaggerated, but not entirely. His stories attempt to show life as it is: but what they really show is life idealised—life only less exaggerated than in the common practice of the time. They are but fairy-tales—tales only partly true to life—and neither were nor could have been expanded. Their interest, like that of every story which is of less than universal truth, depends upon the personal taste and passing mood of each spectator.

It must not be assumed, however, that Robertson realised entirely the nature or the extent of his achievement. The aim which he deliberately pursued was the substitution for exaggeration of fidelity. This, as it appeared to both himself and his contemporaries, cannot be more happily or vividly expressed than in the words of Ruskin. The critic had seen a performance of *Ours* and was writing a letter of thanks to Mr. Bancroft:

I was disappointed [he said] with Mr. Hare’s part (the Russian Prince Perovsky); not with his doing of it but with his having so little to do. However, that was partly my mistake, for I had a fixed impression on my mind that he was to wear a lovely costume of blue and silver, with ostrich feathers, and, when he was refused, to order all the company to be knouted and send the heroine to Siberia.

What the Prince does actually, of course, is to wear the clothes that he would wear in life and to accept his defeat with dignity and grace. But, if Robertson was conscious of one part of his achievement, of the other—the re-statement of expansion—he seems to have been entirely unaware. There is no evidence that he understood the fundamental law, to which he proved a friend, more clearly than had those who proved its enemies. His observance of it was almost certainly intuitive; for it is only in certain cases that he honours it—those which the conditions of his life enabled him to understand most fully—and, had he realised the need of it in character, he surely would have realised the need of it in story too.

In view of this, it seems a fortunate chance which led him, in his dealing with events, to discard exaggeration but in part, to replace it only partly by fidelity. For had his facts been altogether faithful his comedies could scarcely have succeeded and would not, perhaps, have even been produced. They would have lacked the illegitimate effect which is the product of exaggeration—the effect to which the public was accustomed—and also, in any case in plot, the legitimate effect arising from expansion and due emphasis which would have reconciled it to the loss. If Robertson's intention was entirely to discard the artificial, all that he accomplished was to blend it very subtly with the natural. Revolutionary as his comedies were thought—revolutionary as they were—they owed at least as much to the old as to the new; and it is, we may be sure, no less the exaggerated than the faithful which gained the first of them a hearing. It is not *Caste* but *School*, not the most faithful but the most unfaithful, which proved the most successful of all.

It was only, then, in character that Robertson substituted for the exaggerated the expanded. Now, the result of the employment of expansion and the proof of it as well is that character is generally understood, not merely recognised, and that event is generally accepted as true to probability and fact. Let us take the case of *Caste*. *Caste* is not only the most faithful of the comedies, it is by far the best in all respects. The evidence suggests that, for reasons which need not be explained, it is the only one which does the author justice. What, then, do we find when we apply to it the test proposed? Can we believe, in the first place, that what happens in the play would probably have happened in real life? George D'Alroy is determined to marry Esther Eccles, a ballet-girl of poor extraction. Captain Hawtree is anxious to dissuade him.

What should prevent me? [asks George] The inexorable law of caste [is the reply]; the social law, so becoming and so good, that commands like to mate with like. . . . Those marriages of people with common people are all very well in novels and plays on the stage, because the real people don't exist and have no relatives who exist and no connections; but in real life, with real relations and real mothers and so forth, it's absolute bosh; it's worse, it's utter social and personal annihilation and damnation.

The marriage takes place, however, and George himself does not regret it. "If I'd known I could have been so happy," he murmurs, when leaving for the front, "I'd have sold out when I married." Eventually even the Marquise, his mother, is reconciled; and, with the lines: "True hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood," the argument is clinched as follows:

Caste is a good thing if it's not carried too far. It shuts the door on the pretentious and the vulgar, but it should open the door very wide for exceptional merit. Let brains break through its barriers, and what brains can break through love may leap over.

It is George's return from the dead which reconciles his mother to his wife. All who can believe in the return can readily believe in the *rapprochement*—but can we all believe in the return? Is it not, rather, less probable than possible—to be accepted or rejected, as we please? And, supposing that we believe in the *rapprochement* as a fact, can we believe, as Robertson would have us, in its permanence? "We must take her abroad and make a lady of her." "Can't, mamma," says George; and some of us, at least, agree with him—not adding, as does he, "she's ready made." Was he, indeed, "so happy" with her before he went to India? Did she never offend his sensibilities?

Then I was in the ballet. Then I was in the front rank—now I am of high rank—the Honourable Mrs. George D'Alroy.

Did he always find her quite congenial? Did he never feel ashamed of his father-in-law? Did he never, even, resent his sister-in-law, with her "Bless you, my turtles," and her "George, kiss your mother"? Some of us, at least, agree with Hawtree:

Under ordinary circumstances she's not a very eligible visitor. . . . This is rather a wild sort of thing in sisters-in-law. . . . But in real life . . . it's utter social and personal annihilation and damnation.

Can we, on the other hand, understand the characters? Is there any of them, rather, that is fully understood by all of us? Take Eccles in any scene; he is always himself, yet always, too, the possible self of each of us. Take him when the Marquise calls and offers to rear and provide for her fatherless grandson.

It's the marquiss in her coach. Now, girls, do be civil to her, and she may do something for us. . . . This way, my lady—up them steps. They're rather awkward for the likes o' you, but them as is poor and lowly must do as best they can with steps and circumstances.

Esther discovers that he has written for help: "My lovey, I did it with the best intentions." She declines it.

Better do what the good lady asks you, my dear; she's advising you for your own good and for the child's likewise.

Reference is made to the discomfort of the home.

It is a poor place, and we are poor people, sure enough. We ought not to fly in the faces of our pastors and masters, our pastresses and mistresses.

Esther shows her mother-in-law the door.

Very sorry, my lady, as you should be tret in this way, which was not my wishes.

The Marquise leaves.

To go away and not to leave a sov behind her! Cat! Cat! Stingy old cat!

And, reflecting on the behaviour of his daughters:

Women is the obstinatest devils as never wore horse-shoes. Children? Beasts! Beasts!

What is it but the baser mood, the lower nature uppermost, of us all?

E. F. A.

FINE ART

HOPPNER AS CRITIC

IF an eminent painter's seasoned opinions on the theory of his art and the performances of his brother-artists be worthy of respect, no apology is needed for directing attention to the little known essays on art by John Hoppner, R.A., essays which for nearly a hundred years have been undeservedly ignored by our critics and historians of art. As a painter Hoppner's place is assured among those "excellent artists" who, in the words of Sir Walter Armstrong, "made the English school of portraiture the greatest school of the eighteenth century," and it may not be wholly impertinent to this inquiry to remind the reader of the increased value now set upon his work, and of the fact that a portrait by Hoppner has fetched a higher price in the auction-room than any portrait by any other eighteenth-century master. By other writers, however, must the praises of Hoppner's practice be sung; here it is sufficient to indicate that his practice well qualified him to criticise the achievements of his contemporaries.

Although his now forgotten "Oriental Tales" and occasional poems prove Hoppner to have cherished from his early manhood some literary as well as artistic ambitions, it was not till within three years of his death—which occurred in 1810 in his fifty-first year—that he made his appearance as a critic. A pamphlet depreciating British painting and British sculpture moved Hoppner to contribute his first, and in some respects his best, critical essay to *The Artist*, a periodical edited by Prince Hoare, one of our numerous forgotten Academicians, whose fame is hardly preserved by his portrait of himself in the Uffizi. In the congenial task of defending British art Hoppner shows a skill and wit in controversy which

entitle his essay to an honourable place in an anthology even of eighteenth-century criticism. His opening phrases are, perhaps, a little stiff and formal, after the fashion of the time, but when he warms to his subject his deep and sincere feelings inspire him to language which is at once vigorous and convincing. To the insinuation—amusing to our ears—that painters were too highly paid for their services, Hoppner roundly replies that “the few among us who can boast a slight covering of flesh fatten on abuse and neglect, and wallow in all the luxury of labour, anxiety and mortification.”

With respect to the Portrait-Painter [Hoppner continues] it may truly be affirmed that his life is not one of idleness but of unremitting industry and care. His art, when carried to any high degree of excellence, challenges our admiration and praise, for, as Donne saith,

“A hand, an eye,
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made.”

In administering to some of the best feelings of the human breast he sacrifices health and the inestimable blessings of air and sunshine, and, in return, he sometimes receives a market price for his labours that enables him perhaps, to fill with decency the station which prejudice has allotted to him. When more than this is obtained, it is for transcendent talents that lay a debt on a nation to be repaid only in gratitude, and in a general sense of their benefit and estimation.

A suggestion that the Italian sculptor Canova should be employed to raise the Nelson Memorial monument is next indignantly repudiated, and some very pertinent comments are passed on the unnecessary and unpatriotic patronage of foreign artists when their British rivals are idle.

There are [he writes] only two occasions, I conceive, on which a foreign artist could with propriety be invited to execute a great national work in this country, namely in default of our having any artist at all competent to such an undertaking, or for the purpose of introducing a superior style of art to correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation. The consideration of the first part of this statement I leave to those who have witnessed with what ability Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Westmacott, and the other candidates have designed their models; and with respect to the style and good taste of the English school, I dare, and am proud, to assert its superiority over any that has appeared in Europe since the age of the Caracci. Our present sculptors, it is well known, studied in Italy the same remains of antiquity that furnished examples of excellence to the native artist, and if they were not to be improved by these, I fear they are past the power of being mended by Mr. Canova.

Though he expressly refrains from “discussing the merits of Mr. Canova,” Hoppner leaves the reader in no doubt as to his opinions, and though he doubtless overrates both sculptors he would be supported by the majority of modern critics in contending that Flaxman was fully the equal, if not the superior, of Canova.

Arduous though the task must ever be to assign to contemporary artists their due place in the temple of fame, there are comparatively few of Hoppner's judgments from which modern criticism would dissent. In his second contribution to *The Artist* Hoppner is less happy in dealing with abstractions which have ever escaped the critic's analysis. He skilfully discriminates between Taste and Fashion, but though he inveighs against those who “deny the existence of beauty; or who refer the measure of it, at least, to every man's rude or immature opinion,” he does not provide us with any exact definitions or infallible canons of beauty. His connection, however, of “our notions of fitness and beauty,” may possibly be regarded as an unconscious anticipation of Sir Walter Armstrong's definition of beauty as “fitness expressed.”

For nearly two years after the publication of this essay Hoppner refrains from criticism, but in February 1809, he contributes to the first number of the *Quarterly Review*, edited by his intimate friend Gifford, a long review of Edward Edwards's “Anecdotes of Painters,” an attempted continuation of Walpole's work which provides Hoppner with many openings for appreciating the achievements of his contemporaries. In the annals of the House of Murray the authorship of this essay is attributed jointly to Hoppner and Gifford, but it is unlikely that Gifford's

share in its composition amounted to more than the ordinary editorial revision. In any case we may be certain that the opinions expressed are Hoppner's own, and a comparison with his previous efforts throws doubt on any suggestion that Gifford has materially altered the painter's literary style.

Although irrelevant tittle-tattle about great artists and extravagant laudation of the mediocre are as much to be condemned to-day as they were a hundred years ago, Hoppner's strictures on the defects of the book under review are less interesting to us than his estimates of the greater among his contemporaries. The two historical painters, Barry and Benjamin West, Hoppner rates more highly than do modern critics who possibly underestimate their attainments. West, it must not be forgotten, was the first painter to abandon Greek and Roman for modern costumes in historical painting, and for this sensible innovation alone he cannot be ignored in the history of British art. Barry, again, was undoubtedly possessed of so remarkable a personality that the few who knew and understood the man must have been tempted to see in his work similar qualities. But if in these two cases Hoppner differs from present writers, he triumphantly anticipated the verdict of posterity in his fervent admiration of Richard Wilson, the Father of British Landscape.

It is not our intention [he writes] to offer an apology for the unpopularity, admitting the fact, of Wilson's character—it needs none. The man whose genius outstrips the age in which he lives, has the choice of two things—either to pander to the prevalent taste for present gain, or by the best exertion of his faculties, secure to himself, as far as man may, the approbation of posterity. If this neglected artist, among his many privations could not reckon deafness; nor in his list of acquirements enumerate pliability, it was still most absurd in his more polished patrons, however they might lament the “unsuavity of his manners,” to forego, on that account, the pleasure of possessing his works, and encumber themselves with the vulgar art of Barret.

As a warm partisan of the Reynolds faction, Hoppner might be expected to hold a much lower opinion of Gainsborough than he does. But though he appears insufficiently to admire Gainsborough's lightness of hand, his economy of means and the magically suggestive effects produced thereby, he is not unjust to Gainsborough's genius, and even ventures to deprecate Sir Joshua's faint praise of his great rival:

Could we still be satisfied that this great artist had expressed his unprejudiced sentiments, we should correct our own, and bow to his superior judgment. But firmly as Sir Joshua appeared seated in the opinion of the public, his jealousy quickly took the alarm; and of two evils, he chose rather to suffer in his own good opinion, than bear a brother near the throne. Of this feeling he has left sufficient evidence in his critique on the works of Wilson and Gainsborough, and particularly the latter, whose power of giving a just resemblance he formally denies; and as Gainsborough could boast of possessing little other merit in this department of art, he was thus annihilated as a rival. That his portraits could bear any competition with those of Reynolds, no one possessed of the least feeling for art would assert; but the aim, as well as the power of these distinguished painters, was different; and while the first was content to represent the body, it was the ambition of the latter to express the mind.

No one who has read Sir Joshua's penultimate discourse can have failed to read between the lines a more profound reverence for Gainsborough's genius than is openly expressed, and Hoppner is as right in divining the ungenerous reticence of Reynolds as he is in distinguishing between the intellectual qualities of Sir Joshua's and the emotional qualities of Gainsborough's art. When we remember Hoppner's own portraits it is surprising, not that he should rank Reynolds above Gainsborough, but that he should prove so appreciative of the latter, whose practice is widely different from Sir Joshua's and his own. Like many painter-critics he errs in condemning a painting for the absence of qualities not sought by its creator, and ignoring other beauties which it actually possesses. That the pictures of so lyrical a painter as Gainsborough should be blamed for not possessing “any just pretensions to be classed with the epic works of art” argues but a scanty recognition of his chief excellence. But though he

was unable to define that excellence Hoppner felt that it was there, and he qualifies his judgments by pointedly styling them "the language of cold criticism," by warning the Academy students against speaking "slightly of what they should reverence," and by concluding with the admirable aphorism that "no great expectations can be formed of that student who is a critic before he becomes a lover."

Hoppner's fourth and last essay in criticism is a review of Hayley's "Life" of Romney, published in the *Quarterly* only a few months before the writer's death. To this wayward genius Hoppner finds it impossible to be generous, and difficult to be just. But then, as Mr. H. P. K. Skipton says in his little biography of Hoppner—the only one published, by the way—Hayley's "Life" is "a provoking book," and Hoppner's dislike of the man does not help him to be fair to the artist. He cannot forgive Romney for deserting "a young and amiable wife and infant child, a few months after their marriage." He seems to regard the unfortunate painter as a ruthless Don Juan, rather than as an amorous weakling, and righteously exclaims that "to marry an innocent and virtuous woman, with a determination to abandon her immediately after the gratification of his passion, argues a selfishness and hardness of heart of which we have, happily, few examples." Selfish Romney may have been, but hardness was no more in his character than in his painting. A certain carelessness and captiousness there were in both, and it is no doubt these qualities, as manifested in his art, to which Hoppner alludes as "meanness and vulgarity," "defect of taste and delicacy of feeling." Hoppner is careful to state that he has "respect for his abilities," and that he allots Romney "a very distinguished rank among the painters of the English school"; but his merits, as visible to Hoppner, are easily exhausted by the admission that the features of his men are "correctly drawn" and "well put together," that his men-portraits are "marked in the manner of Sir Godfrey Kneller," while "his females remind us more of the languishing beauty of Lely," and lastly that he "excelled in those points (unspecified) that are generally last attained even by the most diligent student."

More satisfactory as criticism is the following passage, provoked by Hayley's injudicious comparison of Romney with Reynolds:

In the marking of his heads, although he [Reynolds] indicated more knowledge than appeared in the portraits painted by Romney, yet it was not so ostentatiously displayed; while by a felicity of conception, to a superior elevation of character, he united a greater degree of identity. The graceful action of his figures, and the inexhaustible variety of his backgrounds, form a store of materials to future students, that must from its persuasive eloquence, in time become the language of every school in Europe.

The truth seems to be that the extreme sensitiveness of Gainsborough and Romney was not understood by Hoppner, who in temperament was more akin to the phlegmatic Sir Joshua. It is to be regretted that Hoppner found no opportunity for a more exhaustive criticism of the great painter whose work he admired and emulated; but its absence is to some extent compensated for by the frequent allusions to Sir Joshua which occur in three of the essays. Little has been said of Hoppner's literary style, nothing of his fondness for classical quotations and the wide knowledge which his writings display; nevertheless, the few extracts from his essays already given may indicate their tenour and persuade the reader to make their better acquaintance.

FRANK RUTTER.

MUSIC

SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

It has been said by one who has the right to speak that the scherzo of Beethoven's C minor symphony is "as near being miraculous as human work can be." In a sense this

is profoundly true, for scarcely anywhere in musical literature is the alchemy which transmutes the common property of a musical phrase into a rare and precious substance more apparent than here. But the miracle of the fifth symphony has not the wonder of being wholly unexpected. The *Eroica* foretold it; even in the minuet of the first symphony there is a presage of greater things to come. Beethoven's development was steady and certain, almost terribly logical, climbing step by step from his starting-point upon the shoulders of Mozart. A more captivating maker of miracles, not because his works were greater or as great, but because an element of uncertainty made his great achievements stand out as marvels unexplained, was Schubert. The two existing movements of his unfinished symphony in B minor are the great example of this. They were heard recently at Queen's Hall and as I listened the wonder of them struck me anew. Take the first subject with its three component parts; first, the violoncellos and basses groping in darkness, then the violins waking to activity with a semiquaver figure on which the oboes and clarinets superimpose a phrase of melody filled with the definite human pathos which makes the whole articulate. The whole scheme is masterly; as in the symphonies of Beethoven, the hearer knows from the first note that the composer knows everything that he is going to say, and that here is not a note which is superfluous, which has not its place in the scheme of the whole. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the lovely melody of which it is built. The mention of the unfinished symphony starts people singing the second subject, that phrase which we always think no instrument but the violoncello could play until the violins take it up and make it more beautiful still. And then the slow movement: when I hear it I can never make up my mind whether it is one tune or twenty. It has all Schubert's own exuberance of musical idea, which both makes and mars all his work, but here everything fits, everything is relevant; there are no visible, or audible joins, but the whole sweeps on in unbroken majesty, and its dignity is the result of its perfect symmetry. The melody is perhaps not more beautiful than that to be found in the best hundred of Schubert's songs, and certainly there are passages in his other great symphony, that in C major written six years later, if not in his earlier symphonic efforts, which will stand level with the most lovely moments in this one. The lover of the "Unfinished" will quote the four bars, in which horns and bassoons spread out, as though opening a door through which the light floods, and lead the way to the second subject, as an unsurpassed piece of beauty; but a defender of the C major may point to the passage which leads back to the *réprise* of the first movement, with its descending suspensions and little sighs of expressive melody, as equally inspired. But apart from the fact of its loveliness—and that is a quality which all Schubert's music has even when it is faulty—the C major symphony has not this complete balance, which, within its dimensions, makes the "Unfinished" a perfect work of art. It is a bigger effort but a less perfect result.

Herein, then, lies the miracle. Two movements written at the age of twenty-five show combined all the freshness and spontaneity of his youthful nature with the collected mental attitude of mature manhood. He never completed the symphony: why, cannot be told. Perhaps he had not arrived at the power to write a *finale* which should transcend the early movements to form a climax to the whole, and death came too soon, before he had climbed the next mountain peak of life, while he was struggling with the problems of manhood and had not surmounted them. However that may be, this work shows what was in Schubert. When we reflect that he died at the age of thirty-one, and that at that age Beethoven had not written his second symphony, it gives some idea of what the world lost by his early death. The mass of his songs is so enormous that sometimes we are tempted to think of him as a youth endowed with a great melodic gift, the best of which was probably recorded in his short life, since

pure melody and song is the gift of youth. But the unfinished symphony shows more. It shows clearly that Schubert had that faculty for attaining perfect structural balance, not only without interfering with the course of his ideas, but as the completion, the crowning grace of those ideas; in fact, that more or less latent within him were all the qualities by which he might have become one of the greatest masters of symphonic form. It is, perhaps, useless to speculate as to what might have been, but it is impossible to resist the reflection of what a field lay before such a genius of the symphony at the time when Schubert died. His unbounded gift of melody, wielded with the colossal power which the unfinished symphony shows might have belonged to him in maturer years, would have given a living impulse to the development of the symphony after Beethoven, which must have carried it on upon a surer course, and affected beneficially the whole history of instrumental music through the nineteenth century to the present day. We know how the symphony wavered and hung fire in the hands of such great men as Schumann and Mendelssohn, through the inability of the first to understand the voice of the orchestra, and the complaisantly academic standpoint of the latter. That moving first section of the "Unfinished," which I began by describing, shows how Schubert could realise orchestral utterance and make the individuality of each instrument combine in a single speech; and from the pitfall of the latter his very nature saved him.

Schumann's unerring critical faculty made him the foremost to appreciate the defects of himself and others in this direction, and led him to point out Brahms as the new prophet of the larger forms of instrumental music, and after much dissension practically every one has been forced to acknowledge him a master. Still he stands lonely and isolated. His admirers acclaim him as Beethoven's successor, while the adherents of the ultra modern school look on him as an extraordinary exception, a special case. It is as though Schubert should have been the link which joined Brahms with the rest of the great classics and showed his position in the chain of their achievements. The presence, too, of Schubert's genial nature among the ranks of symphony composers, might have done something to modify the occasional severity of Brahms's style, and so given him his place more readily in the hearts of music-lovers of to-day. This is largely conjecture and may be condemned by some as mere fancy, by others as false on the grounds that no link in the artistic chain can be lost; what one cannot achieve another will, and so the progress of art is unbroken. I am not prepared to take a side in such a discussion, but, returning to the unfinished symphony, I find in it a promise of great things, which neither in Schubert's own work nor in that of any of his successors has been entirely fulfilled. Here, if ever, is an autobiography in music. It is the story of an unfinished life.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ON October 15 Messrs. Chapman and Hall will commence the issue of their National Edition of Charles Dickens's writings. The edition—which will consist of forty volumes at 10s. 6d. net each—will include upwards of one hundred articles now collected for the first time, and his letters, speeches, plays, and poems, together with Forster's Life. The pictures comprise all the original illustrations, with a complete series of portraits, additional illustrations, facsimiles and reproductions of handwriting, many of which have not been included in any collected edition of the novelist's works. The text is that corrected by Dickens in the last two years of his life, and the additional articles are for the most part contributions to *Household Words*, which, the publishers tell us, "have been identified for the first time by indisputable evidence." In regard to the choice of illustrations, the publishers'

plan has been to include only those which were drawn for their editions during Dickens's lifetime. The additional character-portraits by Phiz, Frank Stone, A.R.A., and others, as well as the frontispieces especially drawn for the first cheap edition, and a number of interesting title-pages, vignettes, and designs for the decoration of the different early editions are also reproduced, together with a complete set of the original wrappers, and of the covers to the "People's" Edition, printed on paper of the same colour and quality as the originals. The whole edition will be completed in eighteen months, and will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month, with one or two exceptions, when three volumes will be issued together.

Mr. George Allen will publish in October "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag," edited by Mr. George Somes Layard. "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-bag" is chiefly composed of selections from the hitherto unpublished letters of the artist and his friends: letters from Peel, Wellington, Scott, Cowper, Thomas Campbell, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Lady Caroline Lamb, William Godwin, Canova, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Castlereagh, J. W. Croker, Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Ellenborough, Etty, B. R. Haydon, Jekyll, Mrs. Jordan, the Kembles, Metternich, and almost every prominent person living at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, and some hundreds of Lawrence's own letters, copies of which he made and kept. In addition to these, the book will contain Miss Elizabeth Croft's interesting recollections of the painter, covering a period of thirty years. It will be illustrated with reproductions of various portraits painted by Lawrence.

One of the most important of Messrs. Constable's autumn announcements is the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," to be issued in two volumes. Born in the Ionian Islands, of Greek and Irish parentage, with an added strain of gypsy blood, Lafcadio Hearn was all his life a wanderer. He lived at various times with a wealthy aunt in Wales, in the ascetic atmosphere of a Roman Catholic College, in extreme poverty on the east side of New York, in bohemian literary circles in Cincinnati and New Orleans, in many parts of the American tropics, and finally, during the fourteen years before his death, in Japan. His biographer, Mrs. Wetmore, enjoyed Hearn's friendship for nearly thirty years, and had the advantage of seeing him in many different environments. The bulk of the book will consist of his letters to various correspondents, covering a period of thirty-five years, and will contain also some fragments of an autobiography, begun before his death, which brings the story of his life down to the point at which the correspondence begins. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits and reproductions of the pen-and-ink sketches with which he was wont to embellish his letters.

Mr. Arthur Symons has completed a new anthology upon which he has been engaged for some time past, and the volume, which is to be entitled "A Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry," will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackie and Son. The range of the selection is exceptionally wide, the limits being Spenser and Herrick, Mr. Symons's arrangement is not chronological but according to subject, the poems following one another "like the characters in a great pageant."

Mr. A. H. Bullen announces for immediate publication a volume of "Poems, 1899-1905" of W. B. Yeats, which contains the plays *The Shadowy Waters*, *The King's Threshold*, and *On Baile's Strand*, entirely revised and largely re-written, and the collection of lyrics "In the Seven Woods." Mr. Bullen will also publish shortly a monograph on Thomas Stothard, R.A., illustrated with examples of his designs and book-illustrations. It has been written by the late Mr. A. C. Coxhead, and consists of a full biography of the artist, and a catalogue *raisonné* of his work. The play *Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden*, by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was so successfully

revived this summer at the Court Theatre, will be issued in book-form by the same publisher. It will contain a frontispiece designed by Mr. Laurence Housman and cut on wood by Miss Housman. The third series of "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time" edited by Frank Sidgwick is promised in the autumn. This volume will consist chiefly of Scottish ballads of the Border, and will include many fine ballads not previously published in a popular form. An original feature will be a map of the Border country, showing as many of the localities mentioned in these ballads as can now be identified with any degree of certainty. Mr. Bullen will be the publisher.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a work on "English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer," by Dr. William Henry Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. It is the first of two volumes on the Literary History of England from the Norman Conquest to Elizabeth which have been planned to complete the series to which Mr. Stopford Brooke, Professor Saintsbury, and Mr. Gosse have already contributed. It covers particularly the period down to the time of Chaucer, but deals also with such other works (romances, tales, legends, etc.) as are written in early mediæval styles. Messrs. Macmillan hope to publish about the same time the fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England," which covers the decade 1885 to 1895.

We should have imagined that any demand for Trollope's writings had been met by Mr. Lane's reprints in the "Pocket Classics"; but Messrs. Bell, we learn, have yet another edition of the Barsetshire novels in the press. The first volume, "The Warden," will be issued next month with an introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

A new volume by Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge will be published by Mr. Unwin on September 3. It is entitled "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall—Historiettes of the Restoration," and contains biographical studies of eight famous women of the period: Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; "La Belle Stuart," Duchess of Richmond; "La Belle Hamilton," Comtesse de Gramont; "The Lovely Jennings," Duchess of Tyrconnel; Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury; "Madame," Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans; and Louise de Keroual, Duchess of Portsmouth. On the same day Mr. Unwin will publish a work on "The Psychology of Child Development," by Mr. Irving King, Fellow in Philosophy in the University of Chicago, and instructor in Psychology and History of Education in Pratt Institute. The aim of the book is to present a consistent and intelligible outline of the development of the child from the standpoint of mental function.

Messrs. Macmillan will begin this month the publication, in fortnightly volumes, of a new pocket edition of the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be the first. The books are printed on India paper, and are bound in both cloth and leather. In general appearance they resemble Messrs. Macmillan's pocket editions of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. The same publishers will issue, on the fourteenth of the month, Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, "In the Days of the Comet."

A work on "The Old Cornish Drama" by Mr. Thurston C. Peter will be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will show the divergences in text and tone between the Cornish and other Morality Plays, and give a special illustration from the unique play relating to the Life of St. Meriadoc into which are interwoven many Cornish legends. A notable instance of the development of some of the legends is given in that of St. George, where St. George and Henry V. are contemporaries and the latter is represented as taking Quebec.

A volume of collected papers of the late Henry Gray Graham, whose "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," is being re-issued in a cheap form, is now in preparation. It is to be prefaced by a short memoir by his son.

Mr. W. D. Howells has in the press a volume entitled "Certain Beautiful English Cities." Bath, Bristol, Canterbury, Exeter, Oxford and Wells are numbered among his "beautiful cities."

Messrs. Ginn and Company will shortly publish "Mountain Wild Flowers of America" a new work by Julia W. Henshaw. The book will be illustrated with one hundred full-page illustrations from the original photographs taken by the author in the mountain regions.

A French journalist recently complained to Tolstoy, that the American people were devoid of ideals, and devoted only to the passion of money-getting. Professor Brander Matthews, in an address given before two colleges, set himself to answer these and other sweeping charges made by foreign critics. His address is now being brought out under the title of "American Character," by Messrs. Crowell.

Mr. John Long will publish during this month the following Six-Shilling Novels: "The Portals of Love," by Violet Tweedale; "A Beggar on Horseback," by S. R. Keightley; "The Girls of Inverbarns," by Sarah Tytler; "The Ingenious Captain Cobbs," by G. W. Appleton; "The Horse and the Maid," by Arthur Cowden; and "Leone," by Lady Dunbar of Mochrum.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If earth-life, or that part of it which we call English, has but a few hundred years to run (and I see by the *Times* that Islam threatens to swallow us up quick) then we need not trouble to change our spelling; but the notion that the English people will go on for ever with their present "orthography" as we call it, is ridiculous. The sooner it is reformed the better will be the result; and those who most value our literature should be the most anxious to promote a movement which, well-conducted, may yet be conservative, but if opposed and deferred will be most probably revolutionary, and almost cut tradition away.

If Professor Skeat's opinion is of weight, it must be held entirely to invalidate the quasi-scientific objection of genteel persons who stickle for the history of the language. The history of the language is in its *sound*, not in its misspellings; and it is possible that such a recognised etymological authority as Professor Skeat, speaking also with the authority of the British Academy, may serve to overrule the plausible squeamishness of our half-educated classes. But how can any reform be instituted?

I have for some time urged what I consider the only practical plan: and that is for the editors of newspapers, journals, and weeklies to form a committee who should decide to enforce a gradual change. If in all their printing offices there was a simultaneous weekly, or fortnightly, or even monthly order that in future certain words should be spelt in a certain way, the changes (if wisely chosen) would not really incommode or retard their producing business, and the interest which intelligent hands would take in the matter, would secure their attention and collaboration; nor would the public be offended or puzzled.

Let the first order, for instance, be to omit all the final mute *es* from words ending with short *ive*, so that we should have *give* for give, and *effective* for effective: as soon as this order was carried out, and had fallen into routine (which I think it would by the second printing), then, and not before, let another equally needed and sensible order be appended to the first.

In two or three years the spelling of the language would have been sufficiently perfected on trial for a full scheme to be introduced by authority. But I think myself that the test of practical convenience, and the gradual introduction of change are all important.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Greevz Fysher takes a very sensible view of the question of spelling by pleading for liberty. At present much tyranny and cruelty is exercised in teaching and in maintaining the orthodox fashion of spelling. As an instance of the stupidity and hide-bound mind of some people regarding spelling, may I relate the following which took place a few years ago:—A clerk left with the Paymaster-General directions for the sale of about £1600 of Consols, which were to be sold on the following Tuesday. On Monday morning his firm received a letter to call at the Paymaster's office with respect to the sale. On calling, the clerk was informed that the order directing the sale did not accurately describe the account as it stood in the Paymaster's books; the error consisted in spelling *honourable* without the "u"!

To carry out the Paymaster's wishes the order had to pass through four departments, and the sale was delayed a week!

Well might Professor Earle ask in the *Times* a few years ago: "Who is benefited by rigor in spelling? It would be hard to find any material more unprofitable or less educational than spelling, for young men to exercise their minds upon during the most receptive time of life. Is it that in the offices where these young men may have to write, a uniform spelling is of such supreme importance? Let us suppose any probable amount of diversions which might result from an entire omission of orthography in examinations. What harm could it do? Could it make any opening for substantial mistakes in the conduct of business? The meaning of words is determined on every occasion, not by orthography, but by their combinations and their place in the context. The process of compelling a uniform orthography is, in fact, a strife against nature."

Is it not singular that the men who know more about and are most interested in orthography, are the men who care little about our current spelling? Nearly every philologist of note in England and America is in favor of its being modified, in the interests of education and filology.

It is with a view to lessen the "strife against nature" that the Simplified Spelling Board is seeking to introduce modifications. The School Authorities of New York are about to second the Board's efforts, acting in accordance with your Note on page 51, by adopting in their primer the 300 word-forms recommended by the Board.

A further advance in the Board's work is reported to me by Dr. C. P. G. Scott. That Prof. Skeat, Prof. Joseph Wright and Dr. Bradley have been elected members of the Board, and have accepted. Dr. Murray and Dr. Sweet have declined, on plea of other work. The Board is willing to supply literature, free on application, at 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

H. DRUMMOND.

August 18.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One is accustomed to receive outrageous and incredible news from the United States, the land of the "Yankees"; but the latest intelligence emanating from that part of the world really "takes the cake." We are told that a certain Professor Brander Matthews, together with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, "Mark Twain" (who ought to know better), and other men of supposed prominence, have formed a so-called "Spelling Reform Committee," which proposes to revolutionize the spelling of the English language, thus altering the orthography of hundreds and hundreds of words, like the following: confest (instead of confessed); washt (instead of washed); profest (instead of professed); thru (instead of through); thoroly (instead of thoroughly); and so on. It is not very surprising to learn that this abject tomfoolery has received the "official sanction" of the accidental and temporary American President with a Dutch name, Theodore Roosevelt, a man who is ever to the fore with some wild-goose scheme or other. The American people have already gone far to spoil our noble language, for they invariably take upon themselves to spell such words as traveller, rebellious, and marvellous with a single l, which looks absolutely hideous to English eyes. From a mushroom country like the United States we English are hardly likely to tolerate instructions in the matter of spelling, and the British nation will laugh this latest piece of impertinence on the part of the Americans contemptuously out of court.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

August 28.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In answer to H. Drummond's letter in the *ACADEMY*, August 11, in the first place F. Mayhew is a lady, and in the second, she will consider his communication when he has learnt to spell!

F. MAYHEW.

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is holiday time; and if it amuses Professor Tyrrell to lark with the functions of "like" and say that he does "not think that like was ever a proposition or any part of speech but an adjective," and that its use as a conjunction is "an atrocity," no one will object to his little joke. But if the matter is to be taken seriously, I ask Professor Tyrrell whether his entire ignorance of the historic use of the word "like" is not the cause of his confident assertions about it. He evidently did not know that Shakespeare and his successors used "like" as a conjunction till I told him they did; he hadn't read Sidney Walker's authoritative paper on it; he had never looked it up in F. S. Ellis's *Shelley Concordance* or William Morris's *prose or the Oxford Dictionary*; and yet he didn't hesitate to lay down the law about it as if he had really a right to an opinion on the subject. No doubt the study of Greek does, as Gaisford is reported to have said, enable a man to despise his neighbours, but it really does not make him an authority on English words and phrases.

Let us start with the Psalter's "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Here *like* is an adverb, like *just* is in "Just as rain wets the cloth, so wind dries it." But the words *like as* were looked on as a joint conjunction, and when *as* dropped off, *like* became a conjunction and produced the instances in Shakespeare, his helper in *Pericles*, and the other writers, quotations

from whom are given by Walker, etc. These quotations show that sentences like the following, in which *like* is a conjunction, are good English: "He has curly red hair like my brother had as a boy"; "she rides astride her horse, like you and I do, on a man's saddle"; "he led the Hall eight in a wager-boat on the Cam, just like Hanlan used to lead the London eight on the Thames."

Similarly with regard to *like* as a preposition. The early compound was *like-to*. In looking through some Lydgate proofs lately I saw only this: by Robert Greene's time the *to* had dropped off, and *like* was used alone as a preposition as we use it now: "like him, the audience clapt loudly" (*cf.*, "except him, no one stird"), "she looks and talks like him." In "Menaphon's Eclogue" (*Plays and Poems*, ed. Collins ii. 257) we find on the same page

Hir lockes are pleighted *like* the fleece of wooll . . .
Hir cheekes *like* ripened lillies steeped in wine . . .

Her eyes, faire eyes, *like to* the purest lights . . .
Her necke *like to* an yvorie shining tower. . .

On ii. 135 we have

Dor[othea]. How look I, Namo? *like* a man or no?
Namo. If not a man, yet *like* a manlie shewe.

And there are lots of similar examples.

Wherever *like* stands for an earlier *like to*, it is a preposition, wherever it stands for an earlier *like as*, it is a conjunction. That is my contention, and that it may be used in both ways still. To call "like I did" "an atrocity," is just Professor Tyrrell's whim, and can only be defended by a plea like Shylock's when he justified his desire for Antonio's pound of flesh.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

"LIKE" (CONJ.)—"REVENUE" (PAROX.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May not Drs. Tyrrell and Furnivall be both right and both wrong? An illustration will make my meaning clear. "*Absque me foret*" is excellent Plautine, but beyond such expressions of this type as Plautus gives we cannot go. So, perhaps, beyond the instances of "like" (conj.) given by authors, Elizabethan or other, we cannot venture without slipping. In the Plautine example all depends probably on the personal pronoun: so in the idioms "per te deos oro," "næ ille. . . ." "Like I did" is probably good, "like St. Louis did" is possibly bad, English.

"REVENUE" (IN TENNYSON).

My father often told me that, when first this word was on all men's lips in Sir R. Peel's time, the accent was on the middle syllable ("révenue"). Later, the accentuation was a moot point.

H. H. JOHNSON.

University of Rennes, August 25.

ARISTOTLE AND THE MODERN READER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are one or two points in the candid and interesting review of my book in your issue of the 18th inst. under the above heading, on which, if you will kindly allow me, I should like to say a few words.

As to Aristotle's doctrine of the Mean: Your Reviewer misunderstands me if he thinks that I criticise it unfavourably. He refers, no doubt, to my remarks on pp. 132 *sqq.* But whilst I accept Kant's opinion, that Aristotle makes the difference between Virtue and Vice quantitative, I reject his inference that this is any objection to the doctrine. For the practical purposes which Aristotle had in view it is more useful to be told that good conduct lies between opposite extremes than to learn that it involves matter and form—a material, and a principle in accordance with which that material is moulded; the latter may be the more sympathetic interpretation, but I own to a distrust of sympathetic interpretations, especially in Aristotle. The doctrine of the mean itself is trite enough, being probably one of the earliest generalizations on conduct formulated by mankind, but Aristotle put such popular saws as "nothing too much," "you are safest in the middle" into precise scientific language; he showed that the middle was a relative and variable point whose position was to be fixed by prudence; moreover, he explained the doctrine by showing it to fall under the wider generalizations furnished by physiology and biology. This entitles Aristotle to be called its author and it contrasts strongly with the casual and supercilious references in Plato to moderation as a moral quality. In the passage in the *Phædo* referred to (82 A-B) the habits of justice and moderation are treated, not as good but as the best of the bad, and the souls of those who possess them are relegated after death to the bodies of bees and wasps, and at a new birth become "moderate men." If this be not contemptuous it is at all events not complimentary.

Aristotle does not commit himself to the Pythagorean conjecture that evil is of the nature of the unlimited (1106, b 29) beyond using it to exemplify his own remark that there are many ways of being wrong but only one way of being right.

As to the Practical Syllogism it is true as your Reviewer says that

it does little more than formulate facts. But the facts required to be formulated, or so acute a man as Sokrates would never have maintained that it is only through ignorance that we act against our better judgment. The Sokratic paradox overlooks the truth that Aristotle brings out, that there are competing judgments and that the agent is determined to the one towards which his desires prompt him. And the question is, not whether this explanation goes to the root of things, but whether it is adequate. It seems simple enough when pointed out—but, like Columbus's experiment with the egg, it required some one to show the way, and I still think that Aristotle rendered a great service in doing so.

The Reviewer does not understand my remark that the account of the Practical Syllogism in the seventh book is improperly limited to the single case of certain selected pleasures. He says, "Aristotle with perfect propriety uses *ἀκρῆτα* in the sense in which everybody else used it. It may be, as Mr. Marshall says, 'not the business of moral philosophers to spoil useful words by giving them a limited and accidental meaning,' but still less is it their business to breed misunderstanding by using common words in unfamiliar senses."

This criticism sacrifices accuracy to epigram, for Aristotle himself tells us that men are familiarly said to be wanting in self-control in respect of anger, honour and gain, as well as in the pleasures to which he would restrict the word (*ἐν ἀκρατεῖς λέγονται καὶ θυμοῦ καὶ τιμῆς καὶ κέρδους*: 1145, b 19). Even if he had not said so, we might have inferred it from his treatment of the subject, for he would scarcely have taken so much pains to prove the proper sense of the word if there was only one sense in which it was ever used.

The Reviewer does not like my rendering of *ἀκρῆτα* by "irresolution," nor do I like it, and I should be glad to be helped to a single English word which expresses the state of mind of a man who, owing to the conflict between reason and desire, is not master of himself. The makers of English have not given us half-sizes enough, and it is only writers of authority who can

dower
Their native language with a word
Of power.

Your Reviewer's criticism of my note on p. 146 is quite just; it is very clumsily written and I am glad to have attention called to it.

My observation that the law of the mean is not applied by Aristotle to the case of the senses, as it might well have been, referred of course to the Ethics alone, whose hearers were not supposed to be familiar with the *De Anima* and, in fact, probably knew nothing about it. Still I think I ought to have referred to the passage to which your Reviewer has directed me.

There are other points, and especially that of natural Justice on which I should have liked to say something, but I must not trespass further on your space. I am sorry not to have the support of so instructed an opinion as that of your Reviewer on the questions on which we differ, but I fear we should never come completely together. He approaches the Ethics from the Platonic side, and I consider that one of Aristotle's main objects in all his principal works, his *Ethics*, his *Logic*, *Metaphysic*, *Psychology* and *Politics* was to correct what he thought to be the errors, to supplement the omissions and to express his dissent from the main principles of the philosophy of his great master.

Your Reviewer, like many others, seeks a sympathetic interpretation, and there is something to be said for trying to embrace a wide field in one view. But the defect of such attempts is that they lose in definition what they gain in comprehension; whether it is better to be more clear or more comprehensive is a matter of temperament.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Would a Student of Literature kindly supply the title of Collins's Poem, from which he quoted a line, and also the further information in which edition of Collins's Poems it appears?

CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Your readers may be expected to include not a few who think with Goethe that the future life may be taken for granted and time spent in improving one's self in the present one. So, let me restrict myself to the remark that I think "A Student of Literature" has fairly given away his case by admitting the inconsistency of modern writers in their views of futurity. The inconsistency is easy of explanation, I know. Pagan philosophy and poetry have done more to shape the best of their works than Christian doctrine. But, the ancients were consistent. They had their sceptical ones. So had the schoolmen. Thomas Aquinas proposed twenty-one probable reasons for the immortality of the soul. Scotus refuted them one by one. Successive Christian centuries ought hardly to leave a Cowper saying, "How little we know of a state to which we are all destined. And how does the obscurity that hangs over that undiscovered country increase the anxiety we sometimes feel as we are journeying towards it" (Letter to the Rev. W. Unwin, June 23, 1784); or a Schiller in his little poem, *Immortality*, asking,

"Are you afraid of Death? Do you long to live for ever? Live then in the whole mass of humanity, and, when you are no more, it will continue."

As for Kant's bases, God and a Future Life, though note that he

speaks of them as "hypotheses," they are the corner-stone, and needs must be, of all philosophy. So, to turn our little agreeable passage of arms to the best account, I trust my honourable opponent will let me say that, though we so differently interpret the matter in question betwixt us, I agree with him fully in deeming it of deep interest to all literary students. The following guide therefore to a few works, as interesting as they are fruitful, may, perhaps, render some a service:

(1) The article "La croyance à l'immortalité de l'ame" in Henry Weil's "Études sur l'antiquité grecque."

(2) "Les idées antiques sur la mort et la critique de ces idées par Épicure" and "Le poème de Lucrèce" in vol. i. of E. Caro's "Mélanges et Portraits."

(3) The fifth chapter of Constant Marthe's "Le Poème de Lucrèce."

(4) Cicero's first "Tusculan Disputation."

(5) *Histoire des théories et des idées morales*, by J. Denis.

(6) Papers of the *Spectator*, Nos. 210, 537, and 600.

To wind up the whole affair on an amusing note, there is in Bayle's Dictionary, *Article* Bonfadius, the following story: "Marcilius Ficinus, a priest of Florence, a great platonic philosopher and a great divine, died, and immediately his ghost, in the form of a cavalier clothed in white, mounted on a horse of the same colour, ran full speed to the door of Michael Mercatus, who was his intimate friend and likewise a great platonic philosopher, who was then studying by break of day in his closet, in a town at a good distance from Florence, and cried to him that the discourses which they had together concerning the life to come, were true; and, having said this, ran away towards the place whence it came, and quickly escaped its friend's sigh who called to him to stay for him. This happened by reason of the agreements made between them that he who died first should come to tell the survivor whether things passed in the other life as Plato had written in his book of the Immortality of the Soul." "It was a pity," says Bayle in that piquant way of his, "that Mercatus did not leave a juridical attestation on oath, and registered in the archives of Florence." Canus Julius, whom Caligula put to death and who designed, as he was dying, to observe well whether his soul would perceive its going out (as Montaigne tried to do when thrown off his horse, but he did not die, but only became a while unconscious), promised if he learned anything he would come and see his friends to declare his state to them. Seneca, who tells us this, do n't say whether any news was heard from Julius in consequence of this promise.

I might remark that compared with the number of books which exist of modern writers and the very few that have survived of those of the ancients, passages relative to a future life might well be more frequently met with in the former than in the latter. Add to this that when a thing has been repeatedly said it naturally comes to be said with more emphasis; but, for all that, I do not see any overwhelming evidence of Christianity having made the ideas of a future life more assured or more definite in modern than in ancient classic writings. As to whether Pindar or Milton shall take first place as painters of an ideal state of future bliss, let us enjoy both. Thanking you for so kindly finding room for my previous letters, and hoping the same privilege for this,

R.S.Y.

THE SWEET MIRACLE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the notice of Mr. Prestage's translation of the *Sweet Miracle* which appears in your issue of to-day Mr. Mosher's name is given as that of the Publisher. This exquisite version was published by my firm in 1903 and is now in its third edition. I must be allowed to express my surprise and regret that a paper of your standing should give any countenance to the publications of Mr. Mosher.

ALFRED NUTT.

57-59 Long Acre,
August 25.

[Mr. Nutt's rebuke is deserved. All we can urge in our reviewer's defence is our effort and his to discover the original, so to speak, of the American edition we had before us.—Ed.]

POETRY A SUPPORT AND A SOLACE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an interesting review of Mrs. Chesson's (Nora Hopper's) poems in the current ACADEMY the writer states that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of poetry. One kind is a support, a staff to help us on the journey of life. The other is a place of refreshing and a solace to the weary traveller. Readers of the ACADEMY will surely appreciate this illuminating criticism. Your contributor has afforded us a test by which we may judge all poetry that comes under our notice. We take up a volume of poems and sit down to read. We are in the mood to appreciate and admire, if anything is presented to us that will call forth such feelings. We read from cover to cover, but find nothing which is calculated either to solace us in a weary hour or to strengthen us to bear up against the ills of life. If this is so, we may well in future leave the book alone; for us, at any rate, it is worthless. We have applied our test, and judged by our standard the book is a failure. We need not, however, be discouraged. There are many volumes of modern verse which will free us from the cares of life, by opening to our view the land of faery, and so doing, they will soothe

and refresh us. Such poetry may not, perhaps, be great poetry, but it is certainly a valuable possession for all who bear the burden and heat of the day. There is another class of poetry. It is rarer than that just referred to. This kind helps us to live our lives more nobly, by being, at once, an inspiration and a source of strength. It is of the utmost value, and will take rank as great poetry, provided that the poet is an artist, and can clothe his thoughts in verse as melodious as it is helpful.

H. P. WRIGHT.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am ill-read or not read at all in the criticism on Shakespeare's Sonnets, so that I do not know if the following suggestion has been made before. If not, you may think it worth printing. It is, that the sonnets were written on commission for somebody else and in that individual's person. Shakespeare would have been paid a few pounds for the work, and this would explain why he never sought to publish them. Writing for him was a means of livelihood, and he seems to have been rather anxious for the time when he should have enough to retire and write no more immortal master-pieces. He cared no more about fame than a Brahman saint cares about caste—he was above it all. Is it likely that he wrote the sonnets without being paid for them?

E. M. C.

Spezia, August 17.

A DIGEST OF THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 11th inst. a review of my Digest of the Law of Copyright. The foolishness of a criticism which complains of my attempt to state the law when there is no decision precisely in point is obvious, but of that I do not complain because I have no doubt that it is fair in the legal sense of the word. I do complain however when you make an erroneous statement of fact which to my mind could not have been made by any careful reviewer. You say "He starts off for instance with a definition of 'literary work' for which there is no authority, and ignores that of 'book' which is determined by the Copyright Act, 1842. This is not the fact. 'Literary work' and 'book' are both defined in my digest in their proper places, the former on Page 1 where unpublished works are dealt with, the latter on Page 9 when published works are dealt with. My definition of 'book' moreover is verbatim in the words of the Copyright Act, 1842.

I cannot think how anybody could read my "pamphlet" with any degree of care and then say that I ignore the statutory definition of "book." A review which contains such an erroneous statement is clearly libellous, and very damaging when it appears in a paper with the reputation which the ACADEMY enjoys.

E. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

August 26.

[Mr. MacGillivray is perfectly correct in stating that on p. 9 of his digest he gives a definition of "book," and that that definition is verbatim in the words of the Copyright Act, 1842, which is printed in full in his Appendix. The sentence in our notice of which he complains is, we admit, somewhat obscurely expressed: it should have read: "having given the statutory definition of 'book' which is determined by the Copyright Act, 1842, he afterwards tends to ignore it, in favour of his definition of 'literary work,' for which definition there is no authority in the Statute Book."—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Archæologia Aeliana: or, Miscellaneous Tracts Relating to Antiquity. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Third series. Vol. ii. 9×7. Pp. li, 216. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Reid, n.p. (See *The Academy*, August 25, p. 171.)

Raven, J. J. *The Bells of England.* With sixty illustrations. The Antiquary's Library. 9×5½. Pp. 338. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

[Traces the development of bells from the time when the clink from his weapons and tools cheered the heart of palæolithic man down to the present day.]

DRAMA.

George Farquhar. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by William Archer. The Mermaid Series. 7½×4½. Pp. 456. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net. (See p. 199)

Hartland-Mahon, Richard. *Love: the Avenger.* A Play in Four Acts. 7×5. Pp. 143. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Heath, Francis George. *The Green Gateway.* A Peep into the Plant World. 7½×5½. Pp. 138. The Country Press, 3s. net.

[The first volume of a new series entitled "Nature's Doorstep: Studies of Earth, Air and Water for Young People."]

FICTION.

Hobbes, John Oliver. *The Dream and the Business.* 7½×5. Pp. 444. Unwin, 6s. (See p. 197.)

Bowen, Marjorie. *The Viper of Milan.* 7½×5. Pp. 348. Alston Rivers, 6s. Dracott, Alice Elizabeth. *Simla Village Tales*, or Folk Tales from the Himalayas. 8½×5½. Pp. xvi, 237. Murray, 6s.

Boothby, Guy. *A Royal Affair, and other stories.* 8×5½. Pp. 248. White, 5s.

Haggard, Lieut.-Col. Andrew. *A Persian Roseleaf.* 7½×5½. Pp. 384. Long, 6s.

Hume, Fergus. *The Black Patch.* 7½×5½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Cleeve, Lucas. *Love and the King.* 7½×5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Cooke, J. V. F. *Stories of Strange Women.* 7½×5½. Pp. 314. Long, 6s. [Eight short stories.]

St. Aubyn, Alan. *The Greenstone.* 7½×5½. Pp. 515. Long, 6s.

Yorke, Curtis. *The Girl Behind the Counter.* 7½×5½. Pp. 312. Long, 6s.

Moberly, L. G. *Hope My Wife.* Illustrations by Bertha Newcome. 7½×5½. Pp. 288. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Chambers, Robert W. *Iole.* 8×5½. Pp. 143. Constable, 5s.

Crocker, B. M. *The Youngest Miss Moubray.* 8×5½. Pp. 316. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Wodehouse, P. G. *Love Among the Chickens.* 7½×5. Pp. 312. Newnes, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Medicine for the Million. By A Family Physician. "A medical handbook containing all the information required for ordinary purposes." 7½×5½. Pp. 228. *News of the World* office, 1s. net.

Baker, George. *Unhistoric Acts: Some Records of Early Friends in North-West Yorkshire.* With an introduction by John Gilbert Baker. Illustrated by Joseph Walter West and others; with photographs by the author and specially prepared maps. 8½×5½. Pp. xxii, 242. Headley, 7s. 6d. net.

[A series of pictures of the daily life and surroundings of Puritans in North Yorkshire, extending over a period of nearly two centuries.]

NAVAL.

Politovsky, the late Eugène S. *From Libau to Tsushima.* A Narrative of the Voyage of Admiral Rojdestvensky's Fleet to Eastern Seas, including a detailed account of the Dogger Bank Incident. Translated by Major F. R. Godfrey, R.M.L.I. 7½×5½. Pp. xvi, 307. Murray, 6s.

POETRY.

Wenborn, Major F. M. *His Kingly Word, and other original poems.* Illustrated by R. Nelson Moore. 7½×5. Pp. 130. Love and Malcomson, n.p.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Edited by R. Warwick Bond. The Arden Shakespeare. 8½×6. Pp. 117. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

Critchley, George. *The Legend of the Silver Cup, and other stories for children.* With twelve illustrations. Second edition. 7½×5. Pp. 160. Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. *The Stolen Emperor.* A Japanese Romance. New edition. 8½×6. Pp. 126. Long, 6d. [Paper covers.]

MacManus, Seumas. *A Lad of the O'Friel's.* Fourth edition. 7½×5. Pp. 318. Digby, Long, 2s. [Paper covers.]

Cundall, J. W. *London: a Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, and Naturalist.* Re-written and enlarged. 7½×4. Published by the author, 8 and 9 Essex Street, Strand, 6d.

Allen, Grant. *The Woman Who Did.* 7½×5. Pp. 216. E. Grant Richards, 1s. net. [Paper covers.]

THEOLOGY.

Dennis, Rev. James S. *Christian Missions and Social Progress.* A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. In three volumes—vol. iii. 9½×6½. Pp. xxxvi, 675. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 10s. net.

The Gospel According to St. Mark. Explained by J. C. du Buisson. The Churchman's Bible. 7×4½. Pp. xxx. 220. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Kerr, S. Parnell. *From Charing Cross to Delhi.* Illustrated from photographs by the author. 9½×6. Pp. 306. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net. ["A light and irresponsible chronicle of impressions: nothing more," says the author.]

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No. 1792

SEPTEMBER 8, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is more than fifty years ago since Lord Amherst began to form the famous collection of books of which he now intends to sell the "plums." He began more than ten years before the Eshton Hall sale (1862) of the collection of Miss Richardson Currer, which has been described as "a good all-round English library." The famous Tite sale (1874), which included Sir William Tite's Caxtons, was another of his earlier appearances as a book-buyer "to be reckoned with"; and then in the 'eighties—that golden decade for book-collectors—he was a purchaser at the seven famous sales of the period: the Sunderland or Blenheim sale (1881–1883), the Bedford and Hamilton Palace sale (1882–1884), the Syston Park (Sir J. Thorold's) sale (1884), the sale of Lord Jersey's books from Osterley Park (1885), the Fuller Russell sale in the same year, which was remarkable for its Caxtons, the Woodhull sale in 1886, and finally the sale of Lord Crawford's books in 1887 and 1889, where Lord Amherst acquired a good many of his unique and priceless Bibles.

Since then there have been the Ashburnham sale (1897–98) with the sale of the manuscripts in 1901, and the Mackellar sale in 1898, when again Lord Amherst added to his theological library. At all these—and at Mr. Quaritch's where more important transactions go on even than sales by auction—Lord Amherst was an envied—and a pre-American—buyer. And now, for reasons into which we need not enter but which have aroused the sympathy of all good men and book-lovers, he finds himself advised to sell the best things in his library. Those best things—the "plums"—are, we are informed on the best authority, the Caxtons. There are seventeen of them. That sounds a small number. Eleven of these are perfect. That sounds smaller still.

Now, Caxton printed something over one hundred books. Of these only thirty-eight exist in single copies or in fragments; and the whole number of Caxtons in existence is estimated by Mr. Quaritch—roughly, for until Mr. Gordon Duff's Census of Caxtons is complete and published only Mr. Gordon Duff knows the exact numbers—at nearly six hundred. But when we come to complete copies, the story is very different. It is in the eleven complete copies that the unique strength of Lord Amherst's Collection consists.

What will become of them? It would be possible at the expense of no small time and trouble to trace the fate of the books dispersed from the famous libraries we have mentioned; but it appears to be the case that, ever since the Sunderland sale, the first in which America took an interest, America, not England, has secured the best of what was to be had. Just at present the New York Public Library—to take a single instance—is preparing a new building, in which will be housed the Lennox Collections and the Astor Collection, to say nothing of many other sources; and New York is henceforth a city that

must absolutely be visited in certain circumstances by real scholars who are content with nothing less than the unique original. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, again, who bought the Bennett Collection, is the owner of not less than thirty Caxtons. And England, so we are informed by the highest authority, is not keeping her place in the ranks of the book-collectors.

A suggestion originating with Mr. Quaritch is that the Amherst books should pass to Canada, where pictures have for some time been eagerly acquired, while books remained comparatively neglected. The idea is a good one. There are money, enthusiasm and taste in Canada, which might well be expended on the Amherst library. But the inhabitant of the old country will hope—selfishly perhaps, but inevitably—that certain things may remain in the island. Who could part—even to Canada—with a book bound with the very hand of Mary Ferrar of Little Gidding? Thomas Wotton, again, is a name too little known, but one that all acquainted with book-binding must venerate, and the volumes that belonged to the English sovereigns, Henry VII., Edward VI., Henry VIII., and Charles I., have associations that link them inseparably to the mother country.

We could, an if we would, give our readers—thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Quaritch—some particulars of the manner in which the delicate work of transporting the books from Didlington to London will be managed. But that would be like telling Captain Swift when the gold-convoy would reach Blue Gulch.

There is a touch of pathos in the letter with which Professor Skeat takes farewell of a holiday in the northern capital and of those who have differed from him in the matter of spelling reform. "I find that times have changed," he writes to the *Scotsman* on August 31, "since the days when the University of Edinburgh honoured me with the degree of LL.D. for my services to English literature, and to Scottish literature in particular. Just because I know enough of the history of spelling, as regards our language, from the year 750 to the present day, to have the grace to perceive that our present spelling leaves much to be desired, I am treated to ignoble attacks . . . I leave (with what regret!) this beautiful city of Edinburgh to-day, and expect to see no more Scotch newspapers for many days to come. Those who find their pleasure in abusing me can do so to their heart's content; I shall not know what they say."

If threatened structures, like threatened men, live long, then there is a fair hope for the survival of the Auld Brig of Ayr. £10,000 will have to be forthcoming if the Brig is to be preserved. The Town Council of Ayr, realising that so large an amount of money is not to be had all in a moment, has granted the Voluntary Committee, which has taken the matter in hand, an extension of time for the development of the scheme for raising the sum required. On or before October 1 the Committee is to call a public meeting and give an account of its procedure. Meanwhile it is announced, on the Committee's behalf, that subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by Mr. W. J. Pollock, Bank of Scotland, Ayr. Now is the time, evidently, for admirers of Burns to loose their purse-strings.

The death of the grandson of a poet of European fame must not be passed over in silence. Ralph Gordon Noel Milbanke, Earl of Lovelace, who died at Ockham on August 28, was Byron's grandson, his mother having been the poet's only legitimate child. It is with an invocation to her that one of the cantos of "Childe Harold" begins:

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?

She died in 1852, after seventeen years of married life. And now her son has passed away, eighty-two years after his grandfather's death at Missolonghi.

"There are few associations whose work is of more value to this country, for its labours mould and shape the destinies of all classes of people, old and young, rich and poor. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' Paley's 'Evidences,' Fox's 'Martyrs,' and some ancient sermons, mitigated occasionally by Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' Bailey's 'Dictionary,' and a few other gentle stimulants, were all the literature the working classes of the manufacturing and agricultural districts possessed at the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria," said Sir William H. Bailey, the President of the Library Association, at the twenty-ninth Conference which took place at Bradford this week. And he went on to say that at the present time the Libraries Acts have been adopted in two hundred and three cities and boroughs which control about six hundred libraries, containing over five million books, and used last year by fifty million readers.

Sir William Bailey was of opinion that the Forney Libraries of Industrial Art, carried on under municipal control in the working-class districts of Paris, might well be imitated in this country. The special aim is to keep on the shelves all material of interest to the particular trade of the district. Patterns, prints, drawings and photographs, as well as books, are freely lent to workmen; models and illustrations may be copied in the building; and facilities are provided for drawing and photographing. He dwelt also on the advance in co-operative cataloguing in England and abroad, instancing the co-operative catalogue of all the books on architecture in the Manchester and Salford Public Libraries and the Libraries of all the learned societies and seats of learning of the City and Borough; and other papers contributed were "Book-binding" by Dr. J. Gordon Parker (Herold's Institute, Bermondsey), and the Relation of Public Libraries to the present System of Education by Mr. Roberts (Bradford), who urged that committees should have the power to organise lectures and to formulate a new system of evening continuation school, both of which should be the means of earning grants from the Board of Education. The exhibition of the best books of 1905-6 was perhaps the finest that has yet been shown in connection with the Library Association. A complete list of the best books is published by the Library Supply Company.

It is interesting to know from a letter that Mr. A. Steel has written to the *Times* that there is at least one man still living who has seen Sir Walter Scott in the flesh. We should imagine that this is almost a solitary survival, although it is true that until within a few years ago there were several persons living who remembered the appearance of the "Wizard." The present writer knew two or three of them, but the picture they had carried away was a pathetic one. They remembered Scott in his later days as a man prematurely old with scanty grey hair, a white, pained-looking face, and an infirmity in one of his legs.

Mr. Steel tells us besides that Mr. Lundy, the man who had seen Scott, also has quite a vivid remembrance of Edward Irving, the founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church and one of the most interesting men of his time. He says that he received Irving's blessing, and this is quite in accordance with what we know of the later years of Irving's life, during which, when he entered a house, his first salutation was: "Peace be to this house." Some said that he had partially lost his reason, and perhaps that was a fair inference to be drawn from the well-known remark of Mrs. Carlyle: "There would have been no tongues if Irving had married me."

There may be doubts in some quarters as to whether or not Carlyle is holding his own—some of his disciples are assured that, if at present his fame is partially eclipsed his day will return—but one thing at any rate is certain, that, year after year, visitors from every region of the globe find their way to the Carlyle shrines at Chelsea and Ecclefechan. During the twelvemonths ending August 24, Cheyne Row, has had as many callers as in any corresponding period since the house was publicly opened, and there has been a larger number of Americans than usual. Arch House, Ecclefechan, in which Thomas Carlyle was born, has been open to the public for a quarter of a century and for a long time past some one thousand three hundred strangers have each year found their way to the Dumfriesshire village. The latest addition to both houses—and the Carlyle relics are more numerous in the London house than in his birthplace—is a large framed photogravure of Whistler's famous portrait, the property of the corporation of Glasgow; but the lettering on the tombstone of the Chelsea Sage, the centre one of three, is somewhat dimmed, from the circumstance that, unlike the two others, the stone, by Carlyle's express desire, is plain and its face letters unpainted. It may not be known, by the way, that Ecclefechan kirkyard holds the dust of an ancestor of Sir Robert Peel. On a time-weathered stone not many yards from the tomb of the Carlyle family there can be read: "Here lyes Robert Peel, who died Aprile ye 2nd, 1749, aged 57." Though a break of the northward journey is necessitated at Carlisle, one is amply repaid in "turning aside" to Ecclefechan.

We have received so many inquiries about the design by Aubrey Beardsley which appears on the cover of Mrs. Craigie's posthumous novel "The Dream and the Business," that we imagine it may interest others besides the inquirers to know the story of it. The design was seen by Mr. Fisher Unwin in black and white at the New English Art Club some years ago; and it was he who suggested to Beardsley to re-draw it in colours. The coloured design was used as a poster to advertise "The Pseudonym Library," in which "John Oliver Hobbes" published her first four stories, "Some Emotions and a Moral." Its employment on the cover of the last work has, therefore, a pathetic interest. Mr. Unwin is the owner of both the originals and of the copyright.

There seems to be every prospect that the Autumn art sales will atone in interest for the dulness of the past year. A *Holy Family* by Murillo, long lost sight of, has been re-discovered in Constantinople, and the curator of the Louvre after examining the canvas is stated not only to have estimated the value at £40,000 but also to have intimated that France is willing to negotiate for its purchase. The owner, however, thinks he can do better in London whither he is bringing the picture. Of still greater importance is the announcement from Vienna that Prince Klemens, guardian for the minor who is head of the Metternich-Winneburg family, has decided to sell the bulk of the family's art treasures, which include examples of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Holbein and Dürer. The collection is valued at £300,000.

Next week we hope to add a new feature to the ACADEMY under the title of *Nugae Scriptiores*. It will consist of the musings and world-wide observations of one who as scholar, traveller and writer has long occupied a foremost place in literature.

With our next number will be published a special Education Supplement. In addition to reviews of all the recent school-books, it will contain authoritative articles on all the most pressing education problems of the hour.

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MR. CHESTERTON'S "DICKENS"

Charles Dickens. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this book it is to be feared that Mr. Chesterton has given us an object-lesson to show the very worst manner of writing a biography. In one of his final chapters he unconsciously touches his own weakness, when he declares that all criticism tends too much to become criticism of criticism. The phrase "criticism of criticism" would apply to some nine-tenths of the volume before us, and we cannot help thinking the fact very condemnatory. What we have a right to expect from a biographer is that he will first of all form an intelligible conception of the character he is going to study, and in the second place body it forth with all the skill and lucidity of which he is capable. He is in the position of a sculptor who is asked to make a new statue of a great man. Suppose that before beginning to use his chisel he looked over all the other available statues and came to the conclusion that each had its own faults. In this the poise of the head was wrong, in that the figure was misshapen. This survey may be a necessary preliminary before he begins to mould the clay in accordance with his own idea. In the end, the criterion of his success would not lie in the truthfulness or the falseness of his criticism of other artists, but in the beauty and fidelity of his own statue. In other words, the biographer is himself a creator. It would be unreasonable to expect that the figure he disentangled out of the past would commend itself to every other mind as the indisputable and inevitable personage who once had walked about. No reasonable reader would expect that either from Mr. Chesterton or from any one else. But to scatter abuse on the various writers who have tried to picture Dickens is no substitute for the quiet and self-effacing work of the artist intent on reproducing his own conception. Furthermore, it seems to us that Mr. Chesterton has failed in the fulfilment of his own aim. The effect produced by his book is strikingly akin to that which often follows the mouthing of some one who does not understand what he is talking about and yet unconsciously throws out to the listener hints that lead to a conclusion the talker never dreamed of. Mr. Chesterton is very much addicted to superlatives. "Dickens as the super-man," "the godlike in Dickens," and other expressions of the same order seem to show that he was begging language to express his idolatry. A biographer possessed at once of greater power and greater modesty would have gone to work in a less ostentatious manner.

We are the more sorry to say this because the biographer affords plenty of evidence that he possesses cleverness of a sort. He has even glimmerings of thought, though his survey never reaches to the far horizons. A sort of keynote to the book is that Dickens and his great contemporaries, especially Carlyle, were children of the French Revolution. It does not seem to have dawned on him that there is another theory that is quite as plausible. It is that after a great war it very often happens that a period of striking intellectual activity follows. After all, the man who is most likely to stand out as the greatest figure of the nineteenth century is Charles Darwin, and if one of Mr. Chesterton's tests of greatness be applied the title cannot be withheld. He says on page 296 that the fact of Dickens having done something universal "is attested by the fact that he and Byron are the men who, like pinnacles, strike the eye of the continent." But surely Charles Darwin has exercised an influence on the continent compared with which that of either Dickens or Byron is immeasurably small. Darwin's work, at all events, owed nothing to the French Revolution. The theory to which we have alluded is that during a great war a nation, as a rule, is excited and stimulated, and after the war is

over it often happens that a generation of unusual intellectual activity follows. The battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815, and by the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne the great men of her era had all produced some of their best or at least their most promising work. Carlyle had been writing his *French Revolution*, Tennyson some of his most enduring verse, Darwin was working at the task which was to result in "*The Descent of Man*," Gladstone and Disraeli were towering above the common herd of politicians, and even on the lines of mechanical invention and its application to life we find the same extraordinary activity prevalent. We do not say absolutely that this was all due to a reaction after the war, but the theory that it was holds water just as well as Mr. Chesterton's theory that it was an after-effect of the French Revolution. And a close study of Mr. Chesterton's own work would go far to prove our thesis, for he recognises that Dickens himself was a man of very great ignorance about the past. His ideas about mediæval England were simply grotesque, nor did his genius ever rise to a survey of the long pageant of human life. As Mr. Chesterton says, his figures were nearly all static. He looked into the London crowd with that "face of steel" which Mrs. Carlyle described in a sentence, and with absolute sureness of vision he picked out from it what was amusing and what was pathetic, what had tragedy and, to some extent, what had poetry. That was undoubtedly where his pre-eminence lay, and a fine contrast might be drawn in that respect between him and his model and exemplar, Henry Fielding. The latter was a scholar and an aristocrat, with a sense of humour at least as acute as that of Dickens or any one who has ever written in the English language, but he was able to sit apart and view the procession with twinkling eyes as the spectator without a personal interest in the figures that went by. In that way he became the master of long perspectives, whereas Dickens saw only the crowd beside him and cared nothing for the reasons that brought it together or for the object that it had in view. "I shall pass this way but once," says an old religious writer; and who ever realises that fact on behalf, not only of himself, but of his fellow men, will get an understanding of a pathos and a poetry of life which rather escaped Dickens. It comes to this, then, that taken as a whole Mr. Chesterton's *Life* is a failure, yet in parts it is both clever and suggestive. Take this for example, concerning "*Pickwick*":

But the strange and stirring discovery which Dickens made was this—that having chosen a fat old man of the middle classes as a good thing of which to make a butt, he found that a fat old man of the middle classes is the very best thing of which to make a romantic adventurer. "*Pickwick*" is supremely original in that it is the adventures of an old man. It is a fairy tale in which the victor is not the youngest of three brothers, but one of the oldest of their uncles. The result is both noble and new and true.

We feel somewhat sorry, all the same, that Mr. Chesterton should use the words "noble," "true," and "god-like" so frequently. They are splendid words, and it is a pity that they should be hacked out of the freshness of their meaning. But we are afraid he has not the born writer's reverence for words, or he would avoid such expressions as "a weird contradiction." What he means by "weird" here it is very difficult to guess. So, too, it would have been better if he had abated the terrific diction which he applies to our old friends Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, and Sairey Gamp. Sam would have been very much astonished to hear himself described by a "livery gent" as a wit, a diplomatist, and a great philosopher. Dick Swiveller, however, would have been delighted to know that the same authority considers his creation to be poetry. The style in which the book is written reminds us too closely of the smart political leader. It abounds in epigram and about once in a thousand times the epigram is really witty. It is very difficult to give a fair idea of Mr. Chesterton's style by means of extract or reference, but any one who will turn to page 107 of the book will find a good specimen

of it, in the paragraph beginning with the statement that the power of Dickens lay in the fact "that he expressed with an energy and brilliancy quite uncommon the things close to the common mind:" whereupon our author goes off into an excursus upon the common mind and we are treated to a dissertation, in the course of which the information is vouchsafed that Plato had the common mind, and Dante had the common mind, and that "in everybody there is a certain thing that loves babies, that fears death, that likes sunlight," while "everybody," we are told, means Mrs. Meynell. This leads on, naturally or otherwise, to a discussion on humour and horror; and so, to be quite frank, we drift slowly and quietly into a thick fog where words seem to have lost their meaning and all the usual landmarks and signs are obliterated. William Le Queux and Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Thomas Hardy—you never know when or where you will meet either or all of them.

DIE LANDESMUTTER

Queen Louisa of Prussia. By MARY MAXWELL MOFFAT.
(Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE character of Queen Louisa, whose memory is cherished in Prussia with affection second only to that lavished upon Frederick the Great, is one of great interest—chiefly, perhaps, because the record of her life is one of consistent progress. The young princess who had an intense craving for culture and was imbued with a religion clearly to be recognised as the keynote of her life, ended by being not only an affectionate spouse and a tender parent—to use the expressive language of the epitaph-writer—but also a figure of considerable importance in the political arena. Had she been a reigning sovereign and not merely her husband's consort her character would in all probability have appeared even stronger, though not of the type of Queen Elizabeth, or even of Queen Victoria. It is well, however, to start with the knowledge that she was no insipid paragon of domestic virtues.

The early life of Princess Victoria was in no way peculiar, though it furnishes us with an interesting record of a case of what was apparently love at first sight on the part of the man whose wife she ultimately became. The Crown Prince Frederick William was a man who, in happier circumstances, might have been worthy of his great-uncle Frederick the Great, who had proudly said: "I shall reign in him again." His education, however, during the early years of his life was entrusted to one named Behmisch, a hypochondriac tortured with misgivings about the sin against the Holy Ghost, so that it was no wonder that he developed into a dull and slow character, rather of the "farmer George" type, and ended his days a bitter opponent of liberal ideas. The influence of his wife upon him was, as Miss Moffat shows, entirely for good, and upon her again there was always the restraining influence of the prim and delightful Mistress of the Household, Countess Voss, a most useful guide through all the delicate intricacies of a Court life.

Until the gathering of the storm before the campaign of Jena the biographer has little to relate beyond the details of the queen's domestic life and interests. She was a girl of great beauty, so that her patronage of the arts was all the more acceptable to those who were her favourites. Richter wrote of her as "the crowned Aphrodite, the lovely queen who wrote and invited me to Sans Souci." "Novalis" said that under her régime a court had become a home, a throne, a holy place, a royal alliance, a union of hearts, and these two examples will serve to show how much the royal praise was valued. Beyond these interests she gradually learnt what she could of the wider issues in politics, and shared the trials and troubles of her husband. That she had become by 1806 a factor to be reckoned with in politics is shown by the notorious series of

bulletins which Napoleon intended for publication in a suborned Prussian newspaper rather than for the enlightenment of France. It is an episode to which considerable space is devoted in this new life of the Queen, and rightly so because it shows with wonderful clearness the reverse side of Bonaparte's genius. A bulletin dated two days after the battle of Jena contains the statement that "the queen never ceased to urge the king and his generals to give battle. Blood she would have, and the best blood in the country has been poured out at her behest." A later bulletin announced that

Every one is saying what a singular thing it is that the Emperor Napoleon has come to Potsdam, and installed himself in the very apartments occupied by the Tsar when, in the course of his travels last year, he paid his fatal visit to Prussia. From the moment of his arrival the Queen neglected her domestic duties and the serious business of her toilet in order to mix herself up with affairs of State, to bring her adverse influence to bear on her husband's mind and to communicate to others the passion for war which had taken possession of her own breast. The more healthy-minded section of the nation look upon this visit of Alexander as one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befel Prussia.

The influence of such scandals was naturally depressing upon the queen, and the king was exasperated at their publication and at being held up to ridicule as the puppet of his wife. Although she found few defenders of any position or authority, the people never wavered in their devotion to the beautiful queen, and the intended effect was never achieved.

The man who did not hesitate to make his professed religion, which he had selected as likely to be the most useful, subservient to his political and imperial ambitions, had naturally no scruples in using a woman's reputation in a similar way: the brutality of the method, however, is not so remarkable as the fact that Napoleon should have adopted a device so little likely to succeed. It was not often that he so completely misjudged human nature, and his failure seems to have increased his regard for the woman whom he sought to traduce. At St. Helena he once said: "I had a great opinion of the Queen of Prussia. She was graceful, witty and prodigiously insinuating. If the King had brought her to Tilsit at the outset, he would have obtained more favourable terms." Reading at the present time the brief notes of the reported conversation at Tilsit, made by the Swedish Ambassador Brinckmann, one is not over-impressed by the line adopted by the queen, nor yet, for that matter, by Napoleon's artless attempt to lead the conversation towards the feminine topic of frocks and frills. Her pleading was in vain: the army of the great Frederick had been dissolved for ever by Jena and Auerstädt, and Prussia was until 1813 a conquered State. The sufferings endured in the war were light compared with the humiliation inflicted by the treaty of Tilsit, but the ultimate result brought about by the reaction was one of which the leaders of the idealist revolt and of the patriotic league could never in their most sanguine moments have dreamed. The events of 1807 and 1870 are intimately related, and, as the writer of this book says, "no wonder the patriotic German takes pleasure in placing the two dates side by side and expatiating on the significance of the change in the order of the numerals. And the theme may be illustrated by a couple of prints—the one a picture of Louisa vainly interceding with Napoleon I.; the other a representation of Louisa's son receiving the sword of Napoleon III. after Sedan." The name of the queen became in the mouths of the patriots a name with which to conjure, and one remembered even now in much the same spirit as that displayed in Körner's hymn written in commemoration of the banishment to Elba.

There is unhappily another legacy, to which Miss Moffat makes but the briefest allusion, but which is silently brought before us in pictures, reproduced in this volume, wherein the throat of the queen is shown swathed with a scarf. That the writer is so brief on a subject of such interest is a sign of her German attitude towards her

heroine. She sees throughout with German glasses, and becomes as Prussian as Queen Louise herself. Napoleon, we venture to assert, is to Miss Moffat what he appeared to that queen who wrote that she "found at Tilsit a great idol (of unknown and unnamed metal) set up for men to worship. And this idol was treading the other two crowned heads underfoot." Yet there were many thousands to whom this idol was a deity of surpassing virtue; and it is the conquered who is always the first to assert, as did Queen Louisa, that the victor is a being with no human heart in his breast. So it is that year by year new artillery is unmasked on either side in the eternal fight about the character of Bonaparte, as new letters and memoirs come to light, and these insidious little side attacks are attractive, especially when conducted with such skill as that shown by Miss Moffat. This is by no means the first life of Queen Louisa, but it certainly is one which will be read with delight by many who will take it as a mere incident in the Napoleonic drama, and by many more perhaps who will regard it as a clear exposition of a good and capable woman's life.

FOR LIBRARIANS

Subject Classification. By JAMES DUFF BROWN. (Library Supply Co., 15s. net.)

ANY system of classification to be of value at the present time must compare favourably with the most important systems in use, chief of which are undoubtedly the "Decimal" and the "Expansive." There is perhaps no other librarian on this side of the Atlantic so qualified to write upon classification as Mr. Brown, but even now the last word has not been said upon the subject; in fact, the whole matter is rather opened up for further discussion. Where formerly the sub-division of subjects was found, to use symbols, in the relation of "B" and "C" to "A," the classification before us finds it in the relation of "A" to "B" and "C." At the same time an all-British system is eminently satisfactory from a topographical point of view. And a system so logical is a great advance in this branch of library science. Its actual permanent position cannot be determined with accuracy until the revised edition of the Decimal and the final sheet of the Expansive systems have been tested. But when it has undergone the revision which will result from practical use, it will, at all events, rank with the great schemes. Briefly the scheme is this: All knowledge as contained in books, is divided into eleven main classes, representing the logical progress from matter and force, through life and mind, to record. These classes are:

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| A—Generalia | L—Social and Political Science |
| B—D—Physical Science | M—Language and Literature |
| E—F—Biological Science | N—Literary Forms, Fiction, |
| G—H—Ethnology, Medicine | Poetry |
| I—Economic Biology, Domestic | O—W—History and Geography |
| Arts | X—Biography |
| J—K—Philosophy and Religion | |

They are subdivided by means of numbers:

- B 000 is Physical Science.
B 001 Physics.
B 200 Civil Engineering, etc. etc.,

and similarly in the other classes the addition of numbers denotes sub-division.

Two of the most important features of the system are found in the categorical tables and the biographical combination tables. The former is a series of upwards of a thousand decimal numbers representing forms and sub-divisions, and applicable to all the classes, *i.e.*, the decimal points 1 to 9 represent Bibliography, Encyclopædias, Text-Books (Systematic), Text-Books (Popular) and so on, and may be applied to any of the various classes and sub-divisions.

The biographical combination tables really form part of the notation of the main classification. An author's name beginning with "Aa" would be numbered X 300, after the class number; although the same number used as a first place number would show that the book was a biography, the name of the subject of which began with those letters. "Ab" is represented by 301; "Aba" by 3010, etc., and combinations of these numbers are used for third and fourth letters. The drawback, found in every system of close classification yet devised, of lengthy numbers, is prevalent in the present scheme. In fact, the chief difficulty in close classification in public libraries is not so much that of classifying the books but of devising an efficient terminology, and a concise and sufficiently expansive notation. Such numbers as these are by no means impossible, and are in fact taken from the introduction:

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| N 250.919 | Robertson. Titus Andronicus. |
| 7860 | |
| K 740.685 | Prayer-book of the Unitarian Chapel at |
| U 916 | Highgate. |

It is scarcely fair to describe the system as an elaboration or an expansion of the old "Adjustable." The main classes of the new scheme have already been given: if they are compared with those of the Adjustable (The Adjustable was Mr. Brown's scheme of 1898, founded on the Quin-Brown system of 1894) it will be seen that the difficulties of grafting the new scheme on to the old would be almost as great as an entire re-arrangement.

The main classes of the Adjustable are:

- A. Sciences.
- B. Useful Arts.
- C. Fine and Recreative Arts.
- D. Social and Political Science.
- E. Philosophy and Religion.
- F. History and Geography.
- G. Biography and Correspondence.
- H. Language and Literature.
- J. Poetry and Drama.
- K. Prose Fiction.
- L. Miscellaneous.

In the various methods of denoting individual books (in past years commonly known as the "call number") given in the introduction, no mention is made of the progressive number in classes. This method is much more convenient than the use of the accession number; and there cannot be duplicate numbers in the same class—two good points in an indicator library.

The chief claim on behalf of the system is that it is a "one place" scheme. In theory this is excellent. But Mr. Brown, ultimately, has been obliged to allow for the influence of "opinion." The place where a book will "be most constantly useful" will differ with individual librarians and with the same librarian at different times; and, more important still, it will differ in different localities.

The treatment of Biography and Criticism opens up the question as to whether biography is better arranged in one class or divided into the particular classes of the subjects of the biographies. Mr. Brown's plan is to place all biographies and criticism in "X," but to place "commentaries and elucidations of single works" with such works. An alternative scheme for the arrangement of an author's works, and for works dealing with the author, suggested by Mr. R. K. Dent (Aston Manor), is given in the introduction, but finds no place in the classification itself. A commendable point in the suggested plan is that works dealing with the man precede his own works. We do not agree at all that it is "a very inconvenient and frequently impossible task" to distribute individual biography at subjects; and the plan is one much preferred by many of the users of public libraries. An absolutely uniform system of classification in all libraries is desirable; but this work more than any other shows its impossibility.

The introduction contains an exact system of classification of Library Economy, Administration and Office Papers, by Mr. L. Stanley Jast (Croydon).

There are several revolutionary proposals, which are nevertheless perfectly scientific when looked at without the prejudice engendered by current use of another method. Chief of these is, possibly, that already mentioned—the amalgamation of the theory and practice of science in one class.

A misprint occurs on page 34: Burns 3462 should be 3464. This occurs in three instances. An excellent index of nearly 18,000 concrete items accompanies the scheme. The Biographical Combination tables give "nearly half a million places"; and the Categorical tables give practically unlimited subdivisions.

THE METAPHYSICS OF COMMON SENSE

Synthetica. Being Meditations Epistemological and Ontological. By S. S. LAURIE, LL.D. 2 vols. (Longmans, 21s. net.)

"PHILOSOPHY always will be hard," writes Mr. Bradley: and the saying appears upon the title-page of Dr. Laurie's book. It is, indeed, singularly appropriate there. As we read Dr. Laurie we cannot escape a sense of strangeness, amounting almost to despair. It all seems aloof and unfamiliar. We are tempted, in our less patient moments, to ask ourselves whether metaphysics, on its epistemological side at any rate, is more than a logomachy, barely respectable in these days of exact science. Well, that is a temptation which besets us all: but one which it is our business to resist. And it is indeed something of an irony that Dr. Laurie, whose own soul is possessed with a passionate sense of the worth and significance of metaphysics, and whose philosophy proclaims itself the philosophy of common sense, should expose us to this temptation in so special a manner. It is a far cry, we find ourselves exclaiming, from common sense to this philosophy! We do not seriously lay this to the door of Dr. Laurie. It is of course in one sense true of any metaphysic. For while the conceptions—or, if you prefer so to put it, the realities—with which metaphysics are concerned are essentially personal and homely, and, so far, close to common sense and every-day experience; they are at the same time just the elements in experience which we are least in the habit of subjecting to criticism. They are so much part of ourselves that we seldom stand far enough away from them to get a view of them: and in that sense any critique of them presents itself to us as unfamiliar and even unnatural. But this tendency, inherent in any metaphysic, is intensified in Dr. Laurie's book by the form under which his metaphysic comes to us. He has a language and a terminology of his own which we can only regard as gratuitously scholastic and unhomely. There can be no question but that his thought would have come to us more easily if he could have written more simply. Is it necessary to use terms so harsh upon our Anglo-Saxon ears as the following: orectivity, beënt (the participle of the verb to be), entitative, hæceity, ultroneously, quiddity, averment, prescinding? And must metaphysics always talk a language as divorced from common speech as are the following two passages, selected entirely at random?

There is, for example, Universal Being differentiated, and thereupon, and eo actu, individuated in and through its negating and affirming phenomenal characters. What then? We have before us a complex presentate which contains entity, quiddity and individuation. But the entity is the quiddity, and the quiddity is, in the sense-world, the phenomenal individuation—the "fulfilled determinate."

The ultimate actual then (let us rather say) is the dialectic determination itself, *i.e.*, essence as individuated in the modal, and, eo actu or transitu, a "determinate." Ultimate actuals are in fact Being and the Dialectic in their primordial "determinates." The cosmic act

we might say, is Creative Percipience, and the result is a unit of that creative percipience. These are the primordial actuals out of which the world is built.

We have thought it proper to draw attention to the somewhat unattractive form under which Dr. Laurie presents his metaphysic. We hasten to add that any one who will worry through the form to the substance of the thought in this book will be well repaid. The two volumes here published together approach the subject from different sides, and do, in fact, demand separate consideration. We shall confine ourselves in this article to the first volume. The point of view there is epistemological. In it Dr. Laurie attempts to arrive at the outlines, or schema, of a metaphysic by a critical analysis of knowledge. The second volume will apply the results of this analysis to some of the problems which vex us in regard to the relation of God to man.

"The primary experience is Feeling and a 'felt other' in a synthesis." This fact—the fact, namely, of an "other" as in some way given in all experience—is the point from which Dr. Laurie's metaphysic starts, and to which, we may even say, it in the end returns. It is in the wholeheartedness with which he clings to this "primal actualisation" (the name is his) that he sounds what is perhaps the most characteristic note of his philosophy. The "given," the "other," the "object"—these are for him real and independent: independent at the least in the sense that they do not depend for their reality on the perception of a finite subject. There have been forms of Idealism which have wished to transfer all reality from the side of the object to the side of the subject. To a "natural realist" such as Dr. Laurie such a metaphysic is merely "ludicrous."

Object and subject [he writes] at first and at last and all through, face each other as antagonists, as reciprocally negating energies. This is what I mean by Natural Realism.

Plurality [he says again] is an undoubted empirical fact, and each thing must have its *own* centre of energy, or be merely the illusory many of a *one* life: and this is a fatalistic monism.

Or once more:

Natural Realism says that the reality and actuality of an object are in the consciousness of it for the subject that feels and knows; but that the object *per se* is as much a reality and actuality as the subject *per se*; neither more nor less.

This is a sound and healthy realism. It maintains that we must accept either the whole of what experience gives us, or none of it. Now experience, equally on the attuent plane and on the plane of dialectic—which we may perhaps render, for the enlightenment of the uninitiated, by "equally on the plane of immediate apprehension and on the plane of reflective perception"—experience gives us in each case an "other" as incontestably as it gives us a self: and philosophy can only be true to the experience of which it claims to be the interpretation if it recognise from the start "and all through" that the self and the not-self rest upon the same foundation.

This aspect, however, of Realism is not the whole truth. Possibly even it is not the more important side of the truth—though we do not feel sure that Dr. Laurie would accept this way of putting it. At any rate it is essential to remember that the other side of the independence, as against each other, of self and "other" is the dependence of both on the Whole or Being within which they are.

If the absolute objective idealist means merely to say that what I, a finite conscious subject, feel and know can ultimately be conceived of only as existing in an Infinite Absolute Consciousness, in which I am in some way involved, although only as a finite consciousness, I shall not care to quarrel with him.

Moreover, subject and object must be conceived of as having some community one with the other. "To believe in the total disparateness of *res cogitans* and *res extensa* is in my opinion to give up ultimate philosophy." In other words, the external world, just because we are capable of

understanding it, cannot be wholly alien from the thought which appropriates it. The mind—and this is but one point out of many in which we catch in Dr. Laurie's metaphysic an echo of the metaphysic of Aristotle—must in some sense find *itself* in the world which it knows. The "dialectic" (that is what Dr. Laurie prefers to call it) which is the essence of thought, and which is in a sense the "formal" element in experience, must not be conceived of as a form imposed by the subject upon a sense material which in itself is formless and unmeaning. On the contrary, it is nearer the truth to say that the dialectic only emerges in the mind of the subject *because* it is already in nature. The formal element in things which makes the world a cosmos is, for Dr. Laurie, "a factual element in every object." The dialectic activity of mind, showing itself in the categories of thought, is "a mere continuing of Objective Dialectic into the subject." "Subjective dialectic is only the Cosmic way whereby the dialectic of things reaches me." "It is the Logic of the mind of man because it is the Logic of Things." If it be necessary to Kantianism to regard the Categories as imposed upon an alien material through the operation of the understanding upon it, then Dr. Laurie certainly is no Kantian. While the mind is, in his view, essentially *active* in experience—does not merely "receive" the dialectic in things, but "takes" it—that is possible only because the Thought-principles which are operative in the subject are already built into the constitution of the objective world.

Subjective mind, as self-conscious dialectic, is in continuity with the universal dialectic which forces itself into the individual empirical subject as a free initiating energy.

Yes—a *free initiating energy*. We have here a cardinal point in Dr. Laurie's metaphysic. On the one hand, the free activity of the subject, who has to be his own centre of energy: and on the other hand his dependence upon the Infinite Source of all Being. Dr. Laurie will have nothing to say to any metaphysic which does not do full justice to the independence and freedom of the individual. Epistemology—and it is from epistemology that he is in this first volume approaching metaphysics—reveals the individual to us as not merely passive in thought, but as exercising initiative. Reason is itself an exercise of Will. It is indeed just this spontaneity which distinguishes Reason from the animal consciousness. "On this primary fact of pure intelligence," says Dr. Laurie, "not of moral or pathological motive, I ultimately rest Will as free and autonomous."

How is this spontaneity of the individual to be reconciled with the omnipresence, in subject and in object alike, of the One? We have already seen that the dialectic in nature, which makes it an intelligible system, is the manifestation of Mind as externalised; and that knowledge results from the marriage of this external dialectic with the dialectic in the apprehending Subject. But what guarantee have we in this for the real *spontaneity* of the individual? Dr. Laurie can himself write: "the subjective dialectic is merely the dialectic of the system energising in him as Will-Reason." What then is there to prevent us from interpreting the fact of "knowing" as the exercise in us of a dialectic of which we are no more than the automatic vehicle? Against any objection of this sort Dr. Laurie can only set his own faith. And this he does in all confidence. He bases his idealism on a criticism of knowledge which "reveals a *pure will movement* whose form is a dialectic emerging out of the attitudinal subject." And he boldly asserts that "within the vast orb of the Absolute there is freedom in the form of finite reason."

Metaphysically he finds the ground of this freedom, which is for him synonymous with individuality, in what he calls Negation.

Negation in the cosmic process constitutes me "myself," and that tree "itself."

Negation, in other words, is just the principle of differentiation, whereby the One realises itself in the Many, without sacrifice of its oneness. We say "realises itself" advisedly: for the many are called into existence by the one *in order to its own completion*.

The life or externalization of Absolute Being is as a matter of fact in and through Its own negation.

Or again,

Universal Being can live only in that which, as different and finite, is Its own negation.

And this negation is not outside, and over against, the one, but within it. Not one *and* many, but one *in* many, is the true formula: or, as Dr. Laurie characteristically puts it, "there is not Being *and* negation, but Being in *its own* negation." "The negation," he says elsewhere, "itself is beent." It may be difficult to understand the *how* of this relation—and indeed the world-old problem of metaphysic would have melted away if we could see *how* the One maintains its oneness in and through difference—but we must cling to the fact of it, unless we are prepared to give up philosophy. Dr. Laurie certainly will not sacrifice either term in the relation; either the true oneness of the whole, or the true reality (which for him carries with it the independence) of the parts. And in consequence he is faced with apparent contradictions. On the one hand we find him saying, "From a universal point of view even men and angels are adjectives, substantial adjectives," in the sense that they live and move and have their being within the one Absolute Being "which holds all (so-called) realities as qualities of itself." On the other hand each individual is, for him, so truly a "for-itself working out its own existence" that God himself "does not hold the reality of a tree in the hollow of his hand."

But this contradictory aspect of the relation of the One and the Many is not one of which Dr. Laurie is afraid. Nor need we blame him for that. We may, however, be allowed to question whether it is really *epistemological* considerations which have led him to this doctrine of the independence of the individual. Epistemology, we have already agreed, reveals to us an *activity* in judgment: but can it be said to offer us any answer to the question how far in that activity the individual has it in his power to oppose, perhaps to thwart, the will of the Whole? We are tempted to think that the answer to this question has been determined for Dr. Laurie by considerations not purely epistemological.

One healthy result of Dr. Laurie's realism is the rehabilitation of the phenomenal. We have heard much in recent years of the contrast between Appearance and Reality. Dr. Laurie brings us back to Common Sense when he insists that the quality or mode of a thing, its appearance, is; and that knowledge of it is, to that extent, knowledge of the real. "The mode," he tells us, "is just as real as essence is: more real, we may say, because it is essence fulfilled." The essence of an individual, he more than once reminds us, is not *concealed* by its predicates, but *revealed* in them. And, consistently with this, knowledge of the phenomenal is not relative in the sense that it is knowledge of the unreal; but only in the sense that it is knowledge of the part. Within the system to which he is confined man's knowledge is absolute.

And here, for the present at any rate, we must leave Dr. Laurie. There are further points on which we could wish to have said something; in particular on the part which the Undetermined plays in his metaphysic—whether as the source of determination, or as the goal to which the individual soul returns after and beyond knowledge. But we have exceeded our limits already. And it will be a pleasure to have some excuse for returning to Dr. Laurie again.

THE NEW ENGLISH HISTORY

The Political History of England. In twelve volumes. Vol. xi. By the late Hon. GEORGE BRODRICK. Completed and revised by J. K. FOTHERINGHAM. (Longmans, 7s. 6d.)

THE survey of our English story which Messrs. Longman undertook in their "Political History" is now approaching its close; and the penultimate volume—the eleventh out of twelve—lies before us. This instalment carries the narrative from the beginning of the nineteenth century down to the Reform period, and leaves it to be finished by the very competent pen of Mr. Sidney Low. The present volume was written by Mr. George Brodrick, the late Warden of Merton, and reveals both the excellences and the limitations of that good man. Mr. Brodrick gloried in a style which hung about him like the folds of a Roman toga, and on one subject he cultivated prejudices of a quite passionate kind. He hated Ireland; and perhaps a certain memory of the Parnell Commission made him hate it more. With that single exception, he possessed the judicial mind, and a type of mental patience which admirably qualified him for the kind of summary work which is required in these volumes.

On the whole, Messrs. Longman have been justified by the results of this undertaking. For its best products, history must depend on the individual genius. The human story requires an interpreter. Even a wrong interpretation is better than none at all. The only reason why man studies his past at all is to obtain some guide to the future. All the great historians—from Thucydides to Macaulay and Carlyle—have found meanings and lessons in the past; and it is for that very reason that they are great historians. But the whole of their work must depend ultimately on accurate research. The annalist must precede the historian; and the more annalists there are to prepare the way, the greater will be our historians. Here is a sphere where "spade-work" is never wasted.

Messrs. Longman have found the clue to the historical works of the future in combination. The vastness of the materials will compel historians to this method. No man nowadays can be an expert in more than one period; and it is difficult enough to know all that is to be known about that. Much blame has been lavished on Froude for mistakes of copying. Might not he have avoided most of those mistakes if he had trained a good copyist to do the work for him? Professor Gardiner wore himself out with the labours of transcription. But surely every Professor of History ought to have at least one, if not two, clerks attached to his chair, whose work it would be to become familiar with mediæval handwritings, and to copy old manuscripts with accuracy.

Perhaps, after all, the most useful part of these volumes will be the appendices containing lists of authorities. It is impossible in so short a compass to supersede these authorities or to give any adequate digest of them. Mr. Brodrick labours at the oar; but too often his pages are little more than a summary of our old friend, the "Annual Register." The plain fact is that the only really pleasant way of reading history is to get behind both the historians and the annalists and to read the living letters and lively memoirs of the day. The memoirs alone explain the French Revolution: the English Court of the late eighteenth century will become intelligible only to those who read Fanny Burney's diary. Similarly, the Hutchinson memoirs and the Verney papers throw a flood of light on the Civil War times; and the Paston letters alone give you back the England of the Wars of the Roses.

If, then, these volumes gave us only a summary of authorities, they would be immensely valuable. But they give us much more. They supply us with a set of invaluable reference-books for our libraries; and they provide for students books which, in tone and temper, are admirably adapted for giving the first impressions of English history.

THE SIGN

"As like as brother to brother
Is Love to Lust;
How can I tell, my Mother,
Love from Lust?"

"The eyes of each are as springs
Clear and sweet;
On the shoulders of each are wings—"
"Child on the feet,

"On the feet of Love are wings!
On the feet of Lust
For a sign and a warning clings
A little dust."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

LANDSCAPE IN THE BRONTË NOVELS

It is possible that no one will again convey within the pages of a single work the sense of atmosphere with which Emily Brontë informed "Wuthering Heights." These and a few poems are all that her genius has left to us; she died at the outset of her career, and her reputation would seem to be sustained less by her own literary efforts than by the magnificent success which her elder sister achieved.

Upon examining the book in question we find that the descriptions of scenery are in all cases brief, though extraordinarily effective; they are used for no purposes of padding but simply because they are essential to the story itself, as inevitable as the unfolding of the plot. Swinburne in his sympathetic note on the Brontës affirms that there was indeed "a dark unconscious instinct of primitive nature-worship in the passionate great genius of Emily Brontë which found no corresponding quality in her sisters."

Hers was what he calls the "tragic use of landscape"; her love for the moors, he says:

exhales as a fresh wild odour from a bleak shrewd soil, from every storm-swept page of "Wuthering Heights." All the heart of the league-long billows of rolling and breathing and brightening heather is blown with the breath of it on our faces as we read; and all the wind and all the sound and all the fragrance and freedom and gloom and glory of the high north moorland.

The Spirit of Place possessed her; she had tracked it to its inmost shrine. The love of the "brown hills" was in her blood recalling the passionate lines of her great contemporary, Elizabeth Browning:

My own hills! Are you 'ware of me my hills
How I burn toward you? Do you feel to-night
The urgency and yearning of my soul
As sleeping mothers feel the sucking babe
And smile? . . . Still ye go
Your own determined, calm, indifferent way
Toward sunrise, shade by shade, and light by light.

And as that beloved prospect from Bellosguardo across the serene and shining Val D'Arno to the purple hills of Vallombrosa and the "silver spear-points" of the Carrara mountains, with the green length of the plain broken by the white City of Flowers, was dear to Elizabeth Browning, so were the bleak grey moorlands above Haworth dear to the heart of Emily Brontë. No one who has seen the beauty of those moors beyond Keighley in August when the pink flush of blossoming heather clothes them with a glory of colour can ever forget the sight. It is with a cry of sharpest nostalgia that Catherine Earnshaw recounts to Nellie Deans her dream of finding herself in Heaven.

Heaven [she says] did not seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth, and the angels were so

angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights where I awoke sobbing for joy.

In this poignant passage we obtain a glimpse of the feeling Emily Brontë had for those wind-swept spaces where her childhood had been spent—of her craving for them when for a time she was transplanted to the uncongenial atmosphere of a foreign school. She writes of them always with an incontestable truth, as of things desperately dear and familiar and intimate, with the result that they become to the reader suggestive word-pictures that linger in the memory.

Perhaps there is nothing more pathetic in the whole book than the scene where Catherine Linton, having torn her pillow in feverish frenzy, proceeds to pull out the feathers and arrange them one by one on the sheet.

That's a turkey's [she murmured to herself], and this is a wild-duck's, and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put pigeon's feathers into the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! And here is a moor-cock's, and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Loony bird wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor! It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath. The bird was not shot; we saw its nest in the winter full of little skeletons.

Always homesick for the Heights, she tells Linton, when he puts some golden crocuses on her pillow: "These are always the earliest flowers at the Heights—they remind me of soft thaw winds and nearly-melted snow."

The snow has quite gone down here, darling [Linton says in reply] and I only see two white spots on the whole range of moors; the sky is blue and the larks are singing, and the beck and brooks are brim full.

Thus in a few words she gives us a picture delicately fashioned of the tardy Yorkshire spring, and we know that she must have watched these things happen until they had become a part of her life.

Every word of description in "Wuthering Heights" accentuates the tragic gloom of the story so that it seems to become incorporated with the remote, lonely moorland, wild, grey and desolate, that forms its background. And throughout with a consummate if half-unconscious art Emily Brontë voices her own passionate love for the grey solitudes around Haworth. She expresses it most definitely in the words of the elder Catherine in her moments of acute nostalgia for her childhood's home. For Catherine is always an alien at the Grange; in her last illness she urges Nellie Deans to pull up the blinds that she may see the distant light shining at Wuthering Heights, and open the window that she may feel the wind as it "comes straight from the moors." One of the most perfect passages of description is given just before that last terrible meeting of Catherine and Heathcliff. It is full of quiet calm, as if to show in greater contrast the wild, passionate scene that follows it:

Gimmerton chapel bells were still ringing and the full mellow flow of the beck came soothingly to the ear. It was a sweet substitute for the yet absent murmur of the summer foliage which drowned that music about the Grange when the trees were in leaf. At Wuthering Heights it always sounded on quiet days following a great thaw or a season of steady rain.

One is, perhaps, glad that this wild book has a peaceful and happy conclusion. It ends in the words of Mr. Lockwood, as he stands beside the grave of the elder Catherine which had been "dug on a green slope in the corner of the kirkyard where the wall is so low that heath and bilberry plants have climbed over it from the moor":

I lingered [he says] round them under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

In her preface to "Wuthering Heights," written after the death of her sister, Charlotte Brontë indignantly repudiates the idea that the book was by the author of "Jane Eyre"—"an earlier and ruder attempt by the same pen." It is impossible not to wonder now at this inspired suggestion of the critics. For it is certain that few Brontë

lovers will readily admit the superiority of "Jane Eyre" or "Villette" over "Wuthering Heights." "Wuthering Heights" has not the sustained dramatic force, the thrilling interest, of "Jane Eyre," nor the bitter humour, the perfect development that characterise "Villette." But as a work of art not a few have found it incontestably superior. There is scarcely a sentence one would wish to change. The fundamental fault of its construction vanishes with the second reading. The reader may be a little confused at first—may find himself unable to discover who is who. The manner of its narration by an old housekeeper to the tenant, Mr. Lockwood, who at times intervenes with his own story, told also in the first person, is essentially awkward. These faults are the faults of inexperience, and ignorance of technical form; they cannot mar the book as a whole any more than the absurd scene of "Baroness Ingram of Ingram Park" can mar the immortal history of "Jane Eyre."

Charlotte Brontë is never lavish of description. In "Jane Eyre," indeed, there is little scope for it, the story rushes on at too great a pace, yet the scenes are engraved eternally upon the memory. It is in "Shirley"—probably the least read of her books—that Charlotte Brontë's use of landscape is most prominent, yet even there she is always economical of her local colour. We feel at once that, like Emily's, it is autobiographical, that when she writes of the moors it is of familiar things deeply engraved upon a receptive, observant mind. There is an unforgettable scene where Caroline Helston describes how she once watched the clouds come down from the mountains:

I stood at the window an hour watching them. The hills seemed rolled in a sullen mist, and when the rain fell in whitening sheets they were blotted from the prospect, they were washed from the world.

We know, too, that Haworth is in her mind when she writes of wandering across the "boundless waste of deep heather, seeing nothing but wild sheep, hearing nothing but the cries of wild birds." Those desolate solitudes were as dear to her as to her sister, but she had not quite the same poignant gift of expressing them. I think the reason of this may be found in the fact that Emily Brontë was a poet in a sense that neither of her sisters were; she had the delicate discrimination, the art of observing nature from the fine standpoint of the poet. Charlotte Brontë comes nearest to it when she describes St. John's last look at the moors before he leaves for India:

The breeze was from the west; it came over the hills sweet with scents of heath and rush; the sky was of stainless blue. . . . We reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks guarding a sort of pass beyond which the beck rushed down a waterfall and where still, a little further on, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment and crag for gem; where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude and a last refuge for silence.

The ending of "Villette" is ushered in with a strange force; she seems to break through the Brontë restraint and reserve; she will not write of the tragedy in words, but we feel it, sinister and foreboding, in every line:

The skies hang full and dark, a rack sails from the west; the clouds cast themselves into strange forms—arches and broad radiations; there rise resplendent mornings, glorious, royal, purple as monarch in his state. . . . the heavens are one flame. . . .

That storm roared frenzied for seven days; it did not cease till the Atlantic was strewn with wrecks. Not till the destroying angel of tempest had achieved his perfect work would he fold the wings whose waft was thunder—the tremor of whose plumes was storm.

The story of the Brontës has been told too often. But we know in the words of Charlotte Brontë (in which she briefly alludes to the ever-present tragedy of their brother Branwell)—that they had been called upon to "contemplate near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused." There can be little doubt that this sinister influence, obtruding upon the serenity of the lonely Yorkshire parsonage, exercised a strong effect upon the thoughts and the writings of all three sisters. It gave a certain morbidity to the work of both Charlotte and Anne;

they seemed unable to shake themselves free from it. But Emily Brontë may be said to have regarded it with a sense of detachment. In its wildest, most lawless, most passionate scenes, "Wuthering Heights" is never morbid; the incidents are related with a sang-froid, a calmness that are the more surprising when we consider the source that inspired them. We detect in it the spirit which would not surrender—which made Emily Brontë desire to meet death "standing up"—a something dour and unquenchable in her nature, stubborn in its resistance to the worst onslaughts of fate. Of her Charlotte Brontë writes that "day by day when I saw with what a front she met suffering I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love . . . I have never seen her parallel in anything."

Summer after summer the moors from Keighley to Haworth are clad in their garb of royal purple and one may still wander among those solitudes—hearing nothing but the cries of wild birds and the murmur of the swollen beck as it flows over the pebbles—and dream of the brave sisters who against such fearful odds gave these immortal works to the world.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE LATER POEMS OF WILLIAM MORRIS

HAZLITT in one of the greatest passages of his prose made a kind of epic of the adventures of Coleridge's mind among the arts and philosophies and religions of the world, and his epic concluded with the bitter reflection that all this mass of learning and eloquence had ended in swallowing doses of oblivion and in writing paragraphs for the *Courier*. If there were any living writer capable of making such an epic about William Morris he would not have to deal only with the adventures of a mind, with dreams and passive experiences, nor would there be any bitterness of disappointment in his close. For Morris, who began like Coleridge with a poetry of pure romance and who rivalled even Coleridge in his curiosity and learning, was never even threatened by the dangers that overcame Coleridge and have weakened so many minds like his. He was not one of those who cannot find their way out of dreams into an inspiring reality. Romance for him was not an idle refuge from facts that he feared, nor did he lose his music with his youth. Having dreamt of a beautiful world, he was not satisfied with his dream but tried to make it come true. He acted as well as thought like a poet, and therefore he was able at last to make his poetry out of his own actions. The few poets who have done this are the heroes of their kind, and they die in a glory of victory like that which surrounded Nelson at Trafalgar. They are men whom no experience can rob of their hope and their passion, who love life and yet withstand it, who endure without falling into any habit of dull acquiescence, in whom the ardour of dawn persists through the burden and heat of the day until it is renewed in the flush of sunset. Many even of those who most admire Morris have regretted that, like Milton, he should have spent so much of his middle age upon the bitterness of controversy. They think that the great poet, the great artist, was wasted in declaiming to indifferent crowds at street corners. They forget what a terrible amount of living must go to the making of a few great verses; and they, like the rest of the world, seem not to be aware that a few poems of Morris's late life are of a different order of greatness from anything which he wrote while he was still content to be only a poet and an artist. Morris himself would have been angry at any attempt to justify his actions by the quality of his writings. So great was his desire to better the lives of the poor that he came to think of his poetry almost as a stolen amusement, and he wrote but little of it in his later years. That little may do more at last to persuade the world than all his preaching; for poetry was his proper language

and in poetry alone was he able to make men see the glory of what he desired and so to inflame them with his desire. Yet we may be sure that, unless his desire had been strong enough to move him to preach at street corners, it would never have moved him to write poetry like "The Message of the March Wind" or "Mother and Son."

These poems contain secrets of life that were hidden from all the other great poets of his time and from all the statesmen and philosophers; yet they are expressed in words so simple that an age which loves complexity for its own sake cannot understand their wisdom and power. Men read the "Defence of Guenevere," and "Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise." But they seem to read "Sigurd" but little and "Poems by the Way" scarcely at all. Very likely after "The Earthly Paradise" the world came to the conclusion that Morris had written enough poetry and took it for granted that "Sigurd" was only another long poem of the same kind. But the few who have read "Sigurd" know that it is a tale, not of things that never have been, but of things that are; that Morris chose to tell this story of heroes because life for him had become a heroic story full of wonder and beauty yet tainted by some malignant power that he, like Sigurd, went forth to discover and destroy. The evil things of the old Saga, the gold and the magic draught that bewildered Sigurd, seem in Morris's poem to be symbols of all the evil of life; and when Sigurd, his mind clouded by the potion, rides blindly round the house of Brynhild, he seems to be an image of Morris himself ranging about the fires of industry and feeling that his strength too is bewildered by some spell that will not let him pierce them. Indeed the forces that make for the death of Sigurd and the end of the Nibelungs are vague and inexplicable in his telling of the story, as the forces that turn the labours of men to ugliness and squalor then seemed vague and inexplicable to Morris himself.

"Sigurd" was published in 1876, and it was about this time that his mind began to be troubled with political questions. He had long wondered what ailed the modern world that it could produce nothing but ugliness. Now he saw that this ugliness was the symptom of a deep disease, and gradually all his passion and thought were gathered together into a desire to cure it. He learnt to pity the world with a compassion so great that it left him no energy to spare for any more long works of original poetry; but in 1885 a series of poems of his began to appear in the *Commonweal*, the paper of the newly founded Socialist League. The first of them was "The Message of the March Wind." Among others were "Mother and Son," and "The Half of Life Gone." All of them were published afterwards in "Poems by the Way" together with other poems new and old of varying merit. "Poems by the Way" appeared in 1891. Many volumes of minor poetry have had more notice and praise than it has ever had; and this is my excuse for speaking of it now. I do not know why it has been neglected; perhaps because some of the poems in it are full of socialism; perhaps because they are all very simple; and very likely because the world is rather tired of the Earthly Paradise. But whatever the reason may be, the world is losing a great deal through its neglect. Morris always wrote his poetry too quickly, and there are faults of haste even in some of the best of these poems; but they are very small faults, while their merits are of a kind not to be found in any other poetry of our time. Morris had written poetry of pure romance, and then he turned away from romance to face the evils of his own day. He had looked first into the past and then into the present. In these poems he seems to look through the present into a future growing out of it and yet flushed with all the glory of the past, as if he were watching the life of man from a great height at sunset and straining towards the distances that would be revealed at dawn. But with this breadth of vision he combines the simplicity and clearness and poignancy of a ballad written about particular men and women. When Shelley dreamed of a

golden age to be he could not connect it in any way with the present or with men and women as he knew them. Something wonderful was to happen, like the rising of Demogorgon in "Prometheus Unbound," and then the heart of man and of nature itself would be changed. The moon and the earth would sing songs of joy together and all harsher sounds would be lost in their music. Shelley could think of nothing for regenerated man to do in his Paradise except wander among the flowers and write poetry about his own happiness, and his regenerated man seems to have lost his humanity with his sorrows. But Morris thought of the men and women that he knew, not transformed by any miraculous change of nature, but freed by their own effort from the accidental evils of to-day. He imagined for them a life such as he had made for himself, full of delightful labours justly requited yet free from his own trouble of seeing all the world less fortunate than himself. His dream was not of a flowery wilderness of beautiful wild creatures, but of a common-wealth that should make a well-ordered garden of the world, subduing it with happy toil and adorning it with noble buildings. He knew by experience what are the pleasures that never weary the mind of healthy man, and he enumerates them in this passage of "The Day is Coming":

And what wealth then shall be left us
When none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
And pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
And the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty
And the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
The tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
And the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder;
And the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
All those that do and know.

Morris is the only poet who could have written such a ballad of the hopes of man, for to him alone had those hopes become as real and as definite as any tale of real men and women was to a ballad-maker.

But even more moving is the Message of the March Wind with its contrast between the delight of happy lovers in the beauty of the earth and of the past and the lot of the city poor who can never enjoy that beauty.

From township to township, o'er down and by tillage
Far far have we wandered and long was the day:
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey.

There is the delight expressed as only Morris could have expressed it; and then the wind blowing from London calls to his mind those to whom he cannot communicate it even with his magic of words.

This land we have loved in our hope and our leisure
For them hangs in heaven, high out of their reach;
The wide hills o'er the sea-plain for them have no pleasure,
The grey homes of their fathers no story to teach.

The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,
When all is for these but the blackness of night?

But all the elements of his inspiration are most completely gathered and fused together in the poem called "Mother and Son." In it a mother tells her baby of all the innermost secrets of her heart. The setting of the poem is so contrived that the poet too is able to speak in it of all the things that most deeply move him. The mother is a country woman now in London, who can contrast the joys of her past life with the miseries of the town.

Now, to thee alone will I tell it
That thy mother's body is fair,
In the guise of the country maidens
Who play with the sun and the air;
Who have stood in the row of the reapers
In the August afternoon,
Who have sat by the frozen water
In the high day of the moon,
When the lights of the Christmas feasting
Were dead in the house on the hill,
And the wild geese gone to the salt-marsh
Had left the winter still.

In a most wonderful passage she fancies that she can whisper these joys into the mind of her child, so that he shall keep them through all the labours of his life.

Ah, son, in the days of thy strife,
If thy soul could but harbour a dream
Of the blossom of my life.
It would be as the sunlit meadows
Beheld from a tossing sea,
And thy soul should look on a vision
Of the peace that is to be.

For the son is to carry on the work of the father, who is such a one as Morris himself, and the mother dreams that her child, begotten unlike the children of the city in a great love and hope, shall grow to be the deliverer of the world.

But sure from the wise and the simple
Shall the mighty come to birth;
And fair were my fate, beloved,
If I be yet on the earth
When the world is awoken at last,
And from mouth to mouth they tell
Of thy love and thy deeds and thy valour,
And thy hope that none can quell.

So the poem ends. It is full, no doubt, of memories of Morris's own youth, of his own hopes and fears and loves, but they are all adapted to the speaker with a divination of a woman's heart such as no other writer except Tolstoy could have practised; and Tolstoy himself, with his oriental half despair of man's efforts could not have practised it to so noble a purpose. As an instance of this divination I will give a passage in which the mother recognises that her child will never again be so much her own as he is now.

Lo amidst London I lift thee,
And how little and light thou art,
And thou without hope or fear,
Thou hope and fear of my heart!
Lo here thy body beginning.
O son, and thy soul and thy life;
But how will it be if thou livest
And enterest into the strife,
And in love we dwell together
When the man is grown in thee,
When thy sweet speech I shall hearken,
And yet 'twixt thee and me
Shall rise the wall of distance,
That round each one doth grow,
And maketh it hard and bitter
Each other's thoughts to know.

There are many other beautiful things in "Poems by the Way," but this, I think, is the chief of them all. It is a poem that no youthful imagination could have produced; for it is full of the wisdom of years and pain, of hopes made real by labour and disappointment, of the love that only comes with knowledge. It is as simple as an old song because Morris was in no doubt about what he desired for himself and for the world; it has all the magical sound and imagery of romance because his dreams were fashioned out of real things and with them he laboured to make his dreams come true. It is not a kind of fairy gift, a charm to make us forget the world; but rather a charm to make us love it, for, like the great actions of heroes, it gives us a deeper sense of the beauty and promise of human life.

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Verses for Children," by A.]

DRAMA

THE WINTER'S TALE

It was in the nature of things that the talented and versatile author of *Bootie's Baby* should be attracted by the stage. Vast though the public of a popular novelist, how much vaster that of even the unpopular playwright! A failure has to be witnessed by at least five hundred persons, a very much larger audience than is usually vouchsafed to a volume of poems or an unsuccessful volume of essays; but, when the dramatist is, as in the present case, a household word, a classic of heart, hearth and home, his or her sphere of influence is capable of immense development on the boards of a theatre. I admire the way in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree, always sure of his audience, has assumed that every one will know John Strange Winter. The play requires no title, like a conjuring trick at Maskelyne's; following an idiom it is styled simply *The Winter's Tale*. And indeed we have all come to talk about Pinero's play and Sutro's play, or, in cases when the management outshines the drama, we say "Barker's production," "Bourchier's latest." Sooner or later all our great philosophic novelists—Hall Caine, Robert Hichens, Sir Gilbert Parker, Conan Doyle, A. E. W. Mason—become either members of Parliament or dramatists. We live in a transition age. It is due doubtless to what Ibsen calls somewhere "The law of small change." A great actor has recently become a dramatic critic. Dramatic critics are nearly always dramatists *in petto*. It is inevitable that these emigrants should carry some of the luggage of a former existence into the new countries of their adoption.

I once knew an auctioneer's son who, becoming a literary gent, objected to the phrase "under the circumstances" because the metaphor suggested the paternal hammer. Nothing so morbid has affected our dramatist. She is anxious to remind us of former triumphs as a story teller. Leontes, though fashionably tailored by Mr. Percy McQuoid and disguised for the King of Sicily, is merely Bootie; while the old seaside favourite is physically reincarnated in the baby Perdita, left behind on the beach. There is always about this writer's work a freshness, a breezy modernity which concentrates and counteracts for us at the same time the essence of the age. An old playgoer and an old newspaper reader may be excused, however, for pointing out to the younger generation, in the spirit of Mr. Algernon Ashton, some of the materials which have contributed to this engaging production. Readers of a recent and too shortly lived correspondence in a contemporary will recognise in "Are we too squeamish?" the germ of the Trinacrian monarch's final decision and subsequent remorse. "Should women vote?" contained, I believe, the chrysalis of Paulina; her too sanguine confidence in a *coup de l'enfant* or in the sentimentality of Leontes, and especially the treatment she received, recall the disappointment of the suffragettes with Mr. Asquith. But from her magnanimous error she solved the puzzling question: "Is marriage a failure?" "Unjudicial separation by Statute for sixteen years" should appeal to Sir Gorell Barnes and might pacify Sir Walter Phillimore. You see what Paulina Tanqueray would have become in another sphere of life: the champion of women's rights, and apparently an art collector, a sort of Mrs. Jack Gardiner, with a partiality for Giulio Romano. Unnecessarily wilful and unpleasantly Norwegian is the character of Mopsa. Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be delighted to renew acquaintance with Prince Florizel, "the handsomest tobacconist in London," played with great spirit by Mr. Basil Gill, who nevertheless requires a few dancing lessons from his charming partner, Miss Viola Tree. With some difficulty I obtained a book of the words and find that the censor has suppressed several topical allusions, which might have got a hand from an unfashionable audience. "The

Emperor of Russia was my father" did not reach me in the balcony, and the play has been considerably cut for stage purposes; but all lovers of Wintereana will be glad to learn from Mr. Tree that the text is quite pure. It still seems a great deal too long; but of this it is unfair to speak until one has witnessed the sixth performance by the Gregorian or Garrick calendar. With a little ingenuity, and editing of the first scene, the exposure of Perdita (quite a pure exposure) might have finished act one; and Time's monologue, one of the lamest apologies for romantic drama which I have ever heard from Mr. Walkley, might be shortened with advantage. Many of the audience seemed to relish the reference to a recent controversy on criticism:

There is no truth at all in the oracle,
The season shall proceed.

The very welcome thunder which immediately follows and the death of Cranquebille, I mean Mamilius, proved in the words of Zadkiel's almanac "that people at this time of the year should avoid making rash statements." The dignity of Mr. Arthur Bourchier (I mean Leontes), however, did not suffer; I am of a jealous disposition myself, and my sympathy went out to him. This, I think, is the greatest praise I can humbly offer that admirable actor Mr. Arthur Bourchier (I mean Mr. Charles Warner) in his interpretation of a dismal part, which is rightly compared (in the preface to the book of the words) with the dreary Admetus of Euripides. Mrs. Tree acted so well as Paulina that when she announced Hermione's death I was entirely taken in. I felt somewhat indignant that we were going to be cheated out of Miss Ellen Terry for the rest of the evening. I thought of organising a riot; and then I suddenly remembered that I had not paid for my seat. A policeman on duty however assured me that Hermione came to life again. He had witnessed the rehearsal as a representative of the Lord Chamberlain who said he was unable to get through the play in manuscript without going to sleep. How fortunate we are in possessing an intelligent official who can depute to a man of letters, an officer of the most potent, if not the most intellectual, force in the country, the task of keeping out anything natural or human or probable from the stage: never intended I am sure for the presentation of common experiences or so-called artistic and psychological situations. But for him (economical of my pronouns my compliments are intended for the Lord Chamberlain and the policeman) who knows what Mrs. Winter's Tale might have been. All that horrid story about George IV. and Perdita might have been raked up. Unwholesome discussions about morganatic bathing and mixed marriages would have filled the Press, especially at the present silly season. Morbid crowds would have flocked to the Wallace Collection to see the wretched woman's picture. No! such stories are all very well for the closet, for history, for the Royal Academy, or for Mrs. Winter's shilling seaside books, but not for our pure and noble stage. As a writer in a Scotch paper of August 29 said:

The poor critic is puzzled to know how to treat them; if he should denounce them he simply directs attention to them and draws those who seek to a place where it may be found. To familiarise minds with the seamy side of human life is to prepare the way for a race of degenerates. There are at present alarming symptoms of a recrudescence of the sex problem which it was fondly hoped had expired some ten years ago.

I cannot be sufficiently grateful to that journal for striking this note of warning.

Let us consider how *The Winter's Tale* would have been treated by Mr. Shaw or one of his parasites, keeping in perspective our Scotch critic. Hermione would have been guilty; Mamilius would have lived, a wreck of a child, inheriting all the bohemian tastes of his real father, Polixenes. The pulmonary trouble, derived from Hermione, of which Doctor Camomillo had warned the mother, would have manifested itself before the end of Act ii., and the lad would have displayed no taste for the manly sports distinguishing the healthy public Sicilian

schoolboy. Paulina, an ex-sister of Charity, proprietress of a Palermo *café chantant*, would have induced Hermione to pose as a living picture in one of the disgraceful turns which stain the Sicilian variety stage. There, she would be recognised from the box by the neuropathic Leontes. We should have heard, we may be sure, more of the Scandinavian ladysmaid Mopsa, the one discordant note as it is in an otherwise fine play which brings the scent of Theocritean Vetch over the footlights. I can imagine even the title with which Mr. Shaw would have endowed his unpleasantly suggestive dramalet: *Ask Mamilus or Draw it mild*—some hideous double *entente* of that sort. But why dwell on what we have fortunately escaped? Let us be thankful not for the small mercies but the great ones afforded us by Mr. Tree, though his absence from the caste makes one think of Elsinore without the ghost. Miss Ellen Terry, of whom Madam Bernhardt said: "She is not a great actress, but she is more a woman than all the women in the world," belies and endorses the epigram; for here you see her a great actress, a great personality and, I may almost say, a great religion. Miss Viola Tree need not fear that we shall accuse her of superstition in that she should "kneel and implore her blessing." Mrs. Tree, is, of course, admirable, as usual, in her gesture, and particularly in rendering the blank verse, never alas! a very high quality in the *Tale*. The irritating clipped words: the continual *crasis*, as it used to be called; the slovenly compression of three syllables into one in order to make the verses scan, evince great carelessness on the part of the smart set in looking after their language, let alone their morals. No wonder that President Rusefelt and Father Vorn and the Scotch critic are advocating reformation, and except that I see a certain *symbolisme voulu* I would chide Mrs. Winter, who writes all her novels in delightful and straightforward English.

ROBERT ROSS.

FINE ART

THE GARDEN STUDIO

It is strange that many people, interested in art, are unaware of the existence of an exhibition of extreme interest, which is open to the public each Saturday and Sunday afternoon—the "Garden Studio" of that great painter of romance, Edward Burne-Jones. The studio is situated in the garden at the back of the "Grange," the house to which the artist moved in 1867, and where he chiefly lived until his death in 1898. It is entered from Liscar Terrace, the road which runs at the back of the garden, and a few yards from the door can still be seen the long narrow slit in the wall through which large canvases were passed. In the re-arranged interior will be found most of Burne-Jones's unfinished pictures—indeed, all the paintings in the room, with the exception of the *Fall of Lucifer*, are unfinished—and many beautiful pencil drawings. To students this exhibition is of extreme value and interest, showing as it does the methods and technique, and—more than these—the unwearying patience and loving care which Burne-Jones so ungrudgingly gave to everything relating to his work. So that this studio contains not only the visible proofs of the master's care and labour, but also that invisible virtue which is the essence of all art. Here among his canvases and drawings are many interesting examples of his watring application to the smallest and most technical details. The unfinished *Merlin and Vivien* hangs here, a witness to his scrupulous honesty of workmanship, as it was abandoned, though well advanced, on account of the paint not holding firmly enough to the canvas, but showing a tendency to peel off. Here also, laid aside, possibly for some technical fault, are the beginnings of the *Garden of Pan* and the fair cymbal-beating *Aurora*, clad in flame colour, and passing with lovely delicate feet along the cool-coloured waterway. Facing the door hangs the large picture of *Love's Wayfaring*,

abandoned at the call of Death. This canvas was among the last of the large pictures on which the artist was engaged, and would have been, had he lived to finish it, one of his most important works. The first sketch for it was begun as far back as 1871, in pencil. On the right of the door on entering hangs a large study of it on brown paper; but the work on the large canvas has gone hardly further than the drawing and primary monochrome painting, and is indeed in one place not yet drawn. It represents *Love* standing in a chariot, which is being drawn down a narrow street by lovers. All who meet this Car of Love must turn and become a yoke-fellow with those already harnessed to it. Among the pencil drawings on the high stand which runs down the centre of the studio, will be noticed a charming study of the head of one of the girls harnessed to the chariot; a subtle curious face, in whose beauty there is "some strangeness," a little far from the Burne-Jones "type," which is so clear in the beautiful beginning of the *Venus Concordia*, which hangs on the right on entering, and just under the *Passing of Venus*—a design in water-colour for tapestry, which was the last design worked on by the master. In *Venus Concordia* which is a lovely antithesis to *Venus Discordia*—in which Venus and the attendant Furies watch, sinister and baleful, a riot of discord and murder—the peace of the still garden where she sits enthroned is walled in, and lovers wander here across the tender grass, or rest under Spring trees. Cupid—a little child—sleeps on the steps of the throne, at the feet of Venus, and the three Graces stand at her right hand. In her left she holds an apple, and delicate columbines blossom at her feet. This picture was begun by a pencil drawing in the same year as the great *Love's Wayfaring*, and was, together with the *Venus Discordia*, part of the design for the large triptych of the story of "Troy Town," of which the *Wheel of Fortune* is the completed part. In this unfinished canvas of *Venus Concordia* the painting has just arrived at the stage when monochrome has begun to gleam into colour, and here the student can easily follow some of the rather elaborate methods which the master employed. First a pencil sketch was made, with studies in elaborate detail, this was generally followed by a small water colour from which was made a large coloured drawing, generally of the size of the intended picture, and from this the drawing on the final canvas was copied, and more studies made. Only then was the final painting commenced. As can be noted in this picture, the design was first painted in thick monochrome—plainly visible in the sleeping Cupid at the foot of the throne—and was then left to dry, often for months.

On this foundation was begun the last painting, visible in the face of Venus, which is beginning to gain the final finish of surface.

To Burne-Jones the duty of an artist included the laborious training of a craftsman, and the careful study of the materials used in his art; the permanence of the colours, the quality of the canvas, and such details of a merely technical nature.

He once told a student that his chief difficulty had been the arrangement of drapery, and that he considered this branch of art to be dying out. To what perfection he brought it, and with what labour, can be seen notably in the delicate pencil studies of sleeves for *The Annunciation* and of draperies for *The Days of Creation*. These studies, together with many others, of hands, feet, heads, armour, and the lovely drawing of *Madonna lilies*, would in themselves form an exhibition of supreme interest. Among them are small studies for the large design of *Fortitude*, a small full-length nude figure study, a head with close helmet of plate and chain armour, and a little tinted sketch; while among those used as illustrations are to be found twelve designs for the tale of Pygmalion and the Image, and for the story of Perseus ten designs in water-colour on brown paper, with a broad and elaborately decorated border.

The last years of the artist's life were to have been

devoted to *Arthur in Avalon* and *Love's Wayfaring*, and the designs which hang in the studio of the *Hill Fairies* were intended as a pendant to the former. One regrets that there are no studies here for the picture itself, those belonging to it having passed into the hands of the owner of the finished painting. There is said to be an oil design for this picture in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones, but it differs considerably from the larger canvas. Attention should be called, among other pictures, to the lovely, small unfinished oil of *Cupid and Psyche*, where the dull-robed Cupid catches in his arms the falling figure of his beloved, while, as a dark background, flows the Styx, under the sombre hills. Against the darkness float and fall roses of flame and paler flame. Here too can be seen the fine single figure design of *Fortitude* standing upon a rampart unmoved amid the arrows of the enemy, and the design of the *Sirens*, which was not completed: a ship entering a rocky harbour between two rows of sirens, who watch its approach with strange sidelong gaze. A small oil of *The Ring given to Venus* should not go unnoticed. It would require too much space to enumerate more of the works contained in this Gallery, which forms a fair and fitting monument to the unfailing labour for, and love of, Art, of the painter of *A World of Dreams*.

ART IN AMERICA

THE tariff on works of art, a topic of perennial interest to American dealers and collectors, is being hotly discussed again in the States owing to a curious case now pending in the Courts. Towards the end of July there arrived in New York Gainsborough's portrait of the Countess of Bristol, invoiced by Messrs. Agnew as possessing a value of £3094. This figure appears to have excited the suspicions of the custom house authorities, and the picture was sent to one of the Government's official valuers, "Appraiser" Fowler, who advanced the value to £4000. Subsequently inquiries were made in London, with the result that the painting was said to be worth "at least" £6000. Thereupon the case came before Judge Somerville for re-valuation, who, acting on the information received from London, advanced the value of the painting from £3094, the entered or invoice value, to £6000, approximately 100 per cent. Now as by United States law the seizure limit is only 50 per cent, the Government is entitled to seize the Gainsborough and hold it for rate unless a full board of three general appraisers reduces the increase made by Judge Somerville. This case will be of special interest to dealers in England, for more than one old-established firm has failed to effect a sale with American customers by refusing to invoice works of art at less than their real value, a practice which the average American collector regards as an ordinary business procedure.

Further light is shed on America's attitude towards art by an action which has roused the greatest indignation among artists and connoisseurs. The Art-Students League, a prominent New York society, was preparing to send out its usual illustrated catalogue of students' work, when the entire issue was seized by an agent of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," who not merely alleged that the nude studies reproduced were "immoral," but caused the young lady acting as publisher to be arrested and imprisoned. She has now been released on bail, and if the society's case falls through her friends intend to take steps to punish the agent for her unjustifiable arrest. The leading artists and connoisseurs in the States are determined to "push the fight vigorously," for such actions, if upheld by law, would not only make figure painting an impossible profession for an American, but degrade the inhabitants of the States in the eyes of all civilised peoples who recognise the importance and sanctity of the art.

A few new acquisitions made by American galleries, if less sensational, are worthy to be mentioned. Of these the most important is the purchase for the Chicago Art

Institute of El Greco's *Assumption of the Virgin*, a fine example of the master, which was originally in the Church of S. Domingo El Antigo in Toledo, whence it found its way through the hands of the Bourbon Prince to Messrs. Durand-Ruel's galleries in Paris, where it was on exhibition about eighteen months ago.

The Metropolitan Museum of New York has wisely decided to set aside a special room for new acquisitions—which may thus be seen without searching by regular visitors to the Museum—and among the works now on view there are Whistler's *Woman in Grey*, and three pictures by Monet and one by Pissarro, which Mr. Wm. Church Osborne has lent to the Museum. These are the first examples of French impressionist painting to be hung in the Museum, and they are existing much attention.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS—II

AT the end of three weeks of Promenade Concerts a summary of their events may be taken as indicative of the general scheme adopted for the ten weeks season, although there are many good things to come, both among new and old works. In writing of the first night I described it as an old scene re-enacted, but the weeks which followed it have shown a distinctly new character in the programmes, the performances and the audiences. First, to summarise the programmes: although the official labels have disappeared, Monday night belongs, and will belong all through the season, to Wagner. We have had the usual popular selections, including on last Monday the Prelude to *Parsifal* and the "Charfreitagszauber" from the same. The only new one has been Miss Perceval Allen's singing of Isolde's "Erzählung an Brangäne," which had not been heard on a London concert platform before, and as a performance it was not particularly remarkable. The plan of grouping the Wagner excerpts into a programme by themselves, apart from the undeniable fact of their popularity, is probably a wise one, because we then settle down to receive a series of incomplete impressions, and can do better justice to them than when they are sandwiched in between finished works of art. At the same time I must confess to finding the Monday nights most unsatisfying musical fare, and it must be supposed that the lovers of them are of two kinds chiefly; those who know Wagner's works so well that a taste of his music lets them again into the enjoyment of whole scenes from his dramas, and those who know nothing about them whatsoever, but just take delight in the colour and glitter of the thing. To any one who has the rather old-fashioned habit of going to a concert simply to hear music, Monday night at the Promenades must be rather unsatisfactory.

The only other devoted night is Friday, which has become more strictly sacred to Beethoven than it was last year. This is such an unalloyed delight that I should be the last to wish to quarrel with the plan, especially as it does not exclude the overtures of Beethoven from the other nights; moreover, the plan seems thoroughly popular with the audience, the gaps which used to be apparent on Friday nights are there no longer. The "promenaders" stand as closely packed as on other nights, the corners of the balconies are well filled. Opposition to the reserved night principle, however, makes me doubt the wisdom of the Beethoven night, especially as personally I should so willingly think it a happy exception. The great benefit of these concerts is that they feed all worthy forms of musical taste, and a whole programme of Beethoven may be more than some can stand, while such occasional interpolations as we have had do not create the needed variety. By the time this appears in print, three symphonies will have been given, that is as far as the Eroica, but as this is necessarily written before the third Friday night, I can only

remark on the good performances of the first two. They have, indeed, been good, though not perfect, the chief weakness being in the horns. The first was played better than the second, but the second was played in an atmosphere of such extreme heat that to listen was a severe physical difficulty, so what must it have been to play and to conduct! Two pianoforte Concertos have been given; the early "Mozartean" one in C major, gracefully played by Mr. Edward Isaacs, and the "Emperor," which Mr. York Bowen played very skilfully. These two placed in close conjunction are full of interest; the one is neat and carefully executed without any great utterance or even beauty that amounts to much more than classical elegance, while in the other, Beethoven wielded at the height of his manhood all the force gained in his student work, to express what was in him. The first movement seems to struggle for adequate expression, the second to attain it in its serene tenderness, while the last bursts into exulting triumph. These, with the two beautiful romances for violin and orchestra, the three "Leonora" overtures and a good many songs and arias from *Fidelio*, all of which were sung only indifferently, have so far made up the Beethoven programmes, while the remainder of the symphonies, the concertos and overtures are all to come.

The other four nights of the week are much less easily summed up, and this is the particular character of the present season. Years ago there was a definitely classical night, Tuesday, I think, which dealt with Mozart and Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Brahms; Wednesday was Tchaikovsky, while Thursday and Saturday were "popular," which then seemed to mean the same as second-rate. Then came the Strauss epidemic, and he seemed to invade almost every one's territory. At any rate, that classical night was happily lost. For why tell people that beautiful music which they can enjoy is classical? They naturally begin to think they cannot enjoy it. Now, instead, we have four nights filled with some form of interesting music, from Bach, whose suite in B minor for flute and strings and Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 have already been heard, onwards through a long line too numerous to be mentioned individually. A few of them have been Mozart's Concertante Symphony in E flat for violin and viola and his lovely symphony in E flat, No. 39; Mendelssohn's favourite scherzo from the Midsummer Night's Dream, and his piano concerto in G minor; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Rosamunde Ballet; and Brahms's first symphony and two Hungarian Dances. A number of other composers, Weber, Berlioz, Dvořák, Humperdinck, and others are all most happily represented, not forgetting Strauss, whom, of course, no one could wish to be excluded. "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" are the only two tone-poems of his yet heard, though "Don Quixote" and "Tod und Verklärung" are promised. Apparently "Ein Heldenleben" is not to be given. This cosmopolitan method of selecting the programmes is in reality the best way to help to form public taste. With the unnatural barriers between classic and modern removed, people have a better opportunity of comparing and learning to sift for themselves the wheat from the chaff. Of course it gives them plenty of chance for accepting chaff for wheat, but they very rarely fail to recognise the good grain when they get it, and the fact that now there are no half-empty nights is a good test of the success of the plan.

A word should be said about the new works, or works new to England, which have been already produced, although nothing very striking has appeared. A symphony in E flat by the Russian composer, Glière, was the most important; a clever piece of work showing more skill in using the material chosen than power of finding first-rate musical ideas. In other words Glière is no genius but a clever and enthusiastic composer. Next in interest stands Vaughan Williams's "Norfolk Rhapsody," and here the composer cannot be criticised in the same way because his material is all frankly stolen from the songs of Norfolk peasantry. However, he has made a really charming piece

of music out of these folk-songs, and so the rhapsody is worth having. In the same concert a pleasing, if rather monotonous suite for oboe and strings by Fini Henriques was played. A programme piece, "Baba Jaga," by A. Liadoff shows a good deal of cleverness, but is not particularly good music, and Busoni's suite "Turandot" hardly sounded like music at all. If the "novelties" have not been of much importance the general course of the concerts has been extremely interesting and should be increasingly so, and the orchestral playing has been almost uniformly good. The brass is the least good section of the orchestra, and Mr. Wood seems to have but little realisation of its relation to the rest of the players. It is not only in fortissimo passages, but the defect is often more serious in delicate passages of orchestration, where a smudge of brass spoils the colouring. This is curious since Mr. Wood undoubtedly has a very nice sense for orchestral colour. In spite of this we have to thank him for many very fine performances of some of the most beautiful music ever written.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. GEORGE HARRAP and Company will issue simultaneously, in thirteen volumes, on or about October 15, the Complete Works of Shakespeare, reprinted from the First Folio and edited, with an introduction to each play, complete glossaries and variant readings, by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke, with a general introduction by Professor Churton Collins. Omissions from the Folio of lines given in such single plays as were printed earlier, in quartos, are inserted between brackets. Words changed in the modern texts are given at the foot of the page, with the name of the first edition or editor making the change. Shakespeare's texts have been modernised to suit each succeeding epoch, and yet there is practically nothing in the form of the Folio which should cause the present-day reader any difficulty in reading it. Perhaps the only archaism which is not capable of giving pleasure to the ordinary reader is the old-fashioned form of the long s; the interchangeable *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*; an occasional *y* for *th*; and *thē* for *them* (an expedient commonly adopted by the master-printers of the period to equalise the spacing of the lines), and in these unimportant particulars only have the present editors taken any liberty with their texts. In all other respects they have set before the general reader, just as it stands, the only text that can claim to be the author's.

The index to the collected works of William Hazlitt edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, which has been in preparation since the completion of the twelfth volume, will be published shortly.

To the series of bibliographies of great American authors in special limited editions which Messrs. Constable commenced last year with the Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne, they will add shortly a Bibliography of the Writings of James Russell Lowell, compiled by George Willis Cooke. The printing, as in the case of the Bibliography of Hawthorne, is on one side of the paper only, thus leaving each alternate page blank for any notes or comments which the owner may care to add. The edition will consist of five hundred and thirty numbered copies, of which five hundred will be for sale at twelve shillings net.

"King Arthur Pendragon" is the title of Mr. Arthur Dillon's forthcoming play, the tragic fable of which closely follows Malory. The book will be published early in the autumn by Mr. Elkin Matthews.

Messrs. Constable have in the press three collections of biographical studies. Mr. John Fyvie's "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era" include Lavinia Fenton; Charlotte Clark; Catherine Clive; Margaret Woffington; George Anne Bellamy; Francis Abington; Sophia Baddeley; Elizabeth Farren; Mary Robinson; Mary

Sumbel; Dora Jordan and Harriet Mellar. Mr. Lewis Melville, in "Victorian Novelists," devotes chapters to Bulwer Lytton; Disraeli; Douglas Jerrold; Samuel Lover; Thackeray; Charles Kingsley; Wilkie Collins; Charles Reade; Anthony Trollope; Whyte-Melville; Mrs. Gaskell; J. Sheridan Le Fanu; Henry Kingsley; Mrs. Oliphant; James Payn; Sir Walter Besant and William Black; and Mr. Leon H. Vincent, in "American Literary Masters," deals with Irving; Prescott; Whittier; Motley; Bryant; Emerson; Hawthorne; Parkman; Poe; Thoreau; Taylor; Bancroft; Longfellow; Holmes; Curtis; Mitchell; Lowell and Whitman.

Among the third fifty volumes of the "Everyman's Library," which Mr. Dent will publish on the 17th of this month we notice: Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," complete in two volumes; Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici"; the "Journal of John Wesley" in four volumes; Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; Washington Irving's "Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon"; Ford's "Gatherings from Spain" and Borrow's "Bible in Spain." A further twenty-one volumes of Scott's writings will be included, and these, with the four volumes previously issued form one of the cheapest complete editions of Scott obtainable.

Mr. John Lane will publish on September 11 a Portfolio of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings illustrating Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The artist's designs are here reproduced for the first time in the actual size of the originals, and are printed upon Japanese vellum. Included among them is a drawing originally executed as an illustration to "Salome" but not included in the volume when published. Mr. Lane promises two other volumes on the same day—"Stray Leaves," by Mr. Herbert Paul, and "The Secret Life: being the Book of a Heretic."

Messrs. Bell are about to add to Bohn's Standard Library a new edition of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. This edition contains "Ali Baba" and "Aladdin," which were not included in Lane's translation, and have been supplied by the Editor. Lane's voluminous notes have been omitted, only such shorter annotations being given as are necessary for the understanding of the text. The same publishers have in the press an edition of Coventry Patmore's poems in one volume, with an introduction by Basil Champneys, and an edition of his collected works—essays, etc.—in five volumes. One of the more important of their autumn announcements is "The Itinerary of John Leyland," newly edited from the manuscripts by Lucy Toulmin Smith. The edition is to be complete in four volumes, the first of which is almost ready. Messrs. Bell are adding to their series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," a volume on "Van Dyck," by Lionel Cust, and in the York Library they will reprint Burton's "Pilgrimage to al-Madinah and Meccah," edited by Lady Burton (in two volumes); George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Amelia," and Trollope's Barsetshire Novels.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, whose book "In Dwarf-land and Cannibal Country" attracted some attention a few years ago, has now written a new work entitled "Uganda to Khartoum—Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile." It will be published by Mr. Unwin on September 20. The author gives a record of travel and adventure during five years spent in a little known region of Central Africa—the Northern Provinces of the Uganda Protectorate. "A Short History of Jewish Literature," by Mr. Israel Abrahams, Reader in Rabbinic Literature in the University of Cambridge, will be published by Mr. Unwin on the same date. The volume gives a general survey of the literary products of the Jews from the fall of Jerusalem to the age of Moses Mendelssohn. It deals, in a general way, with the Talmud, the mediæval poetry, the mystical Kabbala and other great topics. Two chapters treat of the Diffusion of Science and the Diffusion of Folk-tales, and the function of the Jews as literary intermediaries between East and West is dealt with.

A third book on "Beauties" is announced. Miss Mary Craven's "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns" will be published next month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The work will contain a chapter on "Fashion in Femininity," by Major Martin Hume, and will be illustrated by twenty-one photogravure portraits of beautiful women: Maria and Elizabeth Gunning; Jane, Duchess of Gordon; Louise de Keroualle; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; Barbara Cleveland; Elizabeth Lindley, the Maid of Bath; Mary Robinson ("Perdita"); Mrs. Abington; Anne Damer; and Molly Lepell. We understand that Miss Craven's book was to have been published last year, and that her title was chosen before the announcement of the other two books.

Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving," will be published by Mr. Heinemann in two large volumes on October 13—the anniversary of Irving's death.

There is to be a new departure in the publication of *The North American Review*. It will in future be published twice a month, and the published price instead of being 2s. 6d. monthly will be 1s. fortnightly. *The North American Review* has been continuously published for ninety-one years. The first of the September numbers has a varied and interesting list of contents; among other articles will be found a chapter of "Mark Twain's Autobiography." Mr. W. H. Mallock discusses "Great Fortunes and the Community." Professor Goldwin Smith writes on the "British Empire in India," and there is an article entitled "Mr. Roosevelt's Moral Right to be a Candidate for the Presidency," the author of which writes under the pseudonym of "Q."

In connection with the quarter-centenary celebration of the University of Aberdeen this month four commemorative volumes will be issued immediately. All Universities or institutions of University rank that send delegates will be presented with one or more of these volumes. The four books are: "The Roll of Graduates of the University of Aberdeen 1860 to 1900," with brief biographical notices by Colonel William Johnston; "Studies in the History and Development of the University of Aberdeen," edited by P. J. Anderson; "Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire," edited by Professor W. M. Ramsay; and "Studies in Pathology," written by Alumni to celebrate the Quarter-Centenary of the Chair of Pathology. There have also been officially prepared a "Handbook to the City and University," a "Programme of the Celebrations," and "Life at a Northern University," by Neil N. Maclean, revised and annotated by Mr. W. Keith Leask.

"North Devon" is the title of a new volume to be published in Messrs. Black's smaller series of colour books. The book is written by Mr. F. J. Snell and is illustrated with reproductions of water-colour drawings. Mr. Walter Del Mar is about to publish with Messrs. Black another travel book entitled "The Romantic East." It describes a tour in Burma, whose people are perhaps the least spoiled of all oriental races by contact with the West.

A Carlyle letter hitherto unpublished has just come into the hands of Mr. Hay Hunter of John Knox's house, Edinburgh, and will be issued very soon with elucidatory notes.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIKE AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have consulted the Oxford Dictionary, and I grieve to say that several recent writers of repute have used "like" in the way I denounced as atrocious. These writers are Southey, Darwin, Maudesley, Bonamy-Price, W. Morris, J. C. Morison, J. K. Jerome. It is lamentable to see that such a slovenly expression is working its way into (perhaps I should say, maintaining its place in) English literature. But it is comforting to me to find that the writer of the article in the Oxford Dictionary regards the phrase just as I do. He describes "like" as *adj.*, *adv.* (*conj.*) and *sb.* (as in "we ne'er shall

look upon his like again"); also as *adv.* (quasi-*prep.*, *conj.*). When he comes to the usage last mentioned, he proceeds thus:

"Used as *conj.* = 'likeas, as': now generally considered as vulgar or slovenly, though examples may be found in many recent writers of standing."

All the quotations made by Dr. Furnivall would be called by him adjectives or adverbs or apparent (but not real) conjunctions. "Like" is used as a real *conj.* only in phrases such as "like I did," when the verb is expressed. There are undoubted instances in the writers mentioned above of this usage, which Dr. Henry Bradley agrees with me in describing as vulgar or slovenly. But I do not think that a lapse on the part of these writers avails to defend the use of "like" as a *conj.* It is to be regretted that they have been guilty of this solecism, which is as distasteful to Dr. Bradley as it is to me. As the epithet "atrocious" seems to offend Dr. Furnivall I will substitute for it "deplorable."

I should be sorry to offend Dr. Furnivall, whose services to English literature I gladly acknowledge. I hope I have not been guilty of any want of respect for him. His tone towards me has not been conciliatory, to describe it in the mildest fashion. However, I find on consulting "Who's Who" that Dr. Furnivall has been distinguished throughout his long life as a sculler and boat-builder—which may account for the vein of "shiver-my-timbers" (if I may so describe it) which runs through his correspondence.

I still think with Dr. Bradley that "like I did" is a vulgarism, but in deference to the weighty authority of Dr. Furnivall I am willing to speak of it as "deplorable," and to withdraw the epithet "atrocious."

The Oxford Dictionary does not quote any instance of "like" as a *conj.* from Shelley, but I am ready to take Dr. Furnivall's word that he too has fallen from grace. Nothing could be easier than to prove by quotations from recent literature that such a phrase as "whom he said was his brother" is legitimate. Many "vile phrases" are creeping into our literature, and apparently if a goodly number of solecisms can be quoted, the solecism becomes an accepted usage, even though the sponsors for it be persons whose reputation does not rest on literary faculty, but on faculties quite disparate from literature.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

GRAMMAR AND SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The controversy between Professor Tyrrell and Dr. Furnivall is an admirable instance of the controversy between the *à priori* grammarians of the Lindley Murray and Vaugelos type and the more scientific historical school. Whenever these "pure reason" grammarians come across an instance they cannot explain (from imperfect historical training in their own tongue), they either declare it a monstrosity, or if it be too firmly imbedded in the language it is catalogued as an idiom (or as the older French grammarians said a Gallicism), one of those expressions which like the word mystery in theological language has apparently been given in the Talleyrand sense to conceal not thought but impotence of thought and really means that the logician has come to the end of his tether. The older grammars in English and French teem with explanations which historical research has proved to be futile and untrue. Nor are the modern ones free from faults. What could have been more funny for instance than the unhistorical description of the apparent absence of the "e" in "grand" mère," and similar words, in which the apostrophe for which no doubt your dogmatic grammarian would fight to the death represents as a schoolboy once sagely wrote, "the omission of an 'e' mute which was never there." "Like I did" no doubt shocks the Latin scholar with his subconscious "similis," only used as an adjective. He can't swallow the "as" understood. Yet a much more glaring "Abfall" from his beloved classical usages is the omission of the relative in such phrases as "the man I saw yesterday." As he can't upset the usage he does his best to discredit it by insisting that the relative is inserted when "polite" English is written. Another usage he has been able to curtail to a certain extent is the position of the preposition at the end of the clause or sentence, *i.e.*, the man whom I gave it to has gone away. Apart from the question of rhythm and clearness, its position at the end seems to me quite justifiable on Teutonic lines. The truth is your rhetorician pure and simple adopts a sort of ignorant game-keeper attitude towards language. Any rare or to him unknown form he attempts to destroy like so much vermin, although it may be in keeping with the most ancient and enduring traditions of the language. How long shall we allow these ultramontane scholars to crucify our native tongue on the cross of classical idiom? As long, I suppose, as we do not insist that our native tongue is and shall be the basic language for all linguistic study.

Curiously enough the other controversy you are reviving, that on spelling reform, is also a struggle between the genteel dogmatist and the modern scientific school. To the dispassionate what can seem more ridiculous than sacrificing the claims of the young to the exigencies of the old? Better that ten generations should be taught on wrong lines than that the present generation should have to go to school again! The mere fact that reading is now largely taught phonetically and would be still more so if it were not for our preposterous spelling shows that the phonetic method is the natural method. The more serious difficulties of writing would be immensely reduced by the introduction of a phonetic spelling. I reckon the difficulties connected with dialects, but I ask the simple question: Are we more likely to improve defects in pronunciation in teachers as well as in taught with our present chaotic spelling or with a definite

official orthography? Germany, or rather Prussia, has on one or two occasions at least reformed its spelling with a view to making it more nearly phonetic, and all German journalists and novelists have adopted the reforms. If Germans, in spite of their differences of dialect, can succeed in establishing a spelling that is largely phonetic, why cannot we whose differences of pronunciation are not greater than those in Germany, make at least a start towards arriving at a similar desirable state of things? No one proposes to be able to form an absolutely perfect phonetic spelling, but the business and common-sense attitude seems to be that the nearer you can get to it without unduly complicating your symbols, the better. You reduce proportionately the labours of the children. Moreover the easier the symbolism is, the quicker are they likely to arrive at the thought and spirit contained in print—which is the true end of reading. What seems so ridiculous is that these dogmatic spellers do not realise that the spelling they are so ardently defending is for the great part the crude philological product of ignorant seventeenth- and eighteenth century printers and printer's devils. One might call the champion not inaptly *advocati diaboli*.

One word in conclusion. The present attempt at spelling reform in America is not, as is apparently held over here, an ill-considered movement that has been suddenly sprung on the world. It is the result, or rather continuation, of the labours of a committee appointed several years ago by the National Education Association to consider and report on spelling reform. The Association contains many thousand members and embraces all degrees of education from the common school to the University. Its suggested reforms have long been adopted as the official spelling of the *Educational Review*, the leading educational paper in America.

To those who care for the aesthetic and thought content of language, this rumpus over what Montaigne has happily called the "brussailles et épines" of language can only afford exquisite amusement. They will remember that thorns and thistles are the pet pabulum of a class of animals whose *dura òlia* are especially constructed to appreciate such forbidding delicacies. The scholar as scholar must doubtless have his manuscript and incunabula, but life is too short for the general multitude to serve an apprenticeship for this kind of thing. Moreover, I strongly suspect that it should come not at the beginning, but at the end of the training, after the novice has been initiated into the spirit of literature, for then only can he appreciate the beauty or quaintness of the setting. The study of pictures should precede the study of picture frames, or at least not be anticipated by it.

C. B.

ARISTOTLE AND THE MODERN READER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know that Mr. Marshall's letter in your issue of September 1 requires any answer from me. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to say a word or two in acknowledgment of it.

I accept his statement that he had no intention of criticising unfavourably the doctrine of the Mean: and I think he is right in his suggestion that it is over what constitutes a "sympathetic" interpretation of Aristotle that we differ. Possibly also he is right in saying that that is a matter of temperament. For myself, certainly I cannot isolate Aristotle's Ethical formulæ from his general metaphysical teaching. Few thinkers, it seems to me, have more consistently put the whole of their thinking into their treatment of individual problems. As regards the passage from the *Phædo*, I am not concerned to deny that a note of contempt pervades it. What I do maintain is that Mr. Marshall misinterprets the passage when he describes it as a "protest against moderation." The contempt connects with the words *ἀνὴρ φιλοσοφίας καὶ νοῦ*, not with the word *μετρίως*.

As for the doctrine of the Practical Syllogism, there is not perhaps any very serious difference between Mr. Marshall and myself. I value it chiefly as a psychological analysis which reveals reason in any action which can deserve the name of conduct: Mr. Marshall apparently values it mainly as giving some account of the phenomenon of *ἀκρασία*. My contention, however, was that such value as the analysis has is not weakened, as Mr. Marshall holds it is, by the fact that the term *ἀκρασία* is practically confined to cases in which a man's better judgment is overpowered by desire. And to that I adhere. At the same time I am quite at one with Mr. Marshall when he says that it is no easy matter to find a single word which adequately renders *ἀκρασία*. I only refuse to admit that that justifies him in using a word which is actually misleading—as "irresolution" seems to me to be. For myself I should prefer even the conventional "incontinence" to that. In conclusion I would only say that it is incidental to criticism that points of difference should emerge, and catch the emphasis. They are, however, in no way inconsistent with wide levels of general appreciation and agreement.

YOUR REVIEWER.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Many thanks for the "Notes" on Speling, and for an open door into your correspondens colum.

It appeerz that the formashon ov partisipl ov "kil" prezents sum difficulty. It iz inferd that the speling wud be spelt "kilt." This iz not so. The obvius form iz "kild."

Exsepshon iz taken to "woz" for was; the implicashon that "wuz"

iz much neerer to the sound. I have no objecshons to "wuz." It iz not emplyd fonetically in Nuttall's, Chambers', nor in the Century Dictionary; and adopt "woz"; and aul fonetishanz doo so. It iz interesting to lern that "larf" and "corf" are truer fonetic formz than "laf" and "cof," for *laugh* and *cough*. I can understand the use ov "r" in "larf," the hard sound ov "aa" or "ah," being so much like "r"; but its susted prezens in "cof" (corf) iz newz to me. It iz another proof ov the need for a fonetic alfabet for scientific purposes, which several eminent authoritez in the University ov Boston ar dezirus ov establishing by meenz ov an Internashonal Conferens. The project haz reseeded the aprooval ov over six hundred scolastic authoritez thruout the world, and this fact further shoez that Boston culture iz not absolutely opozed to Simplified Speling—az stated in the Pres.

I am glad yeu ar dispozed to poke fun and make us laf at ourselvz, even tho the foundashon iz scarsely justified. It iz questionable whether Beaumont or Fletcher wud object to yeur satirical orthograpy.

It iz pleezing to obzerv that yeu, along with the *Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Westminster Gazette*, etc., aproov of a commishon of scholarz ov both countriez being convened to discuss the question. Let us hope that it iz not too late to hav the comon sens ov the best authoritez.

I hartily suport Mr. Robert Bridges' practical propozishons. Had such a propozal been adopted yeez ago yeu wud not hav had cauz to complain ov whot yeu term "outrajous examplz ov the wurst kind." I prezume a picture ov my orthograpy. Archbishop Whately warn'd us yeez ago ov the results ov a continued and stubborn conservatism.

I beg to suesthat Mr. Algernon Ashton reed the works ov Tennyson, Walter Savage Landor, Milton, and Shakespear (the too latter in the orijinal or Oxford reprints), and report whether or not theez poets uzd "t" insted ov "ed" to form the sharp preterits. Perhaps the venerabl Prof. Furnivall (or to be more refined I shud hav said "a certain" Prof. Furnivall) had beter look to hiz laurelz.

It iz interesting to no the sex ov F. Mayhew, hensforth Mis (or Mrs. ?) Mayhew. I shud hav been further interested in lerning whether the etimology ov wurdz woz unasertainabl in Chaucer's, Shakespear's and Milton's day. Evazhon iz not argument. I hav no dezire to lern, and privately never wil spel according to the fashon implied by yeur lady correspondent's note. It iz an outrage on reezon and comon sens.

Is it not a reflexhon upon us when we contrast our childish feerz consarning the modificashon ov the dres ov a few wurdz with the boldness ov the propozal ov sertain Japaneez to adopt the Roman alfabet? It iz within the ranje ov practical orthograpies that our alliez wil discard their cumbrus silabariez before we adopt adequate modificalshonz in our speling.

The *Times* truly remarks "that ther iz no sens and very litl sistem in the accepted uzaje ov English orthograpy"; and "the chanjes now propozed (to be adopted by Mr. Roosevelt) doo not seem for the most part to be very formidabl or very startling." Prof. Skeat sayz: "The objecshonz to speling reform cum, not from those hoo ar wel acquainted with the history ov the langwaje, but from the noizy and the ignorant." And Dr. Sweet deliverz this blo: "The old fallasy that fonetic speling destroyz etimology and the history ov the langwaje . . . iz a monstus absurdity both from a sientific and a practical point ov vew."

H. DRUMMOND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Liberty in spelling like liberty in uthr matters is possible to those willing to pay the cost. This may be another way of suggesting that liberty does not exist; and that the term is of specious mintage.

F. J. Furnivall has manifested (in his contribution on "like" as a conjunction) the possession by him of the curage and sense—please do not regard this as patronage—required to shake off the shackles of the Coward Majority.

Robert Bridges preaches pleasingly; practice has a keener edge,

No, please do not let us enforce change, gradual or uthr; let us rather effect a change in our own spelling according to our own whim.—Don't be in a too violent hurry,—yes, it wil probably lead to sum inconvenience; but that is a lesser evil from the point of vew of practical education than the 'abject submission to arbitrarily constituted authority which is so prominent a feature in modern educational institutions, more particularly of the elementary grade.

It wil mark an epock in national education when children realise that "give" is not a sensible spelling even if "teacher says so,"

T. TALBOT LODGE.

"THE ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be allowed in your columns to make some observations on the article in the "English Dialect Dictionary," which deals with the various words which are supposed to be identical with the northern word "rean." This word generally has the meaning of a strip of uncultivated ground round an arable field, and is said in the dictionary to be of Icelandic origin, being identical with Old Norse *rein* a strip of land. In the same section (No. 1) which has this definition of a balk in a field we find cited on Irish form, namely, "raheen," for which a passage in the "Folk-Lore Record" is given as the authority: "Trees in the raths, raheens, and such early structures cannot be cut without bring ill-luck to the occupier of the field." Now it is quite certain that this Irish "raheen" has no connection whatever with the North-country "rean" meaning a balk.

For "raheen" is a genuine Irish word, being simply an English way of writing *raithin* the Irish diminutive of *rath* which means a mound, earthwork or fort, so that the "raheen" of the "Folk-Lore Record" means a small fort. We may see from the "Postal Guide" that "Raheen" occurs as the name of a village in Co. Wexford, and that "Rath" is to be found as an element in many place-names in Ireland, as in Rathdrum, Rathmore, Rathmoyle. It may be noted that the form "raheen" appears in another article in E.D.D. (s.v. Rath) where the passage from the "Folk-Lore Record" had been previously cited.

Under this article "rean" we also find a west-country "reen" a small stream, also a Cornish "reen" a steep hillside. It would have been more in accordance with the plan of the dictionary to have treated the North-Country "rean" separately as the three other words have nothing whatever to do with it or with one another.

A. L. MAYHEW.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We are at last getting forrarder with regard to the Sonnets.

Boaden, Tyler, Dowden, Wyndham, Archer, and other critics will have it that the sonnets were addressed to the Earl of Pembroke; while Massey and Sidney Lee insist that the addressee was the Earl of Southampton. The last-named critic says: "The Pembroke theory, whose adherents have dwindled of late, will henceforth be relegated, I trust, to the category of popular delusions." ["Life of Shakespeare," p. 406.]

Your correspondent "E.M.C." comes forward with what he considers a new theory that the Sonnets were written by Shakespeare "on commission for somebody else," Shakespeare receiving "a few pounds for the work."

This theory rather fits in with Pope's couplet on the dramatist, that he

For gain not glory winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

But, again, was it not Wordsworth who wrote—

Scorn not the Sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Edinburgh, Sept. 1.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Assuredly Saint Paul would have been greatly surprised to learn that he had "fairly given away his case" because such a passage as 2 Cor. i. 8-10 was superficially inconsistent with his confident and exultant faith in a future life. He might have replied as I should reply in the words of a great thinker; "Das Gefühl richtet sich nicht nach der Logik." Such an inconsistency differs *toto calo* from the fatal inconsistency of Homer in the *Odyssey* or of Virgil in the *Sixth Aeneid*. The inconsistency admits of another explanation than R.S.Y.'s. The very confidence in the Christian Doctrine of a future life invests the fact of death with a more solemn and awful significance than it could have possessed for the classical or oriental authors to whom I have referred. The words of Ruskin about Greek and Christian Art seem to me to apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the distinction between the two literatures: "All the nobleness, as well as the faults, of the Greek Art were dependent on its making the most of this present life: its dominion was in this world. Florentine Art was essentially . . . expectant of a better world, and antagonistic, therefore to the Greek temper." For this reason no classical parallels can be adduced to the passages which I have quoted. For this reason it is inconceivable that any Greek or Latin poet should have written such poems as Dante's "Paradiso," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Corneille's "Polyeucte," Goethe's "Faust," Cowper's "Winter's Walk at Noon," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and Browning's "Pope" in "the Ring and the Book." For this reason it is not a question of the number of passages, as R.S.Y. assumes, but the intensity of conviction that breathes through them. For this reason Kant's assured belief in a future life differs not only in degree, but in kind from Plato's and Cicero's. For this reason there is nothing in Saint Simon like Tacitus's famous "Si quis piorum manibus locus." What an unfathomable depth of pathos underlies that "Si quis"! For this reason there is nothing in all the letters of Cicero like these words of a letter written by the celebrated author of "Télémaque": "quoique je l'aie pleuré amèrement, je ne puis croire que je l'aie perdu. O qu'il y a de réalité dans cette société intime! Encore un peu et il n'y aura plus de quoi pleurer. C'est nous qui mourons: ce que nous aimons vit, et ne mourra plus."

Having said this much, I am content to leave my case to the judgment of such of your readers as are interested in this question.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

P.S.—"A Constant Reader" will find the lines which I quoted from Collins (John, not William) in the "Golden Treasury" near the end of Book 3. May I commend to his notice Palgrave's note upon the poem?

"CHILDREN OF FAR CATHAY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Being assured of the generous spirit of the person who reviewed my book, "Children of Far Cathay," in your last issue; and being at the same time painfully conscious of the many glaring imperfections of my own writing, I will pass over his strictures without comment—regarding them as the righteous indignation of a superior intellect. But with regard to the "Extract from a literary journal printed on the front page of the book," against which the said reviewer brings to bear all the ponderous machinery of his wit, I should like to say that the paragraph was inserted without my consent or knowledge, and that directly its inclusion was noticed by me, I wrote a letter of protest to my publisher.

Trusting you will kindly endeavour to find space for these few lines in your esteemed columns, and thanking you in anticipation,

CHAS. J. H. HALCOMBE.

Herne Bay, Kent, Sept. 3.

[We sympathise with Mr. Halcombe; and, the facts being as they are, regret that we should have called attention to an unfortunate error of taste for which he was not responsible.—ED.]

NOT ALGY—BUT ANOTHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For some time past a weekly journal called *London Opinion* has been publishing articles, headed "The Letters of Algy," and it has since come to my knowledge that many people are imagining that these "Letters" are being written by me! I therefore think it necessary to declare, once and for all, that I have nothing whatever to do with these articles, but cannot at the same time withhold my surprise how it was possible for anybody to think that such meaningless and nonsensical stuff as these so-called "Letters" constitute could ever have emanated from my pen.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

Sept. 2.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Chesterton, G. K. *Charles Dickens*. With two portraits in photogravure. 9 x 5½. Pp. 303. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 221.)

Trowbridge, W. R. H. *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall*. Historiettes of the Reformation. With 32 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 325. Unwin, 15s. net.

[The list of "Court Beauties" was given on page 210 of the ACADEMY for September 1.]

Macaulay, Joseph Babington. *The Life of the last Earl of Stirling, Gentleman, Prisoner of War, Scottish Peer, and Exile*. With extracts from his original manuscripts and sketches. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 58. Paignton: Axworthy, 1s.

DRAMA.

Carr, J. Comyns. *Tristram and Isult*. A drama in four acts. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 71. Duckworth, 2s. net.

FICTION.

Coke, Desmond. *The Comedy of Age*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Dalby, Walter. *The Ivory Raiders*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 321. Alston Rivers, 6s. Palmer, Frederick. *Lucy of the Stars*. With 4 illustrations by Alonzo Kimball. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 344. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Askew, Alice and Claude. *The Etolian*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 430. White, 6s.

Hichens, Robert. *The Call of the Blood*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 415. Methuen, 6s. Pickthall, Marmaduke. *The House of Islâm*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 330. Methuen, 6s.

Gould, Nat. *A Hundred to One Chance*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 280. Long, 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cornish Notes and Queries. (First Series.) Edited by Peter Penn. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 323. Elliot Stock, 4s. [Reprinted from *The Cornish Telegraph*.]

Haydon, A. L. *The Book of the V.C.* Compiled from Official Papers and Other Authentic Sources. With 10 illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 294. Jarrold, 3s. 6d.

[“A record of the deeds of heroism for which the Victoria Cross has been bestowed from its institution in 1857 till the present time.”]

The Reader's Index. The Bi-monthly Magazine of the Croydon Public Libraries. No. 5—September and October 1906. Croydon: Published by the Libraries Committee.

Tuckett, Mrs. Arthur. *A Year in My Garden*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Melbourne: Melville & Mullen, 5s. net.

Old Moore's Almanack for the Year 1907. T. Roberts, 1d.

International Co-operative Bibliography. Compiled, edited, and published by the Executive Committee of the International Co-operative Alliance, 22 Red Lion Square, W.C. 10 x 6½. Pp. 276.

[A bibliography of "all literature relating to co-operation, profit-sharing, and cognate subjects."]

Géménoff, E. *Une Page de la Contre-Révolution Russe (Les Pogromes)*. Avec une préface d'Anatole France. Edition du Comité de la Russie. 10½ x 16. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 327. Mudie's Library, 3 fr. 50.

The Bookseller's Provident Institution: Its history, members and rules. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 130. Issued from the Society's Office, 28 Paternoster Row.

Armitage-Smith, G. *Principles and Methods of Taxation*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 195. Murray, 5s.

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Bartholomew, J. G. *Atlas of the World's Commerce*. Part 9. Newnes, 6d. net.

Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce: *Canton Lectures on Modern Warships*. By Sir William White. Lecture 1, delivered January 29, 1906. 10 x 6½. Pp. 36. Trownce, 1s.

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Griffin, Appleton Prentiss Clark. *List of Works Relating to the American Occupation of the Philippine Islands, 1898-1903*. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 100. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

A LONG letter addressed to the Editor of the *Times* by Mr. Charles William Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, will whet the appetite of all students of our early drama. Mr. Wallace has spent some time digging in our muniment rooms for papers concerned with the Elizabethan stage, and last October he published three documents in a Chancery suit in which Shakespeare was one of the plaintiffs. Now he announces fresh discoveries which affect the Blackfriars Theatre.

The Blackfriars Theatre stood in Play-house Yard, Blackfriars, and its entrance was almost exactly on the site of the entrance to the publishing office of the *Times*. Much of that quarter had been occupied, until the dissolution of the monasteries, by the Dominicans or black friars, and out of their buildings the Blackfriars Theatre was made in 1596 by James Burbage, the actor-manager and builder of the first London playhouse, The Theatre, in Finsbury Fields. Previous to that, the building had been used for court revels and masques under Sir Thomas Cawarden, the first Master of the Revels, to whom Edward VI. presented in 1550 a great part of the precincts of the monastery. Sir Thomas turned his property into a fashionable residential quarter. Here lived Henry Lord Hunsdon, his son Sir George Carey, his successor in the title, in the office of Chamberlain, and in the patronage of the theatrical company known (among several other titles at different times) as the Lord Chamberlain's, of which Shakespeare was a member, and Richard Burbage, the son of James, the chief. The gate of George Lord Hunsdon's mansion adjoined one of the entrances to the theatre. Here, too, lived Lord Cobham, once Lord Chamberlain, the Blackwells, the Bacons and other great people. Here, too, were tennis-courts, as Mr. Greenstreet's discoveries proved.

There was the usual protest to the Privy Council against Burbage's action, and the usual neglect of it. At any rate James Burbage constructed his theatre, only to die before he could use it. It was then leased to one Henry Evans, the master of the Children of the Chapel, the Company of boy-actors which included Nathaniel Field, Underwood, Ostler and others, and this company held it till 1608, when, business having fallen off, Evans induced Richard Burbage, the son of James, to take it off his hands. The agreement under which Evans held it is among Mr. Wallace's discoveries.

During his tenancy, the Blackfriars became notorious. The passage in *Hamlet* in which Rosencrantz tells the prince about the "aery of children," who were "most tyrannically clapped," is familiar to all. The passage is only a part of a famous quarrel begun between Ben Jonson on one side and Dekker and Marston on the other. It was by the children at the Blackfriars that Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *The Poetaster*, both swashing blows in the battle, were produced; and it is not impossible that Shakespeare, wishing to strike a blow for his own company, attacked, either in *Troilus and Cressida* or elsewhere, Jonson, who wrote for the rival company under Henslowe and Alleyne.

In 1608, when Henry Evans gave it up, the Blackfriars theatre was used with the Globe by the company of which Shakespeare was a member; here Shakespeare acted, and here, it is possible, were acted some of his plays written after that date. The Blackfriars was a "private" theatre; and though in practice that meant little difference from a public theatre, there can be no doubt that James Burbage intended it to be a select house for the use of the rich people living round it. It had a lead roof (whereas the "public" theatres were open to the sky), and having purchased it at what his sons afterwards called "extreme rates," he "made it into a playhouse with great change and trouble." How fine a place it was, Mr. Wallace's discoveries will help to show. His documents give its exact dimensions (which were about half the size of the Globe) and the details of its construction and uses. It would be interesting if they also revealed exactly who held the theatre between its completion and its lease to Evans in 1600. So do scholars and students knock new nails into the coffin of Collier's forgeries.

In another column we notice the new English Hymnal, issued by the Oxford University Press. It is, as our reviewer points out, a well-compiled work; but when are we to have an adequate Hymnal, constructed not for use in churches, but merely for reading, study and delight? It would need to be limited, with rigorous exactness, to the all-enduring products of the genius of the English-speaking race, at its highest level of religious insight, and also to be full of artistic beauty; a book which the broadest of broad-churchmen would value and even agnostics could appreciate, while the religious-minded of every sect might care for it. There is room for such an Anthology of Praise that would eclipse every "golden treasury" extant; but it would need to be so edited that all inferior work was rigorously excluded, and only the choicest products of the imagination included. It is an "open secret" that such an anthology exists, but has not yet seen the light. Publishers seem to think that there is no market for it, while there is a large one for inferior and commonplace books.

The proposed Public Library Omnibus Bill, although not finally presented to the Library Association Conference at Bradford, was circulated there in printed form and formally approved. The object of the Bill is the removal of the rate limitation, although the actual levying of the rate and the determination of the amount would necessarily rest with the local authority. There are thirty richer towns in which the limit of a penny in the pound has been removed at great cost by means of special acts. The poorer districts are unable to take this course (Mr. Abbott, Manchester). The extension of the Acts to Country Areas is another object of the Bill. Effect could be given to the Acts by means of travelling libraries, or the schools might be utilised. And no county library rate would be levied on those districts already levying a rate for the support of a public library (Mr. H. W. Fovargue, Town Clerk, Eastbourne, Hon. Solicitor to the Association). It is difficult to understand why the inhabitants of one part of a county should have fewer means and opportunities of

culture merely because they are less in number than those of a neighbouring area. An important feature is the proposal to establish collections of county literature in the county towns.

The third item of the Bill provides for the exception of public libraries from local rates. As the preamble of the Bill states, there was always the impression, until the recent adverse decision, that in ordinary circumstances a public library was exempted. We believe it has been stated that this last clause is unnecessary, if the removal of the "penny limit" is accepted. But it is obvious that it might be exceedingly difficult to obtain a higher rate than that already levied, in some districts; while all those smaller libraries, some of which were vindictively assessed at a high amount would be at once relieved. The full text of the Bill will be printed in the "Library Association Record."

A Central London Lending Library is a pleasing picture conjured up by a paper on "the present position of London Municipal Libraries." (Mr. J. McKillop, London.) There are striking inequalities in the product of the rate compared with the number of the inhabitants; as much as £120 per thousand might be raised in Westminster while Stepney can only raise £19 per thousand. Students are unable to obtain access to works too expensive for many libraries and yet essential to study. And those who are able to study only in the early morning or the late evening are severely handicapped, as the greater libraries, such as the British Museum, are not then open. The suggested scheme provides for the formation of a central collection of more expensive and less used works which would be on loan to the various municipal and other libraries for lending out to their readers, and might be housed in the new buildings of the London County Council. The initial expenditure is estimated at £60,000 spread over ten years; and the annual charge at about £5000 after the first four or five years. We understand that the paper will appear in an extended form in an early number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

Some misconception appeared to exist at the Conference with regard to our remarks in a recent number on the establishment of a central authority. In the present state of opinion with regard to the government of London it would be rash to say that the London County Council will long remain the central authority for London. It was not to London alone that we referred but to the whole of the country. It would be the realisation of the dream of many librarians to see a governmental library department with powers at least equal to those possessed by the Board of Education.

The co-operative code of rules for catalogue, which has been under the consideration of committees of the Library Association and of the American Library Association for upwards of three years, has now reached a satisfactory conclusion. The Library Association Committee was voted powers "to go to press" at the Conference, and it is anticipated that the work will be published some time before the end of the year. The code is founded on the draft scheme submitted at the Newcastle Conference. Close classification of books was recommended as an aid to study in "The Development of Classification" (Mr. E. A. Savage, Wallasey). Form classification and alphabetical classification are encroaching upon and undermining rational classification. A close classification of poetry, the drama, and fiction in periods in the various languages would show the development of the literature of the different countries.

A history of the educational work of the Library Association was given in the first paper on "The Education of the Librarian" (Mr. H. D. Roberts, Brighton, late Hon. Secretary of the Education Committee). A good general

education was recommended as a *sine qua non* of admission to a public library staff, and promotion should only proceed as the various sections of the profession examination were passed. The enormous increase in the number of assistants presenting themselves for examination shows that there is a steady tendency on their part to keep pace. The technical classes at the London School of Economics and the correspondence classes of the Association are invaluable to those assistants entering for statistics and the diploma. An examination syllabus of three grades was suggested in the second paper on the subject (Mr. E. A. Baker, Woolwich, Secretary of the Education Committee). This syllabus embraced most of the subjects of the examination for the degree of B.A. in addition to the purely technical subjects. The grades were elementary, advanced, and the examination for the diploma, instead of the single grade at present in force.

We have received—from what source it is not stated—a leaflet protesting against the exclusion of newspapers from the new Public Libraries at Islington. It is a protest with which we have no sympathy. After personally inspecting the new North Branch Library at Islington—which is to be opened this month—we are in a position to state that the magazine room is remarkably well equipped with weekly and monthly papers; and we believe that advertisements of situations vacant, etc., are to be posted somewhere in the building. It appears to us that the purposes of a public library are misunderstood when the ratepayers' money is expended on penny and halfpenny papers which every reader can afford to buy for himself and read at home; and the liberal provision of weekly and monthly papers can leave no cause of complaint open to those who wish to use the institution as a club.

The educational plans of Toynbee Hall for the session 1906-7, which opens on October 1, have just been issued. The University Extension Courses include lectures by Dr. Rickett on English Social Reformers from William Langland and John Ball to Ruskin and Morris, and by Mr. J. A. Hobson on The Making and Sharing of Wealth. Another course of lectures will be delivered by Mr. C. W. A. Tait on The Development of British Rule in India. There are also classes in Nature Study, Physiology, English and Foreign Literature, and many other subjects. The syllabus also contains details of the Public Debates, Concerts and Popular Lectures which are held at Toynbee Hall, and to which admission is free. The Annual Convocation will be held on Saturday, September 29, and new students may obtain a card of admission on application to Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, the Secretary of Toynbee Hall.

LITERATURE

THE BONDS OF FATE

Prisoners. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

SORROW, passion, remorse and regret are the materials out of which Miss Cholmondeley has woven her new romance. She calls it "Prisoners," no doubt having in her mind a liturgical reference to the fact that we are all in a way prisoners and captives. As though to give warning that her book is not to be a joyful one, it begins with the marriage bells that usually sound at the end of a novel, and these marriage bells are themselves the emblem of a captivity. They signalise the marriage of a young English lady to an Italian duke. He is considerably older than his bride, and, although on both sides there is plenty of goodwill and admiration, love in the usual sense does not exist. It speedily comes to the young wife, however, when in Italy she meets with one who had been a sweetheart of her youthful days. He is a man of the most absolute honour, and no sooner discovers what their mutual feelings

are than he resolves to leave her for ever. But the weak, selfish and sentimental young wife will not allow this to take place without a farewell meeting, and makes an assignation with him. In the midst of their tender, fond farewells a great alarm is raised, and to save her reputation he hides behind a screen. However, they have mistaken the cause of the outburst. A murder has been committed in the garden, and the hunt is for the person who has done it. In these circumstances the lover is found dishevelled and bleeding, having tried in vain to make his way out over the garden walls, and he is instantly confronted with the choice of either allowing himself to be arrested as a murderer or of declaring his innocence and thereby ruining the reputation of the lady. Like the noble English gentleman he is, he does not hesitate, and is ready to save the lady at any price. In this he has the co-operation of the duke, who with his clear elderly eyes has been perfectly aware of what had taken place. Yet he, too, is a finely conceived character, and is not without an excuse for allowing an innocent man to suffer. He is under no illusion as to the character of his wife, as may be seen from the following passage:

"I knew it," said the duke. "She also, the duchess, is in love with you."

Michael drew back perceptibly. His manner changed.

"A little—not much," continued the duke. "I watched her, when you gave up yourself. She could have saved you. She could save you still—by a word. But she will not speak it. She appeared to love me a little once. I was not deceived. I knew. She loves you a little now. Why do you deceive yourself, my friend? There is only one person for whom she has a permanent and deep affection—for her very charming self."

The words fell into the silence of the bare room. Michael's thin hands, tightly clenched, shook a little.

The duke bent towards him.

"Is she worth it?" he said, with sudden passion.

No answer. Michael hid his face in his hands.

"Is she worth it?" said the duke again.

Michael looked up suddenly at the duke, and the elder man winced at the expression in his face. He looked through the duke, through his veiled despair and disillusion, beyond him.

"Yes, she is worth it," he said. "You do not understand her because you only love her in part. I meant to serve her by leaving Rome, but now I can't leave it. What I can do for her I will. It is no sacrifice—I am glad to do it, to have the chance. I have always wished—to serve her—to put my hands under her feet."

The truth is that the duke knows he has but a short time to live, one little year at most, and he too has a past. He had loved a woman and had induced her to leave husband and family for him, and she died of a broken heart. Miss Cholmondeley's chief study is of Fay, the woman who had selfishly and ignobly allowed the man to suffer for her sake. There is no capital punishment in Italy, and he was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. During the early days he is buoyed up with the belief that she will come to his rescue, but this the small selfish heart refuses to do. Even the dying words of her husband, who passes away as he foretold, do not induce her to take the step to which she should have been prompted by honour:

"It is spring," he said, looking full at her with tender fixity, and for a moment she thought his mind was wandering. "Spring once more. The sun shines. He does not see them, the spring and the sunshine. Since a year he does not see them. Francesca, how much longer will you keep your cousin Michael in prison?"

And thereupon the duke closed his eyes on this world, and went upon his way.

Thus Fay returns to her English home weighted with the knowledge that her true and devoted lover is undergoing the horrors of an Italian prison, just because she is too mean and too cowardly to set him free. Her very weakness is the cause of her torture. A person of a stronger mind and a more robust selfishness would have heartlessly dismissed the subject, but it weighs upon her until her days and her nights become an endless misery, and step by step she is driven by the remorseless action of her own mind to confess first to her sister and then to the Bishop. At this point Miss Cholmondeley has one of her weak moments and has to invoke the long arm of coincidence. At the very moment when Fay had confessed, the true murderer had been discovered.

The bishop came back, and sat down opposite them.

"Fay," he said, "as long as you live you will be thankful that you came to me to-day, that you were willing to make atonement by this great act of reparation. The comfort of that remembrance will sink deep into your troubled heart, and will heal its wounds. But the sacrifice is not to be exacted of you. I had to ask if you were willing to make it. But there is no longer any necessity for you to make it. Do you understand?"

The bishop spoke slowly. The two women looked at him with dilated eyes.

"Is Michael dead?" said Magdalen.

"No. Michael is, I believe, well. The murderer of the Marchese di Maltagliola has confessed. It is in to-day's papers. The Marchese was murdered by his wife. It was quite sudden and unpremeditated, the work of an instant of terror. She has made a full confession on her deathbed. It exonerates Michael entirely. She implores forgiveness for her long silence."

But by this time fresh complications have arisen. Like other weak characters, the girl has come to hate those who know what she has done, and even the lover in his prison has lost the place he once held in her heart. She has found a certain peace and comfort in the company of his brother Wentworth, a well-drawn character who plays a considerable part on the boards. It may be as well to say here that, fine as is Miss Cholmondeley's analysis of the feminine mind and feminine frailty, her men, admirable as they undoubtedly are in other respects, lack the final merit of masculinity. The good duke who dies with forgiveness on his lips is, after all, only a very fine and delicately minded woman. Michael in his martyrdom shows far more of the heroic woman's long-suffering and endurance than of the man's dominating energy: Wentworth, his brother, is furiously offended because one of his friends calls him an old maid, but that is really what he is. He wears a coat and trousers, but the novelist must have studied his model in petticoats. Even Colonel Bellairs, despite the expletives put into his mouth occasionally, is little more than a tempestuous virago. It would be unfair to pass any severe condemnation on Miss Cholmondeley on account of this, because it is a fact which nothing can get over, that no woman novelist has ever yet been able to paint a man. Even George Eliot's heroes and villains were either old maids, or, as in the case of Tito Melema, improper women in trousers. Except for this final characteristic, the men are, however, as well drawn as the women, and the author seems to unveil the inmost sanctuaries of their hearts. It is greatly to her credit that she deals in no very extraordinary characters. The people who pass over these pages are the ordinary men and women that one meets in the world. Not one is particularly gifted, not one approaches being anything like a genius, yet they have the passions, ambitions and foibles common to all humanity, and it is in their humanity that the merit of the writer lies. We have seldom read a book that is more suggestive, in the best sense of the word, and conveys to us more of the romance and pain of life which the old minstrels wove into their ballads, and which gives value to the great epics of the past.

The previous work of Miss Cholmondeley was full of promise, but this is more than promise: it is performance. In no modern novel has the female mind been analysed with a more delicate sense. The history of Fay is one to make us wonder that men should ever have sacrificed their lives for a reward so little to be desired as the love of a woman of this kind. Yet it has been so in the past, and we suppose will continue to be so until the end of the world.

THE ENGLISH HYMNAL

The English Hymnal. With Tunes. (Oxford: University Press, 3s., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. all net.)

THE publication of this book is an event of more than ordinary interest, in that it marks a distinct advance on all previous attempts to supply the Church of England with a manual of sacred song. It is an open secret that the volume owed its origin to the widespread feeling of

disappointment that followed the issue of the revised editions of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and of "Church Hymns" a few years ago. A great opportunity was then missed. But the compilers of the new hymnal, with their literary taste and width of sympathy and instinct for liturgical fitness, bid fair to redeem the loss by having provided a book which for strength and variety is unmatched by any other collection. They are to be congratulated, not only on the richness and originality of their venture, but on the extraordinarily high level which they have maintained throughout. Though their collection contains some six hundred and fifty hymns, hardly anything has been admitted which fails to stand the test of literary force, or is unsuited to be the vehicle of devout and rational aspiration. The compilers have gone back as far as possible to original phraseology, giving the author's name and date. Among the two hundred translations which they have included, they are themselves responsible for some of the most felicitous examples. They have ranged far afield in modern as well as ancient pastures, and it is refreshing to encounter lines by Lowell and Whittier, Spenser, Blake, Scott, Tennyson, and Rudyard Kipling by the side of all the well-known hymn-writers of the last half-century.

A volume that is offered "for use in the Church of Eng'land as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer," has a definitely ecclesiastical purpose, the object of the promoters being to make provision for the liturgical needs of English Churchmen. Such an aim might easily have spelt disaster in less capable hands, and it is safe to say that it could not have been so successfully accomplished twenty or thirty years ago. Much progress has recently been made in ecclesiastical studies, and we have come to understand more fully the principles of liturgical development, the structure and meaning of corporate forms of worship, and the devotional significance of the rites of the Christian Church. And, as we learn to appreciate the workmanship of the Prayer Book, so we are being led to respect its genius, and to cherish its witness to the "Nationalism" of our religion, as opposed on the one side to a spurious Catholicism which speaks of all things English as "insular," and on the other to the irreverence that dates the birth of Christianity at the Reformation. By the conjoint labour of a body of ecclesiastical experts we are now feeling our way towards a ritual which shall be neither that of Rome nor of Geneva, nor a hybrid combination of the two, but shall definitely express the English tradition of worship in the English way. This movement has been criticised as a piece of ecclesiastical pedantry; but it is a movement on the right lines. And if some of the experts are not free from archæological fads, their work as a whole is receiving a generous welcome from all who value the national individuality of our religion no less than the continuity of its historic growth.

The new hymnal has sprung out of the heart of this modern tendency, and reflects its excellences as well as its defects. The compilers have interpreted "the use of the Church of England" in the light of modern investigation and with a genuine sympathy for the historical antecedents of the Book of Common Prayer and its liturgical framework. They have made indeed a brilliant and learned effort to enrich the public worship of the Church. A splendid array of Office Hymns, translated from the ancient service-books of the Church, and retaining the crisp and nervous power of the Latin, form a valuable and effective supplement to the rendering of our Morning and Evening Prayer. Again, the sections devoted to Processionals and Litanies are admirable, alike in their contents and their arrangement. A "Procession" is not a straggling walk by the men and boys of the choir from the Vestry into the Church, but a definite act of worship for the whole congregation, the choir starting always from the Chancel, with regular pauses for devotion. In the new hymnal, therefore, the processions for the greater feasts have the versicle and response

printed in full, and the collect suggested: while in the Litanies these are introduced by the Kyrie, and the Pater-noster. Beside the usefulness of this printed scheme, a word of praise is due to the skilful manner in which the original metre of several of the hymns translated from English processionals has been preserved, the sonorous roll of hexameter and pentameter having been reproduced with marked success.

The last part of the book contains Introits and other anthems for use at Holy Communion. Here the hand of the liturgical expert is rather too apparent. Grails, tracts, commons, etc., are among the excrescences of worship which our reformers explicitly rejected; and such interpolations, though prepared with accurate research and a thorough respect for Scripture, are too intricate and elaborate for the present form of our English rite. It would have been well if the compilers had limited this section to Introits, with the Benedictus and the Agnus Dei, all of which were allowed to remain in the first edition of our Reformed Liturgy.

There are other places also in which the claim of the hymnal to be "not a party-book" may be called in question. Keble's "Ave Maria!" and, in particular, a hymn in honour of the Virgin by the Rev. V. S. S. Coles obviously presuppose a doctrine considered by many to be foreign to the Church of England. To insert a metrical paraphrase also of the "Anima Christi" is to court dogmatic objection. And microscopic analysis might detect in the Eucharistic hymns several affirmations which go beyond the language of the Catechism and the Liturgy. Yet these are of trifling import; and save for the verses and anthems suggested for the Holy Communion, the contents of the book may be said at once to lie within the broad and comprehensive limits that are characteristic of our National Church. To all but zealous partisans inclusion rather than exclusion is the note of a true Catholicity.

Ample space is assigned, as is natural, to the **Fasts and Festivals of the Church**. But a new note is struck in the provision of special hymns for the seasons, among which two sonnets by Samuel Longfellow on Summer and Winter deserve special recognition. Another direction in which the compilers have attained a real success is in their treatment of the theme of the departed. Not only have they avoided giving any occasion of dogmatic offence, but they have recovered for us the sense of joy and triumph which was universal in the early ages of Christianity, when the Gospel was felt indeed to have robbed death of its sting and terror. There is nothing "funereal" in the new hymn-book. A requiem, beautiful in its simplicity, comes from Central Africa, where it was written in Swahili for the members of the Universities Mission. Other selections have been taken from Isaac Watts and R. F. Littledale, and Canon Rawnsley contributes an excellent hymn; while Mr. Percy Dearmer, one of the promoters, is responsible for another, beginning:

God, we thank Thee; not in vain,
Lived our friend on Thee believing:
Not for him can we be grieving,
Ours the loss, but his the gain.
Ours the vanity of sorrow,
His the vision from the height,
His to-day—and ours to-morrow—
Change and awe and love and light.

A welcome feature of the book is the inclusion of a number of social hymns. As an alternative to the national anthem we can sing "God bless our native land," and also the magnificent hymn by Ebenezer Elliot, with its intensity of passion and chastened eloquence:

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of Mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people—
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day—
God save the people!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has penned a characteristic utterance; and with Kipling's "Recessional," and part of Russell Lowell's poem on "the Crisis," this section of the hymnal is one of its most original and praiseworthy efforts. Elsewhere too we meet with some notable expressions of social hope and feeling, among which we may quote the opening verse of a fine contribution by Canon H. Scott Holland:

Judge Eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgement
Purge this realm of bitter things;
Salace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

Of the hymns for children and mission services little need be said. The latter are almost all familiar, "Tell me the old, old story," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Hold the fort!" reappearing among other favourites. The compilers have wisely given opportunity for stirring appeal and fervid emotion, although enthusiasm is never allowed to degenerate into a wild and irreverent rhapsody of feeling. Hymns for the young are confessedly difficult to find. Mrs. Alexander was, as a rule, successful; but it is doubtful how far the young care to sing "We are but little children poor," or can join in Charles Wesley's "Pity my simplicity," or the evening prayer, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night." Adult sentimentalism is out of place on the lips of small folk, who throw it off with disdain at the time when their dolls and toys and other playthings fall away. More useful are those hymns which take the form of a metrical catechism, or a song about Nature, or a versified picture from the Bible. This division of the hymnal might have been shortened with advantage; for children ought to be made familiar from the start only with such hymns as they will be able to sing at any age.

The "English Hymnal," however, must be judged as a whole. It would be unreasonable to expect that no flaws are to be discovered within its pages. Yet the more this book is studied, the more do its general excellences appear. Its liturgical accuracy could not be surpassed; its literary work is always strong, and its scope is broad and sympathetic alike to "things old and new." The ecclesiastical world is apt to be conservative, and the process of public judgment on the new hymnal is sure to be slow. Yet it is to be hoped that the book will be studied with the care which it deserves: for as a collection of Sacred Poetry for the use of English Churchmen it stands easily without a rival in the field.

H. THEODORE KNIGHT.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

[Under the above general title a Series of Brief Papers will appear in successive numbers of the ACADEMY. They will be "short studies on great subjects"; jottings by the way, rather than essays by an expert. Some will be mere suggestions on miscellaneous topics, from varied points of view; others will contain a more ample discussion of one or two questions of contemporary interest.]

I. THE POWERS OF MEMORY

THE Scottish philosopher Sir William Hamilton used to throw emphasis on a distinction of much importance between the conservative and the reproductive faculty; or the power of accumulating and retaining past experience in the storehouses of memory, and the power of recalling it again, bringing it back to consciousness from latency, to live a second time when thus reproduced. One of these may be at a maximum, while the other is at a minimum; and, what is much more important, the former may work as accurately as a printing-machine in its automatic action, while the other is inaccurate, broken, fitful, and even chaotic. It is a fascinating psychological problem, but it may also be dealt with as a historical one, in reference to the capacity of giving

accurate reports of occurrences, or of speeches, conversations, addresses, etc., which have come down to us from a distant age.

It cannot be wondered at that many entertain doubts as to the authenticity of these recorded speeches, conversations and addresses, when we remember that there were no printing-presses in the ancient world, or reporters who took down each word of the sentences when spoken; and yet we have volumes recording the dialogues of sages such as Socrates and his companions, the addresses of orators, the speeches of barristers, the manifestoes of kings, the discourses of prophets, and the parables and other sayings of Christ.

It is to the latter that reference will be made in this short paper, because a real difficulty is felt by many as to the reproductions in the four Gospels, in literal detail, of the discourses and casual sayings of Christ. Many thousands have asked themselves, and have questioned others in vain,—how can we be sure that these are the very sayings that were spoken two thousand years ago—the *ipsissima verba* of the speaker—since there were no short-hand reporters in those days, and stenography was unknown? The question is a very natural one. It must be remembered, however, that the powers of memory were then probably much greater than they are now with us. The ability to reproduce, with almost literal accuracy, addresses, conversations, speeches, by the aid of memory alone may be a power which the world has, to a great extent, lost. It is possible that the very multiplication of aids to memory, the artificial means of recording words and phrases, has diminished for the modern world the ability to hand them on by the old and very natural method of oral reproduction and transmission. It was probably the same in the case of the conversations of Socrates, as recorded by Plato and Xenophon. The attendant pupil-friends were not literal reporters. They were probably much better, perpetuating their Master's words—or at least his ideas—by a divining tact which conserved their essence for all time.

In illustration, the present writer records a fact which he lately learned in Galilee, which was new to him then and there, and which seems to prove that the power of accurately reporting, and perpetuating by oral means, still exists in the Eastern World, however much it may have vanished from the Western, and to a certain extent from Christendom. A trustworthy witness-bearer assured him that he had read an address of some length to a miscellaneous audience and that some months afterwards it was all given back to him, *verbatim et literalim*, by one of the listeners who heard it. It had impressed itself so indelibly on the "sensitive plate" of that auditor's consciousness that he was able to reproduce it word for word with ease; the interval of time being apparently a matter of no consequence. It is well known that if the interval be one of a few minutes only, authentic and exact reproduction is possible. But it may surely be that, to the sympathetic listener, this latent power may remain unaffected by successive intervening incidents; and that we have thus the data of authentic history guaranteed to us, and the means of its reproduction supplied. I had no opportunity of verifying this by living instances, while in the East; but there can be no doubt as to the fact itself; although its extent may be unknown and its range disputable. Doubtless the power of authentic reproduction will vary with the general capacity and temperament of the individuals who possess it; and it is worth noting that it would be much easier to record and chronicle short sayings, proverbs, apothegms, parables, etc., than lengthy orations and discourses. A dialogue is more easily remembered and reported than a lecture is, a drama than an epic narrative; as the characters supply so many pegs on which the incidents hang, the remarks of the *dramatis personæ*—the questions put, and the answers given—may render even the details of the conversation permanent, and make them easier to reproduce.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

THE USELESSNESS OF KNOWLEDGE

THERE is a delightful scene in "Mansfield Park," where Maria and Julia Bertram discover the depths of Fanny Price's ignorance, and report the result of their investigation to Mrs. Norris.

"But, aunt, she really is so very ignorant," says Maria. "I cannot remember the time when I did not know a great deal that she has not the least notion of yet. How long ago is it, aunt, since we used to repeat the chronological order of the kings of England with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns?"

"Yes," added Julia, "and of the Roman emperors as low as Severus; besides a great deal of the heathen mythology, and all the metals, semi-metals, planets, and distinguished philosophers."

"Very true indeed, my dears," says Mrs. Norris, "but you are blessed with wonderful memories, and your poor cousin has probably none at all. There is a vast deal of difference in memories, as well as in everything else, and therefore you must make allowance for your cousin, and pity her deficiency. And remember that if you are ever so forward and clever yourselves, you should always be modest; for much as you know already, there is a great deal more for you to learn."

"Yes, I know there is," says Julia, "till I am seventeen."

With such delicate strokes of satire does Miss Austen dispose of the fallacy of the value of correct information, and of its emollient effect upon the character. The fact, of course, is that knowledge, in itself, is one of the most useless things in the world, when it is possessed by persons who wear it simply as an isolated ornament. The only use it can have in the case of ordinary people is to enlarge the mental horizon and quicken sympathy. Of course, it is a valuable instrument enough in the hands of a specialist; but that is the worst of our educational schemes, that they are all made by specialists and theorists, as if the design were to turn out specialists by the score.

To the ordinary person, for instance, the study of history is valuable, not that he may learn the movement of political forces and the development of constitutional theories; but that he may realise that there was a time when people looked, thought, and talked differently; and further that he may learn, however dimly, the benefits of liberty and civilisation. It is a fruitless quest, with the majority of minds, to hope to train them to have a grip of conflicting tendencies, or to enable them to form a sound and catholic judgment on historical problems. In the first place, their knowledge can never be wide and sound enough for that, nor sufficiently at their command. What ought really to be aimed at is to kindle the imagination, to awaken generous admiration, to set people aglow with the idea that it is worth while to make personal sacrifices in order to achieve some public-spirited end, in order to make others wiser, stronger, and happier. The best part of history for ordinary minds is that which deals with the lives and characters and efforts of noble-minded and ardent personalities, which quickens the sense of the largeness and the romance of the world. Yet these are two things that are hurried over by the conscientious teacher as being sentimental and dilettante, in favour of a knowledge of the events of a campaign, or the provisions of an Act.

Science is similarly misused. The value of science is to teach the ordinary man to look with an intelligent eye at the natural phenomena which surround him, dews and winds, fire and frost, birds and beasts, flowers and trees, pebbles and hills. Which is better, the child who can enter into the agreeable romantic effect of the line, "*I, said the fly, 'with my little eye,'*" or the child that knows that the description is inadequate, and that the fly's eye is an agglutination of dioptric lenses? It is all right that he should know the latter, if he realises the marvellous fact that, all the world over, there are millions and millions of these tiny creatures, restless, busy, tiresome things,

provided by some inscrutable provision of a central law with these amazing instruments of vision. That might perhaps touch the sense of poetical mystery, the incredible vastness and antiquity of the scheme of things in which we have a part. Of course, for practical purposes, there must be some attempt to develop accuracy in immature minds, but the aim of education seems too often to be to try to give people a false conceit of knowledge, instead of trying to initiate them into the sense of how grotesquely little is in reality known on any subject at all.

The fact that seems to be lost sight of in our schemes of education is that most of the people who are educated are destined to do the necessary drudgery of the world; and an educator's object ought therefore to be to develop mental curiosity, to touch the imagination, to create interest in simple intellectual pleasures. To enable people to do their work contentedly, and to fill their unoccupied hours rationally, ought to be the end of ordinary education. But as long as it is thought that education is the amassing of correct and accurate information so long will all our educational schemes be a failure.

Perhaps it is as well to get the machinery first; but the next thing to do is to make it worth the while of generous, intelligent, sympathetic and enthusiastic people to devote themselves to the profession of teaching, and to leave them as unfettered as possible as to the method with which they will deal with their subjects. Examination ought not to test how much knowledge has been acquired, but how far observation and general intelligence have been developed. The pathetic thing is that we have developed a sense of the importance of education; we have somehow or other got into our heads that every one has an inalienable right to be educated; but we are still in the dark as to the objects of education; instead of thinking that it is a process which ought to end in making men and women more simple, more content, more happy, we have a vague idea that it will enable us to retain our commercial superiority and to keep ahead of America and Germany. The success, in my belief, of German education is attested not by their commercial prosperity, but by the fact that Germans are genuinely devoted to intellectual and artistic pleasures. In England we fall between two stools; we despise the things of the mind, and though we worship commercial success we do not know how to attain it. Yet we dare not make experiments; we cling dully and mournfully to outworn systems.

Of course, the worst of making experiments on individuals, and educating a child on unconventional lines, is that the child may eventually turn out to be a conventional person, who may in later life only feel that he has been made the victim of an eccentric theory. For the most potent and deadly force, that we have to deal with in England, is the force of conventionality, the fact that to most of us the one impossible thing is to have an opinion of our own. It is not exactly timidity that causes this; it is rather a strong instinct to prefer at all costs being normal. The most refreshing person that it is possible to meet in England is the man or woman who has a theory of life, who knows what he or she desires, and regulates life accordingly. Unfortunately this is too often combined with a deep-seated selfishness, but when it is found in combination with sympathy, and amiability, and a sense of the rights of others it is an entirely admirable and delightful character.

The melancholy thing is that, however clearly one may see this, it is impossible to persuade people, by judicious argument, to be simple, sincere and unconventional. The most that any one can do who admires and desires such qualities, is to pursue them with all his might, without minding being misunderstood or misinterpreted. Not to do this stridently or officiously or offensively; but humbly, quietly and modestly; not quenching the smoking flax, but fanning it into flame; not breaking the bruised reed, but drawing out such faint music as may be saved from its shattered stops.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

THE ACADEMY

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EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

SEPTEMBER 15, 1906

SPELLING REFORM AS IT AFFECTS ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

By DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

It is significant of much that though the most conservative class in the community and acutely conscious of the thousand difficulties in the way, teachers as a body are cordially with the Spelling Reformers. And why? They, above all other persons interested, know the misery and travail involved in the attempt to teach the bewildering collocation of contradictions and conundrums mis-called our system of spelling. There is that classic pitfall "i before e except after c"; and there is *skein*, *seize*, *heir*, *deign*, and *feign*. Imagine the mental condition of the pupil who has got thus far. Rational instincts and an accurate attitude of mind are killed at the outset. Then—not to multiply instances—there is the sound value of the letter-combination *gh*. The unhappy pupil is taught that *r-o-u-g-h* is *ruff*; he applies the spelling to *stuff* or *muff* or *cuff* and—there is trouble. He is taught *l-a-u-g-h* is *laff*; he tries on the same letter-combination for *staff*, *calf*, *chaff* and *half* and is full of perplexity, if not indeed of pain, as a sequel.

I need not pursue the matter. But I will add to my comment on the waste of precious time and the hopeless irritation of spirit caused by English spelling the fact that to all this we add the monstrosities of our System of Weights and Measures. Deliberately I say that these alone are responsible for the waste of more than a good year of the average child's school life. Look at the matter for a moment. The child is taught that sixteen drams make an ounce and sixteen ounces a pound. Then they go on to insist that twenty pennyweights make an ounce and twelve ounces make a pound. And then finally, to break his simple faith in everything, they assure him that eight drams make an ounce and twelve ounces a pound. It is all very well to add the proviso that one of the aforesaid pounds is a pound "avoirdupois," another a pound "troy," and the third a pound "apothecaries". I wish we could really get to know what the hapless scholar really thinks of it all. It is because of all this and a good deal more that the teachers—knowing as they do full well the new labours for them which change involves—are not only Spelling Reformers but ardent advocates of a Decimal System of Weights and Measures and Coinage.

Very well. The question is, what is to be done? Of course you can simplify spelling, as we have been slowly and tediously doing for generations and as the Americans have been doing much more rapidly during the last twenty or thirty years. You can give up spelling music *m-u-s-i-c-k*, public *p-u-b-l-i-c-k*, governor *g-o-u-r-n-e-r*, lion *l-y-o-n*, his *h-y-s*, and clothes *c-l-o-a-t-h-es*. You can write catalog, program, pedagog, tho, thru, thoroly, altho, labor, honor, candor, demagog, domicil, esthetic, goodby, licorice, odor, omelet, phenix—as the Americans have been doing long before Mr. Carnegie's thousands, Professor Brander Matthews's and President Roosevelt's 300 words. But you cannot get much further. And why? Because your alphabet is hopelessly faulty. You have six-and-twenty symbols. Three—*c*, *q*, and *x*—may be struck out as being redundant. Therefore you are left with twenty-three symbols to represent roughly about twice as many everyday human articulations. What is the consequence? Some of these twenty-three effective symbols have to do duty for more than one sound-value. Take the vowel *a*. This one little letter does duty for any number of different sound-values. It has one sound-value in *fat*, another in

father, a third in *fate*, a fourth in *fall*, a fifth in *senate*, and so on.

So with the other vowels. So again with letters here pronounced hard, there pronounced soft.

Then again in many words letters are stuck in for no obvious purpose whatever. Take the silent letters in *heir*, *lamb*, *doubt*, and so on.

Again, there is the curious and bewildering circumstance that many words are pronounced alike but spelt differently. I may instance *ale* and *ail*; *air*, *ere*, *e'er*, *heir*, and *Ayr*; *aisle*, *isle*, and *i'll*; *all* and *awl*; *assent* and *ascent*; *ought* and *ought*; *aunt* and *ant*.

Finally—not to do more than touch the fringe of a most amazing study—there is the even more mentally paralysing fact that a number of words are spelt alike but pronounced differently. For instance:

<i>minute</i> is pronounced	<i>minil</i> and <i>mi-nul</i> .
<i>proceeds</i>	" <i>prö-sēdz</i> and <i>prö-sēdz</i> .
<i>rebel</i>	" <i>rēb-ēl</i> and <i>rē-bēl</i> .
<i>wind</i>	" <i>wind</i> and <i>wind</i> .
<i>contract</i>	" <i>kön-trakt</i> and <i>kön-trakt</i> .
<i>desert</i>	" <i>dē-zert</i> and <i>dēz-ert</i> .
<i>live</i>	" <i>liv</i> and <i>liv</i> .
<i>project</i>	" <i>pröj-ekt</i> and <i>prö-jēkt</i> .
<i>house</i>	" <i>hous</i> and <i>houz</i> .
<i>close</i>	" <i>klöz</i> and <i>klös</i> .
<i>produce</i>	" <i>prö-duce</i> and <i>pröd-uce</i> .

Now it is patent that no amount of mere simplification along the Roosevelt lines can come anywhere near the root of the matter. That can only be tackled by the setting up of an entirely new alphabet, the foundation of which shall be one symbol and one symbol only for every articulate sound—in a word, a brand new and purely phonetic alphabet. That has been in vogue for years with the more advanced of the reformers; but it is clear that the day of its general adoption is a very long way off indeed. All we can do just now is to follow slowly and patiently the line of simplification marked out by the Brander Matthews Board, taking care, of course, not to obliterate the authentic pedigree of any word in our painfully slow step towards simplicity. And, as has been most properly pointed out several times already since the issue of the now famous Roosevelt edict, it is imperative that any Simplification Board that is going to carry weight with the Anglo-Saxon speaking people all the world over must be representative of those people north, south, east and west. It will never do for a purely American Board to try to set the pace. If this is attempted, the very conservative Anglo-Saxon people of the Western Hemisphere will get "huffy"—to put the matter colloquially—and the result will simply be a Yankee-ised form of English spelling for use in America only. This will be a pity. You cannot apply the Monroe Doctrine in this case. Therefore all I can suggest is the creation of a Simplified Spelling Board constituted of philologists representative of all parts of the Anglo-Saxon spelling community. Such a Board might advance the cause of simplification enormously; and some day, several centuries ahead, might even tackle the matter at its root. Who knows?

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

I CONFESS myself an anarchist in the matter of spelling. I would have no conventional rules or penal laws about it at all. I would let everybody spell as they pleased, sure that the most would spell well. But if

there is to be a recognised standard I would keep the English Dictionary unchanged, except by gradual and natural modification. A language is a tree.

I think it a mistake to suppose that what is now being called Spelling Reform matters greatly to the elementary schools. To many of the children—perhaps in more or less degree to most—reading and writing *do* come by nature, as Dogberry said: and in learning to read and write they learn to spell. To most of the other children the toil and exercise of amending their spelling habit is a useful discipline; we must not remove every pebble from the path, nor leave the learner nothing limy in his diet to build up his mental teeth on. Remain the incorrigible dunces at spelling, who never learn—not even in the prolonged school-days of adult life—to spell according to the dictionary; the case for change, as it affects the elementary schools, depends on whether or not a simplified and regularised dictionary-spelling would make the matter easier for these. I am afraid I cannot think that it would.

My own proposal is that the “dunces” should be permitted in after life to spell as they please and be unorthodox in that without shame. Orthodox spelling at present is considered a proof of education, just as sounding the aspirate is made a social test. I would rather the minority should be free to spell as best they can than the dictionary be transmogrified to convenience them. I would keep the old standard for the many and relax it for the few. If what I think to be the comparative few be really the comparative many—a question for experience and opinion—spelling reform on natural lines would come about of itself.

So far as legibility is concerned, ways of spelling matter very little. In certain examinations papers are set in which long screeds of most erratic spelling are introduced expressly, to be corrected by the pupils. Cast the eye over one of these papers and you will find that you can read the stuff just as easily as if it were conventional good English. If everybody spelled as they pleased we should still be able to understand each other's books, articles and letters. By a perverse fatality, if there be a boy in an elementary school who is constitutionally unable to spell, he usually becomes apprentice to a sign-writer or a printer. When he paints a sign-board he will letter on it the word “business.” That is no less and no more legible than “business.” Neither would “biznis” be.

Under go-as-you-please rules most people would continue to spell according to the orthodox traditions; certainly those of us would who have an eye that winces at Josh-Billingsgate. One result of the American copyright laws is to bring into this country stereoplates for books spelt in American. Such of the new spellings thus introduced as justify themselves to general opinion will come to be adopted here, and, I think, no other. Let the English dictionary modify as the language does, by survival of the fittest. But in the meantime the preachers of spelling reform must not overdo the argument from the schools.

Does a child learn to spell as a separate act from learning to read? I think he usually learns reading and spelling together, and mainly by the remembered look of the words with which his eye becomes familiar. In this matter memory is optical. A child does not reason about spelling. Logical forms are no easier for him to remember and reproduce than are the exceptions which reformers condemn; indeed, they are perhaps less so. I am not at all sure that either logical spelling or phonetical spelling would give ease to the work in schools. A sophistry lies in the argument for phonetical spelling, unless my proposal for legalised anarchy in the matter is allowed. For there would have to be, I suppose, a standard and recognised phonetic form for each word? Based on whose pronunciation? On whose accent and inflection? The accent of Oxford or of Stratford-atte-Bow?

The standard and recognised phoneticisms would have to be taught by the teachers and studied by the scholars, just as the present standards are in the elementary schools.

We should have exchanged a famous, historical and literature-sanctioned dictionary for a brand-new one, little easier—that would be all. For, if wholly left to the ear, spelling would vary much more and be less often correct than now. A “dunce” in this matter in an East London school, told to write “coffee” and “lady” according to the sound of the words, would be likely to write “korfeý” and “lydy.” It would take as long to get him to write “koffe” and “layde” (if those be the proper phonetical forms) as it does to get him to write “coffee” and “lady” now. “Cow, plough, rough, through,” are absurd enough, no doubt; but what would be the phonetical spelling of “bound down town” in South Yorkshire? “Baan’ daan taan” is what Hallamshire children would write. And again—the correct phonetical spelling of “vase”? *Vays*, *vahs*, and *vaws* would be variously written for it, by educated people: for you hear educated people pronounce the word with those three variations in the vowel.

Enthusiasts for spelling reform assert that a year of a child's school-life could be economised for other studies by it. I very much doubt the computation. I think it a mere guess, and a bad one. I know very well that practice in spelling—the dictation lesson, the “word-building” lesson—takes up a good deal of time in school. But the arithmetical lessons take up much more. A careful calculation has shown that if we could decimalise our money, weights and measures, we *might* use a year of a child's life for him in teaching him other subjects, during hours now spent on the intricacies of arithmetic which arise from anachronistic notation. In this respect spelling is the gnat and arithmetical notation the camel. The elementary schools and school-time generally would be vastly benefited by an arithmetical change: a spelling change is much less important to scholars and teachers. I remember Sir William Harcourt, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, telling a deputation that no nation had ever adopted a Decimal system except during or soon after a Revolution. I should like to see an arithmetical revolution precede the one which spelling reformers advocate.

But all this is not to say that we might not do something of what the French Academy has done for French grammar and spelling—proceed to prune the most redundant and abandon the most practically archaic. It *would* be good for the schools to remove the distinction between “blessed” and “blest,” and their congeners, for example. Where there are two dictionary forms for the same word, as with “edile” and “ædile,” the simpler might be kept and the other discarded. “Fantasy” instead of “phantasy” is justified by “fantastic.” And so on.

But *adz*, *armor*, *ax*, *blusht*, *clasp*, *cutlas*, *decalog*, *dike*, and so on, are no easier for a child's eye to recognise and remember than are *adze*, *armour*, *axe*, *blushed*, *clasp*, *cutlass*, *decalogue*, *dyke*, and so on. And where the argument from utility is a weak one, the argument from literature and language-history must remain strong. Many pieces of classical English literature have been printed in phonography for years, but the fertilising flood of cheap reprints in recognised English still flows on; longhand lasts, though shorthand is the better. Convinced that the utilitarian gain to the elementary schools would be small, I dread the literary, lingual, and disciplinary loss to them which anything wholesale in the way of spelling reform would cause. Because we might very well write “blessed” *blest*, there is no reason to go on to write “blushed” *blusht*. To gain a letter the less may mean to lose an idea, a picture, an association, a rich past.

Perhaps the chief fault of the elementary school lies in coldness towards literature; though it is the ex-elementary scholars who purchase the millions of shilling and sixpenny reprints of famous books which are sold every year. I should be jealous of any change in word-form which would uglify literature to the cultivated eye. More cultivation, not more simplification, is perhaps the true aim. And as I am not convinced that simplification is so

necessary for the elementary schools, or would be so helpful, as the advocates of great change suppose, I cannot but feel lukewarm (to say the least of it) towards their pleas for spelling reform.

Let "dunces" spell as they please, let advertisements be written in the shortest and boldest orthography, let the language of the United States modify as it will; but here let us keep, so long as we can, for the Council school as well as for Harrow and Christ Church, a "well of English undefiled."

CO-EDUCATION (IN PRACTICE)

By JOHN RUSSELL

I HAVE been a believer in co-education ever since I have been a true believer in education, and no argument or fact that I have ever heard has shaken my view that general and efficient co-education will some day be found to be the most powerful preventive of the grave social evils that have their roots in the misunderstanding and misuse of men by women, and especially of women by men.

But it is only during the last five years that I have had personal experience of a mixed school, and even that experience has been practically confined to the ages of seven to fourteen.

In spite, however, of my limited experience, I feel that I can best serve the Editor's purpose by contributing not theories but facts—the facts revealed by that experience, or rather the facts as my colleagues and I have seen them.

Our school is a day-school for children of what it is customary to call the "upper middle class." It is small, seldom numbering more than fifty. Boys and girls are about equally divided, but—for reasons I need not stop to state, though I may stop to deplore them—there has always been a preponderance of girls in the top-class (average age fourteen to sixteen) and in consequence an undue and unfortunate preponderance of girl-prefects. We are a mixed staff of men and women, and our co-education is about as complete as we can make it, everything except lavatories being in common. In other words, in the organisation of all school-activities sex is entirely disregarded, though in the general treatment of individuals, it is of course allowed its full personal value.

Under these not unfavourable conditions, I have observed many things, to the most significant of which I shall now refer.

My first general observation is this: that the fusion in the minds of the staff of the boy and girl into the child has been so complete, that except of deliberate purpose we never differentiate between the sexes but only between individuals. I do not mean that sex is not felt to be at the bottom of individuality; I only mean that in our every-day feeling, thinking and acting this fact does not persistently obtrude itself.

And even when I do of set purpose differentiate, I can only arrive at the following lame generalisations: That (as every schoolboy knows) the general behaviour of girls is better than that of boys—by which I mean that girls have more personal self-respect, more innate sense of orderliness, more regard for constituted authority, more consideration for the feelings of others, more power of steady application, and, though by no means tongue-tied, more tongue-control.

I have found that boys, on the other hand, have much more initiative, much more inventiveness. We have new play-ground activities every term, new societies (secret and other) every term, new illustrated magazines nearly every term. Most of these things have a glorious hour and cease to be, but they are nearly all the work of boys. The conspicuous exception was a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers" founded by a girl with a future.

And boys certainly have more natural aptitude for games, and age for age, would always beat girls at cricket, and, I think, at hockey.

Except in these respects, I do not find it easy to distinguish between them. In the class-room, age for age, they

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work with apparently equal zest (or its opposite), and with apparently equal success (or its opposite). And so in all the other school-activities, including workshop, gymnastics and gardening. Many and great differences of course there are, but they seem to result from the ordinary differences of personal equipment, rather than from the special differences of sex.

In my short experience of co-education then, I have seen quite clearly at least this: that boys and girls can work and play together in a spirit of perfect good comradeship, with no more cliquism than in a boys' or a girls' school, and that they can do this to their great mutual benefit. The benefits we have especially observed are that sentimentality and timorousness and other lackadaisical girlish qualities tend to wither away in the robust physical atmosphere created by the boys, and that rough rude boyish manners, including the use of ugly language, are considerably softened by the refining influence of girls. I do not of course hear one-hundredth part of what my boys say, but I keep untiring watch and have never heard or suspected a foul word. Can any master of any boys' school say the same?

Of conscious—or even unconscious—emulation between boys and girls we have seen very little. And of growth in mutual understanding and respect—supreme objective of co-education—we can hardly in the nature of things see many visible signs while they remain boys and girls. But it is something that we have seen scarcely a trace of the old-fashioned boyish contempt for a girl, and still less of the old-fashioned girlish airs with a boy.

That, in a very rough and ready calculation, is the credit of the account. Is there anything on the other side? There is, and if this paper is to be an honest paper, that other side must be put.

The first item is not serious, but it is well that it should be stated. A few boys have resented the girls, a few girls the boys. The chief reasons for this, I think, have been on the one hand the tradition of girl-inferiority, and on the other the tradition of boy-roughness, both most unfortunately fostered at home by elder brothers and sisters. As co-education becomes more and more general, those traditions will become more and more impotent.

The second item is more serious and touches at last what many opponents of co-education regard as the root of the matter. I can imagine such an opponent asking me this question: Have you ever in your school seen any cases of conscious, or unconscious, sex-attraction? If so, did they lead to mischief? And if so, does not co-education stand self-condemned?

I will answer those questions, first by saying that I have seen such cases, then by briefly characterising them, and then by saying why I do not think that co-education thereby stands self-condemned.

Of unconscious sex-attraction I have seen in all four cases: two in boys of seven and eight whose behaviour (even though in one case the attraction was signed with a kiss) was as natural and beautiful as that of the child-lovers in Whittier's familiar poem; and two in boys of eleven, both of perfectly good character, in whom there was evident at one time a distinct special pleasure in the companionship and contact of elder girls.

Of cases of conscious attraction I have known only two:

The first was a case among the elder children of a special boy and girl friendship, so restrained as to have been almost unnoticed, yet so true as to have influenced them both profoundly—and, I must add, so right as to make me ashamed to seem to be suggesting that it was wrong.

The second was very different, and is the one case that has given me anxiety.

Two little boys of eight, both of whom I afterwards found had similarly offended before coming to us, tried upon one occasion to induce two other little boys and one

little girl to join them in a game—as they called it—which, though not of a really grave nature, depended for its point upon sex-attributes. That the attempt met with no success does not lessen its significance.

That is the sum of the cases that have come to my notice in five years. We are as vigilant as we know how to be, but I cannot prove—or even assert—that nothing else of the sort has ever taken place. And even if I now found out that it had, I could not admit that co-education stood condemned—only that I did, as its guardian.

For I should hold that every boys' school and not a few girls' schools—if the truth were known—would show a far more serious record, and I should hold further that the poison—if poison it may be called—would work more immediate and more ultimate mischief among children of one sex, partly because the need for vigilance in this matter would not generally be so strongly felt, and partly because, whatever influence boys may exercise upon girls, there can be no doubt whatever that girls exercise an immense restraining influence upon boys, no less than women upon men.

I would further emphasise the fact that my only case of real trouble occurred among children under ten—the age up to which there is almost a unanimity of opinion in favour of co-education.

To my mind the real sex-danger in all schools—and I do not deny that it exists—is greatest before twelve. If pernicious habits—even of thought—are formed then, the whole life will bear the mark. Afterwards when the passions are stronger, the antidotes are stronger too. Among those antidotes three things, in my opinion, share the chief place: the frank, fearless teaching by parents of the mystery of fatherhood and motherhood; the provision of school-occupations calculated to promote a happy, healthy activity of body and mind; and the establishment, under the most carefully chosen mixed staff, of schools in all grades of genuine co-education.

IS ATHLETICISM OVERDONE AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

By NORMAN GALE

THE question that is printed at the head of this article is one that has divided parents into two camps, though assuredly it should not have brought about so marked an effect, especially at a time when it is a commonplace for most of us to talk with an air of wisdom about the many advantages to be gained by feeding ourselves at every possible chance upon fresh air. Many parents seem to think that a Public School is nothing if it is not a machine for polishing the brains of the young; and that when it is unengaged in this work it is idle, not because managers feel it their duty to see that fair play is done to the muscle as well as to the mind, but because the machinery would suffer were it to be run for more hours at a time than at present it is allowed to run. Surely it would be better to look upon a Public School as an institution nicely arranged for the two purposes of educating the sense and the sinew. For my part, were I a parent, I should be properly anxious, of course, about my boy's progress in subjects likely to help him at the earning stage of his life. I should, holiday after holiday, bundle him into my scales to see whether he was putting on mental flesh, so to speak; and, within fair limits, I should judge his teachers by the verdict of the scales. But even if the result should prove favourable to his masters, there would still be matters of importance to be tested between them and me. Suppose I found my boy to be admirably equipped in respect of *ut* with the conjunctive; to have a large Latin or Greek vocabulary stored in his head; to possess an almost Ciceronian knack of Latin prose. Well, all this would be much, but it would not be all for which I should look with keen anxiety; for I should soon be at his chest with a tape measure. Moreover, I should want

to see the lad with shoulders in fine trim; with his head carried as if it were a thing of price, not a sloven's overburden; and with a manner of walking that should not be an insult to the road. If I found him to disappoint me in all these particulars, I should feel it my right to consider the authorities at his school somewhat to blame, because, in my opinion, no Public School is in keeping with the true spirit of education unless it works by the golden rule that the average boy is to be shaped not only in the class-room, but also in the playing-fields. When he is growing fast, it is best to look upon a boy as half-mind, half-muscle, and to teach these halves with judicious care. There is, unfortunately, a tendency among parents, and even, though in a smaller measure, among schoolmasters, to forget that the life of the class-room is nourished by the stores of sunshine and fresh air that have soaked into the boys while playing at their various games. A paragraph of Livy is sweetened for the scholar by the recollection that yesterday he got fifty runs in a House match; Virgil's web is unwound by him the more easily for no weightier reason than the remembrance that not many hours before the lesson he had brought down a flying three-quarter back when he was within a couple of yards of scoring a try. Few masters stop to think how greatly their work is lightened for them by the play that has preceded the hours to be spent at the desk and the blackboard. The spirits of play and work are closer companions than it is usual for many of us to remember.

After what has been said it will not come as a surprise to my readers to learn that, in my opinion, athleticism, in the general sense, is far from being overdone at Public Schools. I will go still further, and say that athleticism (this time the word is to carry the meaning of sport finely managed) does not receive the right amount of right attention. In the summer term a boy at Rugby School, if he is a performer of average merit, plays cricket for about twelve hours a week. Can it be seriously pretended that a growing lad ought to have fewer hours than these as relaxations from work, as benefits for muscles and lungs, and as chances for aiming at the honour of getting into the School Eleven? Cricket is a teacher on the honorary staff; but if it could receive a salary, how large that salary ought to be in return for its delightful mingling of health and eagerness, friendship and discipline, logic and adventure! Whether the official game of a term be cricket or football or running, I do not think it can be said by the thoughtful and fair-minded that a boy is pampered by the amount of vigorous exercise he is allowed to have at a Public School. I grant, of course, that such a system must be galling to such lads as are not to be measured by the measure used in the case of the normal English boy. But the general must be considered before the particular. Even sunshine vexes some of the creatures of the world, so we need not wonder that to a handful in every large assembly of boys the cricket ball stands for a symbol of purgatory. If parents want their sons to be all head and no chest, let them not cease to grumble till they have persuaded Head Masters to filch what has always been the cub's birthright—a season for frolic—from the youngsters in their charge. What I noticed in the days when I was a schoolmaster has led me to be more in favour of extending the playtime than of shortening it, because I am certain that play is to work what the bead is to the wine. The playing fields march, so to speak, into the classroom with the boys. I shall always believe that cricket and football are partial solvents of dead languages. Of two boys with equal powers of brain and equal times for study, the one a joyful athlete, the other nothing more notable than a collector of stamps or postcards, the lad in the sunshine, with his chances to learn a discipline while adding to his chest measurement, will keep in front of the picture-postcard boy in the race of life.

In an article so short as this it is not possible for me to say all I should like to say in defence of those who have allotted a generous amount of time for the pursuit of games at our Public Schools. I wish to be emphatic

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in counselling parents to be less anxious about the hours given up to play and more anxious about the manner in which the various games are organised. The wish to move in this respect will come to them as soon as they have made up their minds to value at its proper worth a system of athletics that, so far from being only an arrangement to relieve the masters and to keep the boys out of the tuckshops, is in reality a noble part of education. Parents might do worse than ask many of our Headmasters how it is that running (the official sport of the Easter term) should be treated not less unkindly than Cinderella was treated by her sisters. There is the cricket "Blue"; there is the football "Blue"; but where is the running "Blue"? Parents might ask whether it is becoming that hundreds of boys should go lurching flat-footed over the landscape, untaught how to manage each and every part of the body, and burlesquing at large in English counties the sport that flourished so handsomely when Greece was Greece indeed. They will be better occupied in asking a question such as this than in grumbling because their sons play cricket or football twelve hours a week. Good health is a base of success; and it is on a few acres of level turf that boys should as often as possible be allowed insensibly to fill themselves with the treasure of good health. Wherever else athleticism may be overdone, I am convinced that it is not at our Public Schools. Hands off the cub's birthright, if you please!

THE FOOD AND SLEEP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

By EUSTACE MILES

"The first shall be last" is a saying especially true of domestic and national necessities. The first, the most important problems, are the last to be dealt with. The best foods, the best exercises, the best subjects for children, the best ways of teaching them—such matters are being discussed now, in the twentieth century, after millions of children have been at once over-fed and starved and poisoned, and otherwise injured physically, intellectually, and morally.

While it has been usual to teach children to obey implicitly, to kill their precious instincts, to memorise thousands of fruitless things; scarcely any effort has been made to teach children how to eat and how to rest.

The "food" of a child—what should it be? Appropriate edibles, eaten rightly at the right times; appropriate drinkables, drunk rightly at the right times; good air; healthy thoughts and conversation. All these things feed a child: they enter into it and build it.

But in this article I must confine myself to foods in the ordinary sense of the word, after a few remarks on a very essential point.

Just as it is not enough to give the child information: the child must also assimilate the information, and therefore must have the right conditions for assimilation; so it is not enough to give the child food: the child must also assimilate the food, and therefore must have the right conditions for assimilation.

One of these conditions is sleep. Sleep gives the active body a chance of resting with its limbs and allowing its organs to make up its arrears.

Sleep is necessary for normal digestion and assimilation of the very best foods. It is equally or more necessary when the very best foods have not been taken: it is necessary in order that the bad effects may be got rid of by extra work on the part of the scavengers of the body. In fact, I would lay it down as a law that, the worse the child's food, the greater the child's need of sleep.

As to the number of hours needed by the child, it is ridiculous to lay down a law at all. I do not doubt that, if a child were sensibly fed and trained and dressed and so forth, quite a few hours would not be too little. For sleep—like work—must be reckoned not by hours but by intensity. Nearly every one reckons work and sleep by the number of hours—a silly calculation. Work and sleep

should be judged not by their size (as soldiers and platefuls of foods and fortunes generally are), but by their merits—their results.

As an example, a Hindu runner who knows how to feed, and how to relax the muscles and nerves of his body, can get more repose in a few minutes than a badly fed and tense European can in as many hours.

But, as children are fed and trained at present, they need so much time to finish their digestion and assimilation and their internal remedial work, during sleep, that perhaps ten or even twelve hours would be a fair allowance for many of them.

As to the food, I have not words in which to condemn the carelessness and callousness of those who have hitherto allowed children to be—as I said above—at once overfed and starved and poisoned. The responsibility cannot be placed with the children. Every reader can decide easily where it can and must be placed. And an impartial-minded posterity will lay to the charge of the managers the crime of murder. For there is successful experience to be had at a low price; the mistakes are definite and by no means inevitable. I will prove this by one example.

We know the rate of infant mortality. It is not lowest in the slums of a large city when the hot weather turns food bad so quickly that unscrupulous tradesmen adulterate it with preservatives. Well, in New York, not many years ago, hundreds of children of various ages, taken from the tenements, were for many months fed in a certain way, involving no great expense for the raw materials; during these months there was not a single death among them. The experiment was conducted under impartial supervision. The secret of its success was that the feeding was scientific.

How many English parents and schoolmasters and mistresses have profited by the statistics? I suppose about one in a thousand—perhaps less than one!

Parents and schoolmasters and mistresses who read this will naturally ask for positive advice. I cannot cram into a small space what requires a long book. But I will give an instance of a principle almost universally neglected.

It will not come as a new idea to most people that it is especially the starchy foods that need to be well masticated, so that first of all these foods may be broken up, and then they may be mixed with the digesting saliva which is aroused by the act of mastication.

But apply the general rule in an obvious direction. Consider porridges and wet puddings. How do children eat them? They seldom *eat* them; they usually *swill* them down, unmasticated; they almost *drink* them.

Some digestions are abnormally strong. But the average digestion of a child is upset by the heavy weight of starchy and sugary food, which soon begins to ferment. Perhaps the child looks "fat," but the cause of this is not healthy flesh: it is puffy matter.

Of course some children are taught to masticate even wet starchy foods well. But these are exceptions. As a rule the boy or girl does as the elders do—gobbles.

How can this be prevented?

Easily enough, if starchy food be served dry. As an extreme case, think of the cracknel biscuit. You cannot drink it. You must masticate it; you must break it up and mix it with saliva. You are forced to be physically virtuous.

So, instead of what Dr. Harry Campbell calls the "pappy" foods, that so often ruin the teeth and the digestion, there should, as a rule, be given the dry and crisp starchy foods, such as very thin toast, rusks, and crusts of bread. This class of foods trains the child to masticate, so that, later on, the child will very likely masticate even the wet starchy foods.

And why should not the child be told some of the reasons of things? There is no need to mention diseases. It is enough to point out what is normal and healthy, and the way to this state.

As it is, however, most parents and masters and mistresses come to the most vitally important national

work—the training of healthy children, the making of the next generation—utterly ignorant, and, as is the way of elders, as unwilling to receive new truths as they are ignorant.

The knowledge that they need is simple and accessible and cheap. Until they seek and master this knowledge, and put it into practice, I am reluctantly compelled to submit that they are among the most unpatriotic of living animals, and that, from the point of view of personal morality, they are breakers of the Sixth Commandment.

SCHOOL BOOKS

GREEK AND LATIN

MR. MURRAY has issued a new edition of Sir William Smith's *Initia Graeca* (Part I. 3s. 6d.), a book which needs no recommendation. The revision contains little new matter and the exercises are practically unaltered, but the Accidence has been simplified by cutting out unnecessary forms, and few corrections have been made. To the Rules of Syntax introduced at the last revision a few practical additions have been made; and student and master are provided with a singularly complete, lucid and accurate guide to the grammar and syntax of the best Attic Greek.

Such a work as Dr. Florian Weigel's abbreviated edition of the famous Curtius and von Hartel *Griechische Schulgrammatik* (Vienna, Tempsky: Leipzig, Freytag), comes rather outside the province of this supplement, as it is unlikely to be used in English schools. But those who know the sterling merits of the original which Dr. Weigel has compressed for common use will be glad to know of the existence of the book, which appears to us to be admirably edited. Mr. Tempsky sends us also the twentieth edition of Karl Schenkl's *Griechisches Elementarbuch*, a supplement to the twenty-fifth edition of Curtius and von Hartel, edited by Heinrich Schenkl and Florian Weigel (2k. 85h.); and both the firms of publishers named join in the second, enlarged and improved edition of Christian Harder's *Angewählte Abschnitte* from Thucydides for the use of schools, of which volume ii., containing the commentary, is before us (M 1).

From the Cambridge University Press we have received an edition of *Herodotus IV., Melpomene*, by Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh (4s.), a new volume in the Pitt Press Series. In this book Dr. Shuckburgh has followed the plan he adopted in the previous books of Herodotus he published some fifteen years ago. First comes the introduction which deals historically, geographically, ethnographically with the subject of the book. Then come the notes on the text; then the text; then the notes, grammatical, exegetical, etc., and finally the geographical Index, which is a mine of information. Book IV. we have never thought an especially interesting book, but its treatment by Dr. Shuckburgh's wide learning, old and new, gives it a charm of its own, and he is careful to bring Herodotus into touch with modern knowledge of the Scythians and of Libya.

Of the text of *Bacchylides*, edited by Sir Richard Jebb (1s. 6d.), we need say no more, the subject having been fully treated by Professor Tyrrell in an earlier number of the ACADEMY. Dr. Shuckburgh's edition of the *Philoctetes*, with a commentary abridged from that of Jebb (4s.), is more distinctively a school-book. In it he follows the scheme of his previous *Antigone* and *Oedipus Coloneus*. We have first the introduction, which compares (with the help of Dion Chrysostom) the *Philoctetes* of the three great dramatists, analyses that of Sophocles, and touches on the legend in art and many other pertinent topics; then comes the list of the manuscripts and editions, and the metrical analysis; then Jebb's notes, shortened by about one-third, occupy more than a hundred and sixty pages, and two Indices end the book. It is good that Sir Richard Jebb's monumental labours should be put within reach of schoolboys by so sound a scholar as Dr. Shuckburgh.

We have two other Greek plays before us, Mr. Gilbert Norwood's *Andromache* (Murray, 2s. 6d.) and Mr. Harold Williamson's *Medea* (Blackie's Illustrated Greek Series, edited by Professor Tyrrell, 2s.). Mr. Norwood's book is intended for the higher forms in schools and of younger students at the Universities, and he aids them by being careful not to refer to anything outside the play itself without translating or quoting the passage intended. His commentary aims at making the play a living thing, and the introduction is full, sound and interesting. Notes, Appendix on the particles and Vocabulary. Mr. Williamson also gives an Appendix on the particles in his play and

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We have referred in a previous number to Mr. Arthur Sloman's admirable *Grammar of Classical Latin for use in schools and colleges* (Cambridge University, Pitt Press Series, 6s.), and have pleasure in returning to a book that will aid the simplification of its subject. Classical Latin, to Mr. Sloman, means Cicero, Caesar, Virgil, Horace and Ovid, and to these only do his statements on Syntax apply. For his *Accidence* he slightly enlarges the field, including Cornelius Nepos, Tacitus, Catullus, Juvenal and other writers. A most valuable part of Mr. Sloman's work consists in the pruning of other people's errors, and the whole tendency of this book is to simplify and elucidate a subject which a multitude of grammarians have helped to obscure. He divides his book into five parts, Phonology, Accidence, Syntax, Prosody and Etymology, each of which has its own section. While we have not space to dwell in detail on the merits of a very scholarly work, we may remark that it is the best grammar of its size we know, and that Mr. Sloman's innovations, while not so radical as to be disturbing, are all improvements. The book is so printed as to aid the student very much by the use of various types, and we recommend it with confidence to masters who desire thoroughness and simplicity combined. While we are on this subject we may mention also two recent publications of Mr. Tempsky of Vienna: a sixth edition, revised by Dr. Robert Kauer, of Scheindler's *Lateinische Schulgrammatik* (2 k. 60 h.), and a *Schulwörterbuch* to Sedlmayer's selected poems of Ovid compiled by Hugo Jurečka (2 k. 40 h.) now in its third revised and improved edition. This book is illustrated with fifty-two plates illustrative of the works treated.

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The University Tutorial Series has been increased by a

Matriculation Latin Construing Book (2s.), by Messrs. A. F. Watt and B. J. Hayes. The book makes an attempt to formulate rules to guide the learner in translations from the Latin. The authors point out that the reduced time available for classics under the modernising of education makes it necessary that construing should be most systematically taught. The thirty-four sections of this book are so arranged (with copious exercises) as to lead the learner on until he has acquired a fair power of reading at sight; and the book also contains a number of passages set at the London University Matriculation Examination, and a lexicon. For its purpose it is admirably adapted. Those who are learning to translate from English into Latin will find Mr. W. Horton Spragge's *Easy Latin Prose* (Arnold, 1s. 6d.) a useful book. The hundred and two English passages are all translated from the Latin as literally as is consistent with English style. They are of progressive difficulty, and the footnotes suggest the right word in many cases. A sound book for small boys and girls is Mr. J. A. Stevens's *Junior Latin Syntax* (Blackie, 8d.).

To the *Scriptorium Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis* there has recently been added *Stati Thebais et Achilleis* (Clarendon Press, 6s.), edited with brief critical notes by Mr. H. W. Garrod, another valuable addition to a very valuable library of classical texts. The same Press have issued Mr. F. P. Long's translation of *Caesar's Civil War* (3s. 6d. net.), which has a long and interesting introduction. Caesar, again, is the material of Mr. W. J. Lowe's little book for beginners in Latin; *Tales of the Civil War* from the third book, with historical introduction, notes, maps, vocabularies and exercises (1s. 6d.). It will be sufficient to say that the plan of the book is that of Mr. Allen's "Lives from Cornelius Nepos" and "Tales of the Roman Republic" and that the work has been well done. To the second edition of Mr. W. Y. Fausset's *Cicero: Orationes Caesarianae*, with introduction and notes, Part I. Text (2s. 6d.), which the Clarendon Press has recently published, has been added an Appendix of the chief variants in the text edited by Mr. A. C. Clark (Oxford, 1900). Each of the three speeches has its separate introduction and notes, and the text is broken into the divisions of the argument by brief analytic notes.

A new volume in the Pitt Press Series is Mr. J. D. Duff's *C. Plini Caecili Secundi Epistularum Lib. VI.* (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.) It is intended for young students, and has full explanatory notes with plenty of translation in them, and indications of the difference between Pliny's syntax and Cicero's. The introduction deals with Pliny's Life, and Pliny's Letters.

The success of Messrs. Watt and Hayes's *Matriculation Selections from Latin Authors* (University Tutorial Press, 2s. 6d.) is sufficiently shown by the fact that it has now reached its second edition (third impression). A very valuable feature for the purpose of this book is the introduction, which is packed with information on Roman Literature, history, government and antiquities.

We have before us two editions of Cicero's *Pro Lege Manilia*: one edited for the University Tutorial Series by Mr. A. Waugh Young and Mr. A. F. Watt (2s. 6d.), the other by Professor W. J. Woodhouse of Sydney for Blackie's Illustrated Latin Series (2s.). Both follow very much the same plan: Introduction, dealing with Cicero, Rome in the East, Mithridates, Pompey and the Pirates; text (analysed in Mr. Woodhouse's book, by paragraphs) and notes. The University Tutorial Series edition has an analysis of the speech in the introduction. Mr. Woodhouse's book has a vocabulary and is the fuller of the two, and it has the advantage also of a number of illustrations. So, too, has Messrs. Hemsley and Aston's edition in Messrs. Blackie's series of *The Second Macedonian War*, being extracts from Livy, Books 31, 32 and 33. The introduction here is very brief; the notes contain much translation and there is a full vocabulary.

To Messrs. Blackie's very useful series of Latin texts, the following additions have been made: *The Aeneid*, edited by Mr. S. E. Winbolt, each Book in a separate little volume (6d. net each) containing each the same textual, biographical and critical introduction and textual footnotes; *Caesar's De Bello Gallico*, I.-VI., edited by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse (each 6d. net), in which again the same introduction occurs in each volume; *Livy VI.* edited by E. Seymer Thomson (6d. net); and the *Ilias Latina* edited by W. H. S. Jones (6d. net) in which the introduction is briefer than is usual in this admirable little series, the cheapness of which puts good texts within the reach of all.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

ALREADY the English adaptation of Rossmann and Schmidt's *French by the Direct Method* (Jack's Language Series) has reached its second edition, a proof of the instant popularity of

this improved method of teaching French. The system is too well known now to need more than a word of description. It begins by teaching the simple names of things, always employing at the same time either gesture or picture to bring them home to the student: oral exercises before writing begins: no translation from French into English: grammar—and that as little as possible—only when the pupil knows enough of the foreign tongue to be able to piece the rules together bit by bit. Actuality, in fact, is the keynote of the method, which is surely destined to supersede those now in general use. The volumes are as follows: I. First Year's Course (1s. 6d.); Second Year's Course (1s. 8d.); Third Year's Course (2s. 6d.); Fourth Year's Course; Livre d'Exercices (2s.). These are all edited by Mr. Thomas Cartwright, illustrated, and provided with phonetic script, the use of which is advised but not essential. To the Fourth Year's Course also belongs the *Livre de Lecture* (2s.), which is an illustrated History of France, French Literature and Geography, and the *Grammaire Française en Français* (10d.), which has the phonetic script. The last two are prepared by Hélène Vivier.

Much on the same principle is a useful little illustrated *First Year's French on the Oral Method*, by A. H. Smith (Blackie, 1s. 6d.). Phonetic script: chansons, and glossary. Messrs. A. and C. Black also send us a phonetic book—Mr. D. L. Savory's transcription of Kirkman's *Première Année de Français*, Part I. (Cours Élémentaire, 6d.).

The direct method, again, is employed in Albert Thouaille's *First Steps in Colloquial French* (Blackie, 2s.), an illustrated book of sixty-three lessons with a short grammar and glossary. Mr. Gauchez Anderson's *Nouvelle Grammaire Française* for use in English schools (Methuen, 2s.) is intended for pupils who have reached a certain stage in the "reform" method, and devotes itself principally to the difference between English and French idioms. A very useful and sound book, which pays full attention to phonetics and gives diagrams of the organs of speech. The irregular verbs are much simplified by the use of phonetics; and diagrams and tables are frequent. Messrs. Siepmann and Pellissier have compiled their *Public School French Primer*, comprising reader, grammar and exercises with a chapter on French sounds and lists of words for practice in pronunciation and spelling (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), for pupils of about thirteen taught by the reformed or the old method. It preserves some of the features which the more ardent reformers are perhaps over-anxious to abolish; e.g., translations into French, and grammar. The grammar is, however, rendered as simple as possible, and the system of "Drill," "Exercise" and "Reproduction" is thoroughly sound and should result in accuracy and clearness of thought in the pupil.

The main object of Miss F. M. S. Batchelor's *First Exercises in French Grammar* (Dent's Modern Language Series, 1s. net) is to prevent the pupil's mind being confused by too many questions at a time. Each exercise deals with one point of grammar only. And English is carefully kept out of the work.

Arnold's Modern French Book, Book I., edited by H. L. Hutton (1s. 6d.) is meant for pupils who have done a year's French by any method. Passages are given of increasing difficulty and to each a number of questions (in French) are appended, the pupil being intended both to ask and answer them.

Extracts for Composition in French for middle and senior classes, with reference to Heath's "Practical French Grammar," edited by Mr. J. E. Mansion (Harrap) is a book that the reformers will not like. Nevertheless it is a sound piece of work, passing from translations from very easy French to difficult passages of English prose.

Among the Readers we welcome heartily the new Oxford Higher French Series, edited by Leon Delbos, which is intended for upper forms and University students. The texts are as complete as possible, the notes advanced, the introductions, when written by Frenchmen, are in their native language; and the volumes are so pleasant to hold and read that they should be popular among others than students. We have before us *Lamartine's Jocelyn* (3s. net), *Mme. de Staël's De l'Allemagne* (2s. 6d. net), *Mémoires de Mme. Campan* (2s. 6d. net), and *Gautier's Trois Grotesques* (2s. net.) Each volume has a portrait of its author.

To Blackie's Modern Language Series have been added (Galland's) *Histoire d'Aladdin* (1s. 6d.) with notes and vocabulary; *Un petit voyage à Paris*, by Marguerite Ninet (1s. 6d.); and *Le Livre des Jeux*, twelve French games for English children, by A. C. W. Tillyard (1s.). In Dent's Modern Language Series we have Mrs. Boyd's *Les Pèlerins de la Tamise*, or the wanderings of Pierre and Maurice in England, with notes and exercises (1s. net), and *Fables de la Fontaine*, with notes, exercises and lessons in versification by Thomas Keen (1s. 6d. net).

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The *First German Course for Science Students* by H. G. Fiedlen and F. E. Sandbach (Moring, 2s. 6d. net) is a book which will be hailed with delight by many people anxious to be able to read German scientific works. It comprises a Reader and an outline of Grammar with diagrams and a vocabulary, and it assumes no previous knowledge of German. Chemistry and physics are the sciences chiefly dealt with in the Reader, and rightly; other volumes may follow dealing with botany, engineering, etc. The printing of the book aids the study considerably.

Mr. D. L. Savory's *First German Reader* (Arnold, 1s. 6d.) includes also questions for conversation, grammatical exercises, vocabulary and sentences for re-translation. The grammatical exercises are based on the reading of each piece, and the manner of using the black board as an aid to composition is explained in the preface.

Among other modern-language educational works to which we might call attention are Graham and Oliver's very valuable *Foreign Trader's Dictionary of Terms and Phrases in English German, French and Spanish*, which is a vocabulary of commercial, financial and special phrases in trade and accountancy work generally for the use of British firms and commercial students (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.); Dent's *First Spanish Book*, a Spanish learning-book on the reform method by F. R. Robert (2s. net) and Messrs. Marlborough's *Italian Self-Taught* (3rd ed., 1s. 6d.) and *Turkish Self-Taught* (4th ed., 2s.).

Despite the multitude of similarly entitled works already in existence there is room for *A Grammar of the German Language* by G. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray (Cambridge University Press, 6s.), which is primarily intended for examination candidates. For such there is no escape from a certain amount of memory work; but the authors of this grammar have fully realised how much interest can be imparted to the study of their subject by appealing chiefly to the reasoning faculty aided by the imagination. In the hands of a capable teacher this grammar should facilitate recognition of the component parts of lengthy German words and sentences. In conjunction with the study of modern literature, it should do much to enable the intelligent pupil to think in German; but the authors should have indicated the sources of those "modern usages to be found in the works of the best writers" which they have substituted for the stereotyped rules of grammarians. They do not dissociate the teaching of accidence from the teaching of syntax, but deal with both simultaneously. The expediency of dividing verbs into objective and subjective is questionable; the beginner in German has probably made some headway in the grammar of other languages and learned to call these same verbs transitive and intransitive. The picturesque quality of German words is well brought out. And it is certainly an aid to the memory to have troublesome distinctions of gender associated with the romantic element in the character of the Teutonic people, and to realise that it is patriotism that makes the German willing to substitute *Fahrkarte* for the convenient *Billet*, or to say *Ein noch nicht angestellter Hochschullehrer* instead of *Privatdozent*. The inclusion of these examples of recent changes in the German language is one evidence of the care which has been exercised in bringing this handbook up to date. Another commendable feature is the clearness of the type.

Der Backfischkasten, edited by Gustav Hein (Arnold, 2s.), may be recommended as a means of inducing schoolgirls to take an interest in German lessons. *Backfisch* is literally a small fish for frying, colloquially a half-grown girl, while *kasten*=box. Hence *Backfischkasten*, the box to which the small fry are consigned, or the girls' boarding school. For the beginner especially, these scenes of everyday life, described in the short, idiomatic sentences of everyday speech are not only more attractive, but likely to be more permanently useful than a premature plunge into classic literature. The conversations are calculated to arouse interest, to be almost unconsciously committed to memory and thus to prove a stepping-stone to proficiency in colloquial German. The notes on the idioms are good, and the complete vocabulary is a further encouragement to the beginner, who, as a rule, does not take kindly to dictionaries. Less concern has been given to the conscientious teacher, who, in addition to the text-book, must needs purchase the novel by Feodor von Zobeltitz, from which this amusing description of boarding-school life has been extracted. For lack of a summary of the preceding events of the story, the reader is often puzzled to understand the relationship of the characters one to another. Moreover the interested reader will certainly want to know about the provisions of the codicil of a will on which the plot apparently turns. But the answer is not to be found in the text-book.

Rippmann's Picture Vocabulary (Dent's Modern Language Series, 1s. 6d.) is designed as an auxiliary to more formal methods of teaching German. It consists of what may be described as a succession of ocular demonstrations of the Gouin Method. The little pictures are wonderfully interesting, but we are of opinion that they would have gained in value by being produced on a somewhat larger scale. The average child can hardly fail to be confused by the multitude of letters and lines of indication in some of these illustrations.

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A Junior Arithmetic (G. Bell and Sons, 1s. 6d. without answers). *A New Shilling Arithmetic* (G. Bell and Sons). The former of these contains 204 pages, the latter 176 pages, the difference arising from the Shilling Arithmetic containing no treatment of the first four Rules. The authors of both are Messrs. Pendlebury and Robinson, whose *New School Arithmetic* is so highly esteemed. The books must not, however, be regarded as compendia of the larger work, but as treatises specially and skilfully put together for the use of the middle and lower forms of secondary schools, even the examples being for the most part new.

The Teacher's Black-Board Arithmetic, Part II. (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.). This is a useful manual for teaching the subject to children, and includes a number of questions in mental arithmetic.

Westminster Arithmetic. Loder (National Society's Repository). Standards 1 to 4 are 2d. each net. Standards 5 and 6 are 3d. each. Answers for each set, 4d. net. They are collections of examples satisfying the Code requirements.

Westminster Test Cards. Loder (National Society's Repository, 1s. net per packet). There are seven packets, each containing thirty-two cards and forming sixty-four sets of tests. With each packet is included two copies of the answers. This is a very convenient arrangement for class purposes, and deserves to be popular with teachers.

Arnold's Shilling Arithmetic. Kirkman and Little (E. Arnold). Quite up to date, dealing with approximations and contracted methods, and including a chapter on graphs, this little book contains a number of interesting examples. No answers are given, but we presume they can be obtained from the publishers.

The Three Term Algebra (T. C. and E. C. Jack). The book before us, price 6d., forms the fourth and concluding part of the series, starting with *Evolution* and ending with the *Exponential Theorem* and the *Theory of Quadratics*, the object being to supply a course of preparation for the Oxford and Cambridge Locals. The work is well done, but answers constitute the chief value of such class manuals to the practical teacher, and none are given.

Algebraic Geometry. W. M. Baker (G. Bell and Sons, 6s.). To meet the requirements of the average boy, one-third of this book is devoted to the straight line and circle. Most of the important properties of the Conic Sections, however, are proved either by Algebra or Geometry. The diagrams are numerous and clear, and the use of squared paper is encouraged.

The Elements of Solid Geometry. Davison (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net). Contains the matter of Euclid

Book XI. together with the chief properties of Polyhedra and of Spherical Triangles.

A Manual of Geometry. Eggar (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is an extension of the same author's *Practical Exercises in Geometry* in accordance with the Cambridge Schedule. Together with the practical instructions, proofs are indicated which pupils are expected to fill out for themselves.

Elementary Geometry. Purser (Hodges, Figgis and Co.). This little book would probably be found hard by schoolboys. Mr. Purser is Professor of Natural Philosophy at Dublin. He aims, not at furnishing a new edition of Euclid, but at "presenting his subject-matter as a coherent system of geometrical truth." A thoughtful student would no doubt find the work useful.

Geometry Theoretical and Practical. Workman and Cracknell. Part I. (University Tutorial Press). The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of sound and clear exposition. There is an excellent chapter also on the topic of the subject, intended to be omitted on a first reading, but which will be appreciated subsequently.

Matriculation Graphs. French and Osborn (University Tutorial Press). This is a selection and expansion of the more elementary portions of the work on *Graphs* by the same authors. It contains all that is required on this subject for the London University Matriculation.

Mr. Edward Arnold is the publisher of *A Second Geometry Book*, by J. G. Hamilton and F. Kettle (3s. 6d.), whose First Geometry Book is already widely used. The principle of this second Book is the same. "The practice of springing a demonstration upon the learner before he feels that he is in need of it is psychologically indefensible"; and how many boys have felt in need of the demonstrations of Euclid? The present authors' plan is to teach from experiment up to conclusion, through guesses, experiments, tentative demonstrations and verifications. The problems set are all practical, involving measurement, ruling, etc., and the errors necessarily attaching to all experimental work are made the means of further instruction. Ratio and proportion are approached through arithmetic, and sufficient trigonometry is given to enable a student to solve problems on heights and distance by calculation.

SCIENCE

Elementary Chemistry. Part II. Wilson and Hedley (Clarendon Press, 5s.). This work consists of a series of progressive lessons in Experiment and Theory. The practical instructions are very full and clear, while much pains are taken to explain the conclusions logically deducible from the experiments. It is undoubtedly a book of high educative value and contains besides some useful suggestions for dealing with large classes of boys.

Practical Exercises in Chemistry (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Donington, the author of this book, is senior science master of Leeds Grammar School. It is on much the same lines as the preceding with less detail, though ample for intelligent pupils.

Chemistry Lecture Notes. G. E. Welch, B.Sc. (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.). These brief notes are published to save time which, the author thinks, could be more profitably spent in writing essays on the different subjects. Blank pages are introduced for sketches and additional notes.

Systematic Inorganic Chemistry. Caven and Lauder (Blackie and Son, 6s. net). This is a textbook for advanced students from the standpoint of the Periodic Law. The authors are both D.Sc. of London. There is an interesting appendix on the Problem of the Origin of the Elements.

First Year's Course in Practical Physics. Sinclair (G. Bell and Sons, 1s. 6d.). Mr. Sinclair suggests that all theory should be given by the teacher, and therefore confines himself to describing experiments. Numerous exercises, however, are added after each experiment for the purpose of illustrating and enforcing the principles involved.

A First Course in Practical Botany. Scott Elliot (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.). This is a good book on an interesting subject. Common flowers have been selected for study, and the author claims that the practical work he describes can be carried out without much expense. A microscope is essential, but it need not cost more than three or four pounds.

Light for Intermediate Students. Rees (Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net). This is an excellent little treatise, well written, illustrated and printed. It presupposes some knowledge of the subject, and proceeds to treat with the laws of reflection and refraction, etc., in an interesting way. There is also a chapter on Photometry, serving as an introduction to this important branch of the subject.

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A Historical Geography of the British Colonies, by C. Lucas. Vol. I. (Clarendon Press, 5s.). This is a second edition of a well-known work, revised and brought up to date by R. E. Stubbs of the Colonial Office. The volume before us treats of the Mediterranean and Eastern Colonies which, though not the most important, are perhaps historically the most interesting. Mr. Stubbs has evidently taken great pains to ensure accuracy, and the text has in every case been submitted for revision to officers having special local knowledge of the dependencies described. The result is a thoroughly readable book, containing much information which could not readily be obtained elsewhere.

A Progressive Course of Comparative Geography on the Con-centric System (G. Philip and Son). This book, of atlas size, is by Mr. L'Estrange, a master at Malvern College. It contains sixty-nine full-page plates of maps illustrating the political, geographical and physical facts of the world. Each chapter is divided into three sections, A, B and C, thus forming courses adapted to pupils of different ages, and the names on the maps are printed in corresponding colours. A series of photographs of cities, scenery and racial types form a special feature of this carefully devised system.

Our Planet (T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1s. 6d.). Belonging to the "Round the World" series, this text-book is put together on the lines of the Board of Education's "Suggestions to Teachers." There are good coloured plates of the chief animals and plants, and a chapter on map-projection and map-reading.

A Scientific Geography, by E. W. Heaton, Book II. (Ralph Holland and Co., 1s. 6d. net). This book deals with the British Isles. Its object is to associate facts which are supposed to be already known, and to supply the materials for drawing sketch-maps now generally required for examinations.

HISTORY

DR. J. HOLLAND ROSE'S "A Century of Continental History, 1780-1880," has now reached its fifth edition (Stanford, 6s.), which has been revised and corrected throughout. Three chapters have been added on the chief events in the history of France, Germany and Russia, 1880-1900. Intended for the upper forms of schools, the book has by now won the high place it deserves. In *A Brief Survey of European History* (Blackie, 4s. 6d.), Mr. Arthur Hassall embraces the period from the Coronation of Charles the Great to the present day, with special attention to the causes and results of the great movements in History. The results of recent historical investigations have been embodied, so that antiquated opinions and accounts will not be found. Good maps, and an Index, with useful short lists of authorities for each chapter. A good book for higher forms in schools.

In Jack's Concentric Histories we have *The Making of Europe* (1s. 8d.), compiled in accordance with the recommendations of the Board of Education, which advises that one year be given entirely to European history. The story starts with Europe before the Aryan invasions and comes down to the Franco-German War and the Eastern question. Illustrations and good clear type. Messrs. Ralph, Holland, have published *A Concise History of Europe*, by Avarly H. Forbes (2s.), which is intended primarily for the candidates for Teacher's Certificates under the Board of Education. The book begins from the fall of Rome and comes down to the present century. Maps and tables.

To Black's School History has been added Mr. Norman L. Frazer's *Survey of English History* (2s.), in which the author regards his subject as the continual development of the whole national life. His book is intended as a *vade mecum* for the young student of history. The subject is taken by its chief events, and opposite each brief account of the event comes the year in chronological order, while certain important topics are reserved for special treatment in the continuous summary at the end of the book. Many illustrations, maps, tables.

The University Tutorial Series *History of Rome*, by Allcroft and Masom, has now reached its third edition, revised and in part rewritten by J. F. Stout. (University Tutorial Press, 3s. 6d.)

There is no need to point out the merits and qualities of the late Edmund Backhouse's *Early Church History* (Headly Bros.). It is now in its sixth edition, and the publishers are selling it

for educational purposes at the nominal price of 1s. net. Written by a Friend, from the point of view of Friends, it has distinctive qualities of its own, which have recommended it far and wide. This cheap edition contains five of the illustrations, and is strongly and handsomely produced.

READERS

THE first of Mr. Nicklin's excellent little series of books on *Old Testament History* (for sixth form boys) is now before us (Black, 3s.). It covers the period "From the Call of Abraham to the Death of Joshua." The third book—"From the Death of Jehosaphat"—was published last year, and the second has yet to appear. Mr. Nicklin's name on the title-page is a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy, justness and scholarliness which distinguish his book; indeed we know of none better adapted to the needs of fairly advanced students of Old Testament history.

From the Oxford Clarendon Press comes Kingsley's *Water-Babies* (2s. 6d.), slightly abridged and edited, with introduction, notes and illustrations, by Janet Horace-Smith and Marion L. Milford, with five full-page illustrations by Janet Robertson. The passages omitted—particularly those introducing Aunt Agitate and Cousin Cramchild and the discussions in chapter vi. over the Professor's illness—can very well be dispensed with, and the editors' work has been performed in a spirit of reverence which disarms criticism. We took up the book prepared to resent revision of any sort; we lay it down with a feeling that the youthful reader will appreciate the changes even more than do we. In many respects the book has gained by what has obviously been a labour of love.

One of the best and most thorough readers which have come into our hands for some considerable time is Mr. Walter Raymond's *School History of Somerset* (Methuen, 1s. 6d.). It is intended primarily for Somerset children, and the author has endeavoured to stimulate local interest in the county, its geography, history, legends and so on—a laudable intention which in no way prescribes its sphere of usefulness. A better short and at the same time comprehensive history of Somerset the schoolmaster will seek in vain. The illustrations are numerous and helpful.

From Messrs. Ralph, Holland, we have received the best school editions of *Macbeth* (2s.); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1s. 9d.), and Books I. and II. of *Paradise Lost* (2s.), we have seen so far. Mr. C. W. Crook has edited the Shakespeares; Mr. A. L. Cann the Milton. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to do more than illustrate the method adopted in one volume—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—where Mr. Crook divides his introduction into twelve sections: Hints to the Student; The Life of Shakespeare; The Theatre before and during the Time of Shakespeare; Sources of the Play; Date of the Play; General Remarks; Story of the Play; Peculiarities of the Play; Characters in the Play; The Language of the Play; The Metre of the Play; and Figures of Speech. It is in every respect a thorough and praiseworthy piece of work.

Mr. J. C. Stobart's *The Age of Chaucer* (1s. 6d.)—the first volume of a new series, Epochs of English Literature, published by Mr. Edward Arnold—sets a high standard which we trust will be maintained by the volumes which are to follow. His selection is admirable, and he has exercised a wise restraint in modernising spelling.

Mr. Edward Arnold has done well to publish a book of *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold* (1s. 6d.), for pupils in middle and upper forms of secondary schools. There is a good introduction by the editor, Mr. Richard Wilson, and the few necessary notes are given at the end.

Messrs. Collins's *Graphic Story Reader*, Book VI., consists of selected extracts, prose and verse, of very unequal merit. A few are good, but it is difficult to see why many were chosen. The coloured illustrations are very crude.

Another reader sent us by Messrs. Collins—Book VI. of the *Prince Edward Readers*—merits a word of praise and a word of condemnation. The selections are quite up to the average of such books, but again the illustrations offend us. That of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza differs very much from our conception of the two redoubtable heroes.

The fourth of Messrs. Blackie's *Model Readers* (1s. 4d. each) in no way falls short of its predecessors. As in the "Graphic Story Reader," there are selections in prose and verse, but they are uniformly good, and the illustrations without exception are dainty and pleasing.

A little volume on wild flowers, as unpretentious as it is useful, is welcome. Mr. Thomas Fox's *How to Find and Name Wild Flowers* (Cassell) should prove valuable not only to a certain class of "grown-ups," but also to the many thousands of children who need only some slight quickening

of interest and a little guidance to become real nature-lovers. The book is divided into two parts, of which the first is devoted to the wild flowers to be found each month from February to September, the second to arrangement: natural orders, genera and species. Within the last few years we have had many similar books, some better and many a good deal worse; and the only serious fault we have to find with Mr. Fox's work is one for which he is probably not responsible. We refer to the illustrations. They are thoroughly bad and useless; we should never have recognised groundsel (*senecio vulgaris*) from the reproduced photograph on page 17.

Messrs. Melrose send us a book which, in spite of a certain pretentiousness which is apt to jar on the reader, we can heartily recommend to the parent anxious to provide a schoolboy with thoroughly healthy reading: *The Book of the V.C.* (3s. 6d.). It is a record of the deeds of heroism for which the Victoria Cross has been bestowed from its institution in 1857 to the present day, and has been compiled from official papers and other authoritative sources by Mr. A. L. Haydon to celebrate the Jubilee of its subject. Mr. Haydon found it impossible within the prescribed limits to carry out his original intention to give an account of all V.C. exploits, but a good selection has been made.

The Imperial Reader (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net), edited by the Hon. William Pember Reeves and Mr. E. E. Speight has this to recommend it, that practically all the information contained between the covers comes from the best possible—who is often the only real—authority on each subject. The book, in the words of the sub-title, is "a descriptive account of the territories forming the British Empire," and the plan pursued has been to give extracts relating to the country under discussion from famous speeches or articles or books written by a recognised expert. The obvious disadvantage of the method is that the language used is often beyond the comprehension of the schoolboy for whom the book is intended. "Like a virgin Goddess in a primaeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and by the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely recks as yet of the glories awaiting her in the olympus of nations" will add little to the schoolboy's knowledge of Canada, and to-day the words are not true. Thirty odd years ago they were; but the book bears the date of 1906.

To the series of English School Texts, edited by Dr. Rouse and published by Messrs. Blackie at sixpence per volume, there have been added: Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* (abridged); Kingsley's *Water Babies* (abridged); *The Age of the Antonines* (reprinted, almost unabridged, from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"); *Speeches on America* (Burke's Speeches on American Taxation and on Conciliation with America, the latter abridged); Macaulay's *Third Chapter* ("The State of England in 1685," without the original footnotes); the second part of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (abridged); and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (Raphe Robinson's emended translation of 1556, with some omissions). A commendably brief introduction dealing with the author and his work is prefixed to each volume of an excellent little series at a very modest price.

Messrs. Macmillan's similar series—English Literature for Secondary Schools—is intended for students rather more advanced. To *The Boy's Odyssey* (1s. 6d.), by Walter Copland Perry, Mr. T. S. Peppin has written a capital introduction; other additions are: Part II. of *A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands* (1s.), gathered and narrated by Charlotte Mary Yonge (a selection, edited by Helen H. Watson); *Select Scenes and Passages from the English Historical Plays of Shakespeare* (10d.), edited by C. H. Spence; *Kingsley's Andromeda, with the Story of Perseus Prefixed* (1s.), edited by George Yeld; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1s.), edited by P. T. Creswell; and *Narratives from Macaulay* (1s.): "The Trial of the Bishops"; "The Siege of Londonderry"; and "The Massacre of Glencoe." The type and printing are much above the average of school-books.

The Cambridge University Press issue a second selection of the *Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare* (1s. 6d.), edited by J. H. Fletcher: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; *The Winter's Tale*; *Much Ado about Nothing*; *Macbeth*; *A Comedy of Errors*; and *Othello*. A short introduction and a glossary are given, and in an appendix there are one or more simple passages from each of the plays from which the selected tales are taken.

Messrs. Black publish, in their series of Sir Walter Scott Continuous Readers, a much abridged edition of *The Abbot* (1s. 6d.) with an introduction and notes by H. Corstorphine. We do not think there was any need for the book, and neither the introduction nor the collection of notes contains anything very new or illuminating.

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VERSES FOR CHILDREN

MEDITATING the other night in mine own apartment on the subject of inspiring a love of reading in little children, I tried to think how I myself acquired the habit. The set teaching of literature is a thing I have never admired. It is necessary, perhaps, that there should be a certain amount of drilling and instruction, but the effect seems to me to be vulgarising to the point of desecration. At least, it is my personal opinion, which I would not for worlds try to impose upon anybody else, that of all books the most dismal are text-books on literature. There may be some object not apparent to my mind in learning the names of authors and their works and learning the opinions that other readers have passed upon their books, but it never bore any fruit in my own case. Yet on looking back it seems to me that the happiest hours of life, and the purest and most innocent pleasures, were those derived from reading. To inculcate a taste for it, then, in children, is to bestow a very precious gift. Yet it is most difficult to say how one attained it. It was certainly not from school. As a child, I possessed a memory out of the common, and there was no reading-book which came into my hands of which I could not have repeated the whole of the prose and the verse from one cover to the other. Even at the present moment, when one does not like to say how distant school-days have become, great screeds of them are still remembered. Yet all that was purely mechanical. To this very moment the mere fact of having got those verses by rote is an obstruction to an understanding of them. There was a poem beginning:

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a piteous orphan's tale,
Ah, 'tis sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.

The words seem to be absolutely simple to-day, and yet the very first of them was associated in my mind with an article of female attire, and the association has still lingered in my mind. There were scores of other school pieces that were got by heart with an equal lack of intelligence. It happened, however, that both my father and my mother had a natural love of poetry, and it was considered a treat to hear either of them read it. Probably the mere fact that they were not by any means eager to do so, and had to be asked and urged, enhanced the pleasure. At any rate, pieces of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, Burns, much more difficult than the school verse, were fully understood and treasured when heard at home. One reason, as it seems to me now, was that this was regarded as amusement pure and simple. There was no attempt made either to teach or explain. If one understood it was all very well, and if one did not understand it was equally well. Nobody asked any questions, and the consequence was that good fruit came of it. A love of poetry came through another avenue. This was the mouth of an old nurse, one of the very few people whom it has been my luck to encounter in the flesh who actually knew old ballads from oral tradition. In her case it could only be from the lips, since she died without ever having acquired the arts of reading or writing. But at her work and sometimes when she was hushing a baby to sleep, she, unconsciously to herself as one would think, was in the habit of crooning old ballads. Our present squeamish generation might perhaps object to some of them on account of a certain breadth both of language and subject. But they conveyed no evil sense to the mind of a child. Even now I can almost hear her murmuring:

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"

And another of her great favourites was:

I dined wi' my true-love; mother make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

Probably one had heard these and perhaps a dozen ballads of a similar nature from the very moment of coming into the world, and yet it is easy to remember the day and hour on which it struck me that some intelligible story was being conveyed by the old woman's monotonous hum, and from that time an interest in ballad literature was awakened that has gone on increasing ever since.

The difficulty about all this, however, is that it is impracticable. It would be of little use, for instance, to advertise for a nurse guaranteed to sing Border ballads, and if the said nurse acquired some knowledge of them for the purpose its virtue would certainly disappear in the process. There was an old schoolmaster whose constant injunction about everything was: "Search for the principle," and the principle here seems to be that those who would teach children to love literature ought first to learn to love it themselves. Such love, like a fever, is infectious. But it is not enough to like verses. A time comes when it is necessary to exercise some critical faculty in order to select and reject. The formation of a fine and sound taste is one of the most difficult tasks conceivable. Yet here, too, there ought to be a principle running through the entire treatment of children, and touching upon their physical as well as their mental culture. A somewhat whimsical friend of the writer sometimes inveighs with great bitterness against what he calls the vicious taste of the age, but he generally ends by asking with a kind of triumph in his voice how it is possible to expect anything else. He points out that we have a population clothed with machine-made garments, fed to a large extent with tinned meats and shop-eggs, surrounded and encircled with machine-made goods of every description, and his counsel of perfection is that children should from infancy be taught to reject all this. They should eat the produce of the earth as it is obtained from field and garden, they should be simply clothed with clothing woven by hand, they should be accustomed to furniture that is also man's handiwork, not machine-made. In that way, he argues, you would implant in the juvenile mind a fine sense of naturalness that would soon extend to art and literature. The next step is to go to the amusements, and his indignation is hot indeed when he comes to speak of the iniquity of taking children to see caged animals.

Though he is one of the gentlest of men I know, he would willingly consign to an early grave all the performing dogs of the music-halls, as well as the elephants, bears, seals and other zoological wonders so dear to the general rabble. But he would in every way encourage the observation of wild and tame life as it exists under natural conditions. He thinks it inevitable that the mental distortion thus encouraged should be carried into art, and rails against monstrosities in the picture-books offered to children, such as animals with men's heads, and men with animals' heads. The human figure and countenance he declares to be of such infinite variety that without distortion it will serve any purpose either of amusement or instruction. The principles underlying these objections he would bring to bear upon literature. The first demand made upon poetry is that it should be simple and natural. To say so sounds almost like a truism, but whoever will take up an anthology of children's verses will find that it is a truism systematically disregarded. As far as I know, there never yet has been published a garland of verse for children that would even at a great distance compare, for instance, with the Golden Treasury. And in many of the latest attempts to make this kind of anthology poetry has been inserted which not every grown man could understand, and which must be worse than Greek to the little ones.

There must be a good deal of truth in the objections made by my whimsical friend, since it is certain that

general taste is very far indeed from showing that advance which is being made in various other directions. The manners and general behaviour of the younger generation, for example, show a very marked improvement upon those of their elders, and it is a great pity that it cannot be accompanied by greater discernment and more fastidiousness in regard to the things of the spirit.

A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Spell of Fairy," by R. G. T. Coventry.]

FICTION

The Call of the Blood. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen, 6s.)

It is not given to many writers to be always at their best; and the "Call of the Blood" has not the greatness of "The Garden of Allah." Nevertheless, it is a fine, moving story, worked out with all the care, the excessive care, that Mr. Hichens always spends on his tales. The scene is Sicily, and the spirit of Sicily is in every page. The blood is Sicilian blood—a drop or two in the veins of a young Englishman; and the drop or two is enough to call him away from his duty to his newly married wife, away from his English ways of thought and actions—to make a Pagan of him, and leave him to be touched after all by the post-Pagan remorse for broken faith and ruined honour—his own and a woman's. It is a full-blooded, stirring story—a work which, if Mr. Hichens had not written "The Garden of Allah," we might hail as the greatest novel of passion of the century.

The Pillar of Cloud. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. RICHARD WHITEING, "Dolf Wyllarde," and others have lately told us in works of fiction the stories of gentlemen who have to work for their living: Mr. Francis Gribble goes more unflinchingly than any into the same question. Given a temperament that longs for love, for joy, even for comfort and ease, in a girl who has to face a life of drudgery and poverty; and given the offer of escape, though it be through the door of dishonour; if the temperament is strong enough, it will take the opportunity. Thereafter the path is inevitably downward; and we follow Bella L'Estrange on her downward path until late-waken shame arrests her almost at the last moment and she returns to face drudgery and poverty once more. That is the story Mr. Gribble has to tell; no polite romance for the drawing-room, but a tale of hard truths and bitter facts; a tale for grown men and women who realise how beauty can be made even of the seamy side of life.

In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan, 6s.)

IN this new book Mr. Wells shows himself again something more than the scientific romancer. As in "The Food of the Gods" and other books, his real object is to express the enthusiasm for humanity, the ardent belief in its potentialities for strength, beauty and sense, the fierce impatience with the insincerity, injustice and stupidity of the present order of things, which are his genuine passions. His book falls into two parts: the first tells what happened before the comet struck the earth and changed our atmosphere; the other what happened after that event, and the contrast is great. There is an end of the needless suffering born of ignorance and folly, an end of class jealousies and injustice, an end of war. Mankind is reformed, from its clothes to its character; and if the beautiful dream is not altogether convincing—if, for instance, we, on this side of the comet, cannot yet understand how our fortunate successors are going to manage their free-love-affairs—that does nothing to mar the beauty and sanity of an earnest and exceedingly interesting book.

Benita. An African Romance. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (Cassell, 6s.)

THE Rider Haggard of "Jess" and "Dawn" is a very able novelist; the Rider Haggard of "Rural England" and "The Farmer's Year" is a writer of standing and social importance; the Rider Haggard the world has a tenderness for is the author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." That is the Rider Haggard of "Benita," a delightful, naive story of a ruined Phœnician city and fortress, the degenerate remnants of a once great race; treasure buried by Portuguese centuries ago below a temple, while they starved to death within a few feet of their useless wealth, European adventurers who come to seek that wealth, and find it after sufferings many and strange, a girl in whom dwells the spirit of her long dead namesake, romance, mystery, adventure. Here is the old touch, the old fascination; and the tale—a constant stream of excitement—ends as such tales should end, happily.

MUSIC

SCHOOL SONGS

"ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FOR SCHOOLS" is one out of very many volumes attempting to deal with the vexed question of what songs shall be taught to school children and how they shall be taught. The Rev. S. Baring Gould and Mr. Cecil Sharp, the editors, make their answer to the question sufficiently clear. It is: English tunes only, and of them such as are not only by English composers, but are unaffected by foreign influence. Such a stipulation practically eliminates all modern music, and for greater security the editors fall back upon traditional folk-songs, and have issued a school selection from their own collections of these under the above title. Whether their answer is to be accepted or not, there is probably no one who will not agree that the beautiful melodies of English folk-song should find an important place in the musical curriculum of our schools, and that it would be a benefit to make them supplant the rubbish which is turned out in quantities and accepted by school teachers ignorant of the first principles of beautiful melody, who accept these things because they have a strong rhythm or an occasional sugary harmony in the accompaniment, or most of all because they are printed in tonic solfa notation, and only cost a penny. The Editors have the weighty utterance of the Board of Education on their side as well as the opinion of all the well-informed musical people who take an unpractical interest in school music, but since the ultimate choice of songs still rests with the teachers they would have been wise to consider more some small practical points which influence, at any rate, elementary school teachers in their choice. This book costs half a crown, and is printed only in staff notation. The accompaniments as a rule are not attractive, and in no way embellish the melody except by supporting it with a few bare chords. In nine cases out of every ten three or four bars of characterless music, vaguely suggesting the first line of the tune and ending with a pause mark, thereby entirely suspending the rhythm which has been set, precede the song itself. This is bad. It connects with the old free-rhythmed melodies the conventions which belong to the third-rate type of song, against which the editors are protesting so manfully, and it is not to be wondered at, if in some cases the school teacher, whose musical judgment it must be remembered is very unformed, fails to see the difference between the good and bad tunes when similarly surrounded. More than this, we have wandered so far away from our own folk-song, and the ears of even the most unsophisticated country child are now so thoroughly attuned to the commonplace tonic and dominant of harmonised music, as well as the plain rhythms of three or four in a bar, that it requires some coaxing to make our ears enjoy the beauty of tunes which originally had no reference to any such harmony or rhythm. In reducing them to modern notation

and giving them an accompaniment, some sort of compromise with conventional rhythms and harmonies had to be made, of course, but it is difficult to believe that the accompaniments could not have been made to minister to the original rhythm and tonality of the tune to some extent, without involving a more elaborate technique. In some cases it is necessary to take the tune out of its stiff surroundings to discover any distinctive beauty in it at all. "The Merry Hay-makers," No. 26, is such a one. It is not one of the best of tunes, but its third line redeems it and gives it point; yet as it appears here it might easily be passed over as a dull song. On the other hand, "Strawberry Fair," which comes next to it, has in a very simple way that touch of art in the setting, which would at once commend it to both children and teachers.

Apart from these faults in the manner of presenting their work, the editors' selection and arrangement calls for little comment other than praise. The classification under the headings: "Ballads," "Songs," and "Infant's Songs," is a good one, and in each set most delightful specimens are included. "Lord Randal," "The Two Magicians," "The Golden Vanity," "Henry Martin," are some of the best known of the first section. The words are the most interesting part of many of these. The editors have not been afraid to print twelve, fourteen or sixteen verses where the original authors took as many to tell their tale, though they tell us that they have been "constrained to curtail them to some extent," and the words have needed editing in one or two other ways. Of the songs "The Seed of Love," "Dabbling in the Dew," "The Fox," "Let Bucks a-hunting go," and several others, are pretty well known in one form or another, but there are a good many which will certainly be new to the majority of children, and are no less delightful both in words and music than these. So with the nursery rhymes, there is a happy mixture of those which most children know, with those that few do, though some who have been nurtured on the new-fangled forms of "Simple Simon" and the one beginning "My father died and I cannot tell how" may resent as innovations the older forms here given.

There are one or two instances where an inferior form of a tune has been chosen. "Henry Martin" is a case in point. In Mr. Sharp's "Folk-songs from Somerset," second series, he gives a far more vigorous, though rather more elaborate tune than the one here used, and the children would certainly enjoy singing it more than this one. The same may be said of "Dabbling in the Dew." Of the many forms in which this song is known, the one here given is certainly among the less happy.

These are little exceptions in a very well selected book, the general merit of which makes us notice the faults. It may fail as a book for class singing in elementary schools, while as a collection of folk-songs it is admirable. If we close the book unconvinced that English folk-song is the one and only type of song to be taught in our schools, it is partly because this book is not quite well enough compiled to be "the very thing." There have been a good many admirable books of children's songs, national songs and others, but there is a real need for something which shall be better than any of them. A book is wanted which shall be not only, like this one, the result of a refined taste in words and tunes, but arranged with the practical knowledge of one who has taught children. Such a book would appeal to unmusical teachers of music (of which there are a great many both in elementary and secondary schools) because of its practical utility, just as does the bad music which has these qualities. Well chosen and set, these simple expressions of healthy country life must be able again to make their way into the hearts of the children, whether town or country bred; and, besides raising the level of taste in poetry and music, how far their influence might go to restore something of the lost natural beauty of life it is possible to hope rather than to calculate.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS has almost ready for publication a volume by Mr. W. S. Williams on "Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church." The purpose of the book is to give, in outline, the philosophic basis of the Liberal Catholic Movement. It attempts to show that Liberal Catholicism is founded on the best traditions of Catholic thought, and that, in the Catholic Church, those writers who have the widest influence and the most enduring reputation were as Liberal as they were Catholic, and found in an authoritative religion a reason the more for freedom in religious thinking, and in this freedom a reason the more for authority in religion.

Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith, M.A., has just completed a book, entitled "The Elements of Greek Worship," which will be published by Mr. Francis Griffiths in a few days. The object of the book is to present in a small compass the spirit of the ancient Greek religion, in a form which may be acceptable to those who, while wishing to obtain some insight into ancient Greek culture, have neither the time nor the means for an exhaustive study of the subject.

Messrs. Black have in the press "The Education of an Artist," by Mr. C. Lewis Hind. The book tells how Claude Williamson Shaw, casting about for a way to express his temperament, decided upon painting; studied art in Cornwall and the Paris studios, and travelled all over the Continent studying the pictures of the world in pursuit of his art education. The volume is profusely illustrated by photographs of the pictures and sculptures that stirred, stimulated, pleased, or annoyed him in the different cities he visited.

Mr. John Lane will publish, on September 18, a book, entitled "Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie," described as "a record of the extraordinary events in the life of a French Royalist during the war in La Vendée, and of his flight to Southampton, where he followed the humble occupation of gardener." These memoirs are printed from a contemporary manuscript English translation which only came to light last year. An Introduction is furnished by Frederic Masson. Three other works will be issued by the same publisher on the same date: "From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn: Days among the Wild Animals of Scotland," by J. H. Crawford; an édition-de-luxe of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," containing Beardsley's illustrations and an introduction by Robert Ross; and "Ledgers and Literature: Being the Recreations of a Book-keeper," by George Knollys. Mr. Crawford's book deals, of course, with the natural history of Scotland. It is illustrated with a carefully selected series of photographs from life.

A book by Commander J. W. Gambier, R.N., entitled "Links in My Life on Land and Sea" will be published by Mr. Unwin on September 17. Captain Gambier made his mark as a writer when *Times* correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War, and has subsequently contributed articles to the *Fortnightly* and *Nineteenth Century*. His book pictures the old Navy, as it was in early Victorian days, practically as Nelson left it, with the scent of tar and the rattle of sails and cordage, instead of the thump of the screw and the smell of oil of the modern fleet; and he describes incidents in the Crimean, Baltic and New Zealand wars, and fights with savages in the Pacific Islands.

Mr. James Bryce and Mr. Herbert Paul are contributing introductions essays to the "Literary and Critical Essays of Sir Leslie Stephen," which Messrs. Smith, Elder are preparing to publish in ten volumes.

FORTHCOMING EDUCATIONAL BOOKS

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—*The Cambridge School History of England*. By Arthur D. Innes; *The Teaching of Modern Languages and the Training of Teachers*. By Karl Breul. Third edition. Revised and enlarged. *Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Cambridge*. Corrected to June 30, 1906. 3s. net; *Trigonometry for Beginners*. By J. W.

Mercer. Cambridge Tracts on Mathematics and Mathematical Physics, General Editors: J. G. Leatham, and E. T. Whittaker, No. 3, *Quadratic Forms and their Classification by means of Invariant Factors*. By T. I. A. Bromwich. The Cambridge Physical Series: *Conduction of Electricity through Gases*. By J. J. Thomson. New edition. *A Treatise on the Theory of Alternating Currents*. By A. Russell. Vol. ii. Pitt Press Series: Goldsmith: *The Traveller and The Deserted Village*. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by William Murison; Scott: *The Talisman*. Edited by A. S. Gaye; Corneille: *Le Cid*. Edited by H. W. Eve. Contributions to the History of Education in Mediæval and Modern Europe: General Editor, Professor W. H. Woodward; *Education in the Age of the Renaissance, 1400-1600*. By Professor W. H. Woodward.

MR. MURRAY.—*Word Pictures in Rhyme and Prose* (Causeries Rimées). By Mrs. S. C. Boyd. A collection of simple stories in French for young children, illustrated by specially drawn illustrations. The text, both in ordinary and in phonetic type, supplement for the use of teachers; *A Philological Study of the English Language*. By Henry Cecil Wyld. *Exercises in Physics*, For Homework. By J. H. Leonards and W. H. Salmon. *Geometry*. By S. O. Andrew, Headmaster of the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon. A new edition, revised throughout. *Colonization and Empire*. By F. A. Kirkpatrick. *Empire Builders*. By the Rev. W. K. Stride.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON.—Rivington's Text-books of English History, for the use of schools in which special subjects in English History are being taught. With maps, plans, genealogies, analyses, lists of dates, etc. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. In nine volumes. It is hoped that these text-books will prove suitable for the Middle and Upper Forms of schools, for Local Examination purposes, and for other Examinations in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, etc.: Vol. i., *Early Britain, 449-1066*; vol. ii., *The Normans and Angevins, 1066-1307*; vol. iii., *The Later Plantagenets and the French War, 1307-1399*; vol. iv., *The Wars of the Roses, 1399-1485*; vol. vi., *The Great Rebellion, 1603-1660*; vol. vii., *The Restoration and the Revolution, 1660-1715*; vol. viii., *The Expansion of Great Britain, 1715-1789*. *An Illustrated History of England*, for Upper and Middle Forms of Schools, and for students working for the Oxford and Cambridge Local and other Examinations. By W. S. Robinson. 3s. 6d. With numerous illustrations and maps. Rivington's New Intermediate French Texts. On the direct method. With notes and oral exercises both in French, passages for retranslation, and questionnaire. With illustrations. Edited by W. G. Hartog. Each 1s.: *Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille* (E. About); *Tamango and Le Coup de Pistolet* (Prosper Mérimée); *Les quatre Talismans* (Nodier); *Un Episode de Guerre* (Henri Beyle - Stendhal). Rivington's Illustrated French Comedies for Schools. Edited with notes and oral exercises both in French, questionnaire, exercises, and passages for retranslation based on the text. With illustrations. Edited by W. G. Hartog. Each 1s.: *La Joie fait peur* (Mme. de Girardin); *Valérie* (E. Scribe); *Le Major Cravachon* (Labiche, Lefranc, and Jessé); *Le Diplomate* (Scribe). Rivington's Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer Book, for the use of teachers and students. With introduction, map, text, notes, schemes of lessons, and blackboard summaries. General Editor, the Rev. Bernard Reynolds, M.A.: *The First Volume of the Captivity: Daniel and Ezra*, by Canon G. W. Garrod; *The Second Volume of the Captivity: Nehemiah and Esther*, by Canon G. W. Garrod; *The Gospel According to St. John*, by Canon W. C. E. Newbolt; *The Acts of the Apostles*, by the Rev. Bernard Reynolds, and the Rev. G. H. L. Walpole, D.D. Scripture Text-books for Children. Written by the Rev. G. P. Trevelyan, M.A. With a preface by the Rev. Canon Brooke. No. 2: *The Beginnings of the Church of Christ*. This book is the second of a series published under the auspices of the Society of the Catechism.

MESSRS. DENT announce their new series of Mathematical and Scientific Text Books for Schools, edited by W. J. Greenstreet: *A First Statics*. By C. S. Jackson and R. M. Milne, with upwards of 200 diagrams and numerous examples (4s. net); *Trigonometry*. By Cecil Hawkins, M.A. Dent's Modern Language Series: A new and revised edition of *Hints on Teaching French*, with a running commentary to Dent's First New French Book and Second French Book. By Walter Rippmann (1s. 6d. net). Rippmann's *Picture Vocabulary: French*. Second Series; *German*, Second Series (per vol. 1s. net).

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP AND SON.—A set of School Gardening Diagrams for class use in connection with the manual on School Gardening published by the same firm. *A Rhythmic Approach to Mathematics*. By E. L. Somervell, with a preface by Mary Everest; for Infant Schools, Kindergartens and

Nurseries. *Rafia Work*. By Miss Swannell. Sixty illustrations by the author; *Child Life in our Schools*. By Miss M. A. Brown. A Manual of Method for teachers of Infants' Schools. Preface by Miss Hughes, late Principal of the Training College for Secondary Teachers, Cambridge. *A Course of Comparative Geography on the Concentric System*. By P. H. L'Estrange. With 170 coloured maps, also numerous illustrations and diagrams in the text. *Lectures on Compass Adjustment*. By Captain W. R. Martin, R.N. As given to Navigating Officers of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. With numerous illustrations and charts. *How to learn on shore the rule of the road at sea*. By Captain E. W. Owens. Illustrated with numerous diagrams. *A new series of Geographical Readers*. By H. A. Mackinder. Book i., "Our Island Home," with numerous illustrations and coloured maps. *Model Duplex Maps*. A series of maps for scholars' use, showing a photo-relief model and a political map opposite one another, with Summaries of Geographical information. Sixteen varieties. *Geographical Gleanings*. By Rev. Frank R. Burrows.

CORRESPONDENCE

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is an amusing paper in *The World* (No. 101 of date December 5, 1754), contributed by Lord Chesterfield, in which he is very humorous over the "orthography of our language, which is at present," he writes, "very various and unsettled. We have at present two very different orthographies, the pedantic and the polite; the one founded upon certain dry, crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other, singly upon the justness and delicacy of the ear." The latter he calls "auricular orthography." "I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice; of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning."

He proceeds to give the following couple of stories which present the matter now agitating a good many minds in a light I have not seen it anywhere considered in.

"A very fine gentleman wrote a very harmless innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of some very trifling Commissions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the mistake of a servant, delivered to, and opened by the husband; who finding all his attempts to understand it unsuccessful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cipher, under which a Criminal Correspondence, not much to his own honour and advantage, was secretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the most injurious terms with her supposed infidelity. The lady conscious of her own innocence, calmly requested to see the grounds of so unjust an accusation; and, being accustomed to the auricular orthography, made shift to read to her incensed husband the most inoffensive letter that ever was written."

(Perhaps some modern dramatist may see the materials here for a short "Curtain-raiser," which would have the merit anyhow of being "topical.")

Lord Chesterfield's other story runs thus: "The other accident had much worse consequences. Matters were happily brought between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the decisive period of an appointment at a third place. The place where is always the lover's business, the time when the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover signified to the lady the house and street where; to which a tender answer from the lady assented, and appointed the time when. But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's auricular orthography, the lady mistook both house and street, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are sometimes in upon those occasions, rushed into a house where she happened to be known, and her intentions consequently discovered. In the meantime the lover passed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and disappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealousy.

"Such examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects and their adherents, to adopt, and scrupulously conform to, Mr. Johnson's rules of true orthography by book."

So, here is evidence that phonetic spelling was over one hundred and fifty years ago followed by *force majeure* by fashionable but illiterate men and women, who couldn't help themselves. Now we have educated ones pleading for it, which is strange, to say the least. There were a sort of ancestors of theirs in Shakespeare's time; for does not Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost* twit all those of Don Adriano de Armado's fashion of speech: "I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rakers of orthography as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*, *d, e, b, t*; not *d, e, t*; he clepeth a calf, *cauf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour vocatur *nebour*; neigh, abbreviated *ne*; this is abominable (which he would call abominable): it insinuateth me of insanie."

Some suppose that Armado is meant for Lyly. Anyhow it is the

enphuists whom Holofernes has in mind, so that our modern form of pronunciation was that of the courtiers of Shakespeare's days who were all admirers of "Euphuus and his England," and as we have got along so well for so long a time without bothering ourselves about phonetic spelling I for one hope that its enthusiastic advocates will have all their work to do for nothing—that their ardour will be in theirs a case of Love's labour lost.

R. S. Y.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Away with the machine-made language with which fanatical phoneticians would afflict us! Away with it, or farewell to all possibility of expressing noble thoughts in noble words.

It would place the F r e on a plane with the Biglow Papers, and lower Shakespeare to the level of Artemus Ward. Who dares try to imagine the solemn philosophy of Job embodied in this buffoonery of orthography? It would read like the illiterate work of a servant-girl.

Language was born, not made; it grows, and is not built. Its present orthography is a living thing: that which phonetic folly would substitute is a soulless automaton—not half so lovable in its way as the monster created by Frankenstein.

J. B. WALLIS.

Sept. 8.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Dr. Wm. Hand Browne of Johns Hopkins University strongly protests against the President's Spelling-Edict. Hence:

BOOKMEN.

Of books tho' Dr. Brown may know
Whate'er a mortal can,
Yet Roosevelt the world can show
He is a Booker Man.

JOHN B. TABB.

August 27,

AGAINST CERTAIN OF OUR POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read in the ACADEMY of August 8 an article by Miss Jane Barlow under the heading "Against Certain of our Poets." While heartily endorsing the feeling indicated, I should like to show reason why the analyses are by no means deep and thorough enough. That there is cause for the first feelings of resentment in the case of all writers who write in the spirit of rebuke and complaint, even in the case of such a writer as Marie Corelli, whose entire basis depends upon reproach and clamour, is true enough; but what is lacking is that it does not go deep and thorough enough. It is a common human trait that it is easy to gain partisans to cry down and to hate others. Thus, to gain the feeling of English people against Germans, or poor against rich is easy enough; but to get people to calmly examine and see that, word for word, Germans are as just and as worthy as English, and quite as helpless, and in no way different from an independent standpoint, as for instance in the case of a Divine Just Judge; and the same argument in respect to rich and poor; is very difficult. In short, thoroughness is the thing that is nowhere in evidence. I have no objection to making a scape-goat of Wordsworth, nor would he himself, I believe, object but it is not to be done by taking off the wheels of his vehicles of speech. It is plain that Wordsworth sought to stand as a champion of the idea that first-place beauties, simple nature as it first affects the conscious individual, are what is the really true and beautiful and wonderful. Thus in "We Are Seven," he would seek to show that in the pure, unsophisticated mind the idea of continuity, the idea of the unbreakable stability of what the pure mind has decided is "a whole," and without the whole of which it can have no idea of happiness, will never be yielded up. In all "first hopes," the idea is that all happiness and joy must be shared equally by all those we love, and none must be excluded. In the visible, practical life, this is always broken and more and more broken. But Wordsworth means that the idea, the hope, or thought of no satisfaction without it, is never abandoned. Thus Keats has his "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." And Shelley, in his "Beautiful garden and beautiful lady" argues that the beautiful garden and the beautiful lady have not altered or gone; they are the same, but we have lost sight of them for a time. Plato does the same thing in an infinitely higher manner. Thus the whole secret of the Plato-Socratic attitude, and the vitality of the arguments (it is all attitude) is that he will not yield a jot of the idea of original beauty and worth. Thus he cannot have a beautiful person or thing that is, at the same time, wicked; he cannot have a brave person, who is other than good; he cannot have a holiness that does not contain all that is beauty; he cannot have a virtue that is barterable. His power is that he avoids all summaries and stands resolute that all order and beauty shall be preserved. He will not let any of it go. Few persons understand him because they look for summaries instead of attitude. The difference between Wordsworth and Plato is that Plato honours first the soul as understood in the idea of honour, bravery, justice, intelligence and perfect utterance, administrative modesty; whereas Wordsworth honours first things visible to the eye and ear; and the freedom of retirement and solitude; against Plato's freedom in action and advance.

More symbols of language never need be separated from the spirit of the writing. Thus in "Little Nell," death and the grave should not be examined at all in connection with the "mystery of death." Only

the worth of the intensity of the pathos, or the opportunity for fixing a figure of beauty should be examined. Thus:

With tottering steps he had wandered there,
Where lay the lovely child . . .
Hush, hush, he cried, she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow;

"Lovely child," "Where lay the lovely child," becomes beautifully set. The words "Lovely child" are made to live vividly. Death not here at all; its subject is not touched; only the power of the sentiment surrounding it is used.

J. M. A.

Sept. 3.

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Before you close the discussion on "Like" (conj.), may I say I have, in accordance with Dr. Furnivall's assurance that "like" (conj.) is found in *Pericles* and in Shelley, read all the former and much of the latter, without finding this "like." *Pericles*, however, has a rather strange ellipse after "like":

"Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat" (I. iv.), cf.:
"Tuppence for them's learns manners."

H. H. JOHNSON.

Sept. 8.

THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is a matter which causes me great regret to see in your paper this week that Edward Irving is reported as founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church. The Catholic Apostolic Church was founded many years before Irving's time as all Churchmen know. If not, the Nicene Creed is only seventy years old.

ERIC F. SMITH (E.F.S.)

Sept. 6.

[The sect generally known as Irvingites designate themselves as the Catholic Apostolic Church, and, as they disclaim the name of Irvingites, we courteously used their own nomenclature.—Ed.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LAMENESS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"They remember Scott in his later days . . . and an infirmity in one of his legs" (ACADEMY, p. 220).

Have you not the fear before your eyes of Mr. Andrew Lang? He swoops down on any, even the slightest, inaccuracy (so-called) regarding the Queen of Scots or Scott. The latter was presumably born "pied-bot," as was Byron undoubtedly; and this calamity was certainly common to the two in 1827, when were published the two volumes of "Les poètes anglais vivans" (Paris: Baudry, 1827). Here the notes prefatory to Scott's poetry refer to the coincidence of the two foot-maimed poets. Thus Scott was not *pied-bot* only in old age, like the scriptural king of valour and prowess; "howbeit, when he was old, he was diseased in his feet."

H. H. JOHNSON.

Sept. 9.

[Scott was not born lame, but became so in infancy. His lameness seems to have been very apparent in old age, as all who remember him can testify.—Ed.]

TITLES WHICH DO NOT DISTINGUISH

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—The communication of F. Mayhew (September 1) is a striking justification for a practice which I have now sumtime adopted of addressing persons and firms without any complimentary title. Who is the gainer from the use of such terms as—more especially—Mr., Mrs., Miss, Messrs. or even as Professor, Dr.?

Can we, by Dr'ing and Sir'ing ad one cubit to our intellectual stature?

T. TALBOT LODGE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Lutz, Jules. *Les Verrières de l'ancienne église Saint-Etienne à Mulhouse*. Avec 6 planches en phototypie. Supplément au Bulletin du Musée historique de Mulhouse, tome xxix. 104 x 64. Pp. 127. Leipzig: Carl Beck, M. 3.

[The old church at Mulhouse or Mülhausen, in Alsace, was pulled down in 1858 and the famous glass-paintings—some of which date from the fourteenth century—have been put up in the new (reformed) church. M. Lutz describes them, then gives an account of the sources from which the designers took their subjects, the *Biblia Pauperum* and the *Speculum humane salutis*; then gives the history of the windows, and attempts, with the aid of former descriptions, to reconstitute the whole series as it was. The illustrations are full of quaint beauty and interest.]

Meehan, J. F. *Holting House*, now used as the Abbey Church House: being some account of its ancient history and modern uses. With Notes by the Rector, the Rev. Prebendary S. A. Boyd. Illustrated. 84 x 54. Pp. 32. Bath: Meehan, 6d.

[Holting House, Bath, is a composite Tudor-Elizabethan-Jacobean building of some beauty, standing on early Norman foundations. It has memories of the Hungerfords, the Lexingtons, Pope, George III.'s daughter Mary and others, and a history closely connected with that of the city. It is now used as a Church House for the Abbey, and Mr. Mehan's well-illustrated pamphlet is published partly with the object of raising funds for the continuance of the parochial and social work carried on there.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Harrison, James A. *George Washington*. Patriot, Soldier, Statesman, First President of the United States. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxiv, 481. Putnams, 5s.
[Professor Harrison's book is the latest addition to the excellent series of Heroes of the Nations. It is illustrated with 32 plates, has an appendix on the pedigree of the Washingtons, tracing it from Lancashire temp. Henry VI., and an Index.]
- Die Schweizerische Amazone. Abenteuer, Reisen und Kriegszüge der Frau Oberst Regula Engel von Langwies. Von ihr selbst beschrieben: Herausgegeben von Fritz Bär. Dritte Auflage. 7½ x 5. Pp. 164. Leipzig: Carl Beck. M. r. 60 and M. 2. 40.
[Frau Engel was a remarkable woman, born at Langwies in Grisons in 1761. She followed Napoleon's campaigns in Italy, Egypt, the Netherlands, Spain, Prussia, etc., and lost her husband and two sons and was herself severely wounded at Waterloo. She formed part of the guard of honour sent by Napoleon to escort Marie Louise from Vienna to Paris. She was also the mother of twenty-one children. Her record here published was composed by herself from memory.]

DRAMA.

- Browne, Maurice. *Job: a Dramatic Poem*. Part I. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 18. Not for sale.
[Mr. Browne, not unknown as a poet, has taken up—in no spirit of emulation—a task which Shelley once hoped to carry out. We shall have more to say of his poem later. The Part before us contains the Prologue in Heaven.]

FICTION.

- Welis, H. G. *In the Days of the Comet*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 305. Macmillan, 6s. (See p. 266.)
- Cholmondeley, Mary. *Prisoners* (fast bound in misery and iron). 7½ x 5. Pp. 342. Hutchinson, 6s. (See p. 244.)
- Haggard, H. Rider. *Benita: an African Romance*. With 16 illustrations by Gordon Browne. 8 x 5½. Pp. 344. Cassell, 6s. (See p. 266.)
- Bacheller, Irving. *Silas Strong*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 339. Unwin, 6s.
- Penny, F. E. *The Tea Planter*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 374. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
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- Rôles Gascons, transcrits et publiés par Charles Bémont. Tome III., 1290-1307. 11 x 8½. Pp. cc, 792. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale n.p.
[This is another volume in the first series (Political History) of the magnificent Collection de Documents Inédits en l'histoire de France published under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction. M. Bémont's introduction occupies 200 pages, and the remainder of the volume consists of transcriptions of Gascon Rolls, with notes, and index to vols. ii. and iii.]
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[See the ACADEMY of September 8, p. 234. A bibliography is appended to each chapter, and there is a full index. Mr. Abrahams has in preparation a larger work which will deal with the whole of the literary history of the Jews.]

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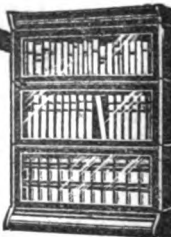
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE are few pleasanter books for those who love associations and love London than the little series of "The Fascination of London" (Black), planned by Sir Walter Besant and carried out very largely by Miss G. E. Mitton. With their aid we have been wandering through "Clerkenwell and St. Luke's, comprising the Borough of Finsbury," and have found on every page and in every street something of interest. The very name of Clerkenwell enshrines a memory, for the well of the clerks was the holy well, near which—continuing, though they probably knew it not, a pagan custom—the London parish clerks gave their annual performance of Miracles.

Indeed, the wells of the district were its most famous possession, and the reason, doubtless, of its historical importance as the home of the Priory of St. John. Sadler's Wells—whether or not it was the same as the Priory Well or the Clerkenwell—means a great deal of interesting theatrical and social history. At one time a fashionable resort, it sank to a low haunt, to be raised again by Edmund Phelps into a sort of temple of Shakespeare. There is no need now to station prizefighters on the road to guard the visitors from foot-pads, nor to print on the play-bills the comforting assurance that "There is a moon this week." But security has not revived the ancient glories. Sadler's Wells Theatre—once associated with Macklin, with Grimaldi, with the Dibbins, and with Phelps—is now, Miss Mitton tells us, a music-hall, with prices ranging from twopence to one shilling.

Then there was Bagnigge Wells, a name Mr. Pinero resuscitated in his *Trelawney of the Wells*, Holy Well, Skinner's Well—another scene of the Miracles, where Richard II. and his Court saw the clerks play "The Passion of Our Lord and the Creation of the World" in 1390—St. Clement's Well and many others. And the wells are not the only sources of theatrical association. In Golden Lane is the site of the Fortune Theatre, built by Henslowe and the actor Alleyn in 1599; and the almshouses erected by Alleyn—who was also founder of Dulwich College—stand in Bath Street hard by. Finsbury Fields was the site of two still older theatres, The Theatre and The Curtain, the earliest in London of which we have any knowledge. Hockley-in-the-Hole, that place of evil reputation, where bears and bulls were baited, lay where Ray Street now runs its respectable course.

Quite other memories than these hang round the district. Here Wesley built his chapel and here is his tomb; here "near Windmill Hill" he and Whitefield joined in taking a foundry; and here Whitefield's followers built him a tabernacle after his rupture with the Wesleys. In Bunhill Fields lie a host of famous men: Bunyan, Defoe, several

of the Cromwells, Isaac Watts, Horne Tooke, William Blake, Thomas Stothard. In St. John's Church lies "Scratching Fanny" of Cock Lane fame. In Bunhill Row Milton died; in Finsbury Pavement Keats was born at the Swan and Harp, where his father was a livery stableman; in Old Street Samuel Daniel died in 1619. Over St. John's Gate Edward Cave had his printing presses, which turned out the first *Gentleman's Magazine*, edited from the first by "Sylvanus Urban," and Johnson's *Rambler*, "London," *Irene* and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." And turning over Miss Mitton's pages we come on such names as George Cruikshank, Johnson, Evelyn, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Isaac Walton, Thackeray, James Thomson, George Pinchbeck; a delightful medley of all kinds of memories.

A very different outlook on London is that of Mr. William Platt, the author of "London and Londoners." Mr. Platt has plunged into modern London, and it is the humours and tragedies of the living people in the streets that have attracted him. For him London lives. "No one can write of London," he says, "unless he loves her—loves her and hates her both at once"; and that is the attitude that many come to adopt. But one thing that strikes Mr. Platt is the indifference of most Londoners to the beauty or the pathos or the interest of the town they inhabit; and whether it is a question of antiquities or modern sights so much it is true that the general indifference is amazing. We are all, of course, very busy. The people who journey up to town in the morning read the morning papers; as they go home they read the evening papers; or perhaps they stare at nothing with a frown which means worry about past or future troubles. Not one man in ten looks up to see the house where a great poet was born, or some historic building looming above the roofs or the trees, or a sunset, or a team of noble dray-horses, or children playing in a garden.

Miss Mitton's book should stir people up to look out for interesting associations—if only the County Council tablets, they will have gained something; while Mr. Platt's, which contains no end of good stories and betrays a keen eye and a ready delight in the ceaseless pageant of our streets, should teach them to look about for the beauties which they wait for a Whistler or a Herbert Marshall to discover, and the insistent, vivid life which they study as a rule in pictures and police reports. Much good work is being done in training the observation of country children. Has any one ever tried—as Mr. Platt appears to have tried unofficially—to waken that of town children? The harvest of the alert town eye should be as rich as that of the quiet country eye, were it properly directed.

The town eye of Mr. E. V. Lucas, at any rate, has reaped a rich harvest, of which he offers the pick in "A Wanderer in London" (Methuen). The book combines the best of Miss Mitton's with the best of Mr. Platt's, and a great deal that is pure and delightful Lucas. The tablets and the memories are not forgotten; the modern life of London is closely studied and surely described. Mr. Lucas is not, we believe, a real cockney, a Londoner by birth: the people who know London well seldom are; and he has not that blind devotion to her which her children of the blood often feel. But on that account, probably, his sight is clear; he sees for himself things that others take for granted.

London humour, for instance, he has no good word for. "It rejoices never, and is merry only when some one has met with a reverse, from Death itself to the theft of a glass of bitter. It is joyless. It never laughs at nothing, out of a clear sky." And, again, he speaks of "the Londoner's faculty of bearing with equanimity the trials of others." Are these charges quite fair? He is right,

no doubt, about London street humour as concentrated in the music-halls, which Mr. Lucas chooses as the scene of his study of it; but is provincial or country humour any more joyful, any kinder? Looking back to a childhood spent in the country, we remember more musical but no more joyful laughter from young people at play in the fields than may be heard in London streets: and quite as much sardonic, cruel gibing at misfortune. Who was it that said—erroneously no doubt—that the cause of laughter was the feeling of superiority? Such humour is common to all men, educated or uneducated, in country or town.

It is almost a pleasure to disagree with Mr. Lucas, because he is almost invariably right. He is right in his choice of pictures in the National Gallery and of music-hall artistes, in his dislike of the Strand, his love of May in London, of Highgate and the streets by the river, his regret for destroyed historic slums, his refusal to loiter in any streets built since Georgian days—and, of course, his constant references to the great Londoners, Pepys, Johnson, Lamb. He is absolutely right, and individual, in the manner in which he writes of these things, the vividness of his impressions, the catholicity of his interests, the sense of vitality and joy which his work exhales.

One or two more *corrigenda* may, therefore, be noticed, without detracting from our high opinion of this book. Mr. Lucas has not yet mastered the difference between the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (the "Old Society") and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. He uses the words "Diocletian repose": if there is an adjective of that Emperor's name, it must be (*horribile dictu*) "Diocletianian."

"Covent Garden," he writes (meaning the porters), "dearly loves a fight with or without the gloves." It loves reading about, or seeing, professional matches, no doubt; but, on the rare occasions when there is time to look out of the window of this office, we have sometimes seen encounters that do not bear out the last words of the statement. A great deal of display, of shouting, of skipping about; the old women peeling walnuts turn round to look, the other porters collect and watch in cynical amusement. No blows are struck, no claret tapped; the bloodthirsty combatants are merely waiting till the policeman shall come and separate them. Bad language, not fists, is the real weapon.

Mr. Lucas omits all mention of the statue of Robert Raikes in Embankment Gardens—a dull affair, but interesting for this reason, that its nearest neighbour is that of Robert Burns. When the band has ceased to play and the gardens are locked at night, do the two Roberts converse together? What have they to say to each other? We have often wondered. Let Mr. Lucas write the dialogue: no one could do it better than he.

For clearing up one of the present writer's misconceptions, he is half grateful to Mr. Lucas and half resentful. He had always imagined—and so had several friends of whom he inquired—that the unnamed equestrian statue outside the House of Lords is that of Edward I. It is really Richard Cœur-de-Lion, as the bas-reliefs on the pedestal and a special interview with the policeman on duty have convinced him. But, being proved wrong, he takes refuge in saying that if that noble figure is not Edward I., it ought to be. Richard did nothing for us or our constitution: Edward called the first really representative Parliament; and we hereby suggest to the authorities that one of the bas-reliefs be altered to the Peace of Amiens (the capture of Acre scene might perhaps be re-christened), and the statue known henceforth as Edward I.

When will publishers learn that to scatter illustrations haphazard through a book is to make them not only useless but mischievous? We have several times suggested that in the case of miscellaneous illustrations all the pictures should be put at the end, and no better recommendation of this idea could be found than this book by Mr. Lucas. We take three examples. Opposite to a description of Paul Cinquevalli, the juggler, we find the Peter de Hoogh Interior in the National Gallery; an account of Marceline at the Hippodrome is illustrated by Moroni's Tailor; and, by an irony too subtle to be considered intentional, a rough list of London statues faces Andrea del Sarto's portrait of a young sculptor.

Historically interesting is a communication (to the Paris Academy of Inscriptions) which shows how Henry II. was *rex Anglorum* till absolved of complicity in Becket's murder; *Dei gratia rex Anglorum* afterwards (from the spring of 1173). M. L. Delisle has collected some five hundred and seventy of Henry's papers on his French possessions. Admirable as were the pigeon-holes in his chancery, this Plantagenet was a very woman in his hatred of inscribing dates. Thus the discovery of a change in title at a fixed epoch will assist historians considerably. Henceforth we can rigidly fix the majority of Henry's instruments to the first eighteen, or to the last seventeen, years of his reign. Hitherto we had been obliged tentatively to refer to persons mentioned in the royal acts, and so grope after approximate dates. M. Delisle has enabled us with certainty to put down to the first or to the second half of the reign the majority of the Anglo-French documents.

A propos, how provokingly silent our historians still are as to the great defeat of Henry II., in 1157, in the Flintshire woods, at the hands of the Welsh; and what admirable self-restraint the latter people, even in these days of Eisteddfodan (when patriotism runs high), have shown in not casting that repulse in our Saxon teeth! Compare St. Louis's "doubtful victory" at Damietta, resulting in the capture and imprisonment at Mansourah of himself, his gentlemen and nobles, together with the annihilation of his troops, by the Arabs. *Vix hiscit Joinville.*

Messrs. Leroux, Paris, have published two goodly volumes on the French Revolution, being the first-fruits of M. Jean Jaurès's parliamentary commission on the economic history of that period. M. Jaurès is known, not only as the anti-Clemenceau of Socialism and the editor of the *Humanité*, but also as an ex-professor at Toulouse University. These volumes prove the excellence of his choice as president of the commission. The first deals, *inter alia*, with the 1789 Inventories, according to which the Church was robbed—or, like Fletcher's Page, *to speak prettily*—"mise à la disposition de la nation."

Parenthetically one may remark how history repeats itself, as everywhere, so in this matter of Inventories. France has had, and is still having, her twentieth-century Inventories this year. The present writer saw how brutally these could be carried out in one of the quietest and dullest towns of France, that precisely which holds the record for idiocy! Very different, according to Tacitus, were the Inventories of the temples drawn up by Agricola, who showed a grateful pagan people that a warrior could be gentle in politics, or in economics. Inventories were then managed, under Galba's orders, with such care that only Nero's sacrilege was remembered by the people (*Tac. Agr.*, vi.)

The second volume is still more interesting in the light of events, ancient and all too burningly modern. It treats of the Revolution sales. The goods of ecclesiastics were then sold, as a rule, at twice or thrice their valuation.

The other day a French church, which had cost "four figures" sterling, was knocked down at £801. "No serious opposition," we are assured, "was made by the clergy to the sale of its domains." It is not so to-day. Then, as now, many churches were bought in by their expropriated owners. Then expropriation extended to the *émigrés*, as well as to clergymen, up to 1825, the date of the indemnities allowed the former class.

The great economic result of the French Revolution, the disappearance of huge properties—*latifundia quæ perdidit Galliam*—is here well illustrated. There is a long list of buyers, following the short catalogue of former proprietors, which is most eloquent as an explanation of the actual division and subdivision of property in France. In that country to-day there is, practically, little destitution. The Gallic "three acres and a cow" system, dating largely from the Revolution, is the cause, or a part of the cause. Has the mantle of The Man from Birmingham fallen on the shoulders of General Booth and of his captains? and will their efforts, by a bloodless, unsectarian revolution in our isles, yet save our Unemployed? Politico-economic problems can only be touched *mollissimo braccio* in a literary weekly, and, like the Parables treated by Public School Headmasters on sultry Sunday afternoons, "must not be pressed." What is allowed, perhaps, is a recommendation to read, in the light, the fierce light, of modern events, these most instructive documents of M. Jean Jaurès's commission.

"Drink," as dispensed by Mr. Hall Caine, has had an unexampled sale. The little novel was published on August 20, and has already reached a sale of one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. It has been the occasion of lectures on the Drink problem in many parts of the kingdom and brought the necessity for fresh temperance legislation prominently before the public. In the interval of seventeen years since the story was written the author has had many tempting proposals for it from publishers, the last of them offering a thousand pounds on account of royalties if he would agree to its publication as an ordinary novel. But not regarding it as an essay in fiction to be placed by the side of his other novels, Mr. Hall Caine declined, and finally agreed to take no advance payment at all on condition that the book should be first published at a price (6d.) which would bring it within the reach of all classes and especially the humblest class, to which he wished particularly to speak. That being his object, he has certainly had his reward. There is every probability that the sale of "Drink" will go up to a quarter of a million.

We have received from the League of the Empire a statement concerning a scheme for scattering over all the schools in the Empire a number of text-books on the history and resources of the Empire and the duties, rights, and privileges of its citizenship, to be prepared with the co-operation of the different countries of which the Empire is composed. The text-books are to be graduated to the requirements of schools of different grades, and the League, to which the late Mr. Louis Spitzel gave £5000 for the furtherance of the scheme, will make no profit on the transaction, the cost price charged in certain circumstances being all devoted to education in the various countries. This is the first step towards educational co-operation, and has an interest on that account. The editorial committee includes such names as those of Professor Bury, Professor Egerton, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher and Mr. John Murray, and Professor Pollard is the general editor.

The beginning of term is the right moment for noticing a new schoolboy's paper—*The Scholar's Own* (Newnes), which is full of good and original features. We like ABC's "Talks out of school," which convey valuable lessons with no air of preaching; the jokes are funnier

than most printed jokes; the "News of the Month" is an excellent page for boys, who are always too apt to forget that there is anything in the world but school and sports. The magazine is intended for girls as well as boys, and the competitions, poems, stories, natural history articles, etc., are such as will appeal to both sexes.

The *Burlington Magazine* proposes this autumn to make an interesting development. A fortnight after the publication of each number an abridged edition will be issued at the price of one shilling, for those who, while wishing to be up-to-date in their art knowledge, have not leisure for more than a general survey. The first number of the *Shilling Burlington* will be published on October 15. It will contain a selection from the articles of the greatest popular interest in the current *Burlington Magazine*, and, like it, will be amply illustrated with photogravure, colotype and other full-page plates in colour and half-tone. These features, combined with the sound scholarship of the parent magazine, should make the *Shilling Burlington* a publication of real value to collectors and lovers of beautiful things.

Mr. Theodore A. Cook has written in the October *Fortnightly* a reply to the article by Mr. Robert Dell entitled "France, England, and Mr. Bodley," which appeared in the September number of that review. The friendly relations between France and England and the large amount of attention given to Catholic questions by the debates on the Education Bill lend a special interest to the subject discussed.

An interesting exhibition of portraits is now open at the gallery of *The British Journal of Photography*, 24 Wellington Street, W.C. It comprises the photographs taken by the late Mrs. Cameron, of Carlyle, Tennyson, Sir John Herschel, Longfellow, Joachim, Darwin, G. F. Watts, Browning, and Miss Ellen Terry, as well as of a few head studies of great beauty. Some of these portraits have become classics, and largely by their means the public mind has become familiar with the faces of their great originals. Mrs. Cameron first exhibited forty years ago, and her first achievements were the outcome of slow, laborious and difficult methods long since passed out of use in photography. Notwithstanding this, her work is remarkably modern in spirit, even when judged by the latest standards. She came, by her own choice, to use a slight diffusion of focus, for the avoidance of over-hardness of detail, at that time so much prized. For this pioneer work she only received the opprobrium of the critics of her day. But the whirligig of time brought in his revenges at Paris recently, when her works were displayed as desirable examples at a meeting for the discussion of this laxity of focus by lenses specially designed with that end in view.

An exhibition of a collection from the life-work of W. Holman Hunt, organised by Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips with the co-operation of the artist, will take place at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, in October. Many of the works to be exhibited (most of which have not been seen for over twenty years and some never before) are owned by various municipal bodies and private collectors who are lending them for this occasion. The public will have the unique opportunity of seeing a collection of Mr. Holman Hunt's work under one roof, and of tracing his career from the year 1848 to the painting of *The Lady of Shalott*—his last picture.

By selling his entire collection of modern pictures to Messrs. Agnew for half a million, Mr. Alexander Young, a rival to Staats Forbes, has cheated Christie's of a sensational sale. It is rumoured that several works in this collection have already been secured by American citizens but we hope Messrs. Agnew will decide to exhibit the fine Corots, Daubignys, and Modern Dutch pictures before their dispersal.

LITERATURE

PAULINE EPISTLES

Stray Leaves. By HERBERT PAUL, M.P. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE main reason why Mr. Herbert Paul is not a great critic is that he is not fundamental. An agreeable, witty and learned writer, he still lacks the patient analytical power and penetration required for any true illumination of his subject. His criticism might be summarised in the phrases "I like it," or "I like it not." He seems to have very little of the artist's desire to create a visible figure and place it before his readers. To illustrate this shortcoming, it is only necessary to turn to the essay on George Eliot. In writing of her he approaches rhapsody as nearly as it is possible for him to do, and yet the sum total of the impression left by reading his essay is a vague and indistinct vision of the novelist. He does not help us to realise what the woman was when she still walked to and fro upon the earth, and still less to know her truly as an artist. No lover of literature can help making personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Fielding, Dickens, and Thackeray. Whatever he may think of their work, he is bound to have some clear vision of them as individuals. We might take one or two pages to show our meaning more in detail. Mr. Paul tells us that, with all her admiration for George Sand and Rousseau: "George Eliot never caught the magical charm of their style." In passing it may be observed that George Eliot herself, if we are to judge from a well-known passage in her works, thought much more of the magical style of Henry Fielding. But Mr. Paul goes on to describe, very justly, her own style as hard and metallic, and we ask why this was so. George Eliot herself once described style as "a manifestation of mental attributes." If there was something hard and metallic in her manner of writing, it corresponded to something hard and metallic in her own mind, the existence of which would be proved, if by nothing else, by her failure in her ambition to become a poet. But Mr. Paul produces discord, not harmony, out of his observations. If she had "a deep feeling for the inexhaustible pathos of human life," would it not have come out in that softness of colour which poetry lends to the finest prose? Perhaps he would reply that her learning proved an obstacle to the free expression of her simplest and finest feelings. But allowing for all that, we still see Mr. Herbert Paul as a mere commentator, not as a builder. Again, when dealing with Leslie Stephen's well-founded opinion that George Eliot's men are not so real as her women, all that he gives is a personal opinion which does not seem to have very much behind it:

It is impossible for the most acute reader always to determine an author's sex. Sometimes, of course, there can be no doubt. Nobody ever attributed "Rob Roy" to a woman, or "Northanger Abbey" to a man. Fielding is irredeemably masculine. So is Thackeray. So is Dickens. But a woman might have written "Robinson Crusoe," or "Clarissa," or "Far from the Madding Crowd." Miss Martineau was as masculine as Mrs. Gaskell was feminine, and Miss Edgeworth was as well acquainted with a fine gentleman as she was with a fine lady. Miss Austen, with singular self-control, abstains from an attempt to reproduce the conversation of men among themselves. But very few writers in the world's history have understood so well the limitations of their own genius, even when they had any, as Miss Austen felt rather than understood the limits of hers. George Eliot had a man's education, and the course of her life brought her into contact with more men than women.

All this, we believe, misses the essential point in Leslie Stephen's criticism. We may put it in this way, that both men and women possess a certain amount of human nature in common, and, as far as this common factor went, George Eliot had an equal understanding of both sexes. The point of difference really lies in the dominant energy of the man, and this she was never quite so successful in portraying as Charlotte Brontë was in "Jane Eyre." There is a philosophic cause for it, and this Mr. Herbert Paul does not touch, for the simple

reason that, as we have already said, he is not fundamental. To take a third instance, he writes in the most glowing way of "Middlemarch." He says:

"Middlemarch" is George Eliot's climax, and those who depreciate it are really depreciating the author as well as the book. "Middlemarch" is her "Vanity Fair," her "David Copperfield," her "Heart of Midlothian." If you do not like the "Heart of Midlothian," you do not like Scott. If you do not like "David Copperfield," you do not like Dickens. If you do not like "Vanity Fair," you do not like Thackeray. If you do not like "Middlemarch," you do not like George Eliot. "Adam Bede" may be more amusing, "The Mill on the Floss" may be more pathetic, "Silas Marner" may be more poetical. But "Middlemarch" is George Eliot herself, with her large, grave, earnest, tolerant view of human nature and human life. It is pervaded by the melancholy of a reverent, regretful scepticism which surrenders with reluctance a store of cherished beliefs. It is impressed with the value of a scientific education and the futility of mere antiquarianism. It brings out more than any ostensibly political novel that I know the rooted and ingrained conservatism of the English character. It exposes, or endeavours to expose, the inadequacy of political reforms, being in that respect a completion of "Felix Holt." But these are its superficial aspects, like Mr. Partridge's contempt for Garrick, or the French proclivities of Squire Western.

Now, it will be observed that this eulogy is not creative in its character. It is merely a statement of personal opinion and is not buttressed by reference to any of those tests which have universal application. In other words, we learn from the passage how much Mr. Paul thinks of "Middlemarch," but he gives no reason why those who have neglected or underestimated this novel should go back to it and possibly revise their judgment.

In dealing with the author of "Ionica" we had hoped that he would have been more satisfactory, because he had peculiar advantages for the performance of this task.

I think I must have known William Cory. I was his pupil for six years. After he left Eton, I stayed with him at his house in Devonshire. During the last years of his life, which he spent at Hampstead, I was his constant visitor and guest.

This paper is, we think, the best in the volume, and ought to be read by all who keep William Cory in remembrance. But the essay is more noteworthy for its collection of data than for its insight. The following passage, for instance, is full of interest to those who know Cory only by his poems:

I have only space to describe him as he was at Eton. There he became notorious for his rudeness, being extremely shy, extremely irritable, and versed in the vocabulary of contempt. In teaching he never aimed at effect. "We are not learned enough to show off," he said sharply to Halford Vaughan, when that eccentric scholar examined him before the Commission. No human being I have ever known was more free from vanity. He had extraordinary terseness of expression, and never wasted a word. His comments upon a difficult passage, or a passage which would have been difficult to others, seemed to come of themselves in the form most easily remembered; his translation was always idiomatic and pointed.

Mr. Herbert Paul makes him out to have been methodical, but a bundle of prejudices. He disliked Shelley, Carlyle and Thackeray, could not read Jane Austen, cared little for Dickens. Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Sir Walter Scott appear to have been his favourite novelists. Tennyson, Swinburne and Arnold he fervently admired. These are interesting facts, but we see no answer to the little query "why" that we are almost compelled to ask. Of his clever methods as a teacher we get the following fine example:

Perhaps the most characteristic of them all was to rouse a boy's combative instincts by flouting his prejudices, questioning his beliefs, treading, so to speak, on his corns. Suddenly put on the defensive, the dullest fellow, if he had any spirit in him, would try to say something for himself. If he talked nonsense, no pity was shown him. But if he made any sort of case, he received an encouragement which was peculiarly flattering, because it had the appearance of a reluctant concession. The one thing impossible in that pupil room was intellectual torpor. Acquiescence would not do. You were allowed to disagree if you had a reason.

Altogether the paper teems with very interesting material. It only wanted the light of genius to make it really fine and illuminating.

THE EPIC OF BRITAIN

The Dawn in Britain. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. Vols. iii. and iv. (Duckworth, 4s. net. each.)

WHEN we reviewed the first two volumes of this work (ACADEMY, May 6, 1906) we came somewhat hastily to the conclusion that, as the story had been brought down to the landing of Joseph of Arimathea and his companions in England and their reception by the inhabitants, the remaining books would deal with their adventures in preaching the new religion. But Mr. Doughty had a much longer road to travel than we imagined, before fulfilling the promise contained in his first lines. Two more volumes now appear, and the word "Finis" is not to be found. The Conquest of Britain by the Romans has still to be related. Six out of the eight new books are taken up with this, but do not come near to finishing it. At the end, the Britons have been thrice defeated but not entirely broken up: the armies are lying in sight of each other, the Britons have been joined by a large contingent from Erin, and the Roman general, Aulus, has written for reinforcements.

Enough has already been said on every hand about those linguistic peculiarities which make the poem unique in this or any other age. The style must now be granted, and readers are already familiar with it. Besides, the verbal style and the other features of the poem, its subject, its development, its rugged and telling imagery, are all not only of equal originality, but seem so perfectly adapted one to another, that it would be hard to imagine the language used in any other connection or the subject treated in any other manner. Those readers who liked the first two volumes will be still more delighted with this fresh instalment. It is marked by historical and poetical imagination of a very high order. The first few pages lead to one of those episodes which are now recognisable as highly characteristic of the author. It is introduced, as usual, in the form of a lay sung by a bard in the king's hall, and describes how Cloten, Prince of Kent, was shipwrecked on a sacred island and won the heart of a maiden priestess, whom he carried off to be his queen. This passage is a very happy link between the two parts of the work already published, as it assures the reader at the outset that the expectations raised by the earlier books will be realised in these. We knew that Mr. Doughty could tell a story of this nature with lightness of touch and charm. We knew too that he could describe savage warfare, banquetings, journeys, the meetings of kings in counsel, the joys and griefs of primitive peoples. But there are two qualities in this second part of the poem which make it more attractive than the first. In the earlier part there was necessarily a great want of connection: three different sets of people were in turn the heroes, separated from each other by considerable distances of time; while the scene, passing from Britain in the first book, can only be described as shifting over the whole of Western Europe and the Mediterranean, and returning to Britain somewhat miraculously in the end. Here, on the contrary, the scene lies mostly in our own island, and the story is almost entirely of Britons and Romans. The result is beneficial in more ways than one: there is a splendid unity in the narrative, which is an obvious gain; and the localisation of the scene in Britain affects the poet and his hearers perhaps in an equal degree. For as, from the reader's point of view, the interest in the story, though remote enough from our own life, is bound to be greater than in the history of the Gaulish and German tribesmen; so having to write of his own land must have stirred the author to that strange manifestation of patriotic feeling, of which we only caught glimpses before. He writes in such sincere and intimate sympathy with the islanders and the island—as if conscious of a personal relation with every man and woman, every hill and river, every bough of the forests within it—that no reader, be he never so Saxon and averse from Celtic revivals, could escape from a sense of kinship with the ancient Britons while the book is in his hands.

The other quality, to which we would point as being especially characteristic of Mr. Doughty's latter books, is hard to describe in language which will not convey wrong suggestions. But let us hazard the words, and say that the author is more of a visionary and more of a mystic than he had shown himself to be before. The first and most arresting appearance of this element in the poem (barring the "Vision of Hell" in the second volume, which always seemed to us one of the least successful passages) is in Book XII., where there are three pages describing a conclave of the demon-gods of Britain and their meeting with Abaddon, the demon of sedition, who had already been at work among the Roman legions waiting, before the invasion, on the mainland:

Now dies the evening red, on those cold waves,
Which compass in, Isle, crowned with long white cliffs,
Our foster-Britain. Gloom soon the skies,
I (quothe the Muse) saw in vast gore-swart cloud;
Whose cliffs of pearl, and towers of shining gold;
On thrones that seemed of crystal, azure, made,
Sit demon shapes. . . .

. . . Gods, without voice! discourse,
(Save wind-gods murmured, on that murky floor,)
With looking only of their glowing eyes.
They reason of the war toward, with Romans;
Wherein they shall contend, with Latin gods.

Then I beheld, towards Head of white-cliffed Kent;
And saw, dark effigied, in dim twilight cloud,
Great flying shadow! Comes, manslaying demon,
Now dread Abaddon, from the Gaulish main:
(Was he which breathed sedition, in the legions!)
Would slay our island-Gauls, this homicide fiend.
And as, oft-times, we bleak-sheen, in the sun,
Some crow see shine; at first blench, this might seem
Angel of light! Lighted on cliff; to him,
(Falls, in whose shadow, blight and extreme curse!)
Resort the Isle's dark gods. Erst horrid Math,
Britons' tremendous, impious god of death:
(Can all gods not hold back his dread iron hand!)
The Morrighu, then, crowned with a waning moon;
(Is she night-riding queen of murderers!)
With Clothru and horrible Ethne, in her train;
Whom follow, hag-born, burden of the night,
Dim, bat-like, fluttering brood of aery spirits;
Whose power increaseth, in the evening mists,
As day's light wanes. Abaddon, demon, shines,
With peacock's feathers, full of glorious eyes.
Mongst them a moment; that incline their heads.

He, from whose fearful eyes, hell-pangs look forth,
Prepared beholds destruction of our Isle!
Well pleased, then, casting backward baleful looks,
Lifting his spotted wings, the immane fiend,
Returns, towards Gaul. Under his heavy flight,
Is ferment of the sea, that roars for dread.

Here the theme is treated at length for the only time. But from this moment onward the brooding sense of disaster to come is never absent. A touch here and there throughout the remaining four books keeps it constantly before us, and the cumulative effect is haunting. Now it is found in the sight of something of evil omen, now in a Druidical pronouncement, now in the aspect of the sky, now in the troubled sleep of the island chiefs. One of the most effective of these ominous suggestions is contained in a few lines describing how a Briton warrior dreams of two of his heroic Gaulish ancestors, and but half understands their speech. In conclusion we will give one short extract, which is a good example of Mr. Doughty's restrained, imaginative writing. The Romans have defeated and scattered the Britons outside Camulodunum:

Loud wailing, and the city-gates are shut!
Weeping of wives, which stand round on the walls.
The gods of Britons seem to mourn aloft,
Which veil that welling passing radiance,
Of the unweariable sun, with skies,
As rusty gore: in whose now waning beams,
See Druids, from lukewarm blood of fallen warriors
In battle-plain, to rise disembodied spirits.
And still, toward house of heaven, they upward mount;
Like evening dance of silver-winged flies,
O'er crystal water-brooks, in harvest month.

HOW SHAKESPEARE PRONOUNCED

A Shakespeare Phonology and A Shakespeare Reader. By WILHELM VIËTOR, M.A., Ph.D. (Nutt, 6s. and 3s. 6d. net.)

ALL things are flowing, everything is passing away *πάντα ῥεῖ, πάντα χωρεῖ*. Language cannot escape the inevitable law of constant, unceasing change. Not only do words decay and die, and fresh words flourish in their stead, but no generation pronounces the same word precisely with the same sound as the generation that preceded it. Many generations have lived and talked since Shakespeare's time. There have been so many changes in the spoken language in the meanwhile that it is quite certain that we would not be able to enjoy or understand a play of Shakespeare's if produced on the stage with Shakespeare's pronunciation, and that, if he were to revisit the scene of his triumphs, he would be very disagreeably impressed with the uncouth, unintelligible way in which present actors mouth his glorious lines.

The purpose of Dr. Viëtor in this admirable contribution to English philology is to ascertain as accurately as possible the exact pronunciation of Elizabethan English, as it is exemplified in the poems and plays of Shakespeare. Our author is admirably equipped for his difficult task. The professor of English Philology in the University of Marburg, and President of the Association Phonétique Internationale, is a ripe English scholar, and at the same time an expert in the science of Phonetics. His book is absolutely indispensable to the student of the history of the English language and to the serious student of our greatest poet. The facts are well marshalled, a strictly scientific method is pursued, and the results are drawn from the carefully sifted facts with logical consistency. The book will not be found difficult by any one who has any experience in philological and phonetic studies, and with some little trouble in mastering the strange phonetic symbols which pervade the treatise, even the inexperienced student, if a lover of Shakespeare, will find much to interest him and to reward his pains.

What are our sources of information on the pronunciation of Shakespeare? They are twofold, external and internal. The external sources comprise the contemporary authorities on English pronunciation, such as Palsgrave (1530), Salesbury (1547 and 1567), Smith (1568), Hart (1569), Bullokar (1580), and especially Gill (1621). Of these Bullokar represents a more archaic form of language, whereas Hart favours "the thinness of utterance affected by the ladies." Smith sometimes gives the utterance of fine ladies, who are termed by him "*mulierculae quaedam delicatiores*." Effeminate forms are cited by Gill as "*Mopsarum fictitiae*." The evidence of English dialects may also be mentioned as illustrating an obsolete Shakespearean pronunciation. A rime, for instance, may be justified by reference to the utterance of a Warwickshire peasant. As internal sources of information we have puns, metre, and rime. Ellis seems to have thought the rime to be of doubtful assistance. With Dr. Viëtor Shakespeare's rimes form the most important, in fact the main internal source of information. By means of his more accurate knowledge of the earlier stages of the English language, and of his careful study of the Quarto and Folio texts he shows that Shakespeare was a better rimer than he has hitherto been supposed to be. We may add that some inferences as to pronunciation may be drawn from peculiarities of spelling in the early printed texts.

Much light has been thrown on Elizabethan phonetics by Henry Sweet, F. Kluge, and K. Luick, and our author's investigations have received important assistance from three lexicographical works, Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, the Oxford English Dictionary, and the English Dialect Dictionary.

Before giving some of Dr. Viëtor's results it will be convenient to print the Shakespearean system of vowel-sounds in the notation used in the book. In order to understand the symbols it may be sufficient to say that each one has

its usual continental value. The colon [:] added to the letter denotes length. The vowels and diphthongs are as follow:

Front—i; i, ii, iu; e; e, eu; æ; æ, æi.

Back—a; o; o, oi, ou; u; u, uw.

The symbol [ou] has the value of the vowel-sound in E. own.

We will now give some of Dr. Viëtor's conclusions, taking them in the order of the vowel-sounds set forth above. The colon [:] between two words denotes rimes. Rimes in [i:]. Such are *deed: bleed; believe: give; evil: devil; build: shield; held: field; in famy: be, me; deeds: sheds* (Quarto *sheeds*); *indeed: read; sleeve: believe; speech: eche* (vb.). Rimes in [i]. Such are *lip: slip; hild* (pp.): *kill'd; been: sin; pretty* (Folio *pritty*): *ditty; achieve* (Quarto *atchine*): *live; wit: yet* (yt Warwick dialect); *theft: shift; parasites* (Q. *parasits*): *wits*. Rimes in [ii]. *Eye: die; dry: high; nigh: eye; night: white; wind* (sb.): *find, mind; unlived: deprived; memory: die*. Rimes in [iu]. *Adieu: you; due: review; knew: flew; truth: youth*. Rimes in [e:]. *Sea: plea; leech* (F. *leach*): *each; extreme: dream; scene: unclean; these: please; deer: here, fear; fear: bear; fever: never* (?); *even: heaven*. Rimes in [e]. *Bed: head; set: counterfeit; pen: again; whether: feather, thither; weather: thither; confess: decease* (Q. *decesse*); *bless: cesse* (cease); *herd: beard; enter: venture*. Rimes in [eu]. *Dew: few*. Rimes in [æ:]. *Name: blame; grave: slave; gave: have; Kate: ha't; care: share; are: snare*.

Rimes in [æ]. *Glad: sad; hand: command; glass: pass; glass: was; match: watch; scar: afar; bar: war; harm: warm; matter: water; hath: wrath; heard: regard; heart: convert; vaunt: want; haunted: granted*. Rimes in [æi]. *Day: prey; may: key; survey: key; bait: conceit; bait: straight; afraid: said*. Rimes in [a:]. *Straw: saw; palm: balm; laud: bawd; daughter: slaughter; wall: fall; fault: halt; walks: stalks*. Rimes in [o:]. *Boar: more; door* (Q. *dore*): *more; groan: throne; moan: none; bone: one; gone: moan*. Rimes in [ou]. *Soul: control* (Q. *controule*); *own: shown; bought: thought; four: door*. Rimes in [u:]. *Groom: doom; tomb: womb; room: Rome; prove: love; root: foot; cool'd: should; choose: lose*. Rimes in [u]. *Cup: up; sum: come; good: blood; worth: forth; bushes: rushes*. Rimes in [uw]. *How: now; hound: wound; hour: flower*.

It will be seen from this brief summary of Shakespeare's rimes that the late Elizabethan vowel system differs in many important particulars from the late Victorian. This will be still more clearly shown if we set forth in order some modern English sounds, indicating with Dr. Viëtor's notation the Shakespearean sound in each case.

(1) Sea, dream, fever, deceive [e:]; Key, conceit [æi]. (2) Car, star, heart, command, glass [æ]; are [æ:]. (3) Die, eye, nigh, mind [ii]. (4) Learn, discern [e]; fir, first [i]; fur, curst, worst [u]; convert [æ]. (5) Cup, rush, lust, son, dove, blood, touch, enough [u]; none [o:]. (6) How, hound, hour, flower [uw]. (7) Watch, was, want, war, wrath [æ]. (8) Alone, groan [o:] distinct from known [ou]; Rome [u:]. (9) Straw, laud, fall, fault, walk [a:]; vaunt, haunt [æ]; bought, thought [ou]. (10) Due, truth, you, youth [iu]; dew [ew]. Shakespeare pronounced wind, "*ventus*," [ii]; heaven [e:]; said [æi]; have [æ:]; should [u:].

It remains to say a word or two on the consonants. Initial *w* before *r*, as in *wrong*, was still sounded. This is a point on which all contemporary authorities agree. The inorganic *w* in *whole* is recognised by Bullokar and Gill, who both pronounce [hwo:l]. *After* is often [a:ter] as in some dialects. *Balk, talk, fault*, are [ba:k], [ta:k], [fa:t]. The *l* is sounded in *could, would, should* [u:] *Daughter* was probably [da:xter] (*x = ch* in German *doch*). *Bristle* is in the Folio *brissle*. *Ache* sb. has the sound of the letter *h*. *Pleasure* is [ple:ziur], *nature* [næ:tiur] and *passion* [pæ:siun]. The *k* in *know* is pronounced. The *gh* in *light* was probably pronounced faintly, as the *ch* in G. *dich*.

In order to illustrate what Dr. Viëtor believes to be the

pronunciation of Shakespeare he has compiled "A Shakespeare Reader" in which some extracts have been selected from "Venus and Adonis," the "Rape of Lucrece," and the Sonnets, and from some of the Plays in the first Folio, and have been presented in a phonetic form. Among these extracts we find included the amusing French scene in *Henry V.* We have had many Shakespeare Revivals; I wonder if we shall ever have a manager courageous enough to put upon the stage *Hamlet* or *The Tempest* spoken in such a way that an Elizabethan actor would be able to pronounce the delivery almost faultless [fa: tles].

A. L. MAYHEW.

MIXED FEEDING

Pribbles and Prabbles, or Rambling Reflections on Varied Topics.

By the late Major-General PATRICK MAXWELL, LL.D. (Skeffington, 10s. net.)

THE reviewer might well despair of giving any satisfactory account of this delightful medley. The late Major-General Patrick Maxwell had a mind stored with millions of out-of-the-way scraps of knowledge, and note-books in which, apparently, he had jotted down anything that struck him as curious in a very wide course of reading. Our readers will best be able to judge of the character of the work by sampling a page or two. We open the book at random and find the page begun with a quotation from a letter written by Sir Walter Scott to Miss Seward, then at Lichfield, to the effect that he would be much more interested by hearing of a hut being on fire at Lichfield than at the occurrence of a conflagration at Constantinople. He follows this up with a quotation from a speech made by Macaulay in 1832 in which the historian said that "a broken head in Coldbath Fields produces a greater sensation than three pitched battles in India." Without any link of reason that we can discover he jumps from this theme to the pitiable condition of a millionaire. "We can see what God thinks of wealth by observing the kind of people on whom He sometimes bestows it," he quotes, and after more comment of the same kind he goes on to make the following whimsical speculation:

An ingenious American lately computed that in the United States alone, half a ton of pure gold, equivalent to half a million of dollars, was annually put, as stuffing, into the teeth of the living, or otherwise employed by the dentist on people's food-grinding apparatus; and inasmuch as none of this precious metal is ever extracted after death, our shrewd calculator "reckoned" that, at this rate, a quantity of gold equal to all that now in circulation would, in the course of three centuries, be lying buried in the earth. It is strange to think that one digger, the sexton to wit, is constantly returning to mother earth nearly as much gold as the other digger is constantly extracting from her bosom. Well, well, this perhaps does not matter much, in view of the constantly increasing supply of the yellow dross.

He remarks with truth that it is perhaps no great jump from money to champagne, and goes on to relate that one of the monthly magazines tells how:

Vin mousseux, or sparkling wine, was accidentally discovered in 1688 by a monk named Dom Perignon, who was cellarer of a Benedictine monastery at Hautvilliers on the Marne, near Epernay. It appears that the bursting of a closely-corked bottle led him to the apprehension of the principle involved. It is also said that the same excellent man was the first to introduce the use of corks, in lieu of plugs of flax saturated with oil; which latter method, as most people know, is still employed in Italy for the stopping of flasks of wine. But oh, if all this be true, surely dear, good Perignon has been but scurvily treated by man. Such a benefactor to his species assuredly deserved a monument ore enduring than brass.

From champagne to beer is an easy descent. To us the most interesting part of this disquisition is the hunt for the origin of the phrase: "Come, my lad, and drink some beer." The writer must confess that he only remembered it as having been quoted by Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian," but Major-General Maxwell refers us to Boswell. Perhaps there is some connection which we do not quite understand between drink and obscure writers; at any rate that is the next theme to engage the writer's attention. He quotes with great gusto Browning's remark to an admirer who asked the meaning of a passage in one of his poems: "Well, only two people ever knew the meaning of this passage—myself, and God Almighty; now God

Almighty only knows its meaning." Here, too, is a very delightful passage about George Meredith.

Before leaving obscure writers, I have only this much more to say. Of course Mr. George Meredith is a delightful and entrancing novelist. To deny that would, I suppose, be to write oneself down an ass; but I am free to confess that I do not always understand him. I wonder if he understands himself. For myself, I am a plain man, and when I read fiction I do so for the sake of amusement and diversion, not that I may be compelled to wrestle with the sentences in the book as if I were wrestling with Thucydides. And if any man will lay his hand upon his heart, and declare on his word of honour that he can make head or tail of, say, the first, or introductory chapter, of *The Egoist*, then all I can say is that, something like Mr. Grimwig in *Oliver Twist*, I shall be happy to eat my walking-stick, or my umbrella, if so preferred.

Major-General Maxwell's note-books must be veritable stores-houses of quaint odds and ends. Turning over his pages, we come upon a collection of some thirty-four examples of rhymed verse from the classics, seventeen of them from Homer, who sometimes rhymed two consecutive lines, sometimes the two parts of the same line; six from Horace, and nine from Virgil. He does not forget, of course, Cicero's famous jingle:

O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam!

though we can hardly accept his suggestion:

O fortunatam Romam me consule natam!

as any improvement on the original. He gives also a very ingenious couplet quoted by Dean Hole in his "Memories":

"Cane Decane canis, sed ne cane, cane Decane,
De cane, sed canis, cane Decane, cane."

Now no man living can tell who wrote these lines. They have been ascribed to Porson, but there is nothing to connect Porson with them. They are supposed to have been intended as a reproof to some elderly dean—probably of the name of Hoare, or Grey—who was attached to venery, and given to the singing of hunting ditties. In *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. v. 64, they were translated as follows by "W. H. K.":

"Good Dean Grey, the sportsman's lay
Ill becomes thy tresses grey;
Grey-haired Grey, thy theme be, then,
Not greyhounds, but grey-haired men."

The only parallel we can think of are the lines on Tate who dined *tête-à-tête* at 8.8.

Our examples, it may be mentioned, have been culled from some fifty pages. The reader whose interest is stimulated will find in the book two hundred and seventy-nine like unto them.

LECTURES ON MUSIC

English Music, 1604 to 1904. Music Story Series. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 3s. 6d.)

ENGLISH music! The phrase is a red rag to the present-day John Bull. It arouses in him a curious mixture of enthusiasm, half musical, half militant, a sort of artistic jingoism, which must be an amusing spectacle to a nation that has always loved and honoured its own art and so can afford to be appreciative of the art of others. The fact is that he has just waked up to realise that there has been a good deal of musical effort going on unobtrusively in his own country for some hundreds of years, so he is determined to find out all about it and to publish it abroad, if by any means he may persuade the incredulous foreigner that in this he is, and has always been, his equal, as in every other department of civilisation. But it will not quite do; the foreigner knows better, the Englishman in his heart knows better too. All honour to that modest and unobtrusive effort! We would be the last to slight it for a moment, but the fact remains, that, except for a few limited types of music and for limited periods of time, English music has never risen to anything like supremacy, and we shall be the truer artists for accepting this fact and for allowing no self-deception in the matter.

It is just this tone which spoils part of the book before us, and makes it a little ludicrous. We shall show this as we describe the matter of the individual

lectures; but apart from this defect be it said that most of the lectures are made up of sound history and tell their story in an intelligible fashion, in fact in the most approved manner of popular instruction. Most musical people will remember the exhibition of musical instruments, books and manuscripts, which in the year 1904 was brought together to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter to the Worshipful Company of Musicians. The lectures here reprinted were given in illustration of the exhibition, and were designed to cover as far as possible the development of music in those three hundred years. Of course they do not make a book. Even the large-hearted definition of Charles Lamb might scarcely include them. They were spoken to illustrate the exhibits, and here they are printed with pictures of the exhibits to illustrate them. A very different matter. In that respect, however, the best has been done by making the illustrations as numerous and as good as possible; but since the lecturers frequently refer to the musical performances which went with the lectures, and of these only occasional fragments could be printed in music type (and even that is not hearing), here is a far more serious gap in the completeness of the work. Last, and this most of all makes it not a book, the lectures are printed apparently just as they were spoken. We all know how a popular lecturer does speak, especially some musical lecturers, and we get all the colloquialisms and slipshod English, nay and all the little jokes too, which may have enlivened a hot lecture-room in the summer of 1904, but which rather annoy the earnest reader of two years later.

Now for the matter of the work itself. Mr. T. Lea Southgate begins with a lecture on "The Evolution of the Pianoforte." His intimate knowledge of ancient instruments, the predecessors of the pianoforte—dulcimer, clavi-chord, harpsichord and so forth—is beyond question, and both this and his later lecture on "The Regal and its successors" show the merits which belong to a man who knows his subject and makes a first-hand contribution to it. One statement of his surprised us, however. He says:

In this little instrument (the clavichord) the makers had not yet discovered a way to graduate the blow of the tangent, although some fondly believe otherwise. Really there is no dynamic expression obtainable in any of the mechanically-struck keyboard instruments until we come to the pianoforte, though the clavichord was amenable to the *vibrato*.

Now we were among those of the fond belief just to this extent, that we have often played on a clavichord and enjoyed the delicate gradations of loud and soft that we were able to produce; but perhaps our ear deceived us.

To pass on, Dr. W. H. Cummings on "Our English Songs" is not very interesting. He beats the British drum rather hard without managing to show us the real beauty which has always characterised English song melody, and after eulogising "God save the King," "Rule Britannia" and a few other songs, he says that he has "briefly traced the story of our English songs" to the reign of James I. "Rule Britannia" came in for its share of enthusiasm rather too early, because some silly critic on an evening paper seems to have thought that Wagner composed it, and so the lecturer could not wait to disclaim the heresy in chronological order. There follows a summary of representative songs and song-writers down to the present day, but the evil of this fetish of English music appears to the full in the following passage on Arthur Sullivan.

As a composer of detached songs he was particularly successful. I need only mention "The Lost Chord," and the names of many others will recur to you; but some of his happiest efforts are already forgotten.

We all love Sullivan's delightful tunes and songs, especially those of his light operas, but, in the "Lost Chord" the lecturer has chosen to extol his least worthy moment, the side of his music which his best admirers most regret.

Dr. Henry Watson's lecture on "Early English Viols" is rather vague on paper probably it was very much

better with the instruments present for actual illustration of their music. For reading purposes it would have been improved if it could have been more definitely connected with Mr. W. W. Cobbett's clever summary of the history of "The Violin Family and its Music," which comes later on. We next come to a lecture on a subject in which no patriotism is needed to discover the worth of English workmanship, namely, "Madrigals, rounds, catches, glees, and part-songs." Dr. Markham Lee, to whose fortunate lot this subject fell, was perhaps right at the time to place his principal reliance on the vocal illustrations. The Elizabethan madrigals are music which speaks for itself; its beauty is indescribable, and why should it be described when it can be heard? So Dr. Markham Lee does little more than describe the various forms enumerated in the title, and the reader has now to be content with the sight of the programme printed at the beginning, which included works from Edwards's early madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed" down to Stanford's "Corydon arise."

Mr. John Finn's paper on "The Recorder, flute, fife, and piccolo" is interesting and sound. It is quite among the best as printed lectures, since it traces the history of this type of instrument consistently and methodically from the ancient Egyptian pipe, of the "Nay" type, to the modern concert flute. We are grateful to him for forgetting all about the Worshipful Company of Musicians, its three-hundred years charter, English music and all the rest of it, and treating us to a solid chapter of history. "The single and double reed instruments," by D. J. Blakley and "The Brass Instruments," by J. E. Borland, may be named with this as work of the same kind. The last-named enters into a spirited diatribe against the use of the transposing system for wind instruments, an interesting question of practical reform which is gradually getting ventilated and may have important results in the notation of orchestral music. But two other important branches of distinctively English music have to be mentioned: "Our Cathedral Composers," by Dr. G. F. Huntley, and the opera. In the first of these the reader, as in the case of Dr. Markham Lee on Madrigals, is disappointed, for he finds a big subject barely more than catalogued; the latter is divided into two parts, and so treated more fully in "Masques and early opera," by A. H. D. Prendergast, and in "English Opera after Purcell," by Dr. Sawyer. The first traces the story well and simply down to Purcell, the one Englishman who had a genius for dramatic music, and thence Dr. Sawyer carries it on and appears to make more of his subject than history justifies, by extolling the works of Arne, Dibdin and Bishop, and later Balfe and Benedict, though he has to acknowledge that the latter was a German born and bred.

One more lecture deserves special mention for the learning and research it displays, that by the Rev. F. W. Galpin on "The Water Organ of the Ancients and the Organ of to-day." The others "Our dances of bygone days" by Algernon Rose, "Music in England in the year 1604" by Sir Frederick Bridge, "Some Notes on Early Printed Music" by A. H. Littleton, and the last, "Music of the Country Side" by Sir Ernest Clarke, are all rather the personal work of the moment, and with the possible exception of the first named, do not leave us with the feeling that we know much more of the subject after reading them than before.

If we have laughed a little at the rather childish admiration of all things English of some of the authors, it is, from no wish to belittle the real importance of the work done. The organisation of the exhibition and the lectures to explain it have done a splendid work in spreading knowledge on a great and neglected subject, and the republishing of these lectures should do more. We close the book with but one regret; that it possessed so kindly and lenient an editor as Mr. Crowest seems to have been. A little more severity might have turned out a work better fitted to bear the hardships of an unsympathetic world.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

[Under the above general title a Series of Brief Papers will appear in successive numbers of the ACADEMY. They will be "short studies on great subjects"; jottings by the way, rather than essays by an expert. Some will be mere suggestions on miscellaneous topics, from varied points of view; others will contain a more ample discussion of one or two questions of contemporary interest.]

II. FINAL SETTLEMENTS

How often one hears the remark made in reference to a problem, a controversy, or a policy: "But this . . . is not a final settlement." It is perhaps added: "The time has not yet come for such a settlement." But can it ever come? Is there such a thing as the final settlement of any problem, controversy, or policy? If it may be safely affirmed that there is not, and that there never can be one, it is surely worth while inquiring why it is so.

Amidst the turmoil of discussion, with a vast number of contrary opinions diametrically opposed, and reached from opposite points of view, surrounded by beliefs which lead to antagonism, it is natural that all who dislike conflict should wish the problems settled, the discussions closed, and a fixed policy carried out. But ever since human controversy began, the settlement of dispute by the closure of debate has been found impossible. Even a temporary adjustment of difference is a compromise more or less. In other words the cessation of strife is more apparent than real. The antagonism is closed for a time; but it not only re-emerges, it is developed out of the very agreements that are come to. These are due to the fundamental contrarieties which exist in Human Nature, and which gave rise to the primitive differences of belief and action.

But how often do we meet with those who say: "I cannot agree with you on that matter; because it is fundamental, settled, axiomatic, with me?" It may be asked in reply: "What do you mean by fundamental? Were not many things considered axiomatic centuries ago, which are now known to be illusory? And may not the fundamentals of to-day become as garments worn out, if not *impedimenta*, to-morrow? And if this be true in reference to articles of belief, is it not much more so with regard to the so-called *ultima* of a nation's policy? What was once thought would lead to the dismemberment of an Empire is seen to be means towards its consolidation, its unity, and its strength."

But what is the lesson of History? It is that there is no such thing as finality in opinion, or in policy. Nothing that is vital can be stereotyped; although types survive, and species are renewed. So soon as any seems established, and is fixed in a groove, it begins to change; that is to say, if it is vital. Change is a sign of life, and a necessary element in all progress.

The desire for finality, or the fixed settlement of things—which seems a chronic disease with many persons—assumes, however, a vast variety of forms. Take the desire for peace, for a durable, and a world-wide peace. It is a common, and, from one point of view, a natural longing. But one of the sayings of the divine Teacher of mankind was this: "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." And is not universal peace a sheer impossibility, not only so long as evil exists in the world, but so long as the differences which separate are radical and racial? No doubt, with the growth of social and international virtue, the hatred of party and the bitterness of faction may be expected to lessen; but the differences which gave rise to past conflict will continue to exist. Suppose there is a cessation of hostility between two nations that have been at war, a treaty is drawn up, and articles of peace are signed. But does any one, not a political novice or tyro, imagine that the conflict is over? Does he think that it is now more than latent, and has begun to work in new directions? If anything becomes axiomatic to a student of human nature, who has also read History to profit, it is that the

forces which sway that nature are not extinguished when they lie latent. They are only changed in their mode of working. They are invisible for a time, while they are re-combining for a fresh effort. And it is wise to ask, would a universal peace be a blessing to the world at large? If

No war or battle's sound
Were heard the world around!

would the personal and social virtues be all increased? Would individual and family life be higher nobler and better, if all external strife had ceased? Might not stagnation and the love of ease, a passion for luxury and the gratification of the senses increase? As industrial competition and the strife of bargaining are the very life of trade; surely the antipathies, as well as the sympathies, of mankind have been the means of their development.

It is the same with the individual as with the nation. You meet one who says: "I hate fluidity of ideas, I cannot abide the nebulous haze of opinion, I *must* have settled convictions." But if his are settled one way, others are adjusted differently; and so, conflict must result, and strife is inevitable. It need not be bitter warfare, but opposition must exist, and the combatants may say with Clough

Oh that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the onset
Sound thou trumpet of God, come forth great Cause to array us.

Here again, as in the political arena, or the strife of nations, a world without difference, and in which conflict was unknown, would surely be the most unnatural uninteresting and unprogressive of all worlds to live in.

No two minds ever have their opinions "settled" in precisely the same way, however strong their affinities may be, because they never look from precisely the same point of view. The problems they deal with are never the same, because each has received a different inheritance, complicated by tradition, and varied by the education undergone. Those to whom they present the results of that inheritance, and with whom they discuss it, have all received a dissimilar one, and have a different capacity of dealing with it. So that the net result of the "conflict of opinion" may be described as *difference coming into the midst of differences*, and colliding with them; although doubtless there is also some unity, or there could be no discussion and no possible intercourse. But perhaps the most important point to be noted is that all conversational discussion amongst those who have received a different inheritance, gives rise to fresh diversity and that the unlikeness resulting is of necessity quite as great as the resemblance.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

THE LIBRARY OF LORD AMHERST

THE announcement that the library of Lord Amherst of Hackney has been placed for sale in the hands of Mr. Quaritch has aroused in the daily press all the plaintive comments which have now become customary whenever an English collection of any kind is dispersed. Sincere sympathy will everywhere be felt with Lord Amherst in the heavy pecuniary loss he has suffered through a misplaced confidence. That it should entail the sacrifice of a personal hobby of fifty years growth illustrates afresh how small nowadays is the margin of income over expenditure in the case of owners of great English estates, more especially since the institution of the Death-Duties. As to the fears which have been so freely expressed that the collection will go to America, they may easily prove well founded; but so long as it is well cared for, there seems no particular necessity to put on sackcloth, wherever it finds a home. This equanimity assuredly does not proceed from any failure to appreciate Lord Amherst's success as a collector. To affect to think little of such fine books would, indeed, be absurd. Of not a few of them it may well be doubted whether another copy will ever come into the market—in some cases because Lord Amherst's copies

are believed to be unique; in others, because almost every known copy is either already in a public library or in the hands of owners who intend to bequeath it for public use. Neither the forty-two-line Bible, usually attributed to Gutenberg, nor the "Catholicon" of 1460, which is at least as likely to have proceeded from his press, can be called a rare book (at least thirty-eight copies are known to exist of the first, and forty-one of the second); but the enormous majority of both are definitely locked up, and only a rash man would prophesy with any assurance that a copy of either the one or the other will come into the market within the next ten years. Besides these two books there are other of Lord Amherst's incunables almost equally difficult to procure, notably the two Mainz editions of Cicero "De Officiis," printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1465 and 1466, the editions of the "De Arte Prædicandi" issued respectively by Fust and Schoeffer and by Mentelin, a blockbook of the Apocalypse, Veldener's "Spiegel onser behoudenis," and the Subiaco Lactantius, which has a good claim to the honour of being the earliest book printed in Italy, now extant. To these must be added the rich collection of Caxtons, most of them perfect and in unusually fine condition—the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," the first English printed book; the first edition of the "Game and Pleye of the Chesse," which used to be awarded this proud position; the "Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres," the first dated book printed in England; a fine copy of "Godfrey of Boloyne" in Caxton's own binding, and several others. To possess these books, or even half of them, would give any collector a wonderful security in following his own tastes, with the assurance that any library with such a nucleus must be ranked as of the first class. Even Lord Amherst of Hackney, long as he has been at the game, did not start quite early enough to secure all the old fashioned prizes. Every book-loving antiquary would like to own a copy of the first book printed at Venice, but Lord Amherst has had to be content with the fourth, the "De ciuitate Dei," begun, indeed, by John of Speier, but finished after his death by his brother Wendelin. All that time had spared of the hundred copies printed of the Cicero's Epistles of 1469 (1st ed.) were snapped up by collectors before Lord Amherst set to work, and by gifts and bequests the British Museum has come into possession of no fewer than four of them, as it has also in the case of the Pliny printed a year later.

According to a theory which has considerable reason to show for itself, it was the rapid absorption of books of this class which led to the bibliophobia of the second quarter of the last century, of which Dibdin so bitterly complained. It has taken Lord Amherst fifty years to collect his books. An American collector wants to be at the top of the tree in a tenth of this time. Hence he has found a fresh field in Shakespeareana, and when, a few years hence, all the Shakespeare folios and quartos have been absorbed, and only reappear in the market at rare intervals, Americans will have to find a new hobby, just as our English peers had to turn to other amusements seventy years ago, leaving poor Dr. Dibdin stranded.

Pending the issue of a complete list of the thousand or so volumes of which the collection is said to consist, we cannot trace in detail the secondary treasures with which Lord Amherst has flanked and surrounded his great prizes. But the list of incunables printed a few months ago by his librarian in order to obtain information as to other copies, shows that the earliest foreign masterpieces are well backed up by such books as the Cologne and Nuremberg chronicles, the Latin and German editions of Breydenbach's "Peregrinatio in terram sanctam," the edition of the "De Proprietatibus Rerum," which Caxton may have helped to print, the Lubeck "Rudimentum Novitiorum," Bettini's "Monte Sante di Dio," and the Dante of 1481 (both illustrated with copper-plates), and many other fine books, while keeping company with the Caxtons is a nice little handful of English fifteeners from the presses of Machlinia, Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde and Julyan Notary.

After 1500 information is only available as to groups of books. We hear of a notable collection of English Bibles, including a fine example of the edition of 1535 (the earliest complete Bible), Queen Elizabeth's copy of the Bishops' version of 1568, and a copy of the Authorised Version, embroidered for Charles I. with his arms and cyphers. The series of English prayer-books is equally fine, and the collection is also rich in the English controversial theology of the sixteenth century. Those who know Miss Alicia Amherst's History of English Gardening will not be surprised to hear that old gardening books are well represented, while the presence of five out of the six very rare tracts printed about 1570 by Anthony de Solemne at Norwich illustrates Lord Amherst's interest in the antiquities of the county in which he has for so long had his country seat.

After this rapid summary it seems hardly necessary to repeat that the fate of so splendid a collection can assuredly not be a matter of indifference to any book-lover. We should be profoundly sorry to hear that it had been bought for San Francisco, because in San Francisco they have earthquakes. Its transference to New York would give us no pleasure, for in New York they already have many fine books and so many copies of the forty-two-line Bible (five, if we remember rightly) that to add another to them would be almost a vulgarity. But the outcry against the books being "allowed to go to America," the exhortations to British millionaires to purchase them for Liverpool, for Birmingham, for Toronto, for anywhere under the Union Jack, is vulgar also, and not a little absurd. Book have many uses, but the worst to which they can be put is to be made a matter of boasting. Lord Amherst of Hackney has been a liberal owner. He has lent his books when he has been asked to do so. He has facilitated and subsidised reprints. But it is the inevitable tendency of books like these to drift into public ownership. If any one traces the history of book-collecting in England, more especially in the eighteenth century, he will note how one great library after another went to Oxford, to Cambridge, to Dublin, to the British Museum, and it is quite safe to predict that the collections now being formed by rich Americans will gradually find homes in American Universities, libraries and museums, where excellent use will be made of them. The lesser English books which have drifted to the United States during recent years have been well paid for by the admirable "Contributions towards a bibliography of English Literature" issued by the Grolier Club of New York. The best research-work in English literature is now being done in American Universities. If rare books were only playthings, we might remember that if we want our friends to join in the game we must let them share also in the means of playing it. But books are more than playthings. They are for use and study, and it is discourteous and unscholarly that this silly outcry against American bidders should be raised every time a collection is thrown on the market.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE SPELL OF FAERY

Of all the faces of Beauty which pass before the eyes of those who traffic in dreams and in the fine fabric of vision there is none of such appealing grace and perilous pursuit as that of Faery. For this charm, which is an instinct, a consciousness, and no result of experience nor possession of the outward eye, has all the diviner attributes of Beauty—those touches of mystery, those subtle hints of delight and peril which make her the enchantress that she is. And they who have fallen under this spell, who in some enchanted twilight of the heart's imagining have passed out of the world of reality into the still places of dreams, who

have walked through the green gloom of the forests of Faëry, looked across her ghostly waters, or stood in the shadow of her haunted castles—these are like the hapless knight of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"—for ever doomed to wander in solitary places, through withered pastures and under songless boughs. And in some it is a dear belief that this world of phantasy and illusion is no creature of the imagination, but the memory of a previous existence, an actual experience of that imperishable part of us which is not of to-day, nor of yesterday, nor of to-morrow, but from and for all time. And they believe, and care not who shares their conviction, that this glamour of an evil and cruel loveliness is the shadow which man's fallen nature has thrown upon the face of the Beauty which is for ever. There is no place for such a vague and speculative theory in a world so unimaginative and matter-of-fact—in a word, so scientific—as that in which we live, and like all speculative philosophy this theory has no deeper soil than the minds in which it originates. And surely there is no need to conjure up a shadowy and phantom past in other worlds to explain the illusive yet compelling charm of the Beauty of Faëry. For that which we call memory is only the breath of the sleeping centuries blown to us on the wind, across dividing oceans, from the wilderness, from the jungle, from the far snow mountains. In simpler words, that which some would call memory peculiar, and individual, is only legend, tradition, an echo—far-off indeed, and so of a subtler appeal—but an echo only of a real past of things that have really happened. For it is of the East that the Spell of Faëry breathes, of that home of mysteries and dwelling-place of enchantment, which seems to be of an older birth than the rest of the world, of a sadder wisdom. And it is worthy of remark that, whether we turn to the mystic East or to the Gloomy North, the last stronghold of Faëry, it is from the rites of a heathen religion, from the cruel fires of human sacrifice that this spell has spread its unholy glamour across the world. We are led into the tangled jungle, and impenetrable forest, where built of murderous hands rise the temples of idolatry and lust. Like enchanted castles they rise athwart the gloom, though from their sightless walls leans no long-haired enchantress, and no music wakes the unholy silence. But within is an image of Beauty carven in stone. Of stone too is the heart that has never melted to the cries of those who were first her lovers and then her human sacrifice. Lewd eyes have gazed upon her naked loveliness, and dreamed their desire upon her bosom's frozen grace, but the touch of passion has never warmed her, nor the blood of her victims splashed upon her feet. She is of immemorial years, and the knowledge of centuries sleeps upon her lips. A conscious cruelty looks from her sightless eyes, as though she rejoiced to awaken the desire she cannot satisfy. She is the symbol of the beauty of woman as imagined of the Eastern mind, cruel, repellent, alluring. She is the visible image of the unseen spirit of evil, which in so many heathen religions is the controlling power of the world, and holds dominion over the angels of light. And if we turn to the north, to the history of our own islands, it is the Druids, the Celtic hierarchy, who by the practice of the mysterious and the occult in their religious rites have bequeathed to the son and daughter of imagination a legacy of troubling vision and disturbing dreams. Can the dreamer walking the twilight of some ancient forest escape the thought that once its silence awakened to the cries of death, that maybe where he stands once stood the lovely form of some high priestess, her beauty a lure to torture and destruction. And is it not strange that out of thoughts so wild and perilous should have been evolved a face of Beauty, and a world of such arresting charm and haunting delight? For it is the evil eye which looks from this face of dreams, and the voice of peril which calls to this world of enchantment. And yet out of all this lurking cruelty, from the ashes of lust and murder, the poets have woven a spell of words of such haunting music, have kindled a light of such fair sweet melancholy, as in some

hearts is sweeter than the songs of spring, and to some eyes fairer than the beams of morning. And here, as is the case in all true and abiding poetry, the poets have gone to Nature for aid in their creation of this Faëry spell. For Nature, greatest of enchantresses, makes of things substantial a place of phantasy, where the dreamer may dream his dreams. It is she that with her wizard twilights spreads a veil of enchantment over the earth, giving to the forests their air of mystery, their loneliness to the hills, their cruelty to great waters. And she is the glass of memory, the remembrancer of love and joy and sorrow, and looking in that glass we see dimly the faces of immemorial dreams, and listening in her solitude hear voices that have long been silent, inarticulate now, and fugitive as the sighing of the wind. Is it a belief altogether shadowy that Nature does reflect in some way the joys and sorrows, the delight and despair, the beauty and grace of faces no longer visible, but whose presence is still felt in her lonely places? If it be, why is it that by a few words drawn directly from Nature the poet can translate us to a world of phantasy and illusion? For it is by those words which create a sense of weird and eerie beauty in the scene they bring before our eyes that the poet gets his effect, his atmosphere of Faëry. And there is no mere beauty of words; they must stir some sleeping memory, touch some actual experience. And the subtlest art is that which lays the scene alone, and merely creates an atmosphere of mystic and disturbing beauty. It is remarkable that the finest poems of Faëry are inconclusive and reach no definite end, as though the poet were pursuing vague and half-forgotten dreams. But they all have this in common: they go to Nature for the material necessary for the creation of this atmosphere of pleasing fear and peril; for it is only by an imagery drawn from Nature and familiar to the mind's eye that they can give to unreality a semblance of the real, and produce a vivid and enduring effect. The figures that appear in the picture derive their repellent charm and fascination from the surroundings amid which they move. In some instances the imagination has to supply the appropriate figure from the imagery given. "The magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas" suggest a face as false and perilous. "Kubla Khan" owes its sustained note of fearful suggestion and haunting mystery almost entirely to its imagery.

But ah! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.

Than this last line I know none more suggestive in the whole range of English poetry. We need not to be told the nature of those who wrought this miracle; we know instinctively that it is evil. And it is this thought, the thought that dwells upon the making of the dome and the nature of its inmates, and not the image of the dome itself that gives to the line its pregnant horror and sinister significance. It seems to hide the all of terror under a fair and glittering exterior. No detailed description of cell or dungeon could hint more subtly or more surely the presence of torture and despair. Again, it is the environment of its actors that gives "Christabel" much of its ghostly beauty, suggesting as it does a fell and evil presence.

The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.

And—to quote another poem which possesses to the full the glamour of Faëry—"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" opens with a prelude of withered herbage and songless boughs. It is one of the most surprising things in literature that Coleridge and Keats—Anglo-Saxons born and

bred—should have ventured into the grey twilight of dreams—that charmed circle supposed to be the peculiar and exclusive property of the Celt—and beaten him on his own ground. For Celtic poetry, or rather the poetry written by Celts, is too carelessly wrought and lacking in finish to satisfy the taste of those who love “the best words in the best order.” And surely Keats, as Professor Palgrave well points out, deserved the title “marvellous boy” in a much higher sense than did Chatterton, seeing that to the remoteness and suggestiveness of the Celt he united the artistic severity and finish of the Greek. The Celtic school has been divided into two classes—the remote, and the ornate; but, though Keats went to the Celt for his spell of Faëry, he learned his ornateness from the Greeks. And this without being able to read a word of the language! Genius! We use the word carelessly nowadays, but if ever man deserved that royal title it was the son of the Moorfields mews owner, who dreamed his dreams in the surgery, and walked with Beauty in the valley of the shadow of death. For though his poems breathe the very grace and beauty of his own fair native land, the intoxication of spring, the riot of summer, the grace of autumn, yet they can waken too the glamour of an older, forlorn world, a world of still twilights and melancholy winds, a world of unquiet silences and haunted loneliness, of ancient sorrows and unhappy dreams.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be “English Translation in Modern Editions of the Classics,” by Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell.]

FICTION

Listener's Lure. An Oblique Narration. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. LUCAS is at his best when he has a free hand; and though a kind of plot runs through the collection of letters from several people which composes this work, there is always room for digression from the story into reflections on topics not connected with it. The result is a very delightful book, a kind of lucky-bag. Once you have mastered the simple plot—how Lynn Harberton was in love with his ward and secretary, Edith Graham, but thought he was too old and dry for her; how he sent her to London as companion to a charming old lady surrounded with cranks; how every man she met proposed to her, and how in the end she married her guardian—you can turn back again and open where you will, sure of finding something amusing or interesting, some clever touch of character or some shrewd piece of wisdom. No strain is put on the intellect, but the heart and the temper are all the better for such books as these.

Fisherman's Gat. By EDWARD NOBLE. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THE sea is Mr. Noble's element. He writes of the sea and ships and men in the ships with the same instinctive grace and grip that are apparent in a sailor's movements on a rolling vessel. His gait is less graceful on shore: the strength is there, the charm is there, but the unmoving land lends to the strength and charm a tinge of awkwardness and exaggeration. We notice that in parts of Mr. Noble's book. The whole story is full of life and vigour. We feel the mystery and power and fascination of the sea, from the first chapter, in which Saunderson falls under the curse of the Fisherman's Gat, to the last chapter, in which the curse fulfils itself and he dies alone and dreadfully upon his ship. But horror is piled upon horror a little clumsily, so that strength gives way at times to brute force, and brute force is never convincing. But the book is essentially one to read. It grips, and its grip is rough as a sailor's grip may be.

Gossips Green. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Cassell, 6s.)

LOVERS of Susan—and who did not love her after reading her Story told by Mrs. Dudeney?—will turn eagerly to

“Gossips Green,” and they will not be disappointed. Once more we have a picture of a joy-loving nature that cannot, for all its brave effort, submit to conformity with the strict conventions of a puritanical order; and in the same village as Lucy Vernon dwelt a strange and passionate nature, of foreign extraction, who made no attempt to conform, but was a rebel from birth. A romantic love springs up between them, and Lucy's puritanical husband, a man of fierce, dark passions hidden under a stiff cloak of decorum, must, in the end, go to the wall. But not before both the lovers have struggled their hardest against their love. And when Richard Vernon at last takes himself off, he shows a late-born nobility of soul which reconciles us to him, and makes us all the gladder that the lovers' passion had never found expression in act. The scene—a village near the sea—and the period—1810 and thereabouts—give Mrs. Dudeney an opportunity for the rustic, old-world charm she knows so well how to employ.

Iole. By R. W. CHAMBERS. (Constable, 5s.)

THIS is the prettiest and gayest bit of satire that we have seen in print for many a day; daintily good-humoured, but none the less piercing and effective. As many English readers are aware, the author of it is an American, and his “Iole” should have a sympathetic welcome in England because, if America has been overrun by “Art-Nouveau” affectation and extravagances, it is from these shores that the contagion was conveyed. The United States have, it seems, a poet Guilford, who is also a priestly expositor of “l'Arr Noovo” in all its inwardness. He has also eight lovely daughters, all brought up in the simplicity of wood nymphs. When two young Wall Street gentlemen find their way into this paradise of innocence and culture, the tale begins: a tale that abounds in meaning humour, yet with many a touch of idyllic beauty. Four pictures truly illustrative and of high artistic merit adorn the book.

Lucy of the Stars. By FREDERIC PALMER. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

“LET not hope prevail, lest disappointment follow,” is the philosophy of this story. Brightly and sympathetically written, entirely free from any morbid element, dealing with the sunny side of life generally, it should be a very pleasant romance; and we wade serenely enough through the usual misunderstandings and entanglements, secure in the certainty that all is to end well. It is, literally, upon the last page that the fact is brought home to us that, instead of a gracefully written comedy we are assisting at a very bitter tragedy. On looking back over the pages we realise that we have been led into this trap continually all through the book. Not once but several times have we seen difficulties surmounted, misunderstandings made clear, everything apparently on the high road to success, only to turn over the page and find ourselves confronted by an untimely death or a lost fortune. The story opens with the betrothal of two young people well suited to each other in every way; they are separated at the end of the fifth chapter, joyfully re-united in the thirty-second, only to be torn ruthlessly asunder and parted for ever on the last page of the book, the hero having suddenly, under pressure, married a heart-broken heiress from America, whose own love-affair with one of the most brilliant and successful politicians of the day has been abruptly terminated by a fatal railway accident. The old German savant, after a lifetime spent in secretly amassing a fortune for the daughter he worships, discloses the fact of his wealth to her, to find that it comes too late and that he is only in time to see her die of despair, asking himself: “What is the good of all my money now?” Even the decadent peer, Lord Carniston, is disappointed in his attempt to commit suicide. He dies suddenly of heart failure, holding in his hand the laudanum he has not had time to drink. It is a pity that such good material should be used on so persistently pessimistic a theme. The characters are clearly and consistently drawn, the story is well, and in places wittily told, and

Lucy of the Stars is a charming heroine. There are four unusually good illustrations by Mr. A. Kimball.

Silas Strong. By IRVING BACHELLER. (Unwin, 6s.)

THE story of men of quiet hearts and strong muscles, living simply, from day to day, in the green twilight and vast silence of the Adirondack forests. Mighty hunters, with the child-like faith that comes to those who eschew cities and touch hands daily with nature. "Just folks of a very old pattern," we are told in the preface; but it is a pattern that is vanishing at the touch of civilisation as surely as the great forests which moulded it are falling before the hungry steel of the contractor. The author's ambition is to bring home to us the tragedy of the woods, from the woodman's point of view, and he has not failed. Silas Strong, guide and "contriver"; his sister Sinth; Annette Roice, strong, comely and patient; Dunmore and his daughter, Edith; they are all of the type Walt Whitman loved and sang, and their message, if sad, is a true one.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AND THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

THE increasing number of people to whom photography is an absorbing hobby, if not "a means of artistic expression," as some of them claim it to be, is shown by the corresponding increase of popularity that these two exhibitions win year by year. The fact that they are deadly rivals is advantageous; for it keeps their efforts at a strenuous pitch. The Salon is purely a pictorial show, whilst the "Royal" fills the whole of the New Gallery with exhibits amateur, professional, technical and commercial. It is the *alma mater* of photography, from which a few supporters, who had a grievance, seceded fourteen years ago; they started on their own account, and have never contributed to the mother society's exhibitions since. Their temple they called the Photographic Salon, and for their offerings they claimed a superiority of artistic spirit at the deliberate expense of the mere letter of technical worthiness. This naturally led them into licence, upon the reputation for which they have thrived, winning to their ranks many clever folk who dislike restrictions. But the parent society has grown with the times, and between the two there is now little, if any, difference in the style of their work.

At the Salon, held at 5a Pall Mall East, fond admirers of Mr. G. B. Shaw may gloat upon his anatomy; may quiz at the size of his feet, and remark upon his adiposity; for there he sits, naked and unashamed, in native worth, an example to all public characters who put too high a price upon the proprieties. The posture of Rodin's "Penseur" gives a title to this epoch-making photograph; but it is difficult to understand how mere admiration of a piece of statuary could find such a curious manifestation. To those in search of something truly artistic, Herr Herzog's decorative works are to be recommended. They possess the style, the design, and the treatment that is only possible from a highly cultivated artist. One represents Ophelia with the skull of Yorick in her lap, a waiting-woman standing on either side. The other has a slighter motive, showing a figure that reaches towards Barye's lion. The camera has never had a greater triumph in this sort of work, and it is hard to think it can ever do better. Typical of the kind of thing one sees at the Salon is a *Child and Nurse*, the nurse being shown only from the waist downwards. Some beautiful landscapes, well composed, and full of light and air, atone for these vagaries, however, and the visitor will find food for both delight and disapproval.

At the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, there are no sensations, and the visitor will feel that the pictures are earnest efforts to carry photography as far as

possible upon an artistic road. The strength of the exhibition is due not a little to some excellent work both in landscape and in figure-subjects sent by contributors from abroad. Chief among these is the *San Vigilio* of M. Paul Pichier. In this the buildings and the cypresses amongst them recall vividly Boecklin's *Die Todteninsel*. Another work, *Der Wächler*, a mounted sentinel on a romantic headland, is similarly impressive.

The commonplaces of city life receive very artistic treatment, as they usually do in the hands of capable photographers. Mist and light are used to transfigure a street and omnibuses in one case, and a crane in another, and the results are very charming. The landscapes show that photographers have not yet exhausted all the possibilities of their art. In the matter of true tone-values, some are still careless or uninitiated; but as a general thing the effects of *plein air* are honestly sought and creditably captured. The selection of subject likewise is growing more and more traditional in its aspect, the "snap-shot" awkwardness of composition being gradually eliminated.

In figure-work the progress has not been so marked, perhaps because it had already gone so far. Some good portraits will, nevertheless, delight the visitor whose ideas of likeness-taking are still founded upon commercial show-case productions. The stern head of Professor Brander Matthews is among them. Mr. Furley Lewis is, perhaps, the only exhibitor who is at the same time a leading amateur and a professional in this branch. In studies from the nude the "Royal" exhibition is not extremely rich; but what it has is characterised by great taste and skill. In one case, a pair of nymphs disport in a charming landscape, one upon the ground and the other erect playing upon a classic double-pipe. This happy accessory has given just the touch to throw the mind into a fitting mood for its proper enjoyment. It is by Miss B. Johnson.

Some attempts at colour are only moderately successful. They appear to be done by a "gum-bichromate" process. Colour in photography is yet too much in its infancy to warrant its display in any but a technical exhibition. As a rule, its addition is no help pictorially. It must be added, however, that Mr. Cavendish Morton has amongst other capital and sprightly figure-studies a splendid head of a girl in colours, called *Child of Egypt*. The decoration of these galleries deserves a special word of praise.

F. C. T.

MUSIC

THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL

LONDONERS who frequent the Three Choir and other festivals are apt to think that these are undertaken chiefly for their benefit. They regard them as occasions on which new works are tried, which may, if good enough, be performed in the metropolis afterwards, and since better choral singing is to be heard than can generally be got in London, they are anxious that the programmes should be filled with unhackneyed works, and are a little inclined to resent the days spent on *Elijah* and *Messiah*. The fact, however, that festival authorities pay little attention to this point of view, shows that it is not for the Londoners that they cater. Country people, to whom the Three Choir festival is the great musical event of the year, or perhaps of three years, cling tenaciously to *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Hymn of Praise*; and, more than that, the three towns have now got a composer of their own, and it seems to have become a necessity to have his two longest oratorios annually performed. The space available for "novelties" or little heard works has, therefore, become very restricted, and, taking all this into account, it is a matter for congratulation that the committee for the recent Hereford festival was able to produce at least two important new works, together with Berlioz's *Te Deum*, and half of Bach's great Mass in B minor, beginning at the *Credo* and going to the end. It is with regard to the

Mass, if anywhere, that we have a right to resent the crowding of the festival with hackneyed works, since this, the one great masterpiece attempted, which probably was new to many hearers, had to be given in a mangled form. The chorus was unequal to beginning at the *Credo*, and the result was some pages of dreadfully flat singing. Evidently Dr. Sinclair had worked his forces hard, however, and, though it cannot be said that it was well sung, there were moments where the music was overpowering in effect, especially at the beginning of the *Sanctus*. Of the performance of Berlioz's *Te Deum* I cannot speak, as I was unfortunately unable to be present, but what I heard of the chorus singing was not of a striking kind. In each work in which I heard them, they seemed to have studied their notes carefully and to have acquired a certain number of expressive effects, which suggested either strong memories or marked copies, but on the whole the result was tame and without inspiration.

Of *The Dream of Gerontius* and *The Apostles* there is not much to be said, save that each performance reveals new beauties and new faults, and intensifies the pleasure and disappointment already experienced in them. They had the benefit of a whole-hearted enthusiasm on the part of the performers, which in *The Dream of Gerontius* was not damped even by the abnormally slow *tempi* which Dr. Sinclair adopted. Why the most beautiful theme in the whole work, that with which the prelude opens, should be so drawled out that it became disintegrated into a series of almost disconnected notes, it is difficult to imagine. It cannot gain in expression by such treatment. Dr. Sinclair's sentimentalism over this particular work is curiously contradictory, since in other things his readings are straightforward, manly and without deep insight: in fact, good British workmanship.

New works have become too much a necessity to provincial festivals. It is a good thing that the authorities should be willing and anxious to produce new compositions, but the custom which makes it essential that the programme should contain at least two new cantatas or one oratorio is apt to influence composers unduly and to mould their work into conventional patterns. Everything from Sir Hubert Parry's pen is at once recognisable as the product of a mind which looks largely upon life. In his best moments the clear light of genius illumines his music and places it among the greatest; where this is absent, his keen perception and the fact that he has evolved a characteristic and personal technique never allow his music to sink below a high level. Though there is great beauty in *The Soul's Ransom*, the work produced at Hereford, it does not rise to the highest that is in him, and it is difficult to resist the impression that it would not have appeared in its present shape had a work not been wanted for a cathedral festival. Though, on looking through the vocal score preparatory to hearing it, the scheme seemed perfectly simple, yet in actual performance the progress was clouded and uncertain; indeed, the final chorus is less a solution of problems than the comparatively early one—"The word of the Lord most high is a fountain of wisdom." To name one or two points of great beauty, however, the writing of the opening chorus, "Who can number the sands of the sea, the drops of rain, and the days of eternity?" is a striking instance of his insight into the mysteries of vocal colour, and in the chorus "We look for the light," there is a theme, played first by the orchestra, which is as sustained and lovely a melody as any which has been born since Brahms died.

A very different work in all but name is the other new production, Dr. Walford Davies's *Lift up your Hearts*. It is called a sacred symphony, and Sir Hubert Parry's is called *sinfonia sacra*, a sub-title which he has used before for works which can be more exactly, if more clumsily, described as sacred meditations in music. Dr. Davies's title has been misleading to some people, who have got so used to works of one kind being called something else that they were quite unable to believe that when he said his work was a symphony it really was one; and some critics

have stated that there is a certain amount of symphonic treatment in Dr. Davies's work, and then gone on to criticise it as a cantata or oratorio, and as such to find it "incomplete and incoherent," and other words to the same effect. The composer has certainly complicated—some may say confused—the issue by the introduction of voices in the midst of purely instrumental music, and the finale is frankly choral music, an attempt such as Beethoven made to transcend the powers of instruments alone. Nevertheless, the whole plan and structure, together with the fact that the work makes its strongest emotional appeal through purely instrumental means, mark it clearly as symphonic, and it is as a symphony, a piece of music with a few indications as to what passed through the composer's mind in writing it, that it must be judged. Viewed in this light, the earlier movements become linked together in a perfectly intelligible musical scheme, and the outburst of the Anglican form of the *Sursum corda* is a powerful climax. From this point onwards the work can hardly be said to have been heard at Hereford. Rehearsal time, no doubt, was short; it is generally insufficient for a good performance of a new work, and probably no one was to blame that the chorus fastened their eyes upon their copies and were evidently thankful to come through without serious mishap. But on looking at the score it is evident that many fine effects of tone were planned where nothing but a rather feverish excitement was discernible in performance. On the whole, perhaps, it is better to leave further discussion of *Lift up your Hearts* till it receives more adequate performance, and then to listen to it as a symphony, not as an oratorio.

In a general survey of a festival the omission of any mention of the fine performances of solo singers may be forgiven. They are all well known and their efforts have received ample comment elsewhere. It is the local attitude towards music which is of importance, and this is expressed only in the chorus and the audience. In both there can be no doubt that the festival is the result of genuine enthusiasm and not merely an old-established institution worthy of support. The constitution of the Three Choir Festival must always make complete unity a difficulty, but in spite of all shortcomings there is life and the possibility of infinite artistic growth in this year's choir. The small size of Hereford Cathedral may partially account for the fact that each service was crowded, but not for the eager and silent attention given to all the music to the very end. If the talent is less great, the musical life of the west of England is scarcely less keen than that of the north, and these are hopeful signs for the future.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON will issue this autumn an edition of 'Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens,' with fifty illustrations in colour, from the drawings which Mr. Rackham has specially undertaken for this work. We understand that the originals of these drawings are to be exhibited shortly at the Leicester Galleries. The same publishers have arranged to issue translations of two other novels by Antonio Fogazzaro. The first of these will appear this autumn under the title of "The Patriot." It deals with the Italian revolution of 1848, and, they add, "more particularly with the triumph of the believing husband over the unbelieving wife."

Messrs. Harper and Brothers are about to add a new work to their Technical list—a "German Scientific and Technological Reader," in two books, by E. Classen and J. Lustgarten, of the Manchester School of Technology. To enable students to become familiar with German scientific terms it gives brief articles in German on Chemistry, Physics, Engineering, etc., and an adequate vocabulary.

Mr. H. J. Glaisher, of Wigmore street, will publish in October "The Ambrose Calendar." The borders and

pages have been expressly designed by Mr. John Phillips from the decorations of old manuscripts—among others the magnificent manuscript copy of the "Book of Kells."

Next week Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish an historical work entitled "The Châteaux of Touraine," by M. H. Lansdale. The volume will be lavishly illustrated by sixty full-page pictures, including a number of reproductions in colour by Jules Guérin.

Under the title of "The Desert and the Sown" Mr. Heinemann will publish a book of travel by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. It is a description of her journey through unfrequented parts of Syria, by Damascus, Baalbek and Aleppo on to Antioch. It will be illustrated from the author's photographs.

M. Edouard Herriot's book, "Madame Recamier," which was given the Bordin prize, and which supersedes all previous lives of the great Frenchwoman, is to be published by Mr. Heinemann. It is founded on documents which have never before been accessible.

Mr. Heinemann announces, under the name of "Medical Hygiene," a reprint of the "Harben Lectures," by Elie Metchnikoff, prefaced by an introduction by Professor Ray Lankester. At the same time there is to appear a cheaper edition of Elie Metchnikoff's famous book, "The Nature of Man."

In "The Children's Odyssey" Professor A. J. Church will re-tell for children, in simple language, the Story of Ulysses. The book will be published by Messrs. Seeley.

On September 24 Mr. George Allen will publish "Lord Acton and his Circle," edited, with an introduction, by Abbot Gasquet. The "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone" dealt with politics and literature; the present book relates primarily to the period of the Roman Catholic Revival of the nineteenth century, throwing strong light on its inner history.

Among Mrs. E. Grant Richards's autumn announcements are "Echoes from Kottabos," edited by Professor R. Y. Tyrrell and Sir Edward Sullivan; "Heidelberg: its Princes and Palaces," by Elizabeth Godfrey; "Queens of Old Spain," by Martin Hume; and "The Voyages of Captain William Dampier," edited by John Masefield. "Poems of Robert Herrick" and "The Lyrics of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher" are promised in the Chap Books series.

"Race Culture; or, Race Suicide?" is the title of a work by Dr. Robert R. Rentoul (Liverpool) which the Walter Scott Publishing Co. is issuing in October. The author states that the work is "a plea for the unborn, and the giving of more attention to the begetting of a healthy race." It is written for medical and non-medical thinkers.

Messrs. Putnams announce a fourth novel by Mr. Randall Parrish, entitled "Bob Hampton of Placer." The hero is an officer, dishonourably discharged from the army through a miscarriage of justice, who for years led the life of adventurer and gambler in Western trading posts and mining camps. The same firm announce for immediate publication "The Shock of Battle," a story of an imaginary war between England and Germany shortly after the opening of the Panama Canal. It is written by Mr. Patrick Vaux. "Science and a Future Life," by Professor James H. Hyslop, is also in the Autumn List of G. P. Putnam's Sons. In this work Professor Hyslop discusses the problems of life after bodily death from the data accumulated by the Society of Psychical Research. He bases his argument upon experiments conducted by Sir Oliver Lodge, the late Henry Sidgwick, Professor James of Harvard, Frederick Myers, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and others, including much experimental work of his own.

CORRESPONDENCE

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fear your readers must be tired of this controversy about the use of *like*; but some of them have no doubt learnt something

from it, like Professor Tyrrell has. He now knows that *like* can be some other part of speech than the adjective he thought it always was. I hope he will soon admit that, as adverbs don't govern the objective case, *like* is a preposition in phrases such as "like him, like me," and that it is also a conjunction when it stands for its dropt *as*, in Shakespeare, Sir Philip Sidney ("Like dropsy folk still drink to be athirst," etc. etc.), Drayton, Daniel, Massinger, Middleton, Henry More, etc. etc. to Shelley ("Hellas," 1086), Southey, Wm. Morris and others. He will then acknowledge that sentences like "He is on the river every Sunday, like I am," "Unluckily they haven't a large Library, like we have at the Working Men's College," "He turned teetotaller at 15, like I did," are neither atrocities, nor deplorable, but good English.

It will be noted that Professor Tyrrell gives no reason why *like* = *like as*, is not just as good a conjunction, as *like* = *like to*, is a preposition. He steps from his Greek department into our English one, and without inquiry denounces the conjunctival use of *like* as "an atrocity." Can he wonder that a student of English who has some regard for the history of his language and for Sidney, Shakespeare, Shelley, Morris, urges the historic facts of the case against him? He now thinks it "deplorable" that Darwin, Cotter-Morison, Wm. Morris and others have continued the legitimate and age-sanctioned use of *like* as a conjunction. I think it "deplorable" that he should seek to deprive us of the freedom of speech and idiom which *like* gives us in the instances I have cited. I think also that he presses my friend Henry Bradley's words in the Oxford Dictionary into a meaning that they hardly bear, and I wish that that scholar would give the ACADEMY the opinion he is so well entitled to give, on this *like* question, and tell us whether he had any other quotations from modern writers than those he used in his article on *like* as a conjunction.

I am sorry that Professor Tyrrell thinks my tone towards him has not been "conciliatory." I hoped that my chaff about his "larking with the functions of *like*" was at least good-humoured; I really have the highest respect for Professor Tyrrell as a scholar when he doesn't abuse *like*, conjunction. I am only a worker, but the worm will turn, when trodden on, and I've had to stick up for the historic use of "*like*."

May I wind up with two anecdotes about it? In 1864 I sent Tennyson my edition of the French *Quête del Saint Graal*. Next summer when he came to town he called on me; and as I was out I went to his hired London house for a chat. In the course of it he rebuked me for having used *like* as a conjunction in my Foreword to the *Quête*. Having been one of the Secretaries of the Philological Society since 1854, and also taken the English Grammar Class at the Working Men's College for the same time, I said: "But it's good historic English." "No, it isn't," answered he; "it's a modern vulgarism that I've seen grow up within the last thirty years; and when Prince Albert used it in my drawing-room, I pulled him up for it, in the presence of the Queen, and told him he never ought to use it again." "That's all very well," said I, "but I've no doubt that the use is Elizabethan, and that I can send it you from Shakespeare." "No, you can't," said he; "it's not thirty years old." "Well, wait till I send it you," rejoined I, which I did, as soon as I got home; and I think I afterwards referred him to the paper on *like* by Sidney Walker, a Fellow of his own College. Many years after, when I'd had my usual scull in a wager-boat on Sunday morning, I turned into Wm. Morris's on the Upper Mall at Hammersmith, and having had to answer some ignorant in a weekly about the use of *like*, I said to Morris: "Have you ever used *like* as a conjunction?" "Certainly I have," answered Morris, "constantly." "But you know there's a set of prigs who declare it's vulgar and unhistorical?" "Yes, I know. They're a lot of damn'd fools. Don't mind them. It's perfectly good English."

I hope this won't offend Professor Tyrrell. But Morris always spoke out what he thought; and he once said to me, "Don't be a damn'd fool," because I objected to the ground colours on a case he was painting at Bexley Heath. He also used the plainest language to Sir Wm. (then Mr.) Richmond, when he let the rush of water through a weir-gap drive his boat into the wall near Lechlade. But he was a dear, fine fellow, true as steel, and every one who knew him loved him. They will all thank Mr. Brock for his admirable paper on Morris's Later Poems in the last number of the ACADEMY.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

P.S.—Mr. H. H. Johnson must have read *Pericles* very carelessly, as there are two clear instances of the conjunction *like* in it:

like an arrow shot

From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return.

I. i. 163-5 (Globe, 979/1).

Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin.

II. iv. 36 (Globe, 985/2)

See also *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. i. 170:

But, *like* in sickness, did I loathe this food.
(Globe, 175/1).

Mr. Johnson should use Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*, and not publish the results of his carelessness so hastily. One clear Shelley instance of *like*, conj. is in *Hellas*, 1086:

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, *like* sunset [does] to the skies
The splendour of its prime.

Another is in the Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson, *A Fragment*, l. 19, *Works* 1880. iv. 348:

I met a maniac, like he was to me.

From Shelley's prose, take this, from his *Six Weeks' Tour*, June 28-30, 1816, *Works* 1880, vi. 183:

"The sudden departure of his cherished and accustomed toil must have left him, like the death of a dear friend [would have done], sad and solitary."

Though perhaps some folk would say that this *like* stands for *like to*, not *like as*: which I think it represents.

[NOTE.—In answer to my note on this point, Dr. Bradley has sent me the following postcard:

"13 Sep. 1906.—I have just seen Tyrrell's note, but am really too busy just now to write about it. Of course he has no right to infer from my remark anything about my own personal preferences, which I try to keep out of the Dictionary. I don't know that I either 'like' or 'dislike' the idiom: as a matter of taste and fitness. I believe there are occasions when I should use it, and those when I should avoid it. The superfluous matter for L is screwed up in boxes in the cellar of the Clarendon Press: if it were more easily accessible I would gladly send you the quotations for *like* conj. But I do not think there were very many besides those that I printed, which are sufficient to dispose of the assertion that good writers do not use it. I should like, if I had time and energy, to discuss the question, together with some cognate ones, but I must leave it at present."]

F. J. F.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are two instances in *Pericles*, as Mr. H. H. Johnson will see by consulting Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon*. (How comes it, by the way, that neither appears in Bartlett's *Concordance*?) I. i. 163: "and like an arrow shot From a well-experienced archer hits the mark His eye doth level at" (where the folio reads "as"); and II. iv. 36: "Like goodly buildings left without a roof Soon fall to ruin." With all respect for Dr. Furnivall, I cannot help thinking that in both these cases the author intended an adverb (quasi-preposition) and mixed his construction as he went on, for in both an adjectival phrase intervenes between the "like" and the verb. Another instance occurs in *Henry V.*, I. ii. 149: "the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, With ample and brim fullness of his force" (also omitted by Bartlett), which rather confirms me in my view since it is so nearly equivalent to "Came pouring, like the tide, into a breach" or "like the tide in a breach," in either of which cases "like" would, of course, again be an adverb. Other instances in Shakespeare seem doubtful, but see Franz (*Shakespeare-Grammatik*, § 431, b). Numerous examples are quoted in the *New English Dictionary* (s. v. B. 6, a), most of which, however, are easily explained by supposing the writer to have intended an adverb, and then expanded the phrase into a clause by the addition of a verb as an afterthought. Thus Southey: "He talks like Brunswick [did]" and Darwin: "Unfortunately few have observed like you [have done]." But there is no getting over Morris: "Dreading the model day like I used to dread Sunday" (a colloquial sentence from a private letter, if I remember right).

The two phrases, one from *Pericles* (I. iv. 74), quoted by Mr. Johnson, can hardly be parallel; "Thou speak'st like him's [*i.e.*, 'him that is'—a very common Elizabethan ellipsis] untutor'd to repeat," and "Tup-pence for them's [*i.e.*, them as] learns manners."

W. W. GREG.

September 15

THE NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Librarians should be indebted to you for the interesting notes on libraries and library work which you insert in your paper. As the notes are unsigned and therefore appear with editorial authority definite statements should be accurate. In your issue of this date a statement is repeated the accuracy of which I unhesitatingly challenge. I refer to the statement (p. 244, col. 1, par. 4) that the establishment of a national central authority for library administration would be "the realisation of the dream of many librarians." What authority is there for such a statement, I should like to know? What does the writer mean by "many librarians?"

I am not now writing as either a supporter or an opponent of "centralisation." That question is an important one and when it comes into the arena of practical politics will be keenly discussed, but meanwhile, as a librarian, I protest against it being prejudiced by a misleading statement in such an influential journal as the ACADEMY.

GEORGE T. SHAW.

The Athenæum,
Liverpool, Sept. 15.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES WITHOUT NEWSROOMS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a recent number of the ACADEMY, containing an editorial note on the exclusion of newspapers from public libraries, you appear to favour such exclusion and state that every reader can afford to buy a penny or halfpenny paper to read at home, and that those who wish

to use the institution as a club will find a liberal supply of weekly and monthly papers in the magazine room. You are not alone in holding these views, but as they carry especial weight when published by the ACADEMY, I trust you will allow me, as one who, after organising several public libraries, holds a contrary opinion, to give some reasons for doing so.

In the first place, among the large number of persons in search of employment there are many who cannot afford to buy even one newspaper each day, let alone several, such as they have the run of in a public newsroom, nor have they the advantage of seeing papers especially representing their own trades, which will be found in all up-to-date newsrooms, so that although, as you state, the advertisements of a few selected situations vacant may be provided somewhere in the building, the advantages of the newsroom are not by any means adequately met. Then again as regards the ordinary reader, how many are there among the poorer classes whose homes consist of one or two small dark rooms, shared by noisy children and others, where reading a newspaper or anything else is a difficult, almost an impossible task, and to whom therefore a spacious, comfortable, and well lighted newsroom, to which they have free admission is a great boon? In the second place those who may use the institution as a club will also find it wanting, as all clubs of any pretensions are supplied with several daily newspapers, although the members are much better able to pay for them to read in their own comfortable studies at home than are the majority of the visitors to a public newsroom.

Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of this department will be found in the annual reports of most of our public libraries, which give the newsroom attendance as double that of all the other departments put together. I have to-day visited a public library which possesses both a magazine and weekly periodical room and a newspaper room, and counted the readers with the following result:

	Magazine-room		News-room
10 A.M.	8	...	26
3 P.M.	2	...	26
7 P.M.	12	...	25
8 P.M.	15	...	38
9 P.M.	9	...	23

To quote Sir J. Crichton-Browne's recent presidential address at the Congress of Sanitary Inspectors, "With all its faults the news paper was one of the bulwarks of society at the present time. It gave a world-wide horizon to the purblind and short-sighted; it was real and earnest in its tragedy and comedy, while the novel was only make-believe. Suppress your newspaper and enlarge your lunatic asylums." If there is anything in this eminent physician's contention, those who would suppress the public news-room incur a heavy responsibility.

A. COTGREAVE.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The editorial remarks under the heading of The Literary Week on p. 195 of the ACADEMY of 1st inst. are very interesting and suggestive. President Roosevelt's "impulsive action" must undoubtedly give a great deal of assistance in bringing the subject more urgently before the notice of the public.

It may be taken as axiomatic, that as Mr. Robert Bridges puts it, "The notion that the English people will go on for ever with their present 'orthography,' as we call it, is ridiculous."

The fundamental and essential difference between spelling and ideography or hieroglyphic writing is that the former analyses and denotes the sounds of vocable, audible words, while the latter indicates an idea which is audibly expressed by various readers in wholly different language. Thus, for instance, 99 is read by an Englishman as ninety-nine, while a Frenchman calls it in his own language Four twenties Nineteen, etc.

Now in so far as alleged spelling is unphonetic, to this extent it is not true spelling at all.

To the silent reader it may be a grievous outrage that a long-honoured classic of Beaumont and Fletcher should be written more nearly as it would be read aloud instead of being presented in its familiar and therefore hallowed garb as traditionally spelled. But if our alphabet as customarily used admitted of its transcription in an unmistakable and easily legible representation of the grand diction of the authors as it formed itself in their minds and ears before it was committed to paper this would really be the most magnificent as well as the most natural and the most accurate way of preparing it for delivery to an audience, and they would be wholly unaware of and therefore unaffected by its altered dress to the reader.

The whole tendency of the ACADEMY's editorial is but a fresh testimony to the fact that those who have acquired and grown familiar with the traditional spelling cannot reasonably be expected except in very rare instances to contemplate with equanimity a turmoil, an upset, and a desecration of cherished ideals which to them has not the slightest utility. They may without the least necessity for shame or discredit own themselves very strongly prejudiced against any tampering with their sanctified literature.

But is this a sufficient reason for demanding that the young and all succeeding generations must inherit the spelling with all its heavy initiatory burdens and also all the prejudice and aversion to reform and progress? Assuredly not.

It may be granted that President Roosevelt has made a "hot-headed plunge" of which few will "accept the augury," but this is not quite the same as saying that it were better left undone, and further that nothing of much magnitude can be accomplished in the near future.

There is another and a widely different alternative. It is really useful and desirable so to unsettle spelling as to give it some elasticity and to introduce a large toleration both for reformed and also for imperfectly memorised spelling. The air of freedom in spelling would very rapidly though almost imperceptibly purify and refine it, if the idea that all free spelling is intolerably vulgar were once surmounted. But after all very little can be done with the customs of the learned. They can and ought to be let very much alone.

It is quite a different thing with the unsullied minds of children. Here are no prejudices. Here is native logic. Here is a virgin page for the inscription of truth.

Let the children be taught phonetic spelling and allowed to read an educational literature printed with a suitable alphabet. No doubt the day would rapidly come when these children would be men and women who would prefer new spelled books though they would have no difficulty with the old. Then would arrive the disturbance of the antiquated. This ought however to be welcomed rather than dreaded. It will no doubt set a task to many of those who may survive to see it, but on the whole it will be so great a benefit to literature and learning that it ought to be anticipated with delight by those who desire the improvement of the intelligence of the speakers of English and the progress of the language.

GREEVY FYSHER.

Sept. 6.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This is an age in which we make it a boast that we are practical. Yet the more circumspect amongst us can readily see that the practical man is very often the man who is being borne helplessly along that current of materialism which seems to be developing with an alarming force. The reforms which sometimes sweep down upon us are not altogether desirable or edifying, and we are in danger of losing much that is valuable and beautiful because we do not wish to be called impractical, or else, because we do not readily see what is being sacrificed to satisfy the desire for expediency. We are told that a reform in spelling is necessary because we do not spell words as we pronounce them. Neither do we altogether repeat the Decalogue as we obey it. The spelling of a word is of greater importance than the pronunciation, for in the spelling lies the essence, and much as is the origin obscured, we should further cast it into oblivion if we altered the spelling according to phonetic rendering. In many cases, it is the pronunciation which has become defective. Take the word "night," from German "niht." How could we think of spelling it "nyt," just to serve a so-called practical purpose, whilst denuding the word of all its old associations, its meaning, and its poetry, to say nothing of essential accuracy. "Nyt" bears no relation to the antecedents of "night." In the spelling of a word, reformers seem to attach no importance to its poetry, its history, or its intrinsic meaning. So much lies in the ordinary spelling of words, that we are giving them more study now than ever, finding much hidden treasure.

Then again arises the difficulty of words of similar pronunciation. "You," and "yew" and "ewe." Each have a different history which the eye more readily understands at present than if they were altered. We would increase the difficulties of tracing the ancestry of words, whilst the study of Philology would lose some of its charm.

Lastly, in what county, or in what town or rural district of this country is the spelling of a word to be decided? How am I to know if the Devonian's "leddee," and the Cockney's "lydee" are the same word. The etymological dictionary would not be able to help me, any more than an acquaintance with ancient languages.

C. W. B.

Sept. 5.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sending you some other Teddy-bus lines :

THE NEXT STROKE.

As Teddy forces us to spell
According to his view of spelling,
He ought the negroes to compel
To change their antiquated smelling.

SPELLING EXPANSION.

Were Teddy Roosevelt the Czar,
He'd do what Russia wants—
Retain the vowels as they are,
But clip the consonants.

Then, with the strenuousity
That prompts his every plan,
He'd propagate his Spelling-Bee
Thro' China and Japan.

J. B. T.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If I might make a portmanteau proverb, I should say : a multitude of counsellors spoil the broth ; for I find that the suggestions of Messrs. Phipson, Drummond and others confound my confusion in

this matter. In the same letter I note *fusileer*, *nurish*, and *acustic* ; also *fid* (field) and *tips*. Another gives *reformashon* and *fashon* in the same sentence. *Word* and *urdrz* also occur in the same letter, and both long and short vowels come before single consonants. It is not, so far, a promising outlook for the "scientific," "logical," "simplified" spelling. Will it ever be any better? Will not personal taste still cause dissent and variation in spite of all academic rulings?

I should like to see some attempts at an improved spelling of : "the solemn soldier sought a sort of solder." They would all be different.

If I were to read, "He had been *soing* all day," I should not know whether an agriculturist or a tailor were referred to, without help from the context ; but surely we do not strengthen a language when we make it rely more than before upon context. People who read much do so by the sight of words, not by the sound of them. Where is the great call for phonetics in symbols? Reading aloud is akin to conversation, where spelling does not come in.

Again I am sure my joy would be alloyed at reading :

Kum liv widh me and be mih luv
And we will all dbe plezhers proov.

My eye would be defrauded of its sight-rhyme—one of the subtle delights of poetry.

It seems to me that the gentlemen who are so keen upon this upheaval are just the very ones who might have been expected to rub along without it. If any one felt a dire need for it, surely it would be the man in the street, and the poor bothered folk lacking etymological lore ; those who waste their lives writing duplicate consonants and final e's. But do these folk have any difficulty in life, or in the enjoyment of literature, from these causes? They are alive to the most delicate shades of meaning in their language, reading and writing books and newspapers with astonishing facility. They seem content and are a prosperous nation of shopkeepers. Only the few scholarly agitators—the real pedants after all—are for disturbing a pleasant and efficient state of things by an upheaval that must result in chaos and consternation for years to come.

As to the poor infant at school, Mr. Yoxall has, I think, said the real truth. The recollections of my own infancy confirm him absolutely, for my part. Yet the imagined trials of the infant constitute the chief plea and argument of the reformers.

One point more. Supposing a phonetic system could be established to suit all, would not the inevitable changes in pronunciation soon render it obsolete? On the whole, is the game worth the candle?

F. C. TILNEY.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the letters by Mr. Stronach and "E. M. C." will you permit me to point out that, as suggested by the late Mr. Samuel Butler, it is quite possible that some of the sonnets were written by a "concealed poet" for somebody else to use. That, however, could hardly have been the case as regards the first seventeen sonnets which were manifestly addressed to William Herbert in 1597, when he was seventeen years of age, and was being urged by his relations and friends to marry Bridget Vere, who was Lord Burghley's granddaughter and Francis Bacon's cousin. (See *William Herbert* in "Dictionary of National Biography.")

AMBROSE T. PEYTON.

CO-EDUCATION

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Russell, writing as a co-educationist, says he has never heard or suspected a foul word in his school. "Can any master of any boys' school say the same?" he asks. Yes, certainly, Mr. Russell and the co-educationists have not the monopoly of morality. I have the good fortune to work in a small private boarding school, with only twenty boys in it and I know that the tone is pure. I say this after a good deal of experience of impurity amongst boys, and without any arrogant presumption that I should never fail.

To secure purity there must be individual sympathy, perfect frankness and a pretty strenuous life. Certainly it is good for boys and girls to be friends ; it is wholly unnecessary for them to come together in school. Boy and girl friendships, when they become at all specialised, are apt, under the most natural conditions, to become either silly or disturbing. It is just as well to keep these risks out of the school. There are plenty of other difficulties.

Swiss friends have told me that in their schools the boys and girls do not play together much. At college the "mixed" classes are possible because the mixing does not occur. A Swiss teacher who was a strong co-educationist came to my school. I did not argue with him, but he became an advocate of separate schools. He saw that we could here be on terms with the boys that would have been impossible if girls had been with them. We could not do our best for the boys, if the girls were there too.

Surely this is natural. Boy and girl natures are different, they should be different, the same methods do not apply to both and mixed methods are not desirable in dealing with a class. A boy from an elementary school drew my attention to this. Besides, in training a boy we should aim at producing a man, in training a girl at producing a woman. It is serious in class and in school to have two essentially different aims, and to try to follow both. For my own part I know

how to deal with a boy and how to win him, I should be quite at a loss with girls, for the same methods would not apply.

Of course co-education is possible, but my conviction is that in the long run its results will prove unsatisfactory. Said a Headmaster in the States to a friend of mine, "If you had asked me about co-education five years ago I should have been strongly in favour of it, but now I am not so sure." We cannot in fact expect the most wholesome results by ignoring sex-differences and differences of aim.

MAGISTER.

Sept. 18.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Archæological Survey of India. *Annual Report, 1903-4*. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. x, 314. Calcutta: Government Printing Office.
[Contains a great many beautiful half-tone and other illustrations.]

ART.

Hind, C. Lewis. *The Education of an Artist*. With 91 full-page illustrations. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 258. Black, 7s. 6d. net.
[See the ACADEMY of September 15, p. 267.]

The Connoisseur's Library. Cunyngame, Henry H. *European Enamels*. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xvi, 188. Methuen, 25s. net.
[From early Gaulish enamelling to the modern revival, with a chapter on enamelling in ancient times. Frontispiece in colour and over sixty other illustrations. Index.]

Surrey. Painted by Sutton Palmer; described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. 9 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 252. Black, 20s. net.

[The illustrations—there are seventy-five—maintain a higher level than several other volumes in the same series; sketch-map at end.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington: being letters to Tobias Lear and others between 1790 and 1799, showing the First American in the management of his estate and domestic affairs. With a diary of Washington's last days kept by Mr. Lear. Illustrated from rare old portraits, photographs and engravings. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xiv, 289. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

[The title-page, as above, sufficiently explains the scope of the book. Tobias Lear, as we learn from the introduction by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Louisa Lear Eyre, was tutor to Washington's children and afterwards his private secretary till Washington's death, besides being his military aide. To him Washington entrusted the management of his household and estates, and the letters show that the First American had a capital head for the small details of business. Excellent illustrations. No index.]

Memoirs of the Count de Catric: a Record of the Extraordinary Events in the Life of a French Royalist during the War in La Vendée and of his Flight to Southampton, where he followed the humble occupation of a Gardener. With an introduction by Frédéric Masson, and appendices and notes by Pierre Armédée Pichot and others. Photogravure portrait of the author and other illustrations. Lane, 6s.

Jewish Worthies Series. Vol. II. Liber, Maurice. *Rashi*, translated from the French by Adele Szold. 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 278. Published for the Jewish Historical Society of England by Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

[Rashi was a Rabbi who died at Troyes in 1105. M. Liber regards him as the best exponent of French Judaism in the middle ages, and adds "His name is most prominently connected with Rabbinical literature—and it is always Rashi who was referred to." Notes and index.]

Gambier, Captain J. W. *Links in my Life on Land and Sea*. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 452. Unwin, 15s. net.

[See the ACADEMY of September 15, p. 267.]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Stables, Gordon. *The City at the Pole*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 352. Nisbet, 3s. 6d.
[A story of mystery and adventure, for boys and girls.]

Layard, Arthur. *Billy Mouse*. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 88. Nisbet, 1s. net. and 1s. 6d. net.

[The story of kind-hearted Timothy Titus, the Mouse, the Monkey, the Bear and the Lucky Stone. Large print. Twenty illustrations in colour by the author.]

The Story of the Teasing Monkey. By the author of "Little Black Mingo," etc., 5 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 143. Nisbet, 1s. net. and 1s. 6d. net.

[The troubles and final escape of Jacko. An ingenious and amusing little story with 35 coloured pictures.]

Coupin, H.; and Lea, John. *The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts*. With 27 illustrations. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 356. Seeley, 5s.

Elliot, G. F. Scott. *The Romance of Plant Life*. With 34 illustrations. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 380. Seeley, 5s.

[Two additions to Messrs. Seeley's Library of Romance: a good series of books for boys. We must protest against the advertisement printed on the back of the title-page.]

Scott, G. Firth. *The Romance of the Polar Exploration*. With 24 illustrations. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 351. Pearson, 5s.

[An addition to a series similar in scope to Messrs. Seeley's.]

Hyrt, H. W. G. *Adventures in the Great Deserts*. With 16 illustrations. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 341. Seeley, 5s.

[Uniform with "Adventures on the Great Rivers."]

Wood, Walter. *Survivors' Tales of Great Events*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 263. Cassell, 3s. 6d.

[“Each of these stories,” the author states, “is based on one or more personal interviews with the survivor of the event described.” The “events” include such historic incidents as the holding of Rorke's Drift, the storming of the redan at Sebastopol, and the wreck of the *Birkenhead*. An admirable gift-book for boys of, say, fourteen and upwards.]

DRAMA.

Dillon, Arthur: *King Arthur Pendragon*. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 203. Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Dillon is making his name as a writer of poetic dramas. The present tragedy is founded on Malory and on the verse of Dr. Sebastian Evans.]

EDUCATION.

Universidad Central de España. *Memoria del Curso de 1904 á 1905 y Anuario del de 1905 á 1906 de su distrito universitario que publica la Secretaría General*. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9. Pp. 56. Madrid: Imprenta Colonial, n.p.
[The year book of the Central University of Madrid. The figures seem to show that the three most popular courses are science, medicine, and social science.]

Hill, Caroline Southwood. *Notes on Education, for Mothers and Teachers*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 122. Seeley, 1s. 6d. net.

[Essays on education: "General Principles"; "The Will"; "The Intellect"; "On Certain Faculties"; "On Some Faults and Habits"; "Memoranda of Observations and Experiments in Education."]

Government of Madras: Educational Department. *Report on the Administration of the Government Museum and Connemara Public Library for the year 1905-1906*. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 13. n.f.s.

Extracts for Composition in French for Middle and Senior Classes. With references to Heath's "Practical French Grammar." Edited by J. E. Mansion. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 111. Harrap, n.p.

The "Andromache" of Euripides. Edited, with introduction, notes, vocabulary, and appendix, by Gilbert Norwood. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. 1 p. 151. Murray, 2s. 6d.

Smith, the late Sir William. *A First Greek Course*. Containing Accidence, Syntax, and Exercises for the Use of the Lower Forms in Schools and for Private Students. Initia Graeca. Part I. New and Revised edition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 208. Murray, 3s. 6d.

Boyd, Christine. *Les Pèlerins de la Tamise*. The Wanderings of Pierre and Maurice in England. With notes and exercises. Modern Language Series. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 120. Dent, n.p.

Heaton, Ellis W. *A Scientific Geography. Book II.—The British Isles*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 137. Ralph, Holland, 1s. 6d. net.

Robert, Frank R. *Dent's First Spanish Book (Primer Libro de Lengua Castellana)*. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 184. Dent, n.p.

Bygott, John; and Jones, A. J. Lawford. *The King's English and How to Write It*. Ninth Edition, revised. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 253. Jarrold, 1s. 6d. net.

Bygott, John; and Jones, A. J. Lawford. *Points in Punctuation, or How to Punctuate the King's English*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 105. Jarrold, 1s. net.

FICTION.

Penrose, Mrs. H. H. *Rachel the Outsider*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 311. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Meade, L. T. *In the Flower of Her Youth*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 308. Nesbit, 6s.

Clarke, Marion Cosmo. *An Anglo-French Maid*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 256. Drane, 6s.

[Shows little originality or literary skill. "‘Not worthy! My own, my darling.’ Her arms were round her and he was straining her to his breast, and then the conversation became incoherent so we will leave them to their newly-found bliss." We fancy we have read a similar ending before, though we should hesitate to accuse the author of conscious plagiarism.]

Fitchett, W. M. *Ithurie's Spear*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 436. Charles H. Kelly, 6s.

[A novel of adventure intended presumably for the young, with a strong nonconformist bias and plenty of good morals, but very little truth to life.]

Biggs, A. H. *Ivy*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 176. Drane, 3s. 6d.

[The author seems very much in earnest, but we think he has missed his vocation. The writing is crude in the extreme. In the opening chapter the man who tells the story, seeing a little child in tears, addresses her thus: "Pardon me, my little lady, but, having experienced in my halcyon days some small portion of that injustice from which you are now apparently suffering, perhaps I may be allowed to offer you the sympathy of an old but true heart."]

Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. *Gossips Green*. With 8 illustrations by Paul Hardy. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 372. Cassell, 6s. (See p. 286.)

Whadcoat, Gordon Cuming. *The Balance*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

d'Anethan, Baroness Albert. *It Happened in Japan*. With coloured frontispiece by Willard Straight. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 323. Brown, Langham, 6s.

[Published last year in Japan. The Baroness Albert d'Anethan is the sister of Mr. Rider Haggard and the wife of the Belgian Minister at Tokyo.]

Lucas, E. V. *Listener's Lure*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 286. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 286.)

Frenssen, Gustav. *Holyland*. Translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. Pp. 376. Constable, 6s.

Watson, Kathleen. *The Gaiety of Fatma*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 360. Brown, Langham, 6s.

[Fatma is a girl of mixed Arab and French blood, who marries an English nobleman wintering in Algeria, just before his death. The greater part of the book is devoted to her introduction to, and experiences in, English society.]

Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *Hazel of Hazeldean*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 333. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Yardley, Maud H. *Sinless*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 252. Sisley, 6s.

HISTORY.

Acton, John Edward Emerich, first Baron. *Lectures on Modern History*. Edited with an introduction by John Neville Figgis, and Reginald Vere Laurence. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6. Pp. xix, 362. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[Lord Acton's nineteen professorial lectures for 1899-1901, with his Inaugural Lecture on the study of history delivered in June 1895. The Introduction deals with his University work exclusively. In an Appendix is the letter to the contributors to the Cambridge Modern History, setting forth Lord Acton's ideals and aims. Index.]

LITERATURE.

- Cestre, Charles. *La Révolution française et les poètes anglais (1789-1809)*. 9½ x 5½. Pp. 570. Paris: Hachette, 7s. 6d.
[Whereas, Mr. Cestre observes, the French Revolution scarcely affected French literature at the time—the classical poetry remaining intact during the social upheaval—in England not a few young poets were inspired by the events and developments in France. His book is devoted to a learned and philosophical examination of Wordsworth, Coleridge and the others, and of the whole movement in English letters.]
- Wülker, Geh. Hofrat Professor Dr. Richard. *Geschichte der Englischen Literatur von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart*. Zweite, neubearbeitet und vermehrte Auflage. Band I. 10½ x 7½. Pp. viii, 422. Leipzig and Vienna: Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts. m. 10.
[This volume goes from Anglo-Saxon to the Revolution. Its main value to English readers lies in its fine and plentiful illustrations, portraits, facsimiles, etc.]
- Viëtor, William. *Shakespeare's Pronunciation. A Shakespeare Reader in the old spelling and with a phonetic transcription*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 179. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 280.)
- Boraston, J. Maclair. *Professor Skeat and Spelling Reform. A Criticism*. 8½ x 5½. Sherratt & Hughes, 6d. net.
[Mr. Boraston's point is that, whereas the first inventors of a written language had only the spoken language to guide them, we have to consider whether the phonetics we propose to adopt conform as well as the older spelling to the etymological elements preserved in that older spelling, so that in seeing the new written formulæ we shall recognise as readily their historical (i.e., their fundamental) meaning. The answer is, of course, no; and his conclusion is that where etymology is wrong we must put it right, and thus conform our speech to our spelling, not our spelling to our speech.]
- Stephens, Walter. *Don Quixote: a literary study*. 9 x 6½. Pp. 19. Cassells, 6d. net.
[A commonplace and hackneyed essay.]

MATHEMATICS.

- American Journal of Mathematics*. Vol. xxviii, No. 3. 12 x 9½. Pp. 104. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, n.p.
[Contents: The Geometry of Differential Elements of the Second Order with respect to the group of all Point Transformations, by Edward Kasner; Gyroscopes and Cyclones, by F. G. B. Cordeiro; On the Primitive Groups of Class Ten, by W. A. Manning; On Certain unicursal twisted Curves, by Virgil Snyder; and part of Functions of Three Real Independent Variables, by H. L. Coar.]

MILITARY.

- Gaskell, H. S. *With Lord Melhuen in South Africa. February 1900 to June 1901*. Being some Notes on the War, with Extracts from Letters and Diaries. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 349. Drane, 6s.
[The author, after having been certified as "medically unfit" and twice rejected, went to South Africa with the Yeomanry. Most of the book consists of extracts from his diary: for the most part unexciting records of the sort of incidents which befall the soldier in war. Mr. Gaskell's book comes a few years too late.]
- Maitland, Major H. R. S. *Sponsors or Conscription: an attempt to solve the recruiting problem*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 52. Printed by Wyman and Sons, 1s.
[Put briefly, Major Maitland's scheme is that Government should guarantee post-service careers for both long-service and short-service men; that each recruit should then be vouched for by a sponsor, who should receive an allowance of one shilling a day during the service of his or her nominee. The result would be, in his opinion, a great increase in the number of recruits, and recruits of the right sort, with a minimum of wastage and much economy. His plan is thoroughly and statistically worked out.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Paul, Herbert. *Stray Leaves*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 308. Lane, 5s. net.
[Ten essays which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century and After* and the *Independent Review*. The subjects are: "Bishop Creighton"; "George Eliot"; "The Study of Greek"; "The Novels of Peacock"; "The Religion of the Greeks"; "Bishops and Historians"; "Horæ Subiectivæ"; "Charles Lamb"; "The Author of 'Ionica'"; and "Winston's Churchill's 'Life of Lord Randolph Churchill.'" (See p. 278.)
- The Secret Life: being The Book of an Heretic*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 313. Lane, 6s.
[A series of papers—fifty-six in all—on widely-different subjects, from "The Pleasures of Pessimism," "Moral Pauperism" or "The Value of a Soul," to "The Modern Woman and Marriage," "The Ideal Husband," or "Concerning Elbows on the Table."]
- Warden, S. Kathleen. *Humorous Sidelights on a Scotch Tour*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 239. Drane, 6s.
[The "sidelights" can scarcely be described as humorous. The jests are of a very "cheap" order; the author has not yet learned how to construct sentences; and the printing is the worst we have seen for some considerable time.]

POETRY.

- Apotheosis: A Poem*. Pp. 44. 2s. net. *Wild Oats*. Pp. 63. 2s. 6d. net. Each 7 x 4½. Mathews, The Woodlands Press.
[Religious and philosophical poems by an anonymous author. "Apotheosis" is a sort of drama of Heaven and Hell, which aims at showing that the sects have lost the original message of Christianity, and that man for his redemption needs "a simpler faith." "Wild Oats" is apparently an earlier work, in which the writer seeks to build up a "tolerable house of life." The poems show high accomplishment and a true lyrical gift. The drama suffers from inexact thought and a theme too large for its treatment.]
- Nott, Vernon. *Summer Days and other Verses*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 96. Greening, 2s. 6d. net.
[Verses in many metres, and recalling many masters. They are sincere and not unmusical, but entirely undistinguished.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- The Gentleman's Magazine*. New series. Vol. ccc. February to June 1906. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 571. 45 Great Russell Street, W.C.
[The first volume under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Bullen. For good miscellaneous reading, biographical, antiquarian, literary and so forth, there is nothing like the older volumes of Sylvanus Urban's magazine: it looks as if the new editor were going to equal the success of his not immediate predecessors. This volume is packed with good things. Index.]
- Watson, E. H. Lacon. *Hints to young authors*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 172. Brown, Langham, 2s. net.
[A dainty little reprint of Mr. Watson's amusing and instructive papers.]
- The Works of Mrs. Gaskell: *Cranford, and other Tales*. The Knutsford edition. In eight volumes—vol. ii. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxiii, 550. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.
[See the ACADEMY of August 25, p. 186. Vol. ii. contains: "Cranford"; "Christmas Storms and Sunshine"; "Lizzie Leigh"; "The Well of Pen Morfa"; "The Moorland Cottage"; "The Heart of John Middleton"; "Disappearances"; "The Old Nurse's Story"; "Morton Hall"; "Trails and Stories of the Huguenots"; "My French Master"; "The Squire's Story."]
- Dumas's *Memoirs of a Physician* (3 vols.); and *Ascanio*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
[Reprinted from American Plates.]
- The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám*. Translated by Edward FitzGerald. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 75 (=150). E. Grant Richards, 6d. net and 1s. net.
[The 1859 text. Alternate blank pages.]
- Haggard, H. Rider. *The People of the Mist*. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 218. Newnes's Sixpenny Novels Illustrated.
[Eight illustrations.]
- Worboise, Emma Jane. *The Wife's Trials or Lilian Grey*. A novel. Popular Edition. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 124. Allenson, 6d.
[First published in 1858.]
- Hobbes, John Oliver. *The Flute of Pan*. New edition. 8½ x 6. Pp. 126. Long, 6d.
[Paper covers.]

SCIENCE.

- Thurston, Edgar. *Ethnographic Notes on Southern India*. With 40 plates. 8½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 580. Madras: Government Press, 6s.
[Mr. Thurston is the Superintendent of Ethnography, Madras, and of the Madras Government Museum. He is compiling a large work on this subject: meanwhile he sends out this "farrago," as he calls it, in the hope of arousing interest. His chapters deal with marriage and death customs and ceremonies, omens, evil eye, torture, slavery, infanticide, dress, names and many other interesting things; and the illustrations, from photographs, are useful.]
- Turner, W. Pickett, M.D. *Tuberculosis: its origin and extinction*. 7½ x 5. Pp. xii, 96. Black.
[Dr. Turner's contention is that tuberculosis comes only of eating tuberculous meat and drinking tuberculous milk, and that the best way to prevent the disease is to give our cattle plenty of light and sunshine which kill the bacillus. For this same reason he considers the "open-air" treatment might be replaced by treatment in a conservatory of properly devised glass.]

THEOLOGY.

- Smith, S. C. Kaines. *The Elements of Greek Worship*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 154. Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.
[See the ACADEMY of September 15, p. 267.]
- Westcott, the late Brooke Foss. *St. Paul's Apostles to the Ephesians*. The Greek Text with notes and addenda. 9 x 5½. Pp. lxxviii, 212. Macmillan 10s. 6d.
[Completed by the Rev. J. M. Schulof from the notes and the manuscripts left by the Bishop of Durham. Exactly how much is Westcott and how much Mr. Schulof, the reader will discover from the Preface; but evidently the Bishop's executors entrusted the editor with a very difficult task.]
- The International Critical Commentary. *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, by Charles Augustus Briggs and Emilie Grace Briggs. In two volumes. Vol. i. 8½ x 6. Pp. 110, 422. Edinburgh: Clarke, 10s. 6d.
[Dr. Briggs, who is a Professor at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, has been at work on the Psalms for forty years. A long introduction on Text, Higher Criticism, Canonicity, and Interpretation; then the commentary, the Psalms being arranged in measured lines, and most of them in equal strophes. Translations based on English official versions.]
- Swete, Henry Barclay. *The Apocalypse of St. John*. The Greek text with introduction, notes and indices. 9 x 5½. Pp. ccxv, 335. Macmillan, 15s.
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- The Interlinear Bible: The Authorised Version and the Revised Version*, together with the marginal notes of both versions and central references. 9 x 6. Pp. xxxv, 1552. Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d. net.
[Shows the Authorised and Revised Versions at a glance. The method adopted is to print in large type such words as are common to both Versions. Where there is a difference between the Versions, however minute, the one line of large type divides into two parallel lines of smaller type, of which the upper gives the separate reading of the Revised and the lower that of the Authorised Version.]

Schnedermann, Dr. Georg. *Das Wort von Kreuze*: religions geschichtlich und dogmatisch beleuchtet. Ein Beitrag zur Verständigung über die Grundlagen des christlichen Glaubens. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 74. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann.

Taylor, John W. *The Coming of the Saints*. Imaginations and Studies in Early Church History and Tradition. With 26 illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 326. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

["The main theory that I propose to consider and develop in the following pages," says Mr. Taylor, "is one of Hebrew or Hebrew-Phœnician missions extending from Palestine to all the old Phœnician colonies in the very earliest years of Christendom. It is based on the records of Holy Scripture; it is supported by many old writings and traditions. But it is more than this. It is a theory of missions conducted by the inner circle of disciples who were brought into immediate contact with Jesus at Capernaum and Jerusalem."]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Lloyd, Albert B. *Uganda to Khartoum*. Life and adventure on the Upper Nile. With a preface by Victor Buxton. 80 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. xii, 312. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

[Experiences during five years' residence in the Northern Provinces of the Uganda Protectorate. Deals briefly with missionary efforts amongst the Pagan tribes of the Dark Continent. Maps and index.]

Cooper, A. N. *With Knapsack and Note Book*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 305. A. Brown & Sons, 3s. 6d.

[Describes walking tours in some of the northern countries of Europe—Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Scotland. Mr. Cooper—the author of "The Tramps of a Walking Parson" and similar books—is the Vicar of Filey, Yorks, and an enthusiastic pedestrian. The book before us is written in the fresh, breezy style which marked his former works.]

Steggall, J. E. A. *Picturesque Perthshire*. The Shire Series. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 174. Valentine, 2s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Steggall's book is mainly topographical. He explains in a commendably modest preface that the limits of the series precluded a detailed consideration of many subjects which might otherwise have found a place in his volume; and he has followed the plan of dividing the country into five districts and describes what he terms "a rough itinerary." Forty illustrations and a map.]

Stewart, B. *My Experiences of the Island of Cyprus*. Illustrated from photographs by the author. 7½ x 5. Pp. 260. Skeffington, 6s.

[The material from which this book has been compiled was collected on two occasions: first, when the author was engaged on railway work in the island of Cyprus, and had therefore unusual opportunities to observe the life of the natives; and second, when—two years later—being in the Eastern Mediterranean he visited Cyprus again, and gave up his time chiefly to sight-seeing.]

Lucas, E. V. *A Wanderer in London*. With 16 illustrations in Colour by Nelson Dawson, and thirty-six other illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 305. Methuen, 6s.

[A companion book to Mr. Lucas's "Wanderer in Holland." See p. 275.]

France in Eighteen Hundred and Two. Described in a Series of Contemporary Letters by Henry Redhead Yorke. Edited and revised, with a biographical appendix by J. A. C. Sykes and Richard Davey. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 361. Heinemann, 6s.

[These letters were written during a visit to France in 1802, after Henry Redhead had adopted the name of Yorke, says Mr. Davey in his Preface, with the object of "exposing the fruits of a tyrannical and corrupt form of government, whose wires were pulled by unscrupulous miscreants in the oft-blasphemed names of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." A limited edition was printed after the author's death; the reprint before us has been pruned by Lady Sykes to a third of its original size.]

EDUCATION BOOKS

[The following were received too late for insertion in last week's Education Supplement.]

Dr. T. G. Tucker's *Frogs of Aristophanes* is a new volume in Messrs. Macmillan's Classical Series (3s. 6d. net). The editor aims at giving, besides critical and linguistic commentary, an exegesis of the play as "a true creation of wit and humour presented in an actual theatre before an actual audience." This aim he fulfils well in his introduction (69 pages); then come text, notes, and indices Greek and English. Certain new readings and interpretations, into which we have not space to enter, besides the spirit and vigour of the whole book make it valuable for undergraduates and upper forms of schools. Mr. Tempsky, of Vienna, sends us the second edition of Dr. G. Schreider's *Schülerkommentar zu Platons Apologie des Sokrates und Kriton* (1k.), which contains also the commentary on the closing chapters of the *Phædo* and *Alcibiades's* eulogy of Sokrates from the *Symposium*.

German Commercial Practice connected with the export and import trade to and from Germany, the German colonies and the countries where German is the recognised language of commerce, by Graham and Oliver (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), has reached its Part II., which concerns model letters, conversational exercises, exercises for translation into German and abbreviations, all commercial in subject-matter. It is a book of great value to all who wish to carry on business in German.

Theoretical and Practical Physics, by A. H. Mackenzie (Macmillan, 1s.), is a little book adapted to meet the mechanics and physics course proposed by the Board of Education, or the requirements of the mechanics and physics course in the Day Preparatory Grade Schools and the City and Guilds of London Institute. Its method is wholly experimental. Diagrams in the text.

Elementary Arithmetical Graphs, by W. Mudie (6d.), is a new volume in Messrs. Jack's Mathematical Series, explaining simply the use of Graphs as applied to the representation of statistics and the solution of problems in arithmetic.

Book IV. of the *Look-about-You Nature Study Books* of Messrs. Jack, by Mr. Thomas W. Hoare, deals with objects in Nature of several kinds, in the form of conversations, by which the child is taught to observe for himself. Illustrations in colour and line.

Geographical Gleanings, by the Rev. F. R. Burrows (Philip, 1s. 6d. net), is a book we should like to see in the hands of every teacher of geography—and in the hands of every teacher who neglects the subject. To an excellent series of readers—The English Counties—Messrs. Blackie have now added *Middlesex* (8d.) A brief historical and geographical account of the county is given, only the more salient features being dwelt on. The same firm publish a good historical sketch of London from early times to the present day: *London: historical and descriptive*, by Ben Jonson (1s. 6d.); and *Our English Towns and Villages*, by H. R. Wilton Hall (1s. 6d.)—an excellent reader which makes no pretence to be anything other than an introduction to the study of the history of the customs, manners and so on of our ancestors. The book is written in plain and simple language and should fill a distinct want.

School and Garden: a gardening story with practical hints on school gardening, by Walter P. Wright (Cassell) is a book which will appeal to few children and fewer masters or mistresses. The "practical hints" are well enough in their way, but the story is of a goody-goody type which we regard as unhealthy and pernicious.

An edition of *The Simpler Poems of William Wordsworth*, edited by Edward Hutton, with an introduction and a glossary which explains the meaning of such words as "pains" have been issued by Messrs. Dent (3d.). We do not fancy that the child who requires that sort of appendix needs an introduction containing facts about Wordsworth's father and mother or his school-days.

Standard Plays for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools: Scenes from the Great Novelists, by Elsie Fogerty (Sonnen-schein, 6d.) should prove useful to mistresses of girls' schools who are constantly perplexed by the ever recurring question of what to act at term ends. The adaptations are from "The Abbott"; "The Mill on the Floss"; "Adam Bede"; and "A Christmas Carol"; and there are costume plates by Isabel Bonus.

Messrs. Jarrold send us a third edition of Messrs. Bygott and Jones's *Points in Pronunciation* (1s. net) and a ninth edition of their *The King's English* (1s. 6d.), but we see no reason to alter our former verdict. Neither Mr. John Bygott nor Mr. A. J. Lawford Jones possesses the qualifications essential in those who would instruct youth in punctuation or literature.

Exercises in Spelling, Dictation, and Composition for Middle Forms (Relfe, 6d.), is a cheap and useful little book; our only objection is to the attempts to explain words such as "deign" by the still more difficult "synonym for condescend!" What child who did not understand "deign" would understand "synonym"?

Literature as an Aid to Teaching, by Alan Northman (Sunday School Union, 1s. net), at almost every page invites the criticism we cannot find space for; but it is in some respects interesting, and pupil-teachers might do worse than glance through it, carefully rejecting the list provided at the end of the book. We read that "there is not one [book] that is not worthy of a permanent place in any library," yet Mr. Hall Caine is there! *Paradise Lost* has been omitted from the list "because it has not been [the author's] fortune to know any one who had a familiar acquaintance with that poem beyond the connecting of it (sic) with a certain drudgery in schooldays!"

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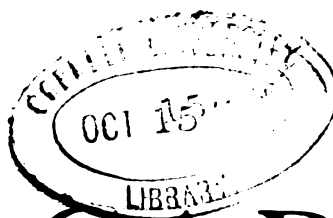
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THE LITERARY WEEK

"A NONCONFORMIST minister, who renounced his ministry and took to journalism, told me that the motive of his change was that he desired to 'preach to a wider congregation.'" We take the sentence from a book that has plenty of stories as good and many better, Mr. George W. E. Russell's "Social Silhouettes" (Smith, Elder), s.v. "The Journalist." That minister had the genuine love of power. He gave up, we do not doubt it, a great deal of personal adulation, a constant opportunity for display in the public eye, many tea-parties, slippers and presents of game, and the comforting *monstrari digito* in the streets of his cure, and took instead the nameless, retired, impersonal influence of the journalist—the reality of power for its shadow. Congregations love their preacher and care nothing for what he says: the world cares nothing for the journalist, but hangs upon his message.

It is the love of power, not, as Mr. Russell says, the "*cacoethes praedicandi*—that earnest desire to exhort, reprove, instruct and edify—" which leads eight journalists out of ten into their uncomfortable, august profession. The ninth is attracted by what he thinks an easy way of making an income (and perhaps there are few easier ways than being an average art-critic, reviewer, or—but for the hours and the atmosphere—dramatic critic); the tenth by curiosity and the love of variety. But, among the higher rank of journalists, the love of power is the secret. He knows that what he says or allows to be said will have immense weight with the public; and that is true of all journalists, from the novel-reviewer on a provincial weekly to the Editor of the *Times*. Few of the public know his name; fewer still know him by sight; the meanest has, to quote Mr. Russell again, his "position as opinion-former in the neighbourhood of—"

Power, of course, for a purpose, not merely for self-gratification—the power of speaking the truth in the most effective manner possible. We have always found that the genuine journalist, the man of experience and weight, has an objection to signing his name to an article. Young or inexperienced men are not unnaturally eager to sign. The genuine journalist, the lover of real power, knows that to sign his name is to lessen the weight of his opinion. The man who signs his article ceases to be the voice of Truth and Judgment and becomes an individual author, with eccentricities and prejudices to be allowed for, and possibly some affectation of omniscience to be sneered at by a fickle and easily bored public.

That love of power is often tasted for the first time at school, as Mr. Russell observes. Who that edited or contributed to his school-paper but thrilled at the power of

dictating, unknown, to his fellows on all subjects, from Ecclesiastical Patronage and the Rival Claims of Literature and Science (to take two of our author's instances) to the right position of the cap on the head or the need of better fielding in the Eleven? One of the greatest joys ever experienced by the present writer came to him on the day after he had published in his school paper a brief epigram in verse (which he still believes to have been rather clever) on certain exalted personages who had given up wearing tail-coats on Sundays:—he heard one of his victims inquiring angrily for the author of the gibe. The consciousness of power glowed within him. No Dumasian General of the Jesuits "was in it"! And in telling the story he is not sacrificing his anonymity, for he is probably the only person alive who remembers the epigram or the incident.

The writer of an interesting article on "The Sea Shanty," in *The Yachting Monthly* is of opinion that the name is rightly so spelt, not "chanty." The French sailor, he says, was never very great at singing; it is from negro and American and Canadian sailor-men that the "shanty" comes; and the derivation of its name is from the "shanty" in which the lumber-men—even great singers—lived, not from "chantez." The author declares that the word was always spelt with an "s" until twenty years ago, when the "shanty" was already nearly gone. It is a curious thing that the word "shanty" does not occur in the New English Dictionary. The nearest thing to it is "Chantier," described as "Canadian French" from *F. chantier*, the slip on which ships are built, a dock-yard, or wood-yard, a "place where one sleeps, place where one puts certain things to store them or to work them," a log-but, a shanty. But if *chantier* and "shanty" are the same, the "c" is as correct as the "s."

Be it as it may, chanties are very old, as old, the writer believes, as sailing-ships. The earliest known British chanty occurs in "The Complaynt of Scotland" (c. 1450) where we find: "Hou, hou, pulpela, pulpela, boulena, boulena"—in other words "Haul the bowline." It does not seem to mean much; and it really means very little less than later chanties. They must be distinguished, of course, from naval ballads: the chanty is merely the song sung in pulling at a rope, and the object of it is to provide a pleasanter way of setting the time than merely: "One, two, three!" The words that fill up the intervals scarcely matter.

Here is an ancient British chanty, in which it will be noticed that the singer cries "Cheer'ly man" just as the bo'sun in *The Tempest* cried "Cheerly my hearts!"

O Nancy Dawson, hi oh !
Cheer'ly, man !
She's got a notion, hi oh !
Cheer'ly, man !
For our old bo'sun, hi oh !
Cheer'ly, man, oh !
Hauley hi oh !
Cheer'ly man !

The next verse deals with Sally Rackett who "pawnd my old jacket, She's got the ticket"—"and so on," says the author of the article, "through a number of ladies."

A large number of sea-shanties originated in Yankee sailing-packets, especially those of the famous Black Ball Line. Where did Stevenson get his "Sixteen men on the dead man's chest, Heave-ho and a bottle of rum!"? That is a chanty in form, and a better one than most. But this negro chanty is amusing:

O, de worl' was made in six days and ended on de seven,
Ah-He! Ah-Ho! are you mos' done?
But accordin' to de contrac' it orter been eleven;
So clear de track, let de bulgine run.

To my hie-rig-a-jig and a low back ca
 Ah-He! Ah-Ho! etc.
 With Liza Lee all on my knee;
 O, clear de track, etc.

Then follow some more Biblical verses, such as these:

Lil' David was the boss when he finis' up Goliah,
 But he play it pooty low down on ole man Uriah.

Daniel in de den done sleep all de night,
 Never mind de lions nor de tiger not a mite.

Jonah was a hungry man 'cos he eat de whale,
 He manage very well till he come to de tail.

York House, Twickenham, which is to be sold this month, once belonged to Lord Clarendon, who lived there when the king was at Hampton Court, and tradition says that he used to write in the garden. Later, it passed into the possession of the Mrs. Damer whose name appears frequently in Horace Walpole's letters. She thought him "the most amiable man in the world and the most agreeable," while he loved her as his own child. Mrs. Damer wrote Latin like Pliny and studied Greek, but she is best known for her talent for sculpture. Two marble kittens that she carved had such a lifelike air that Horace Walpole used to talk to them. One of the wings of York House was turned into a museum for her busts and her mother's worsted work.

Another interesting person whose name is associated with York House is Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, who created much excitement in his day. A Hindoo in search of a creed, he travelled to "the country of three hundred religions and one sauce," and soon became the lion of London drawing-rooms. Sir Alexander Johnston, who then lived at Twickenham, often invited him to York House; and here it was that he planned a book in which two Brahmins, standing on the garden-terrace, were supposed to be discussing the relative merits of British and Hindoo civilisation. Their conclusion was that owing to the great facilities for intercourse that existed between the two countries the Hindoo would soon be the equal of the Britisher in science and art and the knowledge of government. The book was not published, owing to the Rajah's death in 1833.

While the modern compilers of collections of verse have often the courage to include contemporary poets, the school anthologist is not infrequently too much of an archæologist. He trusts to time rather than to taste to guide him in his relations, with the result that his *florilegium* is really a *herbarium*. This is not the fault of Mrs. P. A. Barnett's "Golden Numbers" (Longmans) for boys and girls in their teens. A bare third of the book is composed of what we may call "immortelles," poems by Byron, Gray, Shakespeare and the like. The rest of her garland is formed of fresh-gathered flowers from living poets such as Newbolt, Kipling, Bridges, Yeats, or from those who are still with us in spirit, Arnold, Browning and Tennyson. This is only as it should be. Why rob the young generation of a knowledge of those poets who are nearest to them in thought and feeling? There appears to be an unwritten law of the school that a poet must wait a certain number of years for due canonisation. Thus Tennyson and Browning may be described as being at the beatification stage, while Byron and Shakespeare have attained the full rights of sainthood.

The French Government, after publishing a large number of bulky tomes on the contents of the Exhibition of 1900, has now issued the first volume of a new series entitled "The balance-sheet of the century," which enumerates the principal achievements of most of the civilised countries of the world in education, science, art, literature, and music. In the literature section the first entry under England is Godwin, the author of the "loveless novel," "Caleb Williams," and the last is poor "Mrs. Ward," who is described as "a popular success." The lives of great

writers in half a dozen lines are never very inspiring or suggestive, and some, like Keats, come off with only one line. On the other hand, Thomas Moore, the banjo poet, and Mr. Gosse are allotted as many as nine. Mr. Alfred Austin has six; while Macaulay, a prime favourite with the French, is limited to five. Mr. Hardy is summarily disposed of in three words; Mr. Meredith, with six lines to his credit, is more liberally treated. No mention is made of Oscar Wilde, whose *Salome* is very well known in Paris, nor of Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. Bernard Shaw.

In art the section is inevitably affected and cramped by the "policy of grab" adopted by the official party, who appropriated the lion's share of the space allotted to English exhibitors. Among contemporary artists Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Sir George Reid, and Messrs. Davis, Forbes, Lorrimer and Orchardson are singled out. Then follows a curious list of orthodox painters, Leader, East, Wyllie, Cameron, Aumonier, North, Clausen. The list in sculpture is more comprehensive. So is that in etching, except that the name of Strang is omitted. No name is cited in the paragraph devoted to architecture. England's contribution to the theatre is dealt with in less than two lines. Says the author: "I have only spoken incidentally of the theatre (when dealing with English literature). It is, in fact, a weak point with our neighbours." He has not spoken at all of English music, though even Belgium, Denmark, and Finland are noticed. This is rather surprising, for, though Sir Edward Elgar was unknown abroad before 1900, the same can hardly be said of Sir Hubert Parry, at least so far as Germany is concerned.

Conspicuous on the principal table in the news-room of the well-equipped Public Library of Inverness is a huge Family Bible, "presented," according to an inscription on its opening page, "by Councillor W. Gunn, 18th July, 1891." The library is probably unique in the possession of such a volume; and the twelve-page life of Rev. Dr. John Brown of Haddington, with which it opens, followed by that divine's eighty pages of introduction, with blank pages, too, for family records and portraits, do not bear marks of frequent handling. "Brown of Haddington," as the once famous commentator was termed, was the ancestor of the beloved physician to whom we are indebted for "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming," and in the early decades of last century his Bible was a treasured possession in many Scottish households.

Though we have closed the correspondence on the word "like" as a conjunction, we may be permitted to refer to the quotation from Burns:

Or like the snow falls in the river
 A moment white—then melts for ever,

which has been brought forward as an instance of that use of "like." The author of an article on Burns in the ACADEMY of January 20, 1906, quoted the verse, and printed the words "snow-falls" with the hyphen, following the Globe edition. This roused a protest from a correspondent, who declared that either the "like"="as," or the relative "that" had dropped out. Another correspondent now writes to protest that the words ought to have the hyphen, and that they make a compound substantive. The structure of the whole stanza would be more perfect were it so: on the other hand, "melts" in the singular will not tally with "snow-falls" in the plural. The authority of Burns on a point of grammar, is not, in any case, of much weight.

All members of the Classical Association will regret that the President, Lord Curzon, is unable to address the General Meeting of the Association in Manchester on the 12th of this month. As it is, the meeting will be presided over by the Master of the Rolls, who was the first

President of the Association; and Mr. Justice Kennedy (Vice-President) will deliver an address. Amongst other interesting matters to be discussed is the Report of the Committee on the Pronunciation of Latin and Greek, and the following Resolution will be moved: "That the Classical Association recommends for adoption the changes of Latin Pronunciation approved by the Pronunciation Committee and by the Philological Societies of Oxford and Cambridge." There is great hope that, as the result of the energetic action of the Classical Association, uniformity of pronunciation may soon be secured, for Latin at least, in our schools and Universities.

The Book sales are on us again. Messrs. Hodgson and Co. announce their first sale for October 9, and three following days. The principal lots to be disposed of are a fine copy of the engravings from the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, *all Proofs or Proofs before Letters*, Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, original edition, *Proof Plates*, Goupil's *Historical Monographs*, 9 vols., Gould's *Monograph of the Trochilidae or Humming Birds*, 5 vols. *imperial folio*. The Folk Lore Society's Publications, 51 vols., Zoological Society's Proceedings, 1868-92. First editions of Scott's "Waverley" and "Tales of My Landlord," Cussans' "History of Hertfordshire" and many other important books on Art, Natural History, topography and travel.

The following are among forthcoming events:

The Classical Association: Manchester Meeting, October 11-13.
Medical Society of London, October 8. Annual Meeting and Introductory Address by the President.

University of London: October 9, 11 A.M. Professor Priebisch's first lecture on "German Religious Poetry of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries." October 8, 4 P.M. Professor Robertson's first lecture on "German Literary Criticism from Opitz to Schiller." October 8 at 5 P.M. Professor Carveth Read's first lecture on "The History of Modern Philosophy."

Leicester Galleries: Saturday, October 6. The Holman Hunt Exhibition opens.

Queen's Hall. First Symphony Concert, November 3. To be followed by Concerts on November 17, December 1 and 15, January 19, February 2 and 16, and March 2.

The Society of Artists At Work are now holding an Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts at the Grafton Galleries, which will close on October 13.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson: October 5. Sale of the Bartlett and other collections of Pottery and Porcelain, and other works of art.

Messrs. Hodgson: Sale of Books, as above.

LITERATURE

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The Treasury of Sacred Song. Selections from the English Lyrical poets of four centuries. By F. T. PALGRAVE. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)

PALGRAVE'S "Treasury of Sacred Song," a new edition of which has just been published, contains some faults of detail which it is useless to mention now, since the author is dead and cannot mend them; but, on the whole, it is a good selection and gives a just idea of the quality of our sacred poetry. That sacred poetry may be roughly divided into two classes, the poetry of private devotion and the poetry of public worship. In both these classes our sacred poetry is inferior to our secular; but in the second class, which mainly consists of hymns, the inferiority is extreme. Some poems of private devotion have been written by Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw and Christina Rossetti which are of the highest excellence; but of our hymns very few have been written by great poets, and still fewer have any pretensions to be called great poetry. We might have expected that the nineteenth century, with its great secular poetry, and with its revival of religion and particularly of the ceremonial of worship, would have produced finer hymns than the eighteenth; but on the contrary its hymns have been as inferior to those of the eighteenth century as its secular poetry has been superior. The most famous of all its hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," is not really a hymn at all, but an expression of private

devotion and of the experience of one particular mind; and this is true also of most of the better poems of our time which are used as hymns. In fact, the art of hymn-writing, never very flourishing in our literature, seems to be dying out; and it is worth while to inquire why this should be.

Palgrave in his introduction quotes from Dr. Johnson a passage to the effect that religion is not a proper theme for poetry. "The ideas of Christian theology," said Johnson, "are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament." Palgrave does not agree with this opinion, and the facts are against it, even if we suppose Johnson to have meant only that the dogmas of religion cannot be expressed in poetry. Here, for instance, are two verses from Crashaw on the dogma of the Incarnation, verses which are not quoted in Palgrave's work, but which prove that a poet can make the most splendid poetry out of a dogma when it stirs his imagination and his emotions:

That the great Angel-blinding Light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;
That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;
That from His mother's breast He milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family;
That a vile manger His low bed should prove
Who thunders on a throne of stars above.

That He, Whom the Sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He, the old
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep:
That He Who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high Majesty His Court should keep
In a clay-cottage by each blast controll'd.
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free Eternity submit to years.

It would be a strange thing indeed if the dogmas and events of our religion made no appeal to our imagination; and that idea of Johnson's, that there is something impious in the use of art as a means of expressing devotion, was never heard of when men were most devout and had most joy in their devotion. If we are told to hold it about poetry, we must hold it about all the other arts. We must say that the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, the paintings of Fra Angelico, the sacred music of Palestrina and Handel and Bach and Mozart are all presumptuous and misconceived. But there is, or ought to be, no need to argue the point now. Johnson's æsthetics are not ours, and his opinions are more likely to be despised when right than accepted when wrong. But it may be said that great hymns are not written because poets cannot write for a congregation of worshippers, cannot give their powers to the expression of common thoughts or common emotions. Yet the facts again are against this theory. There are noble Latin hymns. There are a few noble English ones, such as Cowper's "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." Also, the greatest poetry of all is usually an expression of thoughts and emotions common to all men; and if we look to the other arts, we shall see that they have all been able to express a devotion not private but congregational. In fact all the noble art of the Middle Ages was of this character; and the art of that time which dominated and controlled all the other arts, the art of architecture, reached the greatest height to which it has ever attained in the expression of a congregational devotion. We may be sure that it never could have reached this height unless the builders had been lifted above themselves by a faith and a joy "in widest commonality spread." Nor yet could the great Italian Primitives have painted as they did unless they had been exalted by the same joy and faith. Are we to suppose, then, that poetry is a narrower and more individual art in its essence than architecture or painting? That it is, in fact, an inferior art to be practised in secrecy by men who fear lest the delicacy of their fancies should be contaminated by communication with their fellows? Is poetry alone of all the arts of a virtue too "fugitive and cloistered" to be enriched by the common life of man? We know that it is not. We

know that the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, the Drama of Athens and our own Elizabethan Drama, our ancient ballads and, indeed, all primitive ballads and epics, were made in the same conditions and for the same wide public as the mediæval cathedrals and the frescoes of the Italian Primitives. Therefore, if we cannot now produce poetry of that kind, we are not to suppose that such poetry cannot be produced but rather that there is some disease of the modern mind which prevents us from producing it.

All our art, ever since the Renaissance, has been growing more fugitive and cloistered; and therefore the arts, such as architecture, which live by expressing a great common faith and great common emotions, have been failing for three hundred years at least. Poetry has not failed, because it can be practised by men sharing no common life with their fellows; but it has ceased more and more to be an art of the people, and more and more it has come to be practised in secret and for an initiate few. Our popular poetry died out in the seventeenth century. Ballads then began to be doggerel, and now instead of ballads we have music-hall songs and the verses of the cricket poet hawked at Lord's and the Oval. We have also hymns, and in them the popular poetry ought to survive if anywhere. But it has not survived in them. The hymns of the revivalists which are written in popular language have adopted the language of the 'bus conductor not of the poet, a language which is admirable for its own uses; which has grown to be what it is in the expression of a certain cheerful, brave and cynical philosophy of life; but which is quite unfitted for the expression of any simple and exalted emotion. These revivalist hymns are afraid to be poetical because they are written for a people ashamed of expressing its deeper feelings; and, even when this people is gathered together to worship, that shame clings to them, so that they must express their devotion in prosaic metaphors and in sophisticated phrases.

Palgrave's selection contains none of these revivalist hymns, nothing from Moody and Sankey or the Salvation Army, and the reason is that he has tried to choose only poetry. Yet most of the modern hymns which he includes, hymns by eminent divines and men of sincere piety and sometimes of considerable poetic power, are not much nearer to real poetry than the revivalist doggerel. They avoid incongruous metaphors, but they have nothing to put in their place. Sometimes they affect the beauties of modern secular poetry, but they cannot make these beauties their own, for modern secular poetry is not popular or congregational. It is seldom written to be sung, and never to be sung by crowds of people. At other times they try to be simple, and when they do this they are nearly always bald; for there is no modern convention of simple popular poetry; and the hymn-writers are not, nor can we expect them to be, strong enough to make such a convention. It could only arise if the poets again began to write for the people; if ballads once more were recited in inn parlours and songs were sung at harvest like the old songs and the old ballads. Then we should recover the old simple music of verse, the dancing tune of:

Ewe bleateth after Lamb
Loweth after Calve Cu;
Bulluc starteth, bucke varteth,
Merry sing Cucu.

or the solemn tune of:

He came all so still
To his mother's bower
Like dew in Aprill
That falleth on the flower.

And then this music would sound in our hymns; and they would be content with their own proper kind of beauty, and not attempt to imitate the beauty of poems made to be read. For, after all, the great technical defect of the modern hymn is that the writer of it never seems to have a tune in his head when he makes it. He is like the abstract designer who draws a pattern without thinking

of the material in which it is to be carried out, without knowing anything of the technical processes of that material. Division of labour goes too far in hymn-making as in all modern arts. Just as the modern architect sitting in his office too often thinks little of the stones of which his building is to be made; so the hymn-writer sitting in his study thinks little of the voices that are to sing his hymn. He writes a hymn as he might write a sonnet; and it turns out to be not a hymn at all but merely a poem hampered by certain conventions. And then some composer has to make a tune for it as best he can; and he, too, probably thinks only of his tune and very little of the words that are to be sung to it. Thus the hymn in the end reminds one somehow of the stained glass window of commerce, conceived in an office and made in a factory. Neither hymn nor window is inspired by any thought of its purpose. Both are melancholy examples of our modern incapacity to work together in the production of beautiful things, to express our deeper feelings in any simple congregational way.

It is only in the last generation or so that we have become aware of this defect in ourselves, and even now only a few feel it deeply. The great mass of the people seem not to be aware "that there hath passed away a glory from the earth," and that is small wonder since they have no means or time to discover what that glory once was. Yet the instinct, which in so many different ages and countries has drawn men together to express in some simple and beautiful form their delight in life and their awe of the forces behind life, must still persist, and sooner or later will demand again to be satisfied. The civilised peoples are tongue-tied now in all the things that are most worth saying; but they must loosen their tongues again, or they will grow weary of life and rise against it in a blind revolt. If ever that happens the survivors will, no doubt, sing fierce hymns among the ruins and the corpses, hymns quite unlike any of those contained in the "Treasury of Sacred Song" and much nearer to poetry. But that would be a heavy price to pay for the return of art; and now that we are beginning to know what we have lost, it is to be hoped that we shall find some gentle and gradual means of recovering it. We have discovered that the arts are all bound up together, that we cannot paint great pictures or make great hymns, for the same reason that we cannot build great cathedrals; and we know, too, that even those arts which do survive are slowly dying and will continue to die so long as they are practised in secrecy and for the elect. We have great poets still, but they are unknown to the multitude. They are lonely swallows that will not make a summer of art: not if ten poets, each as great as Mr. Swinburne, appeared next year, could we say that poetry was thriving among us. But when our hymns begin again to say what all men feel and to say it with beauty and simplicity, then we shall know that poetry is alive again and that all the arts are alive with it, and then there will be no fear lest men should grow weary of life and turn Anarchists or Eremites.

BACK TO THE LAND

The Return to the Land. By Senator JULES MÉLINE. (Chapman & Hall, 5s. net.)

Land Reform. By the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

THESE two books may very opportunely be noticed together, since both deal with the same problem as it occurs respectively in England and France. The two writers approach it from opposite points of view. Whatever may be the present position of Mr. Jesse Collings, he is by his own declaration proud of having been born a peasant, and his book is a consideration of the land question from the peasant's point of view. M. Méline, on the other hand, is a statesman of the highest rank, who approaches the question in a manner that is at once widely

philosophic and highly practical. A vast number of things come within his view which escape the attention of Mr. Collings. The fire of the latter burns with a narrow and intense heat. His claim is for the re-establishment of small holdings. He would regard this act, not as a concession, but as a piece of elementary justice, and we do not know how the most prejudiced Tory can rebut the argument. The story of the vast number of Enclosure Acts, by which the poor of England were robbed of their commons, is now an old one, but it will be retold in books such as the one before us as long as the effects remain. Taking the most reasonable view of agricultural policy, viz., that enclosed land is much more economical than unenclosed, it still remains a fact that the peasants were dispossessed of the rights of common grazing without receiving adequate compensation. As it happens, the writer of the present article has before him a letter written by a correspondent *à propos* of a book he published some years ago dealing with this question, and *ex uno disce omnes* :

My Great Grandfather, my Grandfather and my Father all possessed a freehold cottage and eight acres on a certain Common. They had also the privilege of grazing on about 1700 acres of common land. And I can well remember the time when the old people used to consider that their privileges on the common were at least as valuable as the freehold itself. All this is now changed, and I who now own the cottage and eight acres am "crib'd, cabined, and confined" in that freehold, and all that was allotted to my father (against his will) in 1866 was 1 rd. 8 perches, which was never worth enclosing, and has never been enclosed. Two results have followed from the Enclosure: The first is that the Earl of T— has carved a large stock farm out of it, and the second is that out of seven cottages extending in a line about two miles in length, five are in ruins and only two (one of them mine) are inhabited. Here was an opportunity for the very best kind of Co-operation, namely grazing on common land, and where you can have individuality and co-operation combined. All this has been brought about by an Act passed and put in operation by Landlord Parliaments. Surely the time has now come when the more sensible of our labour members should see to it that we have a "Commons Restoration Act" as soon as possible. You can see it was clear confiscation to offer 1 rd. 8 perches as compensation for the use of 1700 acres as grazing ground. And I think you will agree with me, that although this is to me a personal question, it is in a larger sense a local and also a national one.

But after the contention of Mr. Jesse Collings is granted there still remains a wide tract of country to survey. Any one who will take the trouble to study the very useful volume written by the ex-Minister of Agriculture for France will readily see how the issue has been shifted. Mr. Collings tells of a war between the peasant and the manor, in which in France the peasant won, in England the manor, and in Germany there was a drawn battle. But a still greater contest has been going on for the last hundred years, and that is between commerce and agriculture. Commerce has opened up new and strange El Dorados to those who previously were contented to live out a quiet existence on stabling and garth. It is the call of the towns, the call of business, the call of new lands that, like the fabled song of Orpheus, have set the heads of the peasant on fire in every country of the world; and, if the proposal of Mr. Collings were carried out, it is doubtful what answer there would be to the invitation it is meant to extend. Here in town, the siren's voice declares, "are life, pleasure, amusement, adventure, potentialities untold. There in the country you can have, it is true, health of body, but lethargy of mind will go with it and poverty and long labour and painful days." At the most favourable computation all the land can offer is a poor competence; what, in fact, would be regarded as a pittance by those who toil in the wider fields of industry. M. Méline's argument is that this period of intoxication is past. England has had her turn at being the world's mistress of industry. When the dynasty passed from her grasp it fell into the hands of the United States of America, and now in the far East a long-sleeping pagan youth has awakened with a giant strength in the name of Japan and threatens to do to the United States in the world of commerce what she did to Russia on the battlefield. But it seems to us that M. Méline leaves

out of consideration one great factor. It is that the wants of the world go on increasing, because the more the individual possesses the higher his aspirations rise, so that the peasant of to-day lives more generously than the bourgeois of the eighteenth century, and the bourgeois in his turn enjoys more luxuries than the noble did then. It is true that England is no longer the workshop of the world, that Germany, France, Belgium, the United States, and nearly all the other countries have set up their own factories and passed protective laws, saying they would produce what previously was sent to them from England; yet the bulk of our manufacturing trade goes on increasing. Even our exports increase in spite of the work that every country is doing at home, just because the wants and ideals of the individual are ever expanding in accordance with what you supply to him. The peasant who was comfortable in his little holding a hundred years ago, wore the clothes that his womenkind spun, and ate the food that was produced in the garth, byre and pasture, to-day wants much more, and therefore calls upon machinery to supply it. He has luxuries of which his forefathers were ignorant, and will not abide on the stabling. This we believe to be the truth of the matter laid down in general principles. At the same time, those who recognise it most fully will feel the warmest sympathy with the project explained by Mr. Jesse Collings. It is quite true that in the long battle the manor won, and that the risings, rick-burnings, and labour associations of peasants were the inarticulate rebellious cry of an oppressed people who had got the worst of it at every turn. Those who are in the possession of small holdings at the present moment are notable for the cheerfulness, health, and energy with which they go about their tasks, and what is of even more consequence, for the vigour of the children they are breeding to man the armies of peace and war in the next generation. We do not believe that the great mass of working men either in town or in the country will ever again settle tranquilly in small holdings; but in a huge population like ours there must always be a remnant who prefer the field to the street, and in this precious remnant may reside the elements of ultimate salvation. Let us, therefore, encourage it and afford it every facility in our power to enable it to increase and prosper.

OUT OF THE BARROW

Puck of Pook's Hill. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (Macmillan, 6s.)

It has just struck us that at a first glance the title of this article may be misleading in so far as it might seem to suggest that the author of "The Light that Failed" has again taken to the East End and the costermonger. The barrow we refer to is not that which "the moke" draws. It is the grave that holds the ancient inhabitants of this Empire. It is evident that Mr. Kipling, while residing on the South coast, has mused long and deeply on the various historic races that have trampled over this green island of ours, and he has here attempted the not unworthy task of bringing them out of their graves in a series of *Midsummer Nights' Dreams* intended for the delectation of a group of merry, intelligent, modern children. Everything in England begins at the battle of Hastings, and the first fytte of this epic is a vision of stalwart and kindly Norman knights taking possession of an English manor after William's great battle had been fought and won. The machinery by which they are brought to life is quite English, as the enchantment is that of childhood's old friend, Puck, who still remains one of the People of the Hills, far as we have banished the others. Of course, although everything really begins at the battle of Hastings, there was an earlier beginning, and no surprise is felt when by a turn of magic Puck whips up backward to a time when the legions of Rome still guarded the great wall which they had built to arrest the progress of the

active and pillaging Pict. Danes and Romans form a capital hunting-ground for Mr. Kipling's adventurous genius, and we can easily fancy how on winter nights, the children will gather to hear these lively tales told, tales which at one and the same time are calculated to provide amusement and stimulate historic interest. But the serious reader may be warned that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is here not quite at his very best. The tales that concern the Roman Centurion are ill-constructed and want cohesion, and those connected with smuggling in later times have been better told before. Moreover, the verse with which Mr. Kipling sprinkles his prose is distinguished only by a wholesome mediocrity, except in one lyric, "Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by." There is nothing quite up to the standard that Mr. Kipling has taught us to expect. The most ambitious of the poems is the "Song to Mithras," of which we quote the first two verses.

Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the Wall !
 "Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over all !"
 Now as the names are answered, and the guards are marched away,
 Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the day !

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims in the heat,
 Our helmets scorch our foreheads ; our sandals burn our feet.
 Now in the ungirt hour ; now ere we blink and drowse,
 Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows !

THE PATH OF THE HOLY THORN

The Coming of the Saints. By JOHN W. TAYLOR. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a notable book. It may not satisfy the technical critics of the writings of the sub-Apostolic age ; but all will admit that it is a well-written, interesting and discriminating narrative of the journeyings of the early missionaries from Palestine to the West in the first days of the Christian era. The sub-title is a bold one, for Professor Taylor styles his work "Imaginations and Studies in Early Church History and Tradition." This linking together of ascertained fact with possible fiction may not commend itself to some ; but in this writer's hands the interweaving of these stories is done after so pleasant and enticing a fashion that the record seems to live, and the result is, in places, of almost fascinating attraction.

It would be well, perhaps, for the too credulous reader to peruse Duchesne's "Fastes Episcopaux" published in 1900, which is cited amongst the works of reference prefixed to this volume, for it traverses some of the same ground on sceptical lines. But, to understand the position of the writer, the words of Mr. Taylor in his brief introduction must be carefully weighed :

How much is true and how much is false in the old legends it is impossible to say. Those who have altogether rejected them have done so, I am convinced, at the expense of much that is worthy of preservation ; for there is a certain harmony not only connecting the various narratives themselves, but connecting these with the voices and the silences of history, that decidedly points to some substratum of fact. . . . I may have but little that is new to bring to a well-worn controversy. Indeed, I come to no controversy at all. "The bloom of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller," and I will not risk its beauty and fragrance in the handling and appraising necessary for controversy. I simply take you half-way back—to the ages of faith, to the belief of a thousand years ago—as I try to tell the happenings of two thousand years ago, and re-imagine the remoter past in the light of the traditions of our forefathers. . . . I have not taken upon myself to disentangle history from legend. The modern critic is by no means infallible, and in rooting out the tares is apt to destroy the wheat also. "Let both grow together until the harvest."

It is well to remember that in these pages there are two comings of the saints to the west. The first is that of the Hebrew missionaries, whose coming may fairly be described as probable though problematical ; their journeyings and stations are based upon tradition or legend, supported by not a few reasonable inferences. The second coming is of a rather later date, namely the coming of the

Greeks ; the chief example being that of Trophimus, the Pauline disciple, "whose identity as the first missionary priest of Arles is fairly well established." His coming is supported by documentary evidence of the beginning of the fifth century, and is therefore partly historical and partly traditional.

Some of the earlier chapters deal in a singularly vivid way with scriptural incidents, such as the account of the family at Bethany, or all that is told us of such characters as Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. The re-writing, in other phraseology, of the simple Gospel stories, or the attempt to harmonise the fourfold evangelistic narrative is seldom successful ; whether attempted in the interests of scepticism by a Strauss or a Renan, or in the interests of orthodoxy by a Farrar or an Edersheim. It is, therefore, no small praise to say that Mr. Taylor succeeds where others have failed. In reading this part of his pages, we are almost unconsciously impressed with the homelike reality and truth of the old familiar tales. The more interesting and original part of the volume begins when the calling and the making of the saints at Capernaum and Jerusalem and the first missionary journeys recorded in the Acts of the Apostles are left behind. We are then introduced to the life of St. Mary Magdalene, as compiled by Rabanus, Archbishop of Mayence, who died in 856. From this and other legendary sources, we learn of the travels into Europe in the south of Gaul of the Magdalene, her sister Martha and her brother Lazarus ; of various other traditions of the three Marys and their companions : of Zacchæus at Rocamadour ; and more particularly of St. Trophimus at Arles and of St. Joseph at Glastonbury.

There is a good deal of sound scholarship displayed in connecting the traditional sites of the earliest missions from east to west—extending from Cesaræa in Palestine to Glastonbury in England—with the lines of the commercial traffic of the period. The chief of these traditional sites where certain early missionaries halted, whilst the rest of the ever-thinning band of saints went on in lessened numbers, were Marseilles and Ste. Baume, where there are cave churches immemorably identified with the names of St. Lazarus and St. Mary ; Limoges and Rocamadour, where similar cave-shelters are identified with St. Zacchæus and St. Martial ; Morlaix, where St. Drenalus was left behind by St. Joseph ; and Cornwall and Glastonbury, so closely interwoven with traditions of St. Joseph of Arimathea.

The last chapter, entitled "On Pilgrimage," is full of charm and admirably written. Herein are described, after an original fashion, the various caves, churches and shrines, very rarely visited by the ordinary tourist, which are scattered throughout France, and are closely associated with the fragrant memories of those who are believed to have been the first to dispel paganism from their midst. It is a chapter that lends itself most readily to quotation. A single example must suffice, being part of the description of the old subterranean church of St. Victor at Marseilles :

All this vast fourth-century church has been visibly built around a still older natural cave or grotto known as the original first-century church or refuge of St. Lazarus. . . . No explanation that I know of, has been or can be offered other than that offered by tradition—that here was the place where Lazarus of Bethany lived and preached and ministered and died, and that therefore within some two hundred or three hundred years afterwards this church was built in honour of his memory and to enshrine his body which was then present here. And all through the ages ever since this faith has been firmly held, and lives as strong to-day as ever. If we come back from the crypt or subterranean church into the upper church of St. Victor, at the west end of the nave, under the organ-loft, we find a life-sized statue of St. Lazarus, his left hand holding the crozier, his face upturned to heaven, and underneath the statue two pieces of stone removed from the old sepulchre at Bethany out of which Our Saviour raised him.

The value of the book is much enhanced by twenty-six photographic plates of sites and churches which are for the most part but little known.

J. CHARLES COX.

DE PROFUNDIS

I HAVE been down with sorrow in the deep,
Where never ray of light can pierce the gloom,
Where is no respite, and where falls no sleep—
Where is Life's tomb.

There lie the buried hopes of all the years,
Lost lives, and broken hearts and loves laid low;
There falls a long monotony of tears—
Falls swift and slow.

I have been long with sorrow . . . If the day
Should ever dawn when I am free from pain,
And love lead gently back to life again,
Can I forget that I have passed this way?

ETHEL EDWARDS.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

[Under the above general title a Series of Brief Papers will appear in successive numbers of the ACADEMY. They will be "short studies on great subjects"; jottings by the way, rather than essays by an expert. Some will be mere suggestions on miscellaneous topics, from varied points of view; others will contain a more ample discussion of one or two questions of contemporary interest.]

IV. THE MOTOR-MANIA AND ITS POSSIBLE RESULTS

THE introduction, and rapid spread, of this new means of locomotion is destined to have far-reaching results. Those who dislike it most, now fear it has come to stay. Patronised by royalty, and by the rich almost everywhere, taken up as a pastime, or indulged in as a form of sport, the courted luxury of many, the daily necessity of a few, and now the source of supply to a vast and almost world-wide industry, it is surely worth while for its advocates and champions to consider its possible (or probable) effects on those who make use of it, as well as on the country at large, and on the national character.

It is almost needless to point out that the loss of life, the number of accidents and the destruction of property by motors is much greater than it has ever been by railway trains, or horse and carriage conveyance. That fact is undoubted; but it is said that the movement is in its infancy, that danger will be reduced, and accidents eliminated, by new contrivances. But other evils of equal magnitude attend it, and make its development a serious outlook. Many have called attention to the injury inflicted on those who do not motor by the noise, and the dust-nuisance; the destruction of our roadways by driving other traffic off them, and the deterioration of house-property all along the lines of transit of the motors; the injury to the trees, the grass, the flowers, the hedgerows, as well as the health of pedestrians. They contend that, if this mode of travelling is to be encouraged and developed, special roadways should be constructed for it, as special tracks are cut, and paths laid down, for railway-service. That the old footpaths of England open to pedestrians, and roadways adjoining them for cart and carriage traffic, should be invaded by an army of dust-raising and eye-blinding machines, and that those who used to use them for business or for health should be driven from them ruthlessly, is surely an evil which cries aloud for remedy.

But it is not the inconvenience, or the physical injury, that are the worst results. There is a large amount of selfishness fostered by this motor-mania; admittedly

fostered, as its advocates say that the weaker must go to the wall, and pedestrians must get out of the way. They have no business to protest against the Jehus who ride furiously, and do what they like on the King's highway, regardless of any but themselves. Motor-driving, as at present practised, is an incentive to selfishness. Many of the motorists do not care for the results entailed. They wish to scour the country, and are wholly indifferent to the effects on others which their mode of locomotion involves. But worse than this remains.

We are told of the luxury of rapid movement, the poetry of motion, the advantage of being carried so swiftly from place to place through an exquisite district. But what of the real appreciation of scenery during these scurrying raids? It used to be thought by many, and felt by more, that rapid railway-travelling in express trains dulled by degrees the æsthetic sense of travellers; that they got only glimpses of the landscape, which was blurred, and even blotted out from memory, by the tantalising spectacle of beauty vanishing as soon as seen. But now the dread is that the genuine love of Nature may be imperilled by this excessive speed in locomotion. The scenery itself may be injured; but much worse than that, its refined appreciation may be gradually extinguished. The result of our twentieth-century haste and high pressure may be the development of unrest, the banishment of the ancestral peace which used to give such a charm to the holidays of the past, and the uprooting of that sense of tranquillity which made the country so dear to the toilers in our towns and cities.

There is little doubt that the development of this new method of being carried from place to place will bring about a change in the desires, the tastes, the sympathies, nay in the very ideals of the nation. As the Duke of Wellington used to say in reference to military operations, and political tactics: "But what is to be the next step? What is to follow from this which you adopt and carry out?" Certainly it behoves the advocates of motor-cars to consider well the effect of their introduction, and the extent of area which their adoption will gradually cover; whether their use will help, or whether it will hinder, the development of what is of more importance to a nation than a rapid change of place could ever be. Means have been contrived by which letters in mail-bags can be automatically shot through tubes to almost any distance. Would it be any advantage if human beings could be similarly sent, through subterranean ways from north to south, or east to west, if only their travelling carriages were luxurious enough? Surely not.

It comes to this. The race toward culture is not to the swiftest in locomotion. Life is more than speed, and travelling at leisure is surely quite as desirable as trying to break the record in rushing to and fro. To be whisked along a highway at racing speed, in self-made dust, with confused noise and garments soiled to win a prize, is fatal to all true appreciation of scenery. Besides, there are times, as every poet knows—and all poetically-souled human beings feel—when Nature is giving to man an apocalypse of her glory. At such times it is the instinct of every worshipper of Nature to be silent, metaphorically to "take the shoes from his feet, for the place is holy ground," to listen and be still. But if on a motor! it is impossible to do so. I know a man who never passes Oxford in an express train, or any cathedral town, without reverently lifting his travelling skull-cap. That could not naturally be done, when driving on a motor. If rapid movement from place to place is desired, why not make use of the ever-improving express railway service, and leave our old historic English roads to carriage, cart, and pedestrian traffic? It would add to the sum total of human enjoyment. It would diminish the death-rate. It would lessen disease. It would protect, or at least not invade, the natural sanctuaries of our island-home. It would conserve the charms of Nature, and would add to the service of man.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

ABBEY THOUGHTS

SHALL Herbert Spencer lie—in the Abbey, or rather shall some memorial of him be erected in what journalists love to call the “National Valhalla,” “The English Pantheon,” or the “venerable edifice,” where, as Macaulay says, the dust of the illustrious accusers, *et cetera*—? The question has been recently agitated in a daily contemporary. It seems that the Dean, when approached on the subject, made a “gran rifiuto,” as his predecessor did in the case of Byron. The Dean is in a very difficult position, because any decision of his must be severely criticised from one quarter or another. The Abbey retains, I understand, some of its pre-Reformation privileges and is not under the jurisdiction of Bishop or Archbishop. Yet no one who has ever visited the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor on October 13, the festival of his translation, can accuse the Abbey authorities of bigotry or narrowmindedness. Only a few years ago I fought my way with other Popish pilgrims to the shrine of our patron Saint (as he was, until superseded by Saint George in the thirteenth century), and there I indulged in overt acts violating Article 22 of the Church of England by law established. A verger with some colonial tourists arrived during our devotions, but his voice was lowered out of regard for our feelings. Indeed, both he and the tourists adopted towards us an attitude of respectful curiosity (not altogether unpleasant), which was in striking contrast to the methods of the continental *Suisse* routing out worshippers from a side chapel of a Catholic Church in order to show Baedeker-ridden sightseers an altar-piece by Rotto Rotinelli.*

Thoughts of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley irresistibly mingled with my devotions. What had the poor fellows burnt for, after all? Here we all were ostentatiously ignoring English History and the adjacent Houses of Parliament, outraging the rubrics by ritual observations for which poor curates in the East End are often suspended, and before now have been imprisoned. I could not help thinking that the Archbishop of Westminster would hardly care to return these hospitalities, by permitting on August 24 a memorial service for Admiral Coligny in the Pro-Cathedral. . . . I rose from my knees a new Luther, with something like a Protestant feeling, and scrutinised severely the tombs in Poet's Corner. Even there I found myself confronted with an almost irritating liberalism. Here was Alexander Pope, who rejected all the overtures of Swift and Atterbury to embrace the Protestant faith. And there was Dryden, not perhaps a great ornament to my persuasion, but still a Catholic at the last. Dean Panther had not grudged poet Hind his niche in the National Valhalla (I knew I should be reduced to that periphrasis). And here was the mighty Charles Darwin, about whose reception into the English Pantheon (I have fallen again) I remember there was some trouble. Well, if precedent embalms a principle, I venture to raise a thin small voice, and plead for Herbert Spencer. “The English people,” said a friendly French critic, “do not admire their great men because they were great but because they reflect credit on themselves,” so on the score of national vanity I claim space for Herbert Spencer. Very few Englishmen have exercised such extraordinary influence on continental opinion, which Beaconsfield said was the verdict of posterity. On the news of his death, the Italian Chamber passed a vote of condolence with the English people. I suppose that does not seem a great honour to Englishmen, but to me, an enemy of United Italy, it seemed a great honour, not only to the dead but to the English people. Can you imagine the Swiss Federal Council sending us a vote of condolence on the death of Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. Robert Hichens?

Again, though it is ungrateful of me to mention the fact after my experiences of October 13, the Abbey was not built nor endowed by people who anticipated the Anglican form of worship being celebrated within its walls,

though I admit it has been *restored* by the adherents of that communion. The image of Milton, to take only one instance, would have been quite as objectionable to Henry III. or Abbot Islip as those of Darwin or Spencer. The emoluments bequeathed by Henry VII. and others for requiem masses are now devoted to the education of Deans' daughters and Canons' sons; where incense-laden altars used to stand, hideous monuments of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wound the Gothic air with their monstrous ornaments and inapposite epitaphs. St. Paul's may fairly be held sacred to Anglicanism, and I do not think any one would claim sepulture within its precincts for one who was avowedly hostile to Christian or Anglican sentiment, but I think the Abbey has now passed into the category of museums and might well be declared a national monument under control of the State. The choir, and possibly the nave, should, of course, be severely preserved for whatever the State religion might be at the time. Catholics need not mourn the secularisation of the transepts and chapels, because the late Pope renounced officially all claims on the ancient shrines of the Catholic faith, and High Churchmen might console themselves by recalling the fact that Abbots were originally laymen. My whole scheme would be a return to the practice of the Primitive Church, when priests were only allowed on sufferance inside abbeys at all. The Low Church party need not be considered, because they can have no sentiment about what they regard as relics of superstition, and Broad Churchmen could hardly complain at the logical development of their own principle. The Nonconformists, the backbone of the nation, could not be otherwise than gratified. The decision about admitting busts, statues or bodies into the national and sacred “*musée des morts*” (as the anti-clerical French might call it under the new constitution) would rest with the Home Secretary. This would be an added interest to the duties of a painstaking official, forming pleasant interludes between considering the remission of sentences on popular criminals: it would relieve the Dean and Chapter from a grave responsibility. The Home Secretary would always be called the Abbot of Westminster. How picturesque at the formation of a new Cabinet—*Home Secretary and Abbot Westminster*, the “Right Hon. Mr. So-and-So”! The first duty of the Abbot will be to appoint a Royal Commission to consider the removal of hideous monuments which disfigure the edifice: nothing prior to 1700 coming under its consideration. A small tablet would recall what has been taken away. Herbert Spencer's claim to a statue would be duly considered, and, I hope, by a unanimous vote some of the other glaring gaps would be filled up. If the Abbey is full of obscurities, very dim religious lights, many of the illustrious names in our literature have been omitted; Byron, Shelley, Keats—to mention only these. There is no monument to Chatterton, one of the more powerful influences in the romantic movement, nor to William Blake, whose boyish inspiration was actually nourished amid that “Gothic supineness,” as Mr. MacColl has finely said of him. Of all our poets and painters he surely deserves a monument in the grey Church which became to him what St. Mary Redcliffe was to Chatterton. A window adapted from the book of Job (with the marvellous design of the Morning Stars) was, I am told, actually offered to, and rejected by, the late Dean. To Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the wonderful movement of which he was the dynamic force there should also be a worthy memorial, to Walter Pater, the superb aside of English prose, to Cardinal Manning, the Ecclesiastic of the nineteenth century, and Professor Huxley, that master of dialectics.

A young actor of my acquaintance, who bore the honoured name of Siddons, was invited to take part in the funeral service of the late Sir Henry Irving. His step-father was connected by marriage with the great actress, and he was very proud of his physical resemblance to her portrait by Reynolds. He had played with great success the part of Fortinbras in the provinces, and

* We are indebted to the Editor of the *Burlington Magazine* for the suggestion that this painter's name was really Tomaso Rotto.—Ed.

Mr. Alexander has assured me that he was the ideal impersonator of Rosencrantz. It was an open secret that he had refused Mr. Arthur Bouchier's offer of that rôle in a proposed revival of *Hamlet* at the Garrick. Since the burial of Sir Henry Irving in the Abbey, *he has never been seen*: though I saw him myself in the funeral cortège. All his friends remember the curious exaltation in his manner a few days before the ceremony, and I cannot help thinking that in a moment of enthusiasm, realising this was his only chance of burial in the Abbey, he took advantage of the bowed, unobservant heads during the prayer of Committal and crept beneath the pall into the great actor's tomb. What his feelings were at the time, or afterwards when the vault was bricked up, would require the introspective pen of Mr. Henry James and the curious imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells to describe. I have been assured by the vergers that mysterious sounds were heard for some days after this historical occasion. Distressed by the loss of my friend, I applied to the Dean of Westminster and finally to Scotland Yard. I need not say that I was met with sacerdotal indifference on the one hand and with callous officialism on the other, but I hope that under the Royal Commission which I have appointed the mystery will be cleared up. Not that I begrudge poor Siddons a niche with Garrick and Irving.

ROBERT ROSS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

CREATIVE CRITICISM

BETWEEN Henry Fielding and Mr. A. C. Benson there is at least one point of resemblance—both of them dislike the critic. To the former he was a reptile, and the latter has just been calling him a tradesman. It was the latter statement that started the present meditation. For the reproach seemed a droll example of the pot and kettle. The retort springs to the lips that never in the history of the world was imaginative literature so grossly commercialised as it is at the present moment. How mechanical has the production of books become! There are several hundreds of writers who with the utmost regularity publish from one to four books per annum. In the language of the day these constitute "the output."

With the aid of certain middle-men called literary agents the "price per thou" is raised to its maximum. To obtain even a few months' life and hearing for the individual book the author has to employ a claque. Even then, like flocks of black birds winging to roost, the crowd of books passes swiftly to darkness and oblivion. And the author of to-day finds no refuge in the pathetic appeal to posterity's verdict that comforted the failure of last century. The following perfectly true story illustrates a state of mind that the majority try to emulate. A lucky author on the night when he received a cheque that made up his total receipts (dramatic and literary) to £60,000 for a popular success, took out the manuscript and kicked it round his study like a football, crying in a hilarious way as he did so: "You have nobly served my turn just now, and what the devil does it matter how you are regarded a hundred years hence!" No; the modern author like every other merchant asks for motor-cars and houses and land while he is alive, and is under no illusion in regard to fame, which Wilfred of Ivanhoe said "gilds our sepulchres and embalms our names." I am neither praising nor condemning this. At times I think it a pity, at other times it seems an act of courage. We are all rushing to obscurity, Lord Tennyson said once, "only some are going a little more slowly than the others." But it breeds egoism in the author. He thinks the critic's function is simply to register an opinion on his work as appreciative and favourable as is possible. Naturally enough, he is chiefly anxious for the increase and strengthening of his own reputation. But the critic

and the Editor—the best critic and the best Editor—take a different view. They recognise fully the insignificance of the individual, whether he judge or be judged. It is not the verdict but the theme that matters.

Within the last few years I have noticed a very great improvement in the character and tone of criticism. A decade ago it seemed to be merging into puffery. I remember in the 'nineties one whom the majority would call a distinguished man of letters boasted to me that before the appearance of a certain book he had arranged to obtain no fewer than thirty-two favourable notices in London and provincial journals. Puffery was rampant, and, as a consequence, reviews ceased to exercise the slightest influence. Nor have they yet recovered. The fortunes of a book are only to a very small extent governed by what appears about it in the newspapers. But so far as the reviewer is regaining part of his old power it is due to his sincerity and creativeness. Let me try to disengage the features of a fine critic from the cloud of smoke raised about him by outsiders. And first, it is not the calling but the man that makes the tradesman or the artist. The difference, I opine, lies in this—that the former works for gain and the latter for love of his craft. For his task he needs to have a rare and full equipment, knowledge of life, knowledge of literature, sympathy to recognise what is fine and true, generosity to acknowledge it, courage to expose the unworthy and unnatural devices by which the baser sort of author seeks to win the readers for whom he has no legitimate attraction. Even then the critic is as liable to make mistakes as is, say, a popular novelist. Let us take an illustration bearing more directly on the subject of creation in criticism. During the last year or two various novelists have tried to depict the simple life, of which so much has been written. It is safe to say that no one has yet attained to immortal glory by that path. Many critics have said so, but the best is he who by the force of his knowledge and imagination can sketch the reality. Suppose he had strong views that were wrong, his work would still be far more interesting than that of those who confined themselves to critical comment. I will take another case. A few evenings ago I took Mr. Eden Phillpotts's novel, "The Poacher's Wife," to read, not for review, but to lighten a train journey; and there was one feature of it that set me thinking. One of the characters is a footman and one of the greatest villains imaginable. He is not only a thief, poacher and murderer, but descends to the utmost baseness of treachery by deliberately plotting to have an innocent friend hanged for the murder. All the time he is the constant and devoted lover of a fine and pure girl. Now, if I had been a reviewer, I would have liked to discuss the psychology of that character with the author, but the discussion would only have had real interest in so far as it was an interchange of experiences. My knowledge of such criminals is slight, but I have read a good deal about them and had one or two under observation. And so one could try at least to build up the real character on fact. Had the love been simulated for the sake of acquiring a fortune or any similar object, nothing could have been said; but the girl is pure and it appears to be wholly disinterested. My experience is that men of a criminal type are incapable of such an attachment as is described. They seek the gratification of their lustful and brutal passion, but make very little difference between individuals. Moreover, my idea of a footman who has committed such a crime is that he would fall into such a panic of terror and apprehension as would effectually sear up and burn out his passion for a girl. The behaviour of criminals after a deed has been committed has often been recorded in the newspapers. At any rate, the thief and murderer as a pensive lover sighing because of unrequited affection strikes me as grotesque. Mr. Eden Phillpotts may be perfectly right, but the critic who did not think so could only make his point effectively by an act of creation—that is, by a close picture of the criminal mind as he conceives it. Let

me take a pleasanter illustration from a novel that appeared quite lately, I mean Miss Jane Findlater's "The Ladder to the Stars." It is very easy to dismiss a book like this, by a writer who was only emerging from obscurity, as being ineffective; but no one who has not brooded over the idea both with sympathy and imagination can either obtain from this book as much pleasure as the writer intended or criticise it to any good purpose. Miss Findlater's ambition seems to have been almost the same as that which animated Goethe when he produced "Wilhelm Meister," and gave the idea to some of the brilliant men who followed him. Benjamin Disraeli in "Contarini Fleming" and Bulwer Lytton in "Ernest Maltravers" tried to picture the growth of a poet's mind. I think it requires some imagination to understand all that, however, and, on the principle that he "who shudders at the hell of Dante" has himself something of Dante's imagination, so he who is able to understand and sympathise with the attempt to portray a poetic mind must possess at least a little of the original fire. In that case he is much more likely in criticising the book to set down his own creation than merely to register an opinion, and that surely is the more fruitful course.

JOHN BRETT VINCENT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The English Asmodeus," by Ernest A. Baker.]

FICTION

The Tea-Planter. By F. E. PENNY. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

THE sun shines in Ceylon as in few places, and the sun's warmth and kindliness seem to have passed into Mrs. Penny's book, which is all about Ceylon, and which is dedicated to Ceylon most pertinently. By a device, that is a little unwieldy, of a dying man's will and whim, she forces her characters in the first chapter from London to Ceylon, but once there the story unfolds itself like a flower in the sun after a day's rain. The Angus Smith family is one of the most charming that we have had the pleasure of meeting, and the Angus Smith children are as delightful as only real children can be. And there is much clever and kindly characterisation and all the charm of that light-hearted life, of which one has often heard, so that it is as refreshing to read the novel as it is to sit for a whole long day in the sun.

The Whirligig of Time. By BEATRICE WHITBY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

WITH her first novel Miss Whitby had the good fortune to please the taste of a large class of readers who have continued to regard her stories with an almost affectionate admiration. "The Whirligig of Time" should score another success; it is a good story from every point of view, told with the cheerful confidence of a writer sure of her ground and her power to interest. It is a study in wives: the old-fashioned wife who served for love, or duty; and the "new" wife who fights for her own way—and gets it. It is all very cleverly worked out. Frederica, a hard woman of the advanced school, is a striking character boldly drawn. Every line tells and strengthens her individuality, and throughout the book she dominates, amuses, even fascinates. As in all the author's novels, there is an undercurrent of serious purpose; the sermon is here, as well as the song.

The Comedy of Age. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

A CERTAIN great writer was once asked: "How do you make your plays?" and he answered: "Oh, I take facts I have observed, add a dash of poetry, and there you are." Mr. Coke takes facts which he observed, tries to subtract the dash of poetry—and even goes so far as to add more than a dash of common sense. The result is that his work is apt to be depressing. What he observes, he observes

with accuracy; he writes sound, even scholarly, English, and builds the fabric of his book with cleverness and care. There is, however, much to which he is blind, and we must insist upon this for the reason that he is apt to link his arm a little familiarly into that of Truth—"If I may pit myself and Truth against a dozen novelists," he writes. His present book deals with life at Oxford. Though there is much dissection of Youth with a capital letter, the elusive spirit of youth is absent. Youth cannot be explained, and by endeavouring to explain it Mr. Coke has turned his novel into an able homily on Youth and Crabbed Age with many clever contrasts and some pertinent illustrations.

Holyland. By GUSTAV FRENSSEN. Translated by MARY HAMILTON. (Constable, 6s.)

THE admirers of "Jörn Uhl" will welcome this translation of Gustav Frenssen's new novel, which was reviewed in its original form, "Hilligenlei," in the pages of the ACADEMY some months ago. Though the story is of less striking interest than "Jörn Uhl," it is an exceptionally interesting book, informed throughout with strong and tender feeling. It is less a continuous tale than a collection of charming scenes—simple, poetic, realistic—of the lives of humble folk working and striving in a little harbour town in Holstein. The keynote of the book is struck by Hule Beiderwand, ever watching for the coming of "a brave man who shall bring the whole land beneath his sword until it is a holy land in deed as in name." Miss Hamilton's translation is excellent, especially as reproducing the atmosphere of poetry and romance and of spiritual enthusiasm which is essentially a charm of the original work.

It Happened in Japan. By BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THIS is an appreciation of the Land of the Rising Sun by one who evidently knows and loves it well. As the wife of the Belgian Minister at Tokyo, Baroness Albert d'Anethan has had the opportunity of seeing much both of the Japanese and the English life in Japan, and she puts her knowledge to good use. Pearl Norrywood, having divorced the husband who has rendered her life unbearable, only to find herself the victim of a cruel slander, leaves England and settles in Tokyo, where, under the name of Mrs. Nugent, she hopes to find peace and happiness in the shadow of Fujiyama. For three years her retreat is undiscovered and her former sufferings are almost forgotten, when the arrival of an old lover, Lord Martinworth, upon the scenes, brings about the series of complications which end in her sudden and tragic death.

The Gaiety of Fatma. By KATHLEEN WATSON. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

A CERTAIN "passionate extravagance" (the words are the author's) in plot and language is perhaps permissible when the scene is laid on the coast of Algeria, where a burning sun glows upon the white haiks of stately, slow-moving Arabs and the glamour of the desert is over all things; but what is rich and vivid in the description of an Algerian fishing-village, becomes garish and melodramatic when applied to a house-party in Scotland. The author leads us to suspect that she is as little at her ease in these chilly northern castles as her half-Arab heroine, Fatma, who, after marrying one man she does not love, and after his death almost marrying another, eventually finds herself back in Algeria in the arms of her hero, the English doctor of the little native village, where for the first time her dress and her actions are in keeping with her surroundings.

Hazel of Hazeldean. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IF Mrs. Reynolds has chosen an improbable and not altogether engaging plot for her new novel she makes the

best of it, and ingeniously evades the difficulties of the situation. Told in a light, humorous vein the story might amuse an idle hour; to take it as seriously as the author desires imposes rather a strain upon our patience. Raimond Hughenden, when dying, directs that his little daughter shall be brought up as a boy in order to secure the family title and estates. Hazel's French nurse alone knows the secret; friends, chum, and tutor believe in "Sir Hazel," and she, never doubting that she is a boy, scoffs at feminine limitations and the "loathly petticoat."

Mrs. Reynolds has written some very readable novels; it is a pity she should waste time and labour over such a foolish tale as this.

FINE ART

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC

AMONG many things which the present generation owes to Whistler is the reform of art criticism, that is to say the reform, not so much of the erudite criticism which concerns itself with the works of the Old Masters, but of the humble criticism of journalism which is chiefly occupied with the productions of contemporary painters. But though the present critics of Fleet Street are, as a rule, better qualified than their predecessors, who had made little special study of the craft they criticised, it may be questioned whether the present tendency to deliver criticism into the hands of painters is altogether an unmixed blessing—whether it is true, as Whistler asserted in his libel suit against Ruskin, that "none but an artist can be a competent critic." Pressed by his opponent's counsel, Whistler then conceded: "I should not disapprove in any way of technical criticism by a man whose whole life is passed in the practice of the science which he criticises; but for the opinion of a man whose whole life is not so passed I would have as little regard as you would if he expressed an opinion on law." And yet in the "Gentle Art" Whistler very plainly shows his disapproval of the criticisms passed on his paintings by Mr. Frith and "Mr. Jones, R.A.," who, as men spending their whole lives in the practice of painting, were competent and well-qualified critics according to the canon laid down by their victim.

There is no evidence to show that a painter, *ipso facto*, is a more sympathetic and competent judge of another painter's work than an intelligent connoisseur. On the contrary, such evidence as exists points the other way. Not one of the writers whose scalps Whistler delighted to collect criticised his work with such bitter hostility and such depth of misunderstanding as the men who spent their lives in practising a different style of painting. When the young Pre-Raphaelites first expressed their new-found principles on canvas, the lay critics of the Press gave them considerable praise. And this benevolent attitude was changed in the following year because the journalists bowed to the superior knowledge of the senior Academicians, who led the hostile criticism which the Pre-Raphaelites subsequently received. Again, by whom were the younger generation of painters, the French Impressionists, more severely condemned than by these same Pre-Raphaelites?

Whether we turn to past or present painters the story is the same. The cases of Constable and Turner are too well known to need repetition, but, as showing how incapable a great creative artist is of appreciating all the aspects of his art, we may call to mind Blake's contempt for Titian, Rembrandt and Rubens whom he called "smudgers, blunderers and daubers." Rossetti had no greater range of appreciation, styling Delacroix a "perfect beast," and finding for one of Fantin's masterly paintings no better term than "a great slovenly scrawl."

It would be no difficult task to find parallel examples in another art of the inability of one great genius to comprehend the achievements of another. We know, for example,

that Carlyle held the translation of Omar to be "worse than a mere waste of labour." To a friend who lent him the translation to read, he returned the book with the comment: "I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mahometan black-guard."

The truth would seem to be that the qualities essential to the perfect critic—a well-proportioned mind and freedom from bias—are precisely the qualities which the great creative genius lacks. Necessarily so, according to Mr. Thomas Hardy, who, in "The Return of the Native," tells us:

A well-proportioned mind is . . . one of which we may safely say that it will never cause its owner to be confined as a madman, tortured as a heretic, or crucified as a blasphemer. Also, on the other hand, that it will never cause him to be applauded as a prophet, revered as a priest, or exalted as a king. Its usual blessings are happiness and mediocrity. It produces the poetry of Rogers, the paintings of West, the statecraft of North, the spiritual guidance of Sumner; enabling its possessors to find their way to wealth, to wind up well, to step with dignity off the stage, to die comfortably in their beds, and to get the decent monument which, in many cases, they deserve.

If Mr. Hardy's analysis be correct, Whistler's definition of the critic is further from the truth than the famous *mot* of Disraeli. And so far from the critic's opinion being vitiated by the fact that he himself has failed as a creative artist, it is possibly this failure which proves his freedom from bias and his competence justly to appraise the productions of minds less well-proportioned. In the politics of art such a man sits on the cross-benches, whence he can discern the merits of both Left and Right. Pledged to neither party, he can give to each its due, and, whenever required, justify his own position by appealing to our belief that it is the looker-on and not the player who sees most of the game, and sees it best.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

EARLY in November Mr. George Allen will publish "The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic Leighton" by Mrs. Russell Barrington. The Diaries and Letters written by Leighton, covering a period of fifty years, are included, and among other letters are several from George Eliot, Ruskin, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Henry Greville, Fanny Kemble, Richard Doyle, Gambier Parry, Robert Fleury, Edward Steinle, and others, many of whom have contributed reminiscences of the great artist. The work is illustrated by many of Leighton's finest works, and by several drawings and paintings never yet published. There is to be an Edition de Luxe of fifty-five copies (numbered) on Arnold hand-made paper at £5 5s. net.

Mr. John Murray will publish very shortly a volume by Mr. Sidney Lee, entitled "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage: with other Essays." The book consists mainly of articles on various aspects of Shakespearean drama. Most of them have been contributed to periodicals during the past few years, and they have now been thoroughly revised. A paper of "Aspects of Shakespeare's Philosophy" has not been printed before. Besides this essay and the one which gives the volume its title, the subjects dealt with are: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer," "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition," "Pepys and Shakespeare," "Mr. Benson and Shakespearean Drama," "The Municipal Theatre," "Shakespeare and Patriotism," "A Peril of Shakespearean Research," and "Shakespeare in France."

"Some Reminiscences" by William Michael Rossetti, which Messrs. Brown Langham will publish in two volumes on October 15, contains a full account of the early days of the Rossetti family, with interesting sidelights on the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and the literary and artistic career of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The work

is illustrated with numerous reproductions, very few of which have been published before. Mr. Rossetti's "Reminiscences" date from his birth in London in 1829, down to the present day.

Messrs. Bell announce a book on "The Gem Cutter's Craft" by Mr. Leopold Claremont, which is to be published this month. In it every kind of gem is described, and the difficulties of discriminating precious stones are discussed and removed. The illustrations show how the stones are secured, identified, cut and polished, and there will be photographs of mines, historic gems, gems under the X-rays, and typical specimens of precious stones in the natural state.

"Aims and Ideals in Art," by Mr. George Clausen, which Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly, will contain eight lectures, delivered to the students of the Royal Academy in 1906, dealing with questions of composition, of style, and of the choice and treatment of subject, rather than with the problems of execution. The book is uniform with the author's "Six Lectures on Painting."

The second volume of M. J. J. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People" will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on October 8. It deals with the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation, and among the subjects treated are: The Early Renaissance in England; Humanism as represented by Sir Thomas More; Prose-writers, such as Elyot and Ascham; the Poets of the Transition, Dunbar, Skelton and Gavin Douglas; the Poets of the Renewal, Wyatt and Surrey; the Literature of the Reformation and the English Bible; Elizabeth and her kingdom; Elizabethan Prose and Poetry; Spenser; and the Early English Novel. Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Drama remain for treatment in a later volume. On the same date Mr. Unwin will publish "Romantic Cities of Provence," by Mrs. Mona Caird. The volume contains many illustrations from sketches by Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Edward Sygne.

A volume entitled "Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops," by Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York, is announced by Messrs. Putnams. With three Archbishops of Canterbury in particular—Archbishops Tait, Benson and Temple—Bishop Potter was on terms of close intimacy.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are about to publish a new novel by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy entitled "The Illustrious O'Hagan." The book deals with the adventures of two brothers in the Germany of two centuries ago. Two other novels promised by the same publishers are "The White House," by Miss Braddon, and "The Avenging Hour," by H. F. Prevost Batterby.

Three volumes which Mr. Francis Griffiths will publish early this month are: "Dr. Stiggins: His Views and Principles," by Arthur Machen; "Love in London," by A. St. John Adcock; and "The Return of Joe, and other New Zealand Stories," by W. H. Koebel.

Readers of the ACADEMY may possibly be interested to learn that Messrs. Cassell announce a new "work" by the author of "When it was Dark" and other tracts; it will be, they inform us, "a story of love, in which a woman's nature is laid open as by the scalpel of a soul surgeon."

CORRESPONDENCE

ON THE MAKING OF BOOKS—A PUBLISHING SYNDICATE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The suggestion made by "Spectator ab Extra" in the ACADEMY of September 20 of establishing a Publishing Syndicate is worthy of much consideration.

It is believed that Oxford and Cambridge already do a good deal in this direction through their respective Presses and it would be interesting to know the annual expenditure of the Delegates and Syndics in the preparation and publication of learned works without expectation of profit. But there is a limit to this. A small company under the title of "The Publishing Syndicate" could be incorporated at little expense with the object explained by "Spectator ab Extra," and on the terms that all profits exceeding, say, three or four per cent.

should be reserved and applied towards the expense of publishing works which cannot be expected to yield a profit. A well-organised association of this kind would be exceedingly interesting and might be able to produce much good work. And it may fairly be assumed that the public, literary or otherwise, would be prepared to encourage the attempt.

P. W.

October 1.

THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I observe a letter from Mr. Andrew Lang in the ACADEMY of July 14 in which he asks that he may "correct an inadvertent misrepresentation" of me, and he refers to it as being in his "Secret of the Totem" (pp. 197-200) "and elsewhere."

I do not understand Mr. Lang when he says, "I added that the statement was in collision with facts vouched for by Mr. Howitt himself." This appears to refer to a passage at page 199 of the "Secret of the Totem," where he comments on the preceding paragraph, which does not speak of "the advance from descent in the female to that in the male line," but refers to a statement by Dr. Frazer "that as Dr. Howitt has well pointed out, the same regions in which the germs of religion begin to appear have also made some progress towards a higher form of social and family life."

If the correction which Mr. Lang makes refers to page 199 of his work it is rather beside the mark, but in any case what Mr. Lang has explained is merely a side issue. The real matter at issue, in my communication to *Folk Lore*, was a statement by Mr. Lang (*Folk Lore*, vol. xvi. p. 223): "We are here on the ground of facts carefully recorded, though strangely overlooked by Mr. Howitt . . ."

This is practically a repetition by Mr. Lang of his charge against me at pp. 197-199 of the "Secret of the Totem," when he quotes from my "Native Tribes of South-East Australia," pp. 499-500.

Mr. Lang does not refer to this in his letter, and, with your permission, I will now briefly bring this under his notice.

The quotation in question is called a "passage from Mr. Howitt," and consists of a conglomeration of four selected parts from a summary of the evidence, upon which I have based the theory of a belief, in a "Tribal All Father." This summary will be found at pp. 499 and 500 of my "Native Tribes," and runs to twenty-seven lines.

The first extract is a sentence at line thirteen, but with its important commencement left out; the second is at line nineteen, but only includes part of the sentence, when the third extract is interpolated from line six, being the final half of a sentence; the fourth is the remainder of the summary taken from the line nineteen.

This garbled quotation leaves out altogether about half of my summary and forms the text of Mr. Lang's adverse discourse from page 197 to page 200 of "The Secret of the Totem."

Will Mr. Lang be so good as to say whether this quotation of selected parts of my summary is the "inadvertent misrepresentation" which he "corrects"?

A. W. HOWITT.

Metung, Victoria,
August 27.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been much interested in the articles which have appeared of late in your excellent paper on spelling reforms. One in your issue of September 15 by Dr. Macnamara, I thoroughly admire and agree with every word of it, unless it be the end where he fears it will not succeed for centuries. We shall see.

But there is one immediately following; by an M.P. which I beg a little of your space to reply to. His chief contention is that spelling reform is not needed and would not be beneficial in the elementary school. His words are:

(a) "I think it a mistake to suppose spelling reform matters greatly in the elementary school."

(b) "I cannot think a simplified spelling would make it easier for the children."

(c) "Where the argument from utility is weak, that from literature, etc., must remain strong."

(d) "I should be jealous of any change which would uglify (sic) literature. As I am not convinced that simplification is necessary for the elementary schools or would be helpful, I cannot but feel lukewarm towards their pleas for spelling reform."

(e) "To many of our children reading and spelling come by nature. What then is the use of teaching these—what is the use of your schools, your teachers, and other costly gear?"

(f) "To others the toil of amending their spelling is a useful discipline"; but

(g) "There remain incorrigible dunces who will never learn to spell. These will be apprentices to a painter or printer, say. The painter will be set to work and will write *business*, which is quite as intelligible as *business* or *biases*. Either will be equally intelligible." Truly here he justifies the title he claims as an *anarchist in spelling*.

An average child, says a schoolmaster quoted by Max Müller, beginning school at seven ought to be able to read the New Testament fluently at eleven or twelve years of age, and at thirteen or fourteen ought to be able to read a good leading article with ease and expression. That is, with seven hours a week for forty weeks for five years, a child requires one thousand four hundred hours' work to be able to read the New Testament.

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Our M.P. says:

(h) "Enthusiasts for spelling reform assert that a year in a child's life could be economised for other studies." That's merely a guess, and I think, says our author, a bad one. I grant it a bad one, as it ought to be *four* and not *one*—as per above extract.

Let me quote a little more from an official return. Out of two hundred thousand children, ninety per cent. leave school without reaching the sixth standard, eighty per cent without reaching the fifth standard, and sixty per cent without reaching the fourth standard.

Our author makes a few concessions:

(i) "It takes a good deal of time, but is not arithmetic a deal worse, with its absurd systems of reckoning in avoirdupois, troy, and apothecary's weights, etc.? Why not adopt the metric system? Yes, why? It is much better, but two blacks do not make a white."

(j) Concession 2. "More simplification is perhaps the true aim." Well, say I, that is all we want.

(k) Concession 3. "Cow, plough, rough, through, are absurd enough, no doubt, but, says he, what about *baan daan taan* in South Yorkshire for bound down town." I reply, if we heard them for the first time they might puzzle us as an unknown word would, but if we knew that that was their way, we would not be puzzled at all.

In our five vowels I find we have fifty different ways of representing them. One would scarcely believe that. Take one as example, say the long alphabetic sound of *A*. Thus:

Pain day gaol ale great vein they reign etc. etc.
where ai ay ao ae ea ei ey eig represent that
sound, and to these you could add eight and straight,
eigh aigh

Isn't one dose a cure here?

W. G. DUNCAN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Editorial sympathy is rare balm to the spelling reformer, and your friendly notice of September 1 is gratefully received. But many of us demur to the statement that "simplified spelling is admitted by all to be only a half-way house to phonetic spelling," if that term means one sound one symbol. This doctrine is certainly taught by many authorities who hitherto have promoted the reform movement. They seek history in the sound only, and as for the most part educationists imbued with its value as a medium of elementary education. But there seems to be a large number of moderate reformers who dispute the argument of the advanced school that there is no logical halt short of fonetic spelling, and the recent phase of the agitation has brought them into prominence. Mr. Carnegie insists on the conservatism and respect for precedent which animate his Simplified Spelling Board. Professor Brander Matthews in issuing his list of reformed spellings says: "Any scientific phonetic reform of our common spelling is absolutely impossible; it lies outside the sphere of practical politics. But altho phonetic reform is impossible, improvement of some sort is possibl, if too much is not demanded too suddenly."

These utterances are valuable, for much of the hostility to spelling reform is due to the dread of fonetic spelling. The moderate program as set forth by the British and American Philological Societies and as embodied in all the standard American dictionaries, is a fairly complete scheme, calculated to quench an appetite for more for some generations. Evidences to the eye of etymology are respected, traces of false etymology are removed, and there is no harrowing of scholarly feelings, while, at the same time, a considerable approximation of the written to the spoken word is effected and some sort of regularity is imparted to the value of vowels and diphthongs. Can the fonetic speller be more effectually disarmed?

VIA MEDIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Whilst most people will readily agree that it is *unfortunate* that the written form, or spelling, of words should not always accord strictly with the pronunciation, there are some who fear,—and, I think, rightly,—that an entirely reformed, and phonetic, spelling would eventually be a worse evil than to let the spelling remain quite unchanged! It seems to me that all champions of phonetic spelling make the mistake that it is only the spoken word that at all matters—that the written form should be *entirely* subordinated to the pronunciation.

Of course, originally (*i.e.*, after the invention of letters), all languages were more or less phonetically written, and it is only in consequence of the vagaries in speech (or the *spoken language*) at different times and at divers places that our spelling has become so *unphonetic*.

Considering how continuously the pronunciation of even the most common words varies, and how many of our spellings, though not phonetic now, originally were so (*ex.*, *knight*, *knaue*, *gnash*, *indict*), we must conclude that while the written form remains fairly constant, the spoken language changes in accordance with the fashion, or caprice, of the day and of the people speaking it. The really conservative element of every tongue is the writing, or, in other words, its literature. That it is which preserves a language from decay. I am sorry to disagree with Mr. H. Drummond, but I do hold with Dean Trench's ideas that there is more in words than mere *speech*, for they frequently possess a history and an interest apart from their present-day force and signification. If the principle of phonetic spelling were carried out in its entirety, not only would the new spelling empty our language of its associations with the past, but it is highly probable that to succeeding generations English literature would become a closed book to the masses. There would, in fact, be two languages

to learn—the current phonetic writing of the day and the classical and literary language of the past, that of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, etc. etc. I take it most prefer to read such writers in the original!

F. W. T. LANGE.

September 29.

[We have also received letters on this subject from our correspondents Mr. H. Drummond and Mr. E. Jones, the secretary of the Spelling Conference at the Society of Arts, 1878, and secretary of Sir Isaac Pitman's Spelling Reform League. Mr. Drummond cannot understand our correspondent C. W. B.'s sentimental "devoshon" to the current spelling, claims that beauty and refinement are on the side of the new spelling, and quotes Froude's words on Tyndal's Bible, which, he points out, was not spelt in our present orthography. Mr. Jones submits a phonetic alphabet which we regret we have not space to print. It contains forty symbols.—Ed.]

A CRITICISM FROM AMERICA OF CO-EDUCATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Many important problems are raised in Miss Catherine I. Dodd's educational work, "The Child and the Curriculum," published by Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co., particularly with regard to the education of girls. Scripture, Literature, History, Art, Languages and the study of Nature form the chief items of her curriculum, which includes handwork and gardening. She deprecates in girls' schools a wholesale imitation of the kind of education which fits a boy for his career, and she quotes Professor Stanley Hall to show that the co-educational schools in America are not so ideal as enthusiasts would have us believe. "Boys," says Stanley Hall, "tend, under this system, to grow content with mechanical memorised work, and excelling on the lines of girls' qualities, fail to develop those of their own. There is a little charm and bloom rubbed off the ideal of girlhood by close contact, and boyhood seems less ideal to girls at close range." From the disciplinary point of view he urges: "it is impossible without injury to hold girls to the same standards of conduct, regularity, severe moral accountability, and strenuous mental work that boys need." Miss Dodd apparently does not advocate the mixing of the sexes in school life after the age of ten or twelve, but she does advocate a complete, many-sided curriculum for girls fitting them for either an independent position in life or for domestic and social duties, and she insists that in the formative years girls shall be under the steady influence of good women. Those of us who deprecate the manners of the modern girl, her slang, her devotion to hockey, and her distaste of domestic duties, will cordially welcome this book, which ought to benefit many parents and teachers. Miss Dodd does not merely theorise upon education, for the book is eminently practical, being the result of years of experiment in the class-room, the lecture-room, the hill-side and country lane with children and students, and the details and methods laid down are put into actual practice in the Milham Ford School, Oxford, which Miss Dodd directs, in connection with the work of Chervell Hall Training College where women students are trained for the profession of teaching.

J. C. M.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT SPEECH?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Oratory (which includes the composition and delivery of great speeches) is almost always a reflex of character.

This trait assumes various phases in the speeches of our great men. The cultured democracy of the Bishop of London, the brilliant debating powers of Mr. Balfour, and the stern grandeur of Bishop Welldon (Dean of Manchester) all alike tend to show the character and true worth of the man.

F. BOOTH.

October 2.

THE SUEZ CANAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A *propos* of Marlowe's dream quoted in the ACADEMY for September 29, it may be of interest to recall the similar anticipations of the greatest of German poets. Discussing with Eckermann A. von Humboldt's views on the project of a Panama canal, Goethe remarked (February 21, 1827): "es ist für die Vereinigten Staaten durchaus unerlässlich dass sie sich eine Durchfahrt aus dem Mexikanischen Meerbusen in den stillen Ocean bewerkstelligen, und ich bin gewiss das sie es erreichen." Despairing of a connection being effected between the Rhine and the Danube, as being beyond German resources, "drittens," added the poet, "möchte ich die Engländer in Besitz eines Kanals von Suez sehen. Die drei grossen Dinge möchte ich erleben, und es wäre wol der Mühe werth ihnen zu Liebe es noch einige funfzig Jahre auszuhalten" (Gespräche, iii. 84). Forty-two years lay between these words and the completion of the canal, and in forty-eight years from their utterance England purchased the Khedive's shares.

W. A. COX.

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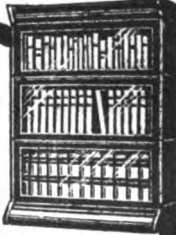
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE rarely have the good fortune to meet with such illuminating and "suggestive" remarks on criticism as those of Mr. Irving Babbitt in the September number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. He deplores the excessive cultivation of the "feminine virtues" in criticism which has grown out of the revolt of the romantic critics against the neo-classicists with their standards and their rules of right and wrong. We have, indeed, moved far from the days when an *Edinburgh* reviewer could write of poetry, that "its standards were fixed long ago by certain inspired writers whose authority it is no longer lawful to question." To-day we have but one standard of literature: the impression made on the reader. We never blame; we only say "we do not like"; and the duty of the critic has been declared to be nothing more than to "praise, praise, praise!" With what futility, exaggeration and coarseness he does it, any page of publishers' advertisements will show.

We have cultivated the feminine virtues, knowledge and sympathy (and especially the latter), until the "masculine" note, that of judgment, has almost disappeared. We would all be either Sainte-Beuves—or rather Taines—deducing by "scientific" criticism facts about the author from his work, or absolute "impressionists," caring for nothing but the effect on our own sensibilities. And it need hardly be said that, since knowledge is one of the requisites of a scientific critic, the majority of modern critics prefer to be impressionists. Now, impressionist criticism is all very well—M. Anatole France is an impressionist critic; the dramatic critic of the *Times* is another—when the personality, the sensibilities which you make your sole standard, are stronger and finer than other people's. If you can glow with warmer sympathy and admiration for what you like, and shrink with a more delicate apprehension from what you do not, than the common run of mankind, you help to create a standard, a canon on which future Johnsons or Brunetières may work.

If you have not these qualities—and they are rare—you are merely being "invertebrate and gelatinous." What you call your "taste" may not "deserve the cudgel," as the old Spanish proverb has it; but it is little likely to be of any value to the rest of the world. It will, if you aim at scientific criticism, land you in gossip; if at impressionistic, in what is most easily described as "slush." Slush is, possibly, no worse than the aridities of the old dogmatic criticism; but we are in full agreement with Mr. Babbitt in his demand for a criticism that shall "combine the breadth and versatility and sense of differences of a Sainte-Beuve with the elevation and insight and sense of unity of an Emerson"—shall temper impressionism with judgment. Standards do not remain fixed; the critical canon should be "a coat

woven of elastic steel." But unless the critic be one of the select few whose "impressionism" really helps to the formation of standards, he needs more consideration of what the best minds have thought, more reverence for the universal in man and in art, than he is apt to show at the present day.

How many living people can honestly declare that they do not like a little touch of vulgarity, when it is neatly offered them? Very few; and therefore we contend that a particularly ugly little book called "Cozy Corner Confidences," by Mr. Walter Pulitzer (New York: Dodge), will have a wide sale. It is exceedingly ugly. The brown paper cover appears to be clotted with the legs, bodies and heads of squashed beetles; each long, narrow page has a very heavy decorated border of a particularly hideous red, within which one, two or no sentences at all are printed large and black. And the sentences or *sententiae* are such as these: "In Cupid's Geography a kiss is the isthmus joining two main bodies together": "A dress suit case and a divorce suit case often go hand in hand": "The summer-girl is apt to be as summary as she is summery."

But it is not really Mr. Pulitzer's vulgarity, nor his publisher's idea of decoration, that contains the merit of his work. He has besides a good deal of hard, practical philosophy—the kind of thing that many men feel but few dare say—very neatly put. "All is *care* in love and war" is feeble; but we come to better things in these: "It is not quite accurate to speak of a woman's character. Unless you designate which of her many you mean":—"It is usually the man with nothing to do who can never spare you a moment" (that is old, but well done):—"Some give according to their means—some according to their meanness." And "The educated heart is a broken heart," and "On judgment-day the Stork will have much to answer for," seem to us to reach a very high level of gnomic philosophy.

A very original kind of anthology is "The Shaver's Calendar" (Bullen), in which Mr. F. Sidgwick has collected from the poets and dramatists a "conceit" for every day in the year on the subject of shaving. By bad luck we opened it first at July, the main motto for which comes from "A Jewell for Gentry" (1614): "Begin at the cheek on the left side, from which directly take off the skinne." We shuddered, and turning more pages found many another awful quotation, enforcing on us with fresh bitterness the penalty of Adam, which Elia declared to be worse than the curse laid on Eve. Blood in every line! We once knew a man whose doctor ordered him to grow a beard; the daily loss of blood he suffered through shaving was, it appeared, too great a drain on a not very strong constitution. The alternative is even worse. "Take your hand away that's fiddling on my throat!" cries Browning on October 11; and J. M. Synge, the Irish dramatist, echoes him on October 6: "Let you keep away from me and not be soiling my chin." Mr. Sidgwick's book is enough to bring beards into fashion again.

The ACADEMY of August 11 contained a paragraph on the Malone Society, which has been recently founded for the printing of old plays in strict conformity with the most authentic texts and for the publishing of documents and information of interest to the students of the English Drama. To the original list of supporters given in that paragraph we may now add the names of Messrs. G. B. Churchill, Edmund Gosse, C. H. Herford, Percy Simpson, G. Gregory Smith and G. C. Moore Smith. The organising committee, which will draw up the rules, receive applications for membership (at the small subscription of one guinea) and put work in hand, consists of Messrs. F. S. Boas, E. K. Chambers, R. B. McKerrow, Alfred W. Pollard

and the Provisional Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. W. Greg, Park Lodge, Wimbledon, to whom all communications should be addressed. The plays at present in hand are *Wealth and Health* (4to, n.d.), *St. John the Evangelist* (4to, n.d.), *The Battle of Alcazar* (4to; 1594), and *Orlando Furioso* (4to, 1594). Our readers will notice that the first two of these were among the pre-Shakespearean plays discovered at Lamport Hall during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and sold at Sotheby's in June last.

Those who are not in sympathy with the views which Mr. Alfred W. Pollard expressed—with our hearty concurrence—in the *ACADEMY* of September 22 on the subject of the sale of books to America will have received with sorrow the news that the famous Loveday copy of "The Passionate Pilgrime," 1612, has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby's to an American collector for £2000, a price which makes it the most costly volume of its size in the world. Those who wish for further information on the volume should turn to *Notes and Queries*, August 12, 1882, or, better still, to the "Census of Copies" included by Mr. Sidney Lee in his facsimile of the first edition published by the Oxford University Press last year. Of this ("third") edition only one other copy is known, that in the Bodleian, which is especially interesting as having both title-pages; that which has the words "By W. Shakespeare," and that from which the words have been removed, owing to Thomas Heywood's protest against the plagiarism contained in the same volume of his own "two Loue-Epistles," from Paris to Helen and from Helen to Paris. Of the first edition (1599) there are only two copies; one is in the Capell Library at Trinity, Cambridge; the other was in the Isham Library. Of the second edition no copies are known to survive.

October 19 is the centenary of the death of Henry Kirke White. His poems were very popular at one time—the second-hand stalls still offer many copies of his "Remains"; but of late years, if mentioned at all, it has usually been with a sneer. Even his early death of consumption has not availed him. Mr. Arthur Symonds, for instance, has attacked Southey on the score that he edited White's "worthless" writings. White had precocity, and he had some poetic power; his work is also interesting as the product of a transitional period. He began as an imitator of Goldsmith and Thomas Warton; he died before he had evolved his own manner or reached maturity of thought. Certainly, his work is not worthless; in some parts it is tame enough, in others simply pleasing, but at times there will be found a lilt of true melody and a touch of true imagination. If we strip Chatterton's poems of their antique garb, and forget the glamour of his romance, White need not shrink from the comparison. Sometimes his sweetness and smoothness develop into genuine force, particularly where he is handling blank verse, always a severe test of a young poet:

Lo, on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn like a horseman girt for travel comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down.

These lines are surely not despicable; nor are those in which White followed Lyttelton and anticipated Macaulay and the "After London" of Jefferies:

O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry
Of the lone curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, break along the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her Capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

Was Southey so wrong, after all, in approving of the youth who could write like this? It would be easy also to quote

snatches of lyric that have the true ring, such as the "Ode to Disappointment," and the

Maiden, wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast

On the whole, those of us have no need to be ashamed, who have nourished a quiet fondness for the poems of poor Kirke White.

IN LUCK

In Massachusetts it is well
That Teddy never came to dwell,
When mere suspicion of a Spell
Sent wonder-workers into hell—
A school whence never god or man drew
Spellers such as he and Andrew.

JOHN B. TABB.

Messrs. Hodgson and Co., Chancery Lane, announce a sale on October 17, 18 and 19 of a collection of books of a miscellaneous character. There are some important county histories—Nash's Worcestershire, Cussan's Hertfordshire and Hutchins's Dorset, also Warner's Illuminated Manuscripts in the British Museum, four series; a number of Goupil's Monographs, Wheatley's London, *Extra-illustrated and extended to six vols.*; an extensive collection of early books of travel in Australia and New Zealand; many sets of standard authors and a large collection of books and pamphlets, many of them rare, published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

There has been discovered in Austria a manuscript volume which will be of much interest to print collectors. It is a catalogue, of date about 1820, of a collection of Bartolozzi prints. The name of the owner of the collection has apparently been cut out of the title-page, and the whereabouts of the prints, if they exist now as a collection, is not known. Probably no more complete collection of the works of one artist was ever made. The catalogue describes every detail of no less than 2472 prints and 4506 "states," giving the artists after whom they were executed, the sizes, manner of engraving, dates of issue and so on. An interesting circumstance is indicated by the catalogue. Although 2472 prints are dealt with, there are not this number of plates, owing to the fact that some of the plates were made to do duty for more than one subject. It is interesting to note the number of "states" of some of the best known Bartolozzi prints, described in the catalogue. Of Miss Farren after Lawrence there are four; of Lord Thurlow after Reynolds, five; of the Earl of Camden after Gainsborough, six; of Lady Smith and her children, four; of Miss Bingham and Countess Spencer after Reynolds, four each; of the Duchess of Devonshire, three; of Countess Cowper after Hamilton, six; and of the Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte after Cosway, four. In the subject-engravings it is not uncommon to find six states, and in one (*Tenderness*, after Cipriani) there are seven. The catalogue is divided into sixteen parts, of which the first three are written in Italian, and the remainder in English.

The *Dresdner Zeitung* announces the discovery in Italy of a pocket sketch-book of Benvenuto Cellini containing some four score small designs by the master, chiefly of jewel work, cups and table plate.

We regret that in the Announcements Supplement published last week the two firms of Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co. and Messrs. Masters and Co. should have been included under one heading. The firms, we now hear, are distinct, though they have the same address; and Messrs. Masters are responsible only for the theological books that appeared in the printed list.

The following are among forthcoming events :

The British Academy.—The next Meeting will be held at the Rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, on Wednesday October 31, at 5 o'clock. Dr. D. G. Hogarth, Fellow of the Academy, will read a Paper on "The Ephesian Artemis."

Royal Microscopical Society.—The next Meeting of the Society will be held on Wednesday the 17th inst. at 8 o'clock P.M., when the following papers will be read: Mr. James Murray—Some Rotifera of the Sikkim Himalaya. Mr. J. M. Coon—*Cornuvia serpula*; a species of Mycetozoa new to Britain.

The Directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, Ltd., will devote the final evening of the Promenade Concert Season on the 26th inst to the Endowment Fund, inaugurated last year, for the benefit of the Members of the Orchestra. The Artists who have promised their services are Mrs. Henry J. Wood, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, and Mr. Henry J. Wood.

The Institute of Oil Painters, 195 Piccadilly, W.—Exhibition opens on Monday, October 15.

Messrs. Hodgson and Co.—October 17, 18 and 19. Sale of books as above.

Mr. Frederick Hollyer's Exhibition of reproduction of portraits by various masters from the fourteenth century to the present day with some from life. 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington. Closes November 5.

Royal Exchange.—October 22. Unveiling of the new fresco "Modern Commerce," by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and T. L. Devitt.

LITERATURE

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FICTITIOUS GEOGRAPHY

Sophy of Kravonia. By ANTHONY HOPE. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

MANY are the lines of thought suggested by Mr. Anthony Hope's new book. The theme is as old as the tale of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. It tells how a maid-servant came to be the sweetheart and presumably the wife of an earl. Thus baldly described, "*Sophy of Kravonia*" might hastily be classified with the literature that, according to the late Mr. Anthony Froude, ladies' maids love to read. But the treatment would probably surprise them, as the steps by which *Sophy* mounts the ladder are not those which would have suggested themselves either to the ordinary feminine novel reader or to students of those books of memoirs which show how fair ladies in real life have earned the reward of social fame and success. *Sophy* differs from these pleasing heroines in nearly every respect. She is not entrancingly beautiful, though it may as well be said here once and for all that the novelist has been able to keep in his own mind's eye, and consequently in that of the reader, the vision of a woman supremely womanly and therefore supremely attractive. Her first claim to distinction is a birthmark which glows on her face when other damsels would blush. That gives distinction of a kind to her. Against it is the fact that she is called by the plebeian name of Grouch. She loses her father early and finds a guardian who thinks she has done well by her when the girl is engaged to be a kitchenmaid or help to the cook. Her first step up the ladder occurs when she has the opportunity of giving a bone to Lord Dunstanbury's dog. It is a very tiny step and ought to have led to nothing, as Lord Dunstanbury promptly disappears until he is needed again in the last act. Step number two occurs when Lady Margaret Duddington is so struck with the red star on the girl's face that she takes her into her protection on the understanding that the moment she tires the contract may be ended by the enclosure of a £100 note in an envelope without any explanation whatsoever. Lady Margaret Duddington's intention is to use the strange young woman as a medium, her hobby and weakness lying in the direction of spiritualism. Step number three is the falling in love of a French officer with her. Fortunately or unfortunately he is killed in battle, and she is carried off to the mythical kingdom of Kravonia. Step number four is when, with a heavy lamp, she all but breaks the neck of a Kravonian officer. Step number five is the falling in love with her of the Prince whose life she had saved. The sixth step is the death of this Prince under circumstances that bring the long absent Lord Dunstanbury to her rescue. It is

earnestly to be hoped that young women of a dreamy and romantic tendency will not be led by the perusal of this brief history, to lie in wait on balconies with heavy lamps which they are ready to drop on the head of any unfortunate prowler, who, in their hot fancy, may be taken for an officer, bent on assassination. From the epitome of the story here presented it will be apparent that *Sophy* is a very passive agent. Her career comes in answer neither to will nor to ambition; emphatically she is among those who have greatness thrust upon them, and the maiden who hopes to emulate this seductive career will probably find that her path is more thickly strewn with briars and thorns than the author has suggested. Perhaps his work will be considered all the more suitable for the drawing-room in so far as not a hint is given of the pitfalls that lie on either side of the primrose path. On a memorable occasion Thackeray expressed his regret that the conventions of the day made it impossible for him to paint a full-length portrait of a man. Mr. Anthony Hope might say the same only with a change of sex.

Now we come to a second consideration with regard to this novel, which is, the use made in it of a fictitious kingdom. We are not of the number of those who would apply the decalogue or any commandment whatever to the novelist. He is allowed to do what he likes and leave undone what he likes. The only criterion by which he is to be judged is the result, and, to be quite frank and explicit, this kingdom of Kravonia is one of the dullest realms in which it has been our ill-fortune to wander. Mr. Anthony Hope has illustrated his chapters with maps, but he should also have added a list of characters. At any rate we have found it most difficult to keep in mind which of these very ordinary people in Kravonia is the scoundrel and which the hero. They have such names as Stenovics, Natcheff, Mistitch, Sterkoff and Zerkovitch, but it would almost have been necessary for lucidity's sake for Mr. Anthony Hope to have appended to each his description every time his name was mentioned. It reminds one of Lord Beaconsfield who said in regard to two of his ministers that he never could remember whether it was Mr. W. H. Cross and Sir R. Smith or Sir W. H. Smith and Mr. R. Cross. Thus Mr. Hope's fictitious geography is not justified of the inhabitants. They are a very dull set of people in spite of their intrigues, their mimic wars, their assassinations, death-beds, loves and hates. One can almost imagine that the novelist began with a very different scheme in his head, because the early chapters are spirited, fine, and true to nature. A false note, however, is struck with the entry of Lady Margaret, whose whimsical fancy for the girl is not justified artistically by the result, and the sense of reality once lost never reasserts itself.

That is why we feel inclined to inquire when and how an author may with advantage invent his own geography. On at least one occasion Mr. Anthony Hope did this successfully. Perhaps the comparative failure on the present occasion is due to the fact that he has repeated an old device. In no circumstances, however, can we imagine that his plot actually needs any fanciful land for its development, unless it be that he wished to introduce kings, queens, and their ministers in order to delight the ears of the ladies' maids. Since the time of Homer fabulous countries have frequently been used with great effect by distinguished writers. Homer himself made them the scenes of strange appearances and wonderful adventures. Shakespeare was as brilliant as Homer when he gave us the island with Prospero and Caliban and Ariel upon it. For a very different purpose Jonathan Swift invented Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Like cannot be compared with unlike, but the purpose at which Swift aimed was as brilliantly achieved in his way as was that of Shakespeare and Homer in their way. Defoe stumbled upon a place of fictitious geography that will ever delight the minds of children. When Mr. Anthony Hope wrote "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" this discovery of new land had a freshness and a beauty of its own. Perhaps one reason why we find the kingdom of Kravonia so

dull is because Mr. Anthony Hope has had so many imitators. Probably a hundred books have been written since his first one appeared, and the device has become stale. He is not alone in his misfortune. Mr. H. G. Wells, who went beyond the habitable globe altogether in search of a dwelling-place for the efforts of his imagination, must also be now growing sick of the planet Mars and even of occasional comets. A fictitious land can only be usefully invented when there is something new to say. It is always more or less of a Utopia.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Poems by Coventry Patmore. With an Introduction by BASIL CHAMPNEYS. (Bell, 6s.)

A ONE-VOLUME edition of Patmore's poems was much needed. They had been published in various forms, in different order, at different stages of completion: so that it was not always easy for a purchaser to secure what he wanted unless by particular inquiry at a bookseller's counter. This inconvenience has now been remedied. All the poems, with the latest changes in them (whether improvements or otherwise) are brought together in a single volume of clear and stately print. A remarkably faithful portrait is included in the six-shillings' worth, and Mr. Basil Champneys adds an introductory discourse in which a sufficiency of biographical detail has place.

In the later half of a lifetime by no means exceptionally long, Patmore saw his poems in the hands of three generations of readers, each with distinctive predilections in poetry and with very different tests for the value of his own verse. According to Mr. Gosse, an authority seldom open to doubt in such matters, it was in 1863 that the "Angel in the House" entered into popularity. Our own remembrance is that not only among a perceptive few, but in every place where literature was talked, that surprising novelty in verse was warmly discussed long before 1863. But if Mr. Gosse post-dates the arrival of Patmore's success he does not exaggerate its magnitude. It was a success that would now be called sensational; for beginning with the volunteer good word of Landor, Tennyson, Ruskin, the Brownings, Carlyle, and other high literary personages, it ran on to the captivation of thousands of minds which till then had hardly known themselves possessed of poetic sensibilities. So much was quite evident at the time; though it may not seem altogether credible to many who read the "Angel in the House" to-day, and read with full appreciation of its merits. And in ten years from 1863, in less than ten years, there was an end to the "Angel's" popularity; not by gradual lapse into neglect, but under a sudden irruption of new ideas, angry and contemptuous. Not, of course, that this fierce change of mood told upon Patmore only or even with particularity. Nothing that would bear the description, "tea-table poesy," could be endured. Tennyson himself—"Miss Alfred" as he was called—was the more direct object of revulsion and attack, in the wind of which Patmore and his two little volumes of verse were carried away into what seemed the outer darkness of oblivion. Such rebellious changes of opinion and sentiment have been common enough; all can be accounted for and few are without reasonable explanation.

The reaction from which Patmore suffered was no exceptional case. Whether by intention or not, the pre-Raphaelite spirit is as fully expressed in the "Angel in the House"—in the treatment of that poem we mean—as by any of the pictures of the Brotherhood painted at the same time. But here the poet had a considerable advantage over the painters. He had chosen a theme which, when rightly understood, was entirely novel, and even when not so understood was never more congenially attractive to Patmore's fellow countrymen than in the middle of the last century. At the same time, the pre-Raphaelite directness and simplicity of expression was

better suited to the poet's purpose—the exaltation of Love in Marriage—than to anything that the painter could choose for fixed and challenging display on canvas. But yet there was that in the primal nakedness of pre-Raphaelism which embarrassed and even obscured substantial merit in all art; as Millais soon found out and Patmore sooner. Patmore never openly allowed that the cantering versification of the "Angel in the House" was a mistake, nor that the sweet trivialities of his story were spread too diffusely under too strong a light. But the mischief was there, and it worked to such effect that the popularity of the "Angel in the House" did not long survive the captivation of surprise. At the first breath of the spirit of criticism that came in when Swinburne was on the road Patmore's "Angel" wafted away, was remembered for a little while with less of admiration than amused derision, and then seemed forgotten altogether. All this within the space of nine or ten years.

For a longer period thereafter Patmore or his work remained in complete neglect: or in what would have been complete neglect but for the fact, firstly, that the "Angel in the House" was not all of a piece, and, secondly, that what in a sudden revulsion of taste was most disliked in that poem was no essential attribute of Patmore's genius, but accidental, extraneous, an unhappy choice of trappings for it. The "Angel" is a narrative poem printed in sections, each of which is marshalled by two or three brief independent pieces happily invented and justly called Preludes. At its first appearance, attention was mostly and quite naturally drawn to the narrative poem. Popularity came and went with attention to the narrative poem; that is to say, to that larger part of the book which was most exposed to the accusation of banality. But Patmore had a minority of readers who, while they found in the story many a good line of meaning music, found more in the Preludes, which were sometimes written as if by another hand. In the minds of such readers as these, the fewer but the better though more silent ones, Patmore lived throughout the long winter of general neglect. And he had not been idle all the time. He had been writing certain Odes which came out from time to time in print—all of them more firmly stamped with the mark of poetic genius, some majestically great in expression if not to every mind acceptable in meaning, and some others supremely beautiful in spirit and deliverance alike. While these came straggling out one by one or a few at a time, a new generation brought on another change of taste, or mood, or whatever may be the better name for it; whereupon Patmore's poems, "Angel in the House" and all, were handsomely restored to the currency of English literature.

This brief history has a purpose, suggested by the publication for the first time of the whole of the poems in a single volume, issued at an easy price. Patmore's new readers, for whom we may suppose this edition mainly intended, will now have the whole series in one view; which, as Mr. Champneys thinks (and there will be but little disagreement with him so far), is just as it should be. As we understand, it seems to him a matter of high importance, in reading Patmore, to mark a continuity of intention, ever expanding, from the simplicities of the "Angel in the House" to those odes of his which ascend to the most forbidding heights of mysticism: those odes in which nuptial love is closely identified with Divine Love, the union of God and the soul of man. It is extremely doubtful that Patmore had in mind any such expansion of his theme, or ever thought of stretching it to that dread height, when the "Angel in the House" was sent to press. Looking backward from these strangely spiritual poems—few but baffling and distressing—to the earlier one, it is easy to find apparent indications of the supposed continuity of purpose and design: only, however, by looking backward, only by looking back upon an actual line of advance which would have been the same had there been no predilection in the poet's mind and no foresight

from one stage to the next. Possibly he may have persuaded himself in his later days that he was conscious of where his theme would end when he began to write the "Angel." But there is no good reason for inferring that he had that idea, and if he had we should believe in nothing more than self-persuasion gradually acquired.

Holding these views, we cannot welcome the thought that many new readers of Patmore may go through his poems, from the "Angel" onward, accompanied by a supposition that, in part at least, the first pages were intentional preparation for the mysteries suggested in the last. They had no such purpose; and the most distant suspicion, the remotest idea that they had, must have an unfortunate effect on the reader's mind. And considering what a medley of good and bad, of pleasure and offence, the "Angel in the House" will still be thought, we cannot think acquaintance with Patmore fortunate when it begins with the perusal of that poem's many pages. There is in them a strong possibility of prejudicial weariness and dislike. They have many beauties and reveal a hundred indications of greatness; but could we prescribe for the general reader on his own and Patmore's behalf, we would bid him pass at once to the fewer pages where, again and again, the truest and most finished greatness may be found. We would have these later poems read, as they were written and as they are printed, without regard to sequence, and only for whatever meaning each may seem to hold. Those that are undoctinal are all the truest poetry; yet the few which, being doctinal in a strange forbidding way, cannot be read in a consenting spirit, are themselves splendid examples of poetic fire and subtlety.

TRISTAN AND YSEULT

Tristram and Isolt: a Drama in Four Acts. By J. COMYNS-CARR. (Duckworth, 2s. net.)

No story connected with Arthur's Round Table has so attracted the imagination and exercised the pens of poets, as that of Tristan and Yseult. Yet this story did not originally belong to the Arthurian cycle of romances. It was forced in after this cycle was complete, and the other members of the ring contain no reference to Tristan and his tale. Mr. Ludlow, who wrote two volumes on the "Popular Epics of the Middle Ages," passed over the Arthurian group. He says rather contemptuously:

We can only make Arthur epic by making him more and more unreal; the only patriotism he appeals to is a microscopic Welsh or Breton patriotism; no religious fervour can be kindled in his favour by making him a Christian hero against Paynim Saxons, long converted into good Catholics. The real centres of interest in the Arthurian cycle are two essentially unpopular ones—the wire-drawn double adulteries of Launcelot and Guinevere, and that of Tristan and Isolt, very fit themes for courtly pruriency and sentimentalism, very poor and dull ones for the healthy popular mind.

Sir Walter Scott, who published the English metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, by Thomas of Erceldoune, strove to give to Thomas the credit of being the writer of the story, and of having recorded the theme for Norman and Provençal, for German and Italian epic poets. But this was a delusion. Thomas himself was a copyist. The earliest writer of this epic was Chrestien de Troyes, born between 1140 and 1150, chief minstrel at the Court of Philip, Count of Flanders and Vermandois. Unhappily his great poem, "Del roi Marc et d'Ysolt la blonde," is lost, and the earliest redaction of it that is extant is that of Luce de Gast, who came from the department of Calvados, but spent his life near Salisbury. He pretended that his composition was based on a Latin chronicle, but this was a common trick adopted to enable his story to receive credence as history. Luce de Gast did not complete his poem, and it was finished by Elie de Boron at the solicitation of a kinsman of King Henry III. Thomas of Erceldoune belonged to the thirteenth century. His son signed a charter in 1299. As already said, the tale spread everywhere in Europe. It was condensed into Icelandic

or Old Norse in or about 1226, by command of King Hakon. It became the theme of epics by Gottfried of Strassburg, Henry of Vriberg, Ulrich of Thürheim, and others, in German. Hans Sachs, the Nürnberg cobbler-poet, composed a play upon the story. Wagner adopted it for one of his operas, and now in England we have Mr. Comyns Carr dishing it up for the stage. Although the most popular and famous of the tales connected with the Round Table, it is not easy to see in what its particular merit consists. We will give a sketch of the original story, leaving out the tedious episodes wherewith it is padded.

Meliadus of Lyonesse was descended from the nephew of Joseph of Arimathea. His wife was Isabel, sister of Marc, King of Cornwall. Meliadus was fascinated by the beauty of a fairy and eloped with her, leaving wife and kingdom to look after themselves. Isabel gave chase to her runaway husband, but was arrested in the pursuit by the pains of labour, and she gave birth to a son, whom from the doleful circumstances of his birth she named Tristan, and then expired. The name in Thomas of Erceldoune is Tristram, and that is the form adopted by Mr. Carr. The Queen's squire Gouvernaille took charge of the child and restored him to his father, who had recovered from his infatuation and had returned to Cornwall.

Marc, having had it prognosticated to him that he would be dethroned by his nephew, vowed the death of Tristan. His emissaries killed Meliadus, but the child was rescued by Gouvernaille, who conveyed it to the Court of Pharamond of France. After a time a reconciliation was affected between Marc and his nephew, and Tristan completed his education at Tintagel. In a tournament with Moraunt, brother of the Queen of Ireland, at Tintagel, Tristan killed him, but was himself wounded by the poisoned lance of Moraunt. Then Tristan departed from Cornwall in quest of a skilled surgeon. A breeze carried his boat to the coast of Ireland. Landing there he tuned his harp and played. It was a summer evening, and Gormund, King of Ireland, with Yseult, his daughter, heard the strains and had the harper brought to the castle, where Yseult speedily recovered him of his wound. But after that he was found out, from the circumstance of wearing the sword of Moraunt, to be the knight who had killed the brother of the queen, and he was obliged to quit the country. On his return to Cornwall he fell in love with the wife of a Cornish noble, and followed her to the Court of King Arthur, and so got drawn into the cycle of Arthurian romance. Getting tired of the lady, and willing to please his uncle, Tristan proposed to go to Ireland again and induce Gormund to give Yseult as wife to his uncle Marc. This was approved, and the King of Ireland overlooked the death of his brother-in-law in consideration of the advantage of the marriage of his daughter to the King of Cornwall. But before Tristan departed with the damsel, the mother of Yseult gave to her daughter's handmaid, Brangian, a love-potion to be administered to Yseult and Marc on the occasion of their marriage. Of this beverage Tristan and Yseult unfortunately partook on the voyage. Its effects were instantaneous. It precipitated each into the other's arms; nor were the effects other than permanent. On their arrival in Cornwall, a trick was played on Marc, and lest uneasiness should arise in the mind of the king, Brangian was substituted for Yseult temporarily, and then the prudent Yseult, to escape the possibility of detection, delivered her maid to two ruffians, with orders to murder her. The assassins, more pitiful than the mistress, contented themselves with tying her to a tree, from which fate she was released by Sir Palamedes.

After this, a great part of the romance is occupied with the contrivances of the lovers to elude the vigilance of Marc and procure secret interviews. However, Marc's suspicions were roused, and he drove Tristan out of the realm. Whilst on the continent, Tristan happened to be wounded by a poisoned arrow, and went into Brittany to be healed by a second Yseult, she of the White Hands; and in gratitude for his cure he married her, and spent his

honeymoon in building a boat in which to escape to Cornwall and renew his *liaison* with Yseult the Queen. When the boat was completed he entered her and was wafted to the English coast. After another visit to King Arthur, and further adventures, he made his way to Cornwall, accompanied by his brother-in-law Pheredin. No sooner did they reach Tintagel, than Pheredin fell in love with Queen Yseult. Tristan thereupon went mad with jealousy; but after a while was cured once more by Queen Yseult; and the intrigue went on till Marc's jealousy was roused, and he exacted an oath from Tristan to leave Cornwall for ever. Tristan then returned to King Arthur, and a series of fresh adventures ensued. Then Tristan, oblivious of his oath, went back to Cornwall and stirred up an insurrection against his uncle, and eloped with his paramour, the Queen. After a while he abandoned her, and went back to Brittany to his sadly neglected wife. Here Tristan, engaged in a sordid intrigue, for the third time is wounded by a poisoned weapon, and of course sends a messenger to Yseult of Cornwall to come over and heal him. Should she be willing to come, his messenger is instructed, on approaching the shore, to hoist a white sail, and a black one should he fail in persuasion—an idea borrowed from a classic original. Yseult consented, as a matter of course, ran away from her husband, Marc, and started for Brittany. Meanwhile Yseult of the White Hands had discovered that the faithless Tristan had sent for her rival, as also what the signal was to be that would announce her approach. The vessel bearing the Queen of Cornwall was being wafted to the harbour by a favourable breeze that swelled the white sail. Yseult, who was watching on the shore, flew to her husband, and reported that the sail was black. Thereupon Tristan uttered a cry of despair and expired. When Yseult of Cornwall landed and heard of his death, she also gave up the ghost.

Such is the bare outline of this famous tale, and it is difficult to see any great originality and merit in it. The most poetic incident is that of the white and black sails, which is borrowed from the story of Ægeus and Theseus. Tristan gets wounded thrice with poisoned weapons. He fights with giants and monsters, he falls in love with married women and deserts them. He is without a spark of honour. To his own wife he is contemptuously untrue. If faithful, after a fashion, to the first Yseult, it is due solely to the love potion he had drunk, not to any chivalry in his nature. His final despair and death are due to disappointment because she will not come and salve his sores. The character of Yseult is equally despicable: selfish, deceitful and cruel, she repays the faithful companion, who had saved her good name, by sending assassins to murder her.

Mr. Comyns Carr has had to condense the story: one poisoned weapon suffices for him. Yseult the wife of Tristan is converted into something between the Angel of Death and a mermaid. The love potion it was quite unnecessary to retain. Queen Margaret, according to Shakespeare, fell in love with the Duke of Suffolk sent over to obtain her as a wife for Henry IV. Two young persons so situated would very possibly, even probably, become enamoured of each other, without the aid of a philtre. Mr. Comyns Carr makes the vessel encounter a storm which doubtless, if Yseult and Brangian had been real personages, would have upset their insides; but it does not spill the potion carried in an open goblet. There is all the difference in the world between the coarse daub of the scene of Tristan and Yseult of the Romance finding in the boat that they love each other, and the delicate handling of Dante in narrating the fall of Francesca da Rimini. Mr. Carr does not enter into details, but he retains all the mawkish sentiment of the original.

The story of Tristan and Yseult is simply the glorification of adultery, and it was solely on that account that it appealed to the taste of the licentious courts of the kings and princes and nobles of mediæval Europe.

Such a story now can only be endured when used as a vehicle for Wagner's music; and Mr. Comyns Carr's poetry is not of so high an order as to be palatable.

SIR EVELYN WOOD

From Midshipman to Field-Marshal. By EVELYN WOOD, F.M., V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. 2 vols. (Methuen, 25s. net.)

AMONG other useful memoranda printed at the beginning of this book there is a page-long epitome of Sir Evelyn's career in a list of his "war services." This list being scanned we say to ourselves: "If the man who took part in all these stirring scenes, these great events, had good eyes, a good memory, and knows how to use a pen, a fine course of reading lies before us." Firstly the Crimean campaign, at the historic distance of fifty years and yet not beyond personal interest or politic inquiry. Immediately thereupon the direfully romantic Indian Mutiny, of which there was more forgetfulness at the end of the last century than is allowed at the beginning of this. Then the Ashanti War, of no great importance from the soldier's and statesman's point of view, but with its own romance too; comparing with the incursions that broke into the New World in the days of Spanish ascendancy. Soon afterward the war with Cetewayo and his Zulus (another memory more distinct of late) and the first Transvaal War—1878–81. In 1882 the Egyptian conflict provoked by Arabi; and, lastly, the Soudan expedition of 1884–5, which brings in the Gordon legend with new particulars. Such a history is the constant renewal for a lifetime of vivid experiences in ever-changing scenes, ever-changing circumstance and companionship; and how much must there be to tell of them when to these experiences is added the gift of a harvesting eye, a good memory, and competence with the pen. Has Sir Evelyn Wood, then, these crowning advantages? The good memory probably; but certainly an old and ever-constant habit of note-taking by diary and "letters home" which supplies him with more than the best of memories could have stored. The other qualifications are equally evident. We see now if we did not know before that his observation is of the kind that has no eclectic preferences, but casts its net upon every significant thing, every noticeable person that comes within its range: no matter what sort of thing or what kind of person. With such opportunities for its exercise as crowded upon Sir Evelyn Wood for the greater part of his days, this precious faculty gathered for him the hoard of reminiscence and good story which he now distributes through his pages with a literary aptitude of which he seems quite unconscious. Told without effort, these stories and other "good things" are so numerous that all the rapacity of all the newspapers has not yet appropriated half of them. Yet, many as they are, they drop into their places easily and quietly, and with no sensible interruption of the narrative in which they occur. Few practised writers have ever found this an easy achievement; but then it is the practised writer who least knows the magic of simplicity. On all occasions, indeed, even when the noblest or the most touching deeds of heroism are his theme (as they often are), Sir Evelyn writes in a style familiar as fireside talk; losing nothing by it as he possibly feared, but earning an uncalculated gain.

It must not be supposed, however, that "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal" is an amusing book of the usual Reminiscence order. Yet what may be said is that while the book is eminently instructive, it is instructive for the most part in an amusing, even extremely interesting way. Thus in the earlier chapters (our author sticking faithfully to notes made at the time) we see the privations, the hazards, the defeats and triumphs of the Crimean War as they appeared to the eyes and enlarged the experience of an adventurous boy; and thus we have new views, strictly accurate, but as if supplied by Mr. Henty. Elsewhere in many a page our knowledge

of this campaign and that little war is cleared and enlarged by a variety of small particulars which first amuse and then are found to be greatly informing. It follows from this that what we read here imparts a more intimate knowledge of the Crimean War, the Mutiny, and, above all, the Zulu War and the first campaign against the Boers, than we had before, or than the professional chronicler was ever likely to supply. Wood's South African reminiscences, seemingly as fresh as yesterday's records, are especially interesting, as they will find who have never heard in detail of the Empress Eugénie's visit to South Africa and its purpose, or the story of the death of Captain Barton. As to Sir Evelyn's own story, it is all romance throughout, and so appears very strikingly even from the matter-of-fact account of incidents and accidents relative to self which is scattered up and down his pages. It does appear that he has a joyful sense of success, of honours well earned and handsomely bestowed; but from first to last we see no evidence of a craving for personal distinction, nor repining at anything in his lot but the prospect (which did occur once) of lapsing employment. While he has not too much to say for himself, he brings forward many a comrade—some known to us, some unknown—for the praise that ought not to have been missed or that there ought to be more of. Of the jealousy that rankles more or less in all the professions there is not a trace; and one of the secrets of his success in managing men may be discovered, perhaps, when we mark how equally quick and warm was his recognition of skill and courage wherever found.

Sir Evelyn strictly confines his survey to the past, and from that he makes no forecast of the future at any point. Some regret has been expressed on this account, and he has been half reproached for withholding his views of what should be done to dispose of the military problems of the day. But a book like this is not the place for any such controversial matter.

AN OLD JOURNALISTIC HAND

St. Stephen's in the Fifties. By EDWARD MICHAEL WHITTY. (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

PRESS writers of to-day, it seems to us, occasionally forget that very clever writers wielded the pen before their day. English journalism never was better than in the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century. At that time it was not manufactured so obviously for the eyes and ears of the vulgar as is the case to-day, but was addressed to a select and intelligent audience. The consequence is that much of it has passed into the ranks of permanent literature, and in this portion a high place must be given to the book before us. Mr. Edward Michael Whitty wrote Gallery letters to the *Leader* newspaper, an extremely clever journal that now has passed into oblivion. These letters are better than those of the present day for two reasons. One is that the writer was an exceptionally keen, witty and intelligent observer. The other is that Parliament at that time contained more interesting characters than it does to-day. Among others Disraeli, Gladstone and John Bright were at St. Stephen's and nightly supplied young Whitty with copy. We take rather a long quotation from the introductory hints to new M.P.s, but it gives a living picture of Disraeli as he appeared in those early days.

The House of Commons is before you, and your sensations undergo an instantaneous collapse. Your eye takes in the scene: a full House, listening, but lazily and loungingly; the cheer you heard having been made up of an aggregate half laugh, half sneer. You see the orator, there at the top. His body is half thrown across the table, one hand resting behind him, flirting with a laced cambric, the other white hand tapping gently a red box. And he is making a great speech? He is talking to Lord John, whose arms are crossed carelessly, whose thin lips are parted with an easy smile, and who seems to think the eloquence rather amusing. Mr. Disraeli has a most exquisite voice, and he is using only its gentlest modulations. He is quite colloquial, and his tone is friendly and familiar,—especially when he comes to a

bitter innuendo, when he turns his head to the country gentlemen, that they may hear it and laugh—a low, simmering chuckle, that just agitates the surface for a moment only, Lord John and the Whigs and the Radicals smiling, too, as though the sarcasm were a good-natured joke. Mr. Disraeli is getting near the end of his speech, and is now recapitulating and fastening all the points (not mathematical ones) together, as is his wont; and this is his argumentative style. He approaches the peroration—his forte; and here he raises his head; he throws back his collar: he puts by his cambric; he turns from Lord John and faces the House. He speaks slower; he ceases his affected stammer; he is more serious and more solemn, but still quiet and unpretending. Talking now to the many, and not to one or two, he becomes more oratorical, and he fixes attention. What he is now saying is the manifesto of a party; and not a syllable is lost. He is nearing a meaning, and his articulation is elaborate; and there is a dead silence. But he is still unexcited; dexterously and quietly he eludes the meaning—soars above it, in one or two involuted closing sentences, delivered with a louder voice and with more vehement gestures; and having got the cheer at the right spot, this great orator, concluding, sinks into his seat, as nonchalant as though he had been answering a question about Fahrenheit, and immediately (Mackenzie having told him how the division will be) turns to ask Lord Henry Lennox whether Crispien was in good voice that night!

The journalist does not conceal his opinion that Disraeli was never of equal weight to Gladstone in debate, but as a literary man he likes best to deal with the adventurer. Besides, as can be easily gathered from these pages, Mr. Whitty was much more in sympathy with erratic cleverness than with solid capacity. Of Mr. Bright he said that he had no equal "in sneering invective, in suggesting rather than in speaking contempt." But he never loses sight of the minor Parliamentary characters, provided they are interesting. Take, for instance, Henry Drummond. It is possible to gain a very adequate idea of this curious genius from the references that occur in the volume. He tells us that his trenchant common sense never missed a point. The *mot* that Cain was the first Dissenter was noted almost as soon as it was spoken. In another passage we are told that Mr. Henry Drummond "is to the feast of reason in the House what the skeleton was to the Egyptian debauches." We are told how the House chuckled when Mr. Drummond called it "a Bazaar of places, and emphatically pronounced every forensic M.P. a place-hunter." The author goes on to ask: Why was Mr. Drummond laughed with and Mr. Duffy laughed at? And the answer is that Mr. Drummond was emphatically "one of us." There are many other passages about him which might be usefully compared with the memorable account Carlyle once gave of a dinner at his house. The same vigilant eye for detail has presented to us little vignettes of all the men who were famous at the time and many who were fated to become so. Mr. Whitty must have been a paragon of newspaper correspondents.

TWO ACTORS

Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving. By BRAM STOKER. 2 vols. (Heinemann, 25s. net.)

Joseph Jefferson. Reminiscences of a Fellow Player. By FRANCIS WILSON. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRAM STOKER's book on Sir Henry Irving has been eagerly expected. High hopes were entertained of it. It was known not only that the author was a close personal friend of the great actor, intimately associated with him during the whole of his career and so better able than any other living man to give an account of him in public and in private life, but that he was one who, if business matters claimed the most of his time and ability, was also an author with a fine gift of telling a story and impressing a picture on the mind. An ideal biographer, one would have imagined, possessing at once the knowledge of his subject, the power of expressing it and (if we may say so without offence) just that touch of Boswell about his admiration that is of such value in these cases. And the reminiscences, now we have them, prove anticipation to have been right in everything but the one point of the workmanship. This is not a book at all; it is a congeries, a collection, a scrap-album. It contains a mass of the

very things which we hoped it would omit—pieces of gossip, records of people whom Irving met, of suppers and speeches. The only thing it spares us is press-notices, and those not entirely. Gossip is good, when it is Boswellian gossip and when the subject of the memoir has the tongue of a Johnson. Mr. Stoker's Boswellianism is of the wrong sort; it remembers and records trivial things which do not bring out the characteristics or the genius of his subject. And Sir Henry had not the tongue of a Johnson. His genius lay in other fields, in fields that cannot be covered by chronicles of small beer.

Had Mr. Stoker been content to cut out one half of his work—we refer especially to some uninteresting reminiscences of other people than Irving in vol. ii.—the remainder would have been a fitting monument of a great friendship with a great man. For when he comes to the point, so to speak, when he tells us what he alone could tell, the financial history of Sir Henry's management, the relations between Irving and Tennyson, Irving's attitude towards the modern dramatist, he is extremely interesting; and when he comes to tell of his own feelings for his chief, of the "turn of the tide" through accident and illness, of the last years and the death, he rises to what we expected of him. It is impossible to read unmoved. So just, so strong, so manly, so wise a tribute has never yet been paid to Sir Henry, and never will be again. Here, at last, the man lives for us in the pages of his friend; here, at last, we catch the sense of his greatness, which makes all the gossip and chatter seem dustier and dryer than before.

Three things in the book are of importance: the account of Sir Henry's views on his art; the financial history of his management and his attitude towards the contemporary dramatist. To take the last first. It was often said that Irving did nothing for the modern drama. Mr. Stoker shows that, besides the plays by living authors which he produced, he accepted and paid for more than twenty. If it be objected that none of these plays were really representative of modern movements in drama, there are two pertinent replies possible. In the first place, there was in Sir Henry's prime no modern movement worth forwarding; in the second, he could no more be blamed for not forwarding it than a Porson could be blamed for not writing a novel. It was not there that his genius lay; and what his genius did for the stage we need not now point out. The financial side of the story will clear up many doubtful points and dissipate many calumnies, and Mr. Stoker's chapter on the philosophy of acting and other references to Sir Henry's views make it plain that he was not on the side of Diderot in the great dispute. We should have liked, by the way, to have seen more emphasis laid on a side of his work which entitled Sir Henry, quite as much as his acting, to the name of artist—his productions. Charles Kean had done something in that direction. It remained for Irving to establish once for all that the play was the thing; that it must be regarded as a whole; that every line and every movement, even the smallest, of every character, must be subordinated to the single effect. In this he showed himself indeed a great artist. All the Royal Academy assistance in the world would not have availed him much, had he not owned the master-mind to throw all into scale together.

We have taken objection to some of Mr. Stoker's gossip, and feel it only fair to add that the rest of it is very interesting gossip. Tennyson, according to Mr. Stoker, who is generous in his admirations, had in him all the elements of a great dramatist, and only needed technical knowledge of the stage. Irving was always asking him for new plays, and on one occasion suggested a play on Dante. "A fine subject!" replied Tennyson. "But where is the Dante to write it?" Had Sir Henry laid that reply to heart, what disappointment he and all of us would have been spared a few years later! We hear, too, all about Sir Henry's own adaptation of *Becket* for the stage; and the admiration of poet and actor each for the other appears to have been very great. The visits to Freshwater must

have been amongst the pleasantest of recollections. We find Tennyson reading aloud, and Irving telling him he would have made a fine actor; Tennyson telling stories, and opening his mind to Mr. Stoker in a way which few have enjoyed. Mr. Stoker quotes something that Tennyson said to him not long before his death:

You know I don't believe in an eternal hell, with an All-merciful God. I believe in the All-merciful God! It would be better otherwise that men should believe they are only ephemera!

There are good stories, too, not a few—of the stuffed horse in the railway horse-box; of Mr. Stoker's reply to a happy father who offered the use of his own child for the baby in *Henry VIII.*, which concluded:

As the play will probably run for a considerable time, your baby would grow. It might, therefore, be necessary to provide another baby. To this you and your wife might object—at short notice.

If Mr. Stoker is unwise in admitting too much into his pages, he is, at least, never foolish. We cannot say the same of Mr. Francis Wilson, a well-known and popular American actor, who has, deliberately and admittedly, attempted to Boswellise Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson was an amiable and energetic actor who made a name and a fortune by playing two parts, Rip Van Winkle and his own idea of Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, with occasional appearances as Dr. Pangloss in *The Heir-at-Law*, the author of which Mr. Wilson invariably misspells as "Coleman." He was a delightful, genial, able man, who deserved better treatment than to have all his little failings so ruthlessly exposed as by the entirely well-meaning hand of his Boswell.

One of Mr. Jefferson's amiable traits was his love of painting: is it fair to quote such remarks as this: "The error of our American artists consists in too servile imitation of the foreign schools . . . I myself have found much trouble in avoiding this, for now and then suggestions of Corot and Daubigny kept unconsciously intruding themselves"; or that the jolting of a train in which Mr. Jefferson was painting, "helped the leafiness of the picture"? What are we to think of the man who can gravely record such a sentiment as: "Genius may dye the hues of the rainbow, but art catches the tints and makes them lasting"? "Much fun," we read, "was caused by Jefferson's inability to spell Miss Wright's given name—Eleanor"; a statement which lessens our surprise when we are told, a few pages later to "think of the great characters that have been presented by Shakespeare and Bulwer," or that Mr. Jefferson's list of plays that were good literature as well as good acting plays included *The Wife*, *The Honey-moon*, *Fazio*, *Douglas*, and *London Assurance*. Nothing but malice (which is out of the question) or the sublimest innocence could lead a biographer to publish this: "Happiness is the religion of our family. To begin with, we take all the comic papers." "Irving will be remembered because he was knighted" is an opinion as false as that which follows: that Mr. Jefferson himself would be remembered only because of his autobiography. It bears too clearly the traces of feeling left by a discussion on Macbeth, in which the English actor and student did not treat, perhaps, with befitting seriousness the views of one who admitted that he was not a student of Shakespeare, though "what he had read he knew as well as Mr. Irving or Mr. Anybody Else." That Mr. Jefferson was not the man this unfortunate book would imply is clear enough from one or two very wise and witty remarks admitted into its pages by accident. "For my own part," he says, of the old discussion on the subject of Diderot's "Paradox" (of which he had not, apparently, heard), "I like to have the heart warm and the head cool"; and, again, of acting: "The actor is most often effective when he shows how he is impressed by what is said to him." But those who knew Mr. Jefferson personally and those who knew him only on the stage will be sorry to see him so belittled by an account which, meaning to exalt, succeeds only in debasing.

THE GUITAR PLAYER

He touched the strings with a subtle hand—
The wind blew cold and the sky was grey—
And he sang of a soft-air'd, sunlit land;
Of scented breezes and golden day.

He lull'd the wind with his wizard skill;
From the dusky mists he charm'd the sun;
But the sky was grey when his hand was still,
And the wind blew cold when the song was done.

FREDERICK BROUGH.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

V. THE USE OF THE CHURCH SERVICES TO AGNOSTICS

It is more than unfortunate that the word "agnostic" should have become, in many quarters, a term of reproach. It should rather be one of honour, and its use might be construed as a sign of humility. When one explicitly says "I do not know," in reference to insoluble problems, it is surely as much to his—or her—credit to do so; as either to profess knowledge, or to remain silent, and conceal existing ignorance. The converse to "agnostic" is "gnostic"; and time was, when that term was not only one of reproach, but of heresy. The gnostics of the early centuries claimed to know, and to determine, much which the Church maintained to be unknowable and indeterminable; and in reference to which, therefore, the early Church itself was agnostic. It rejected knowledge "falsely so called." But that is precisely the attitude assumed by modern agnostics. They do not profess to have any knowledge of mysteries, and honestly avow their ignorance of *ultima*. If the result of their cross-examination of received beliefs is the conclusion that there is nothing really known or knowable, they are only honest in calling themselves agnostic. They may be wrong in rejecting what is, if not verifiable, at least highly probable; but they are true to their convictions in doing so. They cannot be blamed, or expected to act differently, so long as they remain unconvinced of the truths, which are "surely believed" by others.

Now suppose a company, or group of thoughtful men and women—reverent, intelligent, open-minded, eager-hearted, explicitly agnostic—is it desirable that they should remain apart from those who are gnostic (in the sense that they believe in the supernatural) and never join their fellow men or women of the Church in any religious service? It may be unhesitatingly replied, "Most certainly not." Many men attend religious services although they have no defined belief, and cannot say "Amen" to every clause in the creeds. But who can do the latter intelligently, sincerely, and reverently? Who is expected to do so? Assent to propositions is one thing, the worship of the Unseen and the Infinite is another; and sometimes those who can do least of the former do a great deal more of the latter.

No orthodox Churchman ought to doubt the fact that such worship is a very real and genuine thing. It should be rejoiced in as a tribute to the universality of Religion. But, on the other hand, it may be pointed out to the agnostic that worship "chiefly of the silent sort" (as Carlyle put it) loses much by its silence, and its solitariness. What more natural for human beings than to associate themselves together in worship, not although they differ in their theological notions, but because they do so? Religious usage may unite those who are divided into sects by doctrinal difference. It is when we identify ourselves in usage or practice with the men and women from whom we are separated by wide intervals of thought, and

even of sympathy, that we first of all get to understand their attitude towards the Unseen; secondly, that we discover hidden points of agreement underneath our differences; and thirdly, that we diminish the latter, reduce their number, and lessen the intensity with which they obtrude themselves upon us.

Bishop Wilson, in his "Maxims of Piety and of Christianity"—a book which fascinated Matthew Arnold—writes of the Prayers of his Church: "In these we join, and pray, not as private men asking blessings for themselves, but as a Religious Society, exercising that charity which is the peculiar badge of the Christian Religion." Well may the reverent doubter—the devout agnostic let me say explicitly—make use of these collects, "which say so much in saying so little," use them by silent pondering, and "inward listening," if not by vocal utterance; and be aided thereby. Let him avow it, and act on the avowal, that "worship of the silent sort" is not always satisfactory, that it is apt to be intermittent, or to end in vague enthusiasm: whereas vocal utterance defines our worship, gives it an embodiment which has its uses however transient, and ultimately inadequate it may be. It is impossible to worship the wholly unknown and the utterly unknowable; but it is not impossible to pay homage to a Being at once known and unknown. The ancient Hebrews knew this, as well as the Athenians and St. Paul. The upward flight, and the onward movement are necessary; but so are the resting-places for outlook and repose, for a wise survey of the past and a prospect of the future.

Then the *credenda* of the Church may surely be interpreted as "articles of peace," binding it together, giving it unity in diversity, while it is hard to say which of the two—the oneness, or the difference—is the most necessary to its life. But let the agnostic realise his gain. The creeds may be to him harbours of refuge, in which he tarries for a while, until his next voyage is begun; in obedience to the call, "arise and depart, for this is not your rest." But he enters the church of his fathers, of his friends, of his countrymen. He does not ask himself whether he believes all the dogmas that he has been taught, or are about to be placed before him. He ceases for the time being to interrogate, to put those great questions, what am I? where am I? whither am I going? (although he returns to them with greater ardour afterwards). He feels that there is a time for receptivity, for a "wise passiveness," for repose with others, whatever the *credibilia* may be. The creeds may at times be prison-houses, which shut out the light, and fetter the intellect; but at other times they become luminous milestones, which mark the progress of the mind of the race. And perhaps those who understand and value most that *scepsis*, which frees the intellect from error, come to appreciate most fully the rest that follows from the survey they have taken, which carries them nearer to the roots of things.

It is almost a commonplace to say that the Church includes, and has always included, many a type of thought, and many "phases of faith." Amongst the primitive Apostles there were high, low, and broad: and it must ever be so. Inclusion, not exclusion, is at once the motto and the privilege of Christendom.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

[The following letter seems to have dropped accidentally into our post-bag without name or address. We conjecture, though we can scarcely believe, that it must have been originally written to Mr. Hubert Bland, whose "Letters to a Daughter" have just been published. As a human document, it may be of service to future social historians when they are endeavouring to describe a certain type of twentieth-century woman.—ED.]

MY DEAR FATHER,—No—"that formal greeting inadequately expresses my emotion at the moment—I will say then," Great Scott, dad, what have you been up to now? What on earth induced you to rake out those old letters

of yours after all these years and go and publish them? When I got back from the Cesarewitch on Billy Forsyth's new motor last night I went up to see Grannie and found her deep in a new book. I don't care much about books now, but I asked her just out of politeness what it was and she said it was by you, and when I asked her what sort of stodge it was this time, she said it seemed rather old-fashioned, like the letters she used to get from her great-aunt when she was a girl. Then I found it was those rotten old letters of yours! Of course, I'd burned them all as soon as I got them—"one can spare oneself and others a lot of unhappiness by the simple process of burning letters, especially (old) women's letters"—you know—and I hadn't an idea you'd kept copies. But I might have guessed it! Gran read over the bit about a man's daughter being the only woman in the world for whom a man five and twenty years her senior could feel no stir of passion (you always did like rolling it out, didn't you?), and then she went on to say that some men were five and twenty years older than their mothers. Gran's a bit of a wit, and has come on a lot since I took her over to The Towers.

Honestly, I do think it's a bit of a shame. It sort of gives me away, don't you see? Was I really such a "pigeon"—goose—as all that? Nineteen! why I might have been nine. Fancy my wanting to know whether I ought to drop poor Mrs. G. after that little affair of hers with the Major! and asking *you*, you dear old stick-in-the-mud, about the "proper limits of a flirtation"! I must have been greener than I thought. Still, one lives and learns—knowledge of life, as you wisely observe, can only be got by living—and one does live a bit in six years when one's married as I have, and knocked about and got out of the habit of asking one's pater's advice about everything.

You know, what's the matter with *you*, dad, is that you think you're jolly knowing and modern and all that, and really you're a ducky old fossil all the while. "At our time of day and amongst our set, I should hope, any man might go to any picture-gallery with any woman and escape censure." A picture-gallery! I don't know about *your* set but—you come and spend a week-end with the Mauleverers and watch Una von Huytens a bit, and hear her stories about Newport in the season. They'll make your hair curl! "Secret assignations should be avoided as beyond the limits, so should the underground post." Good Lord! As if there was any *need* for secrecy! Why, Jack Henderson and Millie de Winter send each other appointments *through* Mrs. H. and the Marquis. And then you go on and say: "Be as modern as ever you can, and count on my support to the utmost." It's just rich! You darling old frump, Potiphar's wife would think you a back number.

That sort of thing might have been all very well six years ago, but I'd moved further than you thought even then. You weren't sure that I'd made the acquaintance of Madame de Bovary? You bet I had! You caught me once reading a novel of George Moore's—but how many books did you *not* catch me at? I remember I could have screamed when you threw Stella in my face as "advanced" because she wanted to sit out Mrs. Tangueray. You didn't know that I'd been to the Tivoli to hear Marie Lloyd! "The censorship that should be exercised over the reading of young women!" If I really asked you about that, I was deeper than you guessed. It was really rather knowing of me.

There's one point I ought to make clear, though, in self-defence. Why Tommy Scarlett and I broke it off—you remember him; he was the first; he liked your cigars and didn't show too much sock—it wasn't me, really, it was him. It was my fault to start with, though. I was fool enough to *show him your letters*! He read them all through very nicely without a word. When he'd finished, all he said was that his doctor had just told him he had acute heart-disease, and that he was off next day to climb mountains in the Pamirs. Of course, I knew what he

meant, and he's owned up since (we're quite good pals); he was afraid I'd turn out as frumpish and strict in my notions as my father. So you did me a good turn after all. I might have married him instead of Arthur, and then I should have been fighting him instead of Arthur. As it is, we're as thick as thieves and I'd rather have him for my partner at Bridge than any one I know. So don't be upset, old man, at what I've said. It's not your fault. You're a darling, though you *are* an also-ran.

Your loving ALEXA.

P.S.—Billy and I and Millie and Jack are just off again, motoring to Monte. Better address me at The Towers. They'll forward the letters, though Arthur's off to Paris.

P.P.S.—*Ought* a young married woman to go to Monte with no better chaperon than Millie? I wish you'd let me have a good *long* letter all about it.

A.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE ENGLISH ASMODEUS

THE lot of the satirist is not a happy one, not more felicitous, as a rule, than the fate which he invokes upon his victims. Mr. George Meredith says of one of his characters, an industrious manufacturer of acidulated epigrams: "He is not happy in his business: Colney suffered as heavily as he struck." The more he thrives in his trade of public executioner, the surer he is of his wages, hatred from his contemporaries and posthumous oblivion. Of Charles Johnstone, author of one of the most telling satires in the English language, "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," it is stated in one of the few scraps of biography that have come down to us (if so much can be said of a faded page in an old *Gentleman's Magazine*): "Conviviality and a turn for satirical observations in time left him few friends." Though his book had extraordinary success at the time, and went rapidly into many editions, Johnstone in middle life found himself a failure both in literature and in law, his nominal profession; and less than twenty years before his death took the drastic step of starting afresh in another hemisphere and another career. In 1782 he went to India, and became a journalist at Calcutta. India in those days could hardly have been the most desirable haven for old age. But at any rate Johnstone, having written his last satire the year before he set sail, made money on his newspaper; and for the last few years before his death was in affluence for the first time in his life.

It might reasonably be argued that the durability of satire must needs be in inverse ratio to its immediate effectiveness, since this depends on two ephemeral elements, the force of the personal application and the virulence of the sarcasm. Comedy endures, satire is forgotten. The reason is in the nature of the two things. Of both alike the social function is to make man better by laughing at his aberrations from common sense. But comedy does this gently and lovingly. Comedy, in short, laughs with, satire laughs at, humanity. The comic spirit, according to Mr. Meredith, looks into the hearts of men and reveals the causes of their folly. That is to say, sympathy and love of mankind are necessary to comic insight. This, in truth, must be the foundation of all art that is great and permanent. But the success of satire rests on the negation of sympathy, the contrary of love. Scorn, indignation, hatred—these are the passions that give it vitality; and, happily for our race, these are the most transitory of human emotions.

The first two volumes of "Chrysal," which were written originally for private entertainment only, appeared in 1760, the last in 1765; the period dealt with was the last few years of George the Second and the opening of the reign of George the Third. No time in our history was so

prolific in satire, yet how little of it is remembered! Smollett, Fielding, and an army of writers whom no one to-day has ever heard of, waged a fierce war of personalities, from day to day and week to week, in newspaper and magazine; Foote and Woodward travestied public characters upon the stage; scores of incompetent poets like Paul Whitehead earned money and reputation by ephemeral lampoons, and poets of genius like Gray and Cowper were wrung to outbursts of wrathful satire by the follies and vices of the great; Charles Churchill, as suddenly as Byron, woke one morning to find himself famous, and after years of poverty able to command almost any price he wanted for his furious pasquinades; Hogarth was but the one true artist among a crowd of indifferent caricaturists, and Junius but the most pungent among a host of acrid critics in the press. Yet of all these floods of satire, what remains? The comedy in Fielding and Smollett's novels is read, but their squibs and pamphlets are forgotten as completely as Paul Whitehead's verse and Foote's burlesques. Few but students of the period are aware that Gray and Cowper ever wrote satire, and "Chrysal" ceased to be reprinted or remembered as soon as the last of the objects of its ridicule were in their graves.

One of these numerous reprints was edited by Sir Walter Scott, who compared the work with Le Sage's "*Le Diable Boiteux*," in which a Spanish student is carried by the demon Asmodeus through the streets of the city and shown all the vices, scandals and follies that are going on behind the stone walls. Chrysal, or the Spirit of Gold, is embodied in a guinea, which passes through the hands of a number of people eminent or obscure, and gives an account of its experiences to an adept in the science of alchemy, whose unwearied perseverance and constancy have earned the "grand secret," the revelation of the mysteries of nature. Like Asmodeus, Chrysal is a spirit with supernatural powers of insight; but there the resemblance ends, for the gold spirit has nothing of the tricky sprightliness and malicious wit that make the Spanish imp so entertaining a guide. Johnstone himself was destitute of the good-humoured tolerance of Le Sage; he had a bitter and sarcastic nature, and wrote his satire with a grim seriousness that was, indeed, the usual tone of the Satiric Muse in his day. Comparing the two works, which resemble each other so closely in their machinery, Scott rightly distinguishes between the Horatian spirit of "*Le Diable Boiteux*," which is true comedy, and the *saeva indignatio* of "Chrysal," the temper of Juvenal, and, it may be added, of Dryden and Churchill. As in Le Sage's story, the initial device makes any internal connection between the episodes unneeded and undesirable. Chrysal passes from hand to hand, is now at court, and now in a pawnbroker's cash-box, one day consorts with admirals and ministers, and the next with ale-house keepers and thieves. Its peregrinations and strange vicissitudes of fortune are a source of much entertainment, as were those of the farthing and the shilling in Bathurst and Addison's well-known stories in the *Adventurer* and the *Tatler*, from which Johnstone, no doubt, got some ideas. After resting a little while in the purse of General Wolfe, on the eve of his departure for Quebec, and witnessing his tender parting with Miss Lowther, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the guinea suffers a series of quick changes, which may be related in its own words.

My next master was one of the pillars of military glory, who had contributed a leg, an arm, and the scalp of his head to raise the trophies of the French in America. Though he was destitute of almost every comfort which nature really stands in need of, his first care, on the acquisition of such a treasure as I was to him, was to gratify the artificial wants of luxury. He went directly to a gin-shop, where he chucked me for a quatern of that liquid fire; the taste of which was too pleasing to his palate, and the warmth too comfortable to his heart, for him to be satisfied with so little. Quatern followed quatern, till every sense was intoxicated, and he fell dead drunk on the floor, when his good-natured host had him kindly laid, to sleep off his debauch, on the next dunghill, first taking care to prevent his fellow inhabitants of the streets from robbing him of the rest of his treasure, by picking his pocket of it himself. The scenes I saw in

this service were all of the same kind, but I was soon relieved from the pain of them, my master giving me as a present to an officer of the custom that very night. By this faithful steward of the public, I was next morning given to the factor of a gang of smugglers, to be laid out for him in lace in Flanders, whither he was just going on the affairs of his profession. With this industrious trader I went as far as Harwich, where while they waited for the tide, he lost me at a game of cribbage to a person who was going over with him.

This person was Aminadab, the rascally agent of the king's mistress, the Countess of Yarmouth, and in his company the coin becomes immersed in the political broils and warlike ferment of Europe at the outbreak of the Seven Years War. Chrysal is an eye-witness of the execution of Byng; is able to give a full, true, and particular account of why Minorca was captured by the French; which officers behaved with cowardice and who did their duty, what ministers were responsible for our unpreparedness; and, in a word, to apportion praise and blame with the fearlessness and decision of a modern halfpenny—paper.

The guinea plays the part of special correspondent, visiting the battlefields of Frederick the Great and Ferdinand of Brunswick, victor of Minden; being opportunely present at most of the important sea-fights, and witnessing the military movements against the French in Canada. The incompetence, treachery and cowardice of king's officers are everywhere the theme: though not a single name is mentioned throughout the book, the charges are corroborated by narratives alleged to be by an eye-witness, and the guilty are portrayed with lifelike traits which nobody could mistake. Chrysal of course sees everything as Johnstone, a fervent believer in Pitt and the war policy, wants it to be seen. When, accordingly, the guinea gets into the purse of Frederick of Prussia, it finds him to be not only a heaven-born general, fighting the battles of the Lord and of Protestantism, but a high-souled ascetic, who sets his people a shining example of piety, humility and virtue. The guinea is also an anti-Semite, and has the good fortune to be present at a celebration of the Feast of the Passover, where the Jews are represented as offering up a Christian child as Pascal lamb. A man with the journalistic art of relating as fact the things he wants believed, with very little conscience, and an intimate and minute acquaintance with the backstairs history of his time, Johnstone produced, in spite of these extravagances, one of the most damaging indictments of the public men whom he hated that was ever used in political warfare. Sandwich and Fox, examples of speculation on a colossal scale; the admirals and generals whose voracious appetite gorged the wealth of Havana, and robbed the men who enabled them to capture it; the aristocratic warriors who ran away from the Spaniards, or allowed themselves to be paid blackmail to remain inactive; the profligates and buffoons of the Hellfire Club, and their obscene parody of the Abbey of Thélème at Medmenham—all these familiar figures of the time had their portraits painted so incisively that, in spite of the absence of names, their identity could not be mistaken. Large parts of the book, in fact, had all the sting and force of the keenest and most uncompromising journalism, a more deliberate and thoughtful force than that exhibited a year or so later by the Letters of Junius. As a specimen of his style, take this rough sketch of the chameleon actor Foote, whose amazing powers of mimicry were celebrated by Churchill in the *Rosciad*:

The person my master was sent to meet had something so uncommon in his appearance as instantly struck my attention. Every passion of the human heart, was printed in his face so strongly, that he could at pleasure display it in all its force, while his very look and gesture turned some vice or folly into ridicule. "You inquire for number one, Sir!" said my master, bowing with the profoundest respect. "I do, Sir," answered the other, returning his bow, assuming his look, and imitating his voice, in a manner that would have extorted laughter from despair, "inquire for number one." Though my master was no stranger to his talents, which he had often seen him display at the expense of others; this personal application of them to himself threw him into such confusion, that, in spite of his long-practised assurance, a blush broke feebly through his unimpassioned, lifeless face, and he had scarce power to show him into the room.

The ballad-singer seeing that he had him at command, would not pursue his advantage any farther, at that time, for fear of frightening him away; but putting on the exact countenance, and mimicking the voice and manner of the doctor (Whitefield). "I am come, my friend and brother in the Lord," said he, "to inquire into thy spiritual estate, to give thee ghostly advice, and commune with thee, for a short space, for our mutual edification." The surprise and manner of this address had such an effect upon my master that he could not refrain bursting into laughter; and immediately recovered from the confusion into which the ridicule of himself had thrown him.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The later poetry of Mr. Swinburne," by A. Clutton-Brock.]

FICTION

The Story of Bawn. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE appearance of each new novel from the pen of Katherine Tynan must be a reason for regret to those to whom she has given such good cause for admiration as a writer of verse. We look in vain in her fiction for that simple charm of feeling and expression by which her verse with its intimate tenderness becomes as much a part of her country as the fields and skies of which it tells—a charm which places her poetry in the front rank of the little Celtic school. "The Story of Bawn" is a tale of a young Irish girl's life and love-affairs. By this time the reader of Katherine Tynan's stories can rely from the commencement on the usual "happy ending" and so is not surprised to find that all the characters—including a red setter with a phenomenal memory—are compelled, whether or no, to rejoice at the conclusion, when the tale is tidily finished off, so as to leave none of those "loose ends" unpleasantly characteristic of real life.

M lomanics. By JAMES HUNEKER. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE dominant impression left by this volume of short stories is one of cleverness—of rampant, unmitigated cleverness. And cleverness, like fire, is a good servant and a bad master: it must be kept rigidly under control. In twenty out of the twenty-four stories Mr. Hunecker's cleverness runs wild riot. Nothing ruins a quality so surely as its own excess. The book has the same effect as a complete dinner of anchovies and oil: for the stories float in fluency. Music, musicians, imaginary and real, and the wives and daughters *καὶ τὰ ἅλλα* of musicians file before you, a motley, longhaired, dishevelled pageant who gabble art and chatter modernity, until the brain tires with their epigrams and smart jargon and the senses weary of the patchouli atmosphere and the untidiness. It was Thoreau who said of a certain book he was advised to read: "I seem to remember there is too much about art in it for me and the Hottentots." But the cleverness is there; and has its compensations. There is generally an idea behind the stories, sometimes an uncommonly ingenious one, and its presence makes the rococo trickery of the treatment all the more intolerable.

In Green Fields. By OSWALD CRAWFURD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THIS book is a charming daydream and one that many a Londoner has dreamed after a long day's work in the noise and dirt of his town. The old Jacobean house in the country, with paved walks in the garden, looking on the sea and the moor, miles away from a village, with a trout stream and a few delightful country neighbours, and freedom, absolute freedom. . . . Mr. Crawford is an epicure in dreams. His plot is extensive, his soil is rich, his stream is packed with fish, his garden is ideal, his house is old and perfect, his neighbours are natural artists, his blacksmith is a thinker and a genius, and he must have a lovely country girl under a black cloud which with nobility he dispels, to make the girl his wife. And the dream is beautifully real and elaborated with

country lore; and the air of the country breathes in every page.

Meriel of the Moors. By R. E. VERNÉDE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

MR. VERNÉDE has a sprightly fancy and the gift of expressing himself with a laughing lightness that is not common. That was apparent in his first book, "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," a distinguished if not wholly original farce. So we feel slight dudgeon at finding his easy paces at times clogged by the mud of commonplace melodrama. That mud is exceptionally sticky. He is like a race-horse in a ploughed field—out of place. Happily it is not all ploughed land, and he quickly kicks his heels free and is off at his own pace on the turf. And the prim egg-collector's adventures are as amusing as Meriel, the wild girl of the moors, is charming. But why the heavy murders with the heavy stick and that heavy and usual pair of villains? We know these men. They come from Sheffield. Let them stop there. Mr. Vernéde has no need of them, possessing as he does a fund of fresh wit and gaiety, from which he could make light comedy—and good light comedy too.

The Car of Destiny. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

IF Mr. and Mrs. Williamson had either written, or had never read, a guide-book to Spain, their present story would have been, as so many books are said to be, "without a dull page." But, most unfortunately, they know everything interesting about every place they mention, and a course of interesting information is only welcome when one has schooled one's mind to it, in the form of guide-book, lecture, or Mr. Hall Caine. In the present book, all the sins are of commission. There is King Alfonso in it, and there is Princess Ena, and there is the State bull-fight after the wedding, with an entirely fictitious ending. These things would have been better out of the volume. So would the interesting information. But the other things are excellent. Evidently Mr. and Mrs. Williamson had a delightful motor tour in Spain (they took charming photographs), and then remembered the most exciting Weyman story they could, and mixed the two. The recipe turns out very well. If any one wants to know why they were told that the Mayor of an inland Spanish village kept petrol in the cemetery to kill lobsters with, and how every word was true, they must go to the book.

The Queen of Swords. By JOSEPH KEATING. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. KEATING tells us the story of a remarkable duel and its far-reaching consequences with a dramatic vigour that would make a less ingenious plot interesting. The tale overflows with incident, and, were the principal actors of a more sympathetic type, would be deeply exciting. As it is, the complacent egoism of Owen Wynne and the milk-and-water insipidity of Lady Mainwaring (who is merely a lay figure on which to hang the mild raptures of her self-centred admirer), serve to dull the interest excited by a complicated and well worked-out plot. Mr. Keating is particularly happy in his dealings with Welsh peasant life, and the chapter devoted to the Dissenting picnic is the best in the book.

The Wilderness. By T. B. CLEGG. (Lane, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a great wrong, a bitter hatred, and retribution complete and merciless enough to satisfy the most remorseless seeker after justice. The plot is very complex and the unusually large cast makes it difficult to control, but Mr. Clegg handles his unwieldy material skilfully, drawing his characters with a strength and sincerity that is often brutal in its directness. His story is intensely dramatic, and the worst that can be said of it is that, in his appreciation of a strong situation, the author sometimes verges on melodrama. The scene is laid in Australia, a country which Mr. Clegg has

evidently studied to some purpose; the characters are primitive men with primitive passions, drawn with a sureness of touch that shows a deep insight into human nature, combined with a wide sympathy. Mr. Clegg writes well.

The Worsleys. By ARMIGER BARCLAY. (Sisley's, Ltd., 6s.)

"THE WORSLEYS" is a story for the stage, and we understand it has already been put into dramatic form. The plot, characters and situations are designed with a view to obtain a laugh, a sympathetic murmur, a round of applause: the author is not concerned with fine gradations of light and shade, nor with analysis of character and motive, the scenes are lightly strung together and allowed to explain themselves. The heroine, a beautiful, highly educated parlourmaid; a homely, kindly brewer, head of the firm of "Worsleys;" a chivalrous husband; a peer with a scapegrace son; a pert *ingénue* and her boy lover, are among the chief characters, and all are more or less familiar to playgoers. There is nothing new about them, but they are well-defined, interesting, often amusing people, who may be counted upon to move a reader, or an audience, to sympathy and smiles.

The Ladder to the Stars. By JANE HELEN FINDLATER. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE book takes its name from a little thumb-nail sketch by Blake, in which two mannikins are putting up a ladder in the vain hope of reaching the stars, with the inscription: "I want, I want!" The ladder, in this case, is the ladder of fame, and leads from the narrow provincial home of a girl who in point of both intellect and education is far above her station, to a more congenial world of wit and letters and to no small amount of celebrity. Miriam Sadler, the woman in question, is consistently and sincerely drawn; her faults are the faults of her class and temperament, and her grave, sane outlook upon the different phases of life with which she comes in contact as she mounts rung after rung of the ladder of fame, lends her a gracious dignity that is very attractive. Her pride (or is it a nonconformist conscience born of her middle-class extraction?) saves her from disaster where many another woman in her circumstances would have fallen, and we leave her reaping the reward of her renunciation.

The Incomplete Amorist. By E. NESBIT. (Constable, 6s.)

MISS NESBIT'S work is remarkable for a lightness and delicacy of touch and for a certain graceful humour. In her earlier book, "The Red House," these qualities appeared to their best advantage; in the present novel there are instances in which a firmer hand is needed. It is essentially bright, witty, superficial work, and we are sorry to be, more than once, confronted with problems and situations which demand a stronger treatment and a deeper insight into human nature. The line between humour and pathos is a very small one, but Miss Nesbit never succeeds in crossing it; in her most serious passages we have the uncomfortable feeling that she is laughing in her sleeve. She is at her best in the closing pages of the book, which are full of sincerity and restraint.

FINE ART

MR. HOLMAN HUNT AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

AN enterprising American syndicate was once formed for manufacturing Stilton cheeses on a large scale, like the pirated Cheddars, from similar sources enjoyed by members of most London clubs. Various farms celebrated for their Stiltons were visited and large sums of money offered for secret old family recipes. The simple peasants of the district willingly parted with copies of their heirlooms for a consideration to the different American agents, who, filled with joy, repaired to their London offices in order to compare notes, and fully persuaded that England was a greener country than even Constable has painted it. What

was their mortification on discovering that all the recipes were entirely different; they could not be reconciled even by machinery. So it is with Pre-Raphaelitism; every critic believes that he knows the great secret, and can always quote from one of the brotherhood something in support of his view. At the beginning the brothers meekly accepted Mr. Ruskin's explanation of their existence; his indeed was a very convenient though not entirely accurate exposition of their collective view, if they can be said to have possessed one. How far Ruskin was out of sympathy with them indiscreet memoirs have revealed. An artistic idea, or a group of ideas, must always be broken gently to the English people, because the acceptance of them necessitates the burial of some darling idol in Shechem. When the golden ladders are let down from heaven by poets, artists, or critics, and new spirits are hovering in the intellectual empyrean, the patriarch public snoring on its stone pillow wakes up, but he will not wrestle with the angel. He mistakes the ladders for scaffolding or some temporary embarrassment in the street traffic; he orders their instant removal; he writes angry letters to the papers and invokes the police. For some time Ruskin's definition of pre-Raphaelitism was accepted, and then the death of Rossetti produced other recipes for the Stilton cheese, Mr. Ham Caine being among the grocers. Whatever the correct definition may be, ungracious and ungrateful though it is to praise the dead at the expense of the living, it has to be recognised that among the remarkable group of painters in which even the minor men were little masters the greatest artist of them all was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "By critic I mean finding fault," says Sir William Richmond, but let us follow his advice and avoid technical discussion along with the popular jargon of art criticism. "After staying two or three hours in the always delightful Leicester Galleries, let us walk home and think a little of what we have seen." For the essence of beauty there is nothing to compare with Rossetti's *Beloved* or the *Blue Bower*, and you could name more than twenty of his exquisite water-colours which for design, invention, devious symbolism and religious impulse surpass the finest of Mr. Hunt's most elaborate works. Even in the artist's own special field—the symbolical illustration of Holy Writ—he is overwhelmed by Millais with the superb *Carpenter's Shop*. In Millais, it was well said "we were cheated out of a Rubens"; he was the strong man, the great oil painter of the group, as Rossetti was the supreme artist. In Mr. Holman Hunt we lost another Archdeacon Farrar. Then, in the sublimation of uglitude, Madox Brown, step-father of the Pre-Raphaelites (my information is derived from a P.R.B. aunt) was an infinitely greater craftsman. Look at *The Washing of the Feet* in the Tate gallery; is there anything to equal it, at what will be the most interesting of all temporary shows this season? *The Hiring Shepherd* comes nearest, but the artist, like his own sheep, has strayed into alien corn and on cliffs from which are ebbing a tide of nonconformist conscience. Like his own hiring shepherd, too, he has mistaken a phenomenon of nature for a sermon.

One of the great little pictures, *Claudio and Isabella*, proves, however, that once he determined to be a painter. In *The Lady of Shalott* he showed himself a designer with unusual powers approximating to those of Blake-Richmond. But, examined at a distance or close at hand, among these canvases do we find a single piece of decoration or a picture in the ordinary sense of the word? My definition of a religious picture is a painted object in two dimensions destined for the decoration of an altar or other site in a church or edifice devoted to religious purposes; if it fails to satisfy the required conditions it fails as a work of art. Where is the work of this so-called religious painter which would satisfy the not exacting conditions of a Protestant or Anglican place of worship? You are not surprised to learn that Keble College mistook the *Light of the World* for a patent fuel, or to learn from the catalogue that the background of the *Innocents* was painted in "the Philistine plain." Who

could live even in cold weather with *The Miracle of the Sacred Fire*? Give me rather the *Derby Day* of Mr. Frith—admirable and underrated master. What are they if we cannot place them in the category of pictures? They are pietistic ejaculations—tickled up maxims in pigment of extraordinary durability—councils of perfection in colour and conduct. Of all the Pre-Raphaelites Mr. Hunt will be the most popular. He is artistically the scapegoat of that great movement which gave a new impulse to the art of last century, a scapegoat sent out to wander by the dead seas of popularity. I once knew a learned German who regretted that none of his own countrymen could paint *Alpine scenery* as Hunt has done in *The Scapegoat*! Yes, he has a message for every one, for my German friend, for Sir William Richmond and myself. He is a link between art and popularity, he symbolises the evangelical attitude of those who would go to German Reed's and the Egyptian Hall, but would not attend a theatre. After all, it was a gracious attitude, because it is that of mothers who aged more beautifully, I think, than the ladies of a later generation which admired Whistler and Burne-Jones. When modern art, the brilliant art of the 'sixties, was strictly excluded from English homes except in black and white magazines, *The Finding of Christ in the Temple* and *The Light of the World* were allowed to grace the parlour along with *Bolton Abbey*, the *Stag at Bay*, and *Blucher meeting Wellington*. You only see them now in Pimlico and St. John's Wood. A friend of mine said he could never look at the picture of *Blucher meeting Wellington* without blushing. . . . Like a good knight and true Sir William, another Bedivere has brandished Excalibur in the form of a catalogue. He offers the jewels for our inspection; they make a brave show; they are genuine; they are intrinsic, but you remember others of finer water—Bronzino-like portraits of Andrew Lang and Bismarck and many others. Now, you should never recollect anything during the enjoyment of a complete work of art.

Every one knows the view from Richmond, I should say of Richmond; it is almost my own. . . . Far off Sir Bedivere sees Lyonesse submerged; Camelot-at-Sea has capitulated after a second siege to stranger forces. The new Moonet is high in the heaven and a dim Turner-like haze has begun to obscure the landscape and soften the outlines; under cover of the mist the hosts of Mordred MacColl, *en-Tatè* with victory, are hunting the steer in the New English Forest; far off the enchanter Burne-Jones is sleeping quietly in Broceliande (I cannot bear to call it Rottingdean). Hark, the hunt (not the Holman Hunt) is up in Caledon (Glasgow); they have started the shy steer: they have wound the hornel, the lords of the International, who love not Mordred over much, are galloping nearer and nearer. Sir Bedivere can see their insolent pennells waving black and white flags and the game-keepers and beaters (critics) chant in low vulgar tones:

When we came out of Glasgow town
There was really nothing at all to see
Except Legros and Professor Brown
But now there is Guthrie and Lavery.

Undaunted Sir Bedivere drags his burden to a hermitage near Coniston; but he finds it ruined; he bars the door in order to administer refreshment to the wounded Pre-Raphaelite; there is a knocking at the wicket-gate; is it the younger generation? No, he can hear the tread of the royal sargent-at-arms; his spurs and sword are clanking on the pavement. Sir Bedivere feels his palette parched; his tongue cleaves, to the roof of St. Paul's, but he is undaunted. "We are surely betrayed if that is really the sargent," he says. Through the broken tracery of the Italian Gothic window a breeze or draught comes softly and fans his strong bear arms; he feels a twinge; some Merlin had told him he would suffer from ricketts with shannon complications; seizing Excalibur, he opens wide the door. "Draw, caitiffs," he cries; "draw." "Perhaps they cannot draw; perhaps they are impressionists," said a raven on the hill; and he flew away.

ROBERT ROSS.

MUSIC

PUCCINI'S OPERAS

IN the last few years a new ingredient has been added to that operatic *pot pourri*, the repertoire of Covent Garden, by the production of Puccini's operas. They have not appeared merely as novelties to be given a few performances and then laid aside, but their frequent repetition on the playbills of each season shows that they are a real ingredient in that still more curious *pot pourri*—public taste. Of the first five performances of the autumn season three were devoted to the two works by which Puccini is chiefly represented in this country, *Madama Butterfly* receiving two performances, *La Bohème* one. It is not the season of experiments, or of art for art's sake (if there ever is such a season as the latter); they are placed cheek by jowl with *Carmen* and *Rigoletto*, because they draw the same audiences and are equally popular with them. The most casual comparison of one of Puccini's scores with that of *Carmen*, however, is sufficient to show that it is not from similarity of treatment that they share their popularity. At first sight Puccini's method seems opposed to what has generally been considered to make for popularity in opera. There are no tunes that ring in one's head after the curtain falls, no numbers that amateurs can enjoy singing in private together, or that can be made up into selections for pianoforte; in *La Bohème* no very stirring situations, in *Madama Butterfly* only the simplest plot of which the whole course is foreseen as soon as the situation is unfolded; and in both almost a complete absence of stage pageantry such as used to characterise Italian opera. Their claim to popularity, however, is, that each makes a picture of a phase of human nature, which brings prominently forward such emotions as enlist every one's sympathy without severely taxing his understanding. This property belongs to the "books" of both operas, especially, of course, to that of *Madama Butterfly*, which is, perhaps, the most popular for that reason. The music is entirely subordinate to this idea; it ministers to it with every means of melody, of harmony, and of orchestration which the art possesses, but not one of those means is ever developed in such a way as to call attention to itself rather than to the emotion which the words or action suggest. A completed melody or extended musical form would do this, and a system of recurring *leit-motiven* would do so no less. The example of old Italian opera shows the one, that of Wagner the other; for time has made it clear that in the music-drama of Wagner the music still commands the drama, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. Puccini has naturally the melodic facility of the Italians, and he has borrowed a good many of Wagner's stage properties in the direction of musical colour, while he has rejected the formalism of the one and the definiteness of the other. His music, therefore, says nothing, but is entirely sympathetic to all that the words and actions of the drama say. Once the hearer realises this he may cease to be surprised that after listening closely to one of these works for three hours he comes away and can remember no detail except a few of the more strongly rhythmic phrases. A very small proportion of his attention has, in fact, been occupied with the music, which is so vague, in itself so unimportant, that if it is to be carried away in the mind it requires the closest concentration. This is Puccini's way of solving the old problem of the conflict between music and drama in opera. It appears at first sight to be the exact opposite of the older Italian method and to have something akin to Wagner's. As a matter of fact it is diametrically opposed to Wagner's method, even if Puccini's orchestral idiom has, like that of every other modern composer, been influenced by him. Wagner tried to solve the problem by making every detail of his music mean something—that is, become the expression of some feature of the drama; Puccini tries by letting no detail mean anything, but the

whole suggest the actions and emotions of his characters and heighten their effect.

His Italian fluency helps him in this. Wagner made melody with difficulty. His efforts at sustained or developed tunes are often second-rate in quality, but he rose to his greatest heights of melodic invention when every phrase was the direct outcome of some impelling idea. Puccini, without such stimulus, can still go on, and, while he never writes distinguished melody, his music does not become dull. Further, it is always, or almost always, effective for the voice. There is no reason why it should not be, for since considerations neither of musical structure nor of dramatic significance bind him fast, there is no need to force the voice into musical outlines which are uncongenial to it. Here, then, lie the causes of the popularity of his works. Audiences who are not used to paying close attention to music find themselves moved by human sympathy with emotions in the portrayal of which music apparently has a large share. They feel the effect of the added colour. The play is as interesting as any modern stage piece, and all its features are further intensified by music which does not interrupt its action. It is a process exactly similar to the favourite recitation with music now also in vogue, except that the voice partakes of the music with the instruments.

Popularity is one thing; permanency another. It is an open question whether works of this kind really do anything to solve the question of the future of opera. If the future is to be in this direction it is a frank acknowledgment that opera cannot be considered any longer as a serious form of music, any more than scene-painting is a serious form of pictorial art. It creates an effect but has no intrinsic value. The musician capitulates completely before the playwright. It is an easy solution, and like most capitulations brings peace. There is no conflict in Puccini's operas; we are never afflicted by the sense that commonplace detail is incongruous when set to music. One man may offer another "Milkpunch o Wisky," for we simply feel that he does it while music is going on, not that the words are set to music. But, for all the practical advantages of the plan, a thoughtful musician must feel that in them music has wandered far from its true course, until it has even arrived at a reversal of its function. It becomes the commonplace, and the most impressive thing it can do is to leave off. When "Butterfly" murmurs the words:

Con onor muore
Chi non può serbar vita con onore

she does so in a speaking voice with more real effect than the most carefully devised musical phrase could have given, because for some hours past our ears have become used to everything that music can do to make an effect, where simplicity would have sufficed. At last it becomes the only untried method, and at the climax of his work the composer therefore uses it and so for a moment passes from the artificial to the real.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken the publication of a comprehensive History of English Literature, on a scale and plan following the general lines of the "Cambridge Modern History." The work will be published in fourteen royal octavo volumes of about four hundred pages each (9s. net per vol., or £5 5s. the set), and will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. Each chapter will, so far as is possible, be the work of a writer specially familiar with the subject; and the Editors—Dr. A. W. Ward and Mr. A. R. Waller, M.A.—will be jointly responsible for the work as a whole. It is intended (i) to give a connected account of the successive movements, both main and subsidiary, in English Literature:

this implies an adequate treatment of secondary writers, instead of their being overshadowed by a few greater personalities; (ii) to trace the progress of the English language as the vehicle of English literature; (iii) to take note of the influence of foreign literatures upon English and (though in a less degree) of that of English upon foreign literatures; and (iv) to provide each chapter with a sufficient bibliography. A few very brief notes, containing references to authorities for new or disputed statements, will be introduced when held necessary. These will be printed at the end of each volume, before the bibliography. The following list indicates approximately the scope of the volumes, the first three of which will be published during the year 1907: (1) From the Origins to Chaucer; (2) From Chaucer to the Renaissance; (3) Elizabethan Poetry and Prose; (4) and (5) The Elizabethan and the Jacobean Drama; (6) Jacobean Poetry and Prose; (7) The Caroline Age; (8) The Age of Dryden; (9) The Age of Swift and Pope; (10) The Rise of the Novel; Johnson and his Circle; (11) The Earlier Georgian Age; (12) The Romantic Revival; (13) and (14) The Victorian Age.

Professor William Knight's monograph on Thomas Davidson, which Mr. Unwin has nearly ready, is to be supplemented by an elaborate biography, which may extend to a couple of volumes, and will be called "Life and Letters of Thomas Davidson." Towards the end of his life the "Wandering Scholar" initiated on the east side of New York an educational movement in which a large number of Jews speedily became interested, the magnetic personality and high character of the Scholar's teaching resulting in the establishment of a Thomas Davidson Society, which is now a centre of influence in New York. Mr. Morris R. Cohen, a pupil of Davidson and president of this society, is preparing the biography.

On October 19 Mr. John Lane will publish "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh and other Pageants," by W. Graham Robertson, with twelve full-page illustrations in colour by the author; and "The Dangerville Inheritance: a Detective Story," by A. C. Fox-Davies. On October 21 the same publisher will issue "British Malaya," an account of the origin and progress of British influence in Malaya, by Sir Frank Athelstane Swettenham, formerly Governor of the Straits Settlements. The object of this book is to record the exact circumstances which led to the British protection of that part of the Malay Peninsula now known as the Federated Malay States, and to describe in detail the gradual evolution of the system of administration.

Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Ltd., will publish on the 29th inst. a new book by Mr. Walter Emanuel, the author of "A Dog Day," entitled, "The Dogs of War," which has been running through the pages of *Punch*, and will now appear in book form, enlarged and with upwards of fifty illustrations (including twelve in colour) by Cecil Aldin. Another book for children promised by the same publishers is "Mr. Punch's Book of Birthdays," by Olga Morgan and Harry Rountree.

During the autumn Messrs. George Bell and Sons will publish a short treatise on modern theoretical electricity, by Sir Oliver Lodge, under the title "Electrons." This will be an expansion of a paper communicated by the author to the Institute of Electrical Engineers in the year 1902, with additions which bring it fairly up to date.

Messrs. Ginn and Company will publish shortly a new work by Mr. William J. Long, entitled "Brier Patch Philosophy," by "Peter Rabbit."

Messrs. Routledge send us the following additions to their autumn announcements list: "Te Tohunga: The Ancient Legends and Traditions of the Maoris," orally collected and pictured by W. Dittmer, with sixty illustrations; A Beckett's "Comic History of England": a reprint of the original 8vo edition, with all the original illustrations by John Leech; "English-Greek Dictionary," by S. C. Woodhouse; and Smedley's "Frank Fairleigh," "Lewis Arundel," and "Harry Coverdale," with all the original plates by George Cruikshank and "Phiz";

Sir Thomas Browne's Works, and "Beowulf"—translated, with notes, by Wentworth Huyshe (both in "The London Library"); Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," edited, from the original 14-vol. edition (hitherto untranslated), by Dr. W. Boulting (in "The Library of Historical and Standard Literature"; Berkeley's "Principles of Human Knowledge," Cowley's Essays, "Grey's" "Polynesian Mythology," "The Hitopadesa" (a new translation, with notes, by B. Hale-Wortham), Hobbes's "Leviathan," Hume's Essays, Lytton's "Harold," Peacock's Poems, and the *Spectator* Essays, in six volumes (all in "The New Universal Library"); Beddoes's Poetical Works, Peacock's Poems, Thompson's "The Seasons," and "The Castle of Indolence, and other Poems" (in "The Muse's Library"); and nine volumes in "The Miniature Reference Library: "Dictionary of Technical and Scientific Terms"; "Dictionary of the Bible," by A. M. Hyamson; "French and English Waistcoat Pocket Phrase-Book," by J. W. Milligan; "Glossary to Shakespeare," by J. A. Farquharson; "Historical Allusions," by Frank Mundell; "Dictionary of Classical Mythology," by J. H. Manson; "Who's Who in Fiction? a Dictionary of Noted Names in Novels, Tales, Romances, Poetry and Drama," by H. Swan; "Who Wrote That? (Foreign Authors)" by E. Latham and Muriel Curle; and "Who Wrote That? (Classical Authors)" by William Swan Sonnenschein.

Messrs. H. R. Allenson announce for publication this autumn:—Fiction—"Slings of Fortune," by Jonathan Nield. Children's Books—"Five-Minute Stories" (one hundred short stories and poems), by Laura E. Richards; "The Legend of the Silver Cup," by George Critchley; "The Gold Thread," by Dr. Norman Macleod—a new edition, with Introduction by Dr. Donald Macleod, and the full-page illustrations by McWhirter and others; and "The Silver Crown," a book of fables by Laura E. Richards. Reprints—"Carmina Crucis," by Dora Greenwell, re-edited, with an Introduction, by Miss C. L. Maynard; and "Selected Poems from Dora Greenwell," chosen and edited, with introduction by Miss C. L. Maynard. Theology—"Aspects of Life," twelve sermons by Principal John Caird; "The Unfolding Dawn," sermons by Luther W. Caws; "After His Likeness: thoughts on the Christian Ideal"—practical sermons on the Imitation of Christ, by J. W. Jack; and "The Meaning of Christ": studies in the Place of Jesus Christ in human thought and action, as shown in Dante, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Savonarola and Mazzini, by the Rev. Richard Roberts. Devotional—"The Practice of the Presence of God," by Brother Lawrence (new issue); "Great Souls at Prayer": fourteen centuries of prayer, praise, and aspiration, from St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and R. L. Stevenson, selected by M. W. Tileston, (new edition); and "Prayers and Meditations," by Dr. Samuel Johnson (new edition, with additional prayers not before printed in a collected edition).

Among Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes's autumn announcements are: "The Church Plate of the City of Chester," by T. Stanley Ball; "The Art of the Victorian Stage," by Alfred Darbyshire; "Canon Peter Casolas' Pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the year 1494," by M. Newett; "Continuation Schools in England and Elsewhere," by Michael E. Sadler; "The Simple Plan" (a novel); and "Cheshire Village Stories," by W. V. Burgess.

We are informed by Mr. Edward Arnold that the publication of the *Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill* has been postponed till Monday, October 22.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. HOWITT AND "THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In "The Secret of the Totem" (pp. 197-200) I criticised parts of a passage in Mr. Howitt's "Native Tribes of South East

Australia" (p. 500). My criticism, made in the place referred to and elsewhere, is by me withdrawn, for it was based on my own misconception of the passage in Mr. Howitt's book. On reading Mr. Howitt's reply to me in *Folk Lore* (June 1906), I wrote to that periodical, saying that I "regretted my misapprehension of his page 500. . . ." and that I had "forwarded my correction to every quarter in which it is likely to be published; had placed slips containing the *corrigendum* in 'The Secret of the Totem,' and 'The Euahlayi Tribe' and had withdrawn the criticism based on the misunderstanding." (*Folk Lore* xvii. 3, p. 291.)

Mr. Howitt complains, in your columns, of my remark in the previous number of *Folk Lore*: "We are here on the ground of facts carefully recorded, though strangely overlooked by Mr. Howitt. . . ." In the new number of *Folk Lore* (p. 290) I have pointed out that, in addition to my initial misconception of Mr. Howitt's meaning, another error was introduced by the misplaced comma, after "recorded," a *coquille* which escaped my correction, though it perverted my meaning, and, indeed, produced nonsense. The Editor of *Folk Lore*, in a footnote, "apologises for the comma," but I must take the wyte of it on my own shoulders. If Mr. Howitt will oblige me by understanding that I withdraw every word of criticism which is contaminated by my initial misconception of his meaning, I have, I hope, no more to do but to reiterate the expression of my regret that the error occurred.

A. LANG.

October 7.

DR. JOHNSON ON SACRED POETRY

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Dr. Johnson's odd prejudice against sacred poetry, which is a subject of comment in your review of "The Treasury of Sacred Song," it may be of interest to your readers to be reminded of at least two passages in "The Lives of the Poets" where he maintains this view with characteristic force. Of Denham he writes: "He made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he has failed; but, in sacred poetry who has succeeded?" And of Dr. Watts: "His devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

Can any good Johnsonian tell me whether Johnson had read George Herbert, and, if so, does he anywhere express any opinion on his sacred poems? I cannot recollect his doing so, and my "Boswell" lacks an index. It is to be presumed, if he makes no mention of Herbert anywhere, that he judged him also to have failed in this particular field—however mistaken such a judgment may appear to us to-day. For it is not easy to suppose that Herbert's poetry was unknown to him.

H. C. MINCHIN.

October 7.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If "snow falls melts" is bad grammar, it is a mistake often committed by Scotchmen at the present day and by Burns, as for instance in the end of "The Two Dogs": "There's some exceptions, man and woman" and by Shakespeare, as pointed out in Abbott's "Shakespearean Grammar" § 333.

But the inflection in -s in such cases should rather be regarded as a survival of the old northern plural in -s, which is commonly found in Middle English works composed in Scotland and the North of England. Many instances may be found in the poems of Dunbar, e.g.,

"As varlotis dois in France"

"Them helpes no conclusions slee."

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

October 6.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the pleas for and against the revision of spelling one point is continually passed over; whether or not those letters summarily styled silent are entirely without their phonetic value in actual practice. It is easy for reformers to persuade their following of the advisability of like spelling for sounds and syllables which to them are homonymous when even the supporters of the old order are ignorant of the extent of their possible loss. The truth is, too few of us regard language as heard and uttered sound, capable of infinite evolution in accordance with the exigencies of its day; too many of us try to circumscribe it by the limits of its written token, confounding the symbol with the living principle symbolised. Our speech, gathered from many sources, contains ghosts and shades of sounds needing not less but more complexity of spelling to indicate them fully, but as speech continually evolves owing to its compulsory currency the full indication of it is not necessary, can indeed never be arrived at because of the essentially variable nature of language until the language has become practically dead. Therefore a temporary symbolism is all

that should be aimed at, not a scientific theory of spelling based on the pronunciation of to-day to which the pronunciation of to-morrow is expected to conform. Also the question arises whether any newly suggested theory can express even the sounds of to-day; for, as elocutionists know, our present much-cavilled-at system of spelling is wonderfully efficient, and anything conciser must lose some capability for denoting those subtle distinctions of pronunciation in which English is so rich. German and Italian have indeed arrived at simple orthography, but both these tongues are of less mixed origin than ours and therefore of less variety, and have in addition a certain decadent tendency to lose sounds by the assimilation of letters which with us are mercifully quite defined; as, for instance, the assimilation in German of *g* and *h*, *t* and *d*. And this is an evil to be feared with simplified spelling, because the spread of lettered education has to some extent taught men to speak as they write. It would probably be in vowel sounds that English would lose most, because it contains so many more than the alphabet contains vowels, at present generally indicated by the conjunction of vowel with vowel, or vowel with modifying consonant combined with a silent vowel; e.g., the *o* in *how*, *or*, and *alone*. It would also lose in that breathing which can hardly be said to be audible of such letters as the *gh* in *through*, or in *light*; which, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, have an influence on speech. To the mental ear at least there is a value attached to such so-called silent letters which affects stress and rhythm vitally; and as the cultured may speak as they write so will they consequently write as they wish their words to be spoken. The music of a poem written under the present system of orthography would under the orthography proposed have no written token, and its correct delivery would have to depend on intuition or tradition.

The historic and etymological interest of the old spelling, with its interwoven charm of a race's varied growth become articulate from age to age, has been admitted; and lovers of literature feel how much of subtlety and delicacy may be lost by the removal of letters which carry in themselves the scent of use in many centuries, but they feel it sentimentally for the most part, deprecatingly, as though bewailing the glamour of a superannuated system. Very few reason further and consider whether or not there is any present point in the maintenance of our familiar orthography. They do not realise that, consciously or not, those "silent" letters and apparently accidental variations of spelling exercise a definite though infinitesimal difference in the duration and pronunciation of a syllable. Unfortunately this is too seldom noticeable in common speech, for few of us employ beauty of diction, but to the actor, the orator and the poet they may be invaluable. It is a commonplace that in lovely diction one should hear not only every word but every letter of the word. This does not mean a necessity for pronouncing "honest" or "often" literally; but it does imply a lingering, which is hardly more than a thought, over the silent letters. A conscientious spelling-reformer would probably state that under the present plan "word" is pronounced as it would be if spelt "wurd" or "werd"; but the student of diction knows better. There is a fullness in the *o* vowel which the *u* and *e* lack. "Tongue" written "tung" must, if faithfully pronounced according to its spelling, lose both in the vowel and in a certain stress on the final obvious articulation.

There is also the point, debateable between Northerners and Southerners, which would have to be settled before phonetic spelling could be adopted, whether the *r* in "word" and "cord" is simply a modifier of the vowel, or whether it should be lightly touched upon as a consonant.

Probably by the lay mind the final letter of "colour," "whether," etc., is considered silent, but this is an easily refutable mistake. Then there is the fullness of sound in the *ou* of "colour" which cannot be expressed by the same token as the *e* in "latter." Again, there is a fuller inflection, and the fraction of a moment's more lingering on "were" than there would be if it were spelt "wer." These are a few of many instances which prove the danger our language would run of becoming thinned and attenuated with a simplified spelling, for the next generation would probably lose its tradition of the varying sounds, and loss of variety cripples the music of speech. If words such as these are to be subjected to revision it can only be done satisfactorily by adding to our alphabet the many letters needed for their scientifically written indication.

Now the present advocates of reform are all for simplification, but by it they would probably impoverish most disastrously the possibilities of modern English. More than most other much-spoken European languages English is still developing and changing. It was a complete and noble language in the sixteenth century, it is another to-day, and, if destructive science is not allowed to intervene, it may become another to-morrow. The music of it for literary purposes is practically unlimited, for it has adopted and adapted so many sounds from so many lands. Might not the proposed binding of it down break its further flight? The art of a language, like other arts, has generally culminated when it is reduced to a system.

There is, of course, the point of view of English as a language for foreigners, but this should not be considered, properly. A tongue is primarily for the nation which gave it birth, and that it is spoken by foreigners at all is a transitional occurrence, dependent on commercial or dynastic importance, of little real moment. The supremacy of a country is not affected by the simplicity or complexity of its speech or orthography, and international intercourse can be maintained on a slight vocabulary. Judged from a higher platform our language is more likely to endure as a classic among languages if we cling as heretofore to the variety which makes accuracy of expression possible. If we eliminate we must lose some power of signifying the sounds of

our speech, we sacrifice a part of our national inheritance and retrogress towards the unsubtlety of a dead and formulated tongue. Imagine such a poem as Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale" written with the proposed revised spelling! What clinging cadences, what imperceptible breath of music would it not lose! The thought-borne "silent" letters are sweet with the sweetness of unheard melody, faint with beauty. That is why poetic speakers must appreciate the value of the individual word and letter; the rhythm of the phrase is insufficient. The inspired orator may produce his effects by stress of thought in imperfect English, but the reciter of beautiful words must do justice to the very juxtaposition of the vowels and consonants.

Without a special gift, perhaps the only people who have the instinctive love of letters are those who learned to read very young. Easy and correct spelling comes naturally to the early reader, whilst bad spellers almost invariably have learned reading late; that is, after five years old. There is much to be said for the old plan of teaching a child its alphabet as its first game; and then on through stories of short words until at the age of four or five it reads for its own amusement. A child that loves reading can so easily be led to educate itself, and self-education is the only kind that really counts. But nowadays we systematically render our children trivial-minded by kindergarten and other methods, we premeditatedly incapacitate them for self-development by letting them learn to work and play in the schoolroom instead of in the nursery, and then when we find that the average child of eight can hardly spell at all (and if it can't at eight it probably won't at eighteen, or eighty!) we come to the conclusion that English orthography should be revised according to the limitations we have created.

GLADYS JONES.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I beg to thank Mr. Mayhew for his practical suggestion for the introduction of fonetic spelling, altho I do not think there wud be any need for the old and the new spellingz to be plaist in parallel columz. If the new letterz wer indicated and their equivalents in the old spelling wer plaist at the bottom of each page, this wud be a sufisient kee. I remember Sir Isaac Pitman giving me copieez of "The Spiritual Columbus," a sketch of Emanuel Swedenborg, printed in a graduated fonetic stile, the new fonotypic letterz wer introduced gradually, with a foot-note of explanashon at the bottom of the page. I gave a copy to a friend, he past it on to his sister, and she red it thru, without notising the new characterz, until she had finisht the book. This explodes the so-called difficulty of reeding fonetic type. Further, if haaf-an-our wer spent in larning the new characterz ther wud be no need for parallel columz, graduated steps, or foot notes.

Let us hope the ashurans of Via Media wil help to giv quiet to the fearful. In aul ajez the aprehenshon and profesiez of evil of ultra-conservativz hav playd a larj part, seldom, if ever realizd. Mr. John Morley's advise iz—not to beleev the "profets."

Iz Mr. F. W. T. Lange not too aprehensiv, and did he re-reed his oan leter? With his great experiens he seemz to be fighting against his reezon and his sentiment. Ther iz litl or no chans ov fonetic spelling becoming the standard notashon for ordinary use for jenerashonz. Our extreem conservativz wil never permit it, altho its introduction wud create litl if any more disturbans than the first and subsequent developments of the Simplified Spelling Boord wil ocazhon. It wud be beter—az Mr. G. Bernard Shaw suggests—wer we to take the bul by the hornz and adopt it strait of. After that "red ruin, and breaking up"—ov every thing. Perhaps—not. Aul that the most radical can expect iz the gradual modificashon of our ritten formz and the introduction of a fonetic alfabet into scoolz, for tuisohnal purposes. The familiarity and reezonableness of this wil beget a demand for practical fonetics for daily use, which a subsequent jenerashon wil hav to consider and meet, when Mr. Lange and the rest of us ar ded and gon.

Mr. Lange clingz to the historic side of ritten speech. Whot haz made history, stability or chanje? Insted of destroying history, fonetic spelling, wer it adopted, wud furnish Mr. Lange with adishonal food wherwith to feed his historic craving. Sentiment haz completely captured Mr. Lange, or he wud never hav committed himself to such an absurd statement—that fonetic spelling wud empty our langwaje of its asosiaschonz with the past and cauz our literature to becom a slozed book to the masses. I cannot imajin that Mr. Lange beleevz this. That the introduction of sum 12 or 14 new characterz, closely allied to existing letterz wud swomp our literature, that the resoarses of typic injenuity and the wit of man wud be dried up, and that we shud be without a book to reed, iz too monstrous to entertain. Mr. Lange protests too much.

Mr. Lange afirmz most peopl prefer to reed the Bible, Shakespear, Milton, etc., in the orijinal. Doo they? Whot vershon of the Bible ar preferd—the Hebraic, the Vatican, the Sinaitic, the Alexandrian, the Beza, St. Jerome's, King Alfred's, Elfric's, Wyclif's, or Tyndal's? How many First Folio edishonz of Shakespear haz he found in Librarianz, in the palases of the great, or in the cotej homes of England? If the demand for orijinals iz real, it must hav been met, to the joy of Christie and long prices, or the preferens for them iz just a fansiful figment on Mr. Lange's part, that first edishonerz are stil hunting in a scanty feeld, and that ordinary mortaltz ar content with current edishonz, and manaje to doo the wurk of the world just az wel az the "orijinal" readerz.

H. DRUMMOND.

Hetton-le-Hole,

THE SUEZ CANAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The lines Marlowe puts into the mouth of "Tamburlaine the Great," as to his project of cutting a channel from near Alexandria to the Red Sea, may rather be regarded as reminiscent than prophetic. Marlowe was not unacquainted with classic, or mediæval lore, and must have known that such waterways as his Scythian hero suggests, had been constructed by the ancient Egyptian monarchs; by the Roman rulers of Egypt, and finally, by its Arab conquerors. The last canal was destroyed by Caliph Ali Mansoor in 767. It is stated that Napoleon had the isthmus surveyed with a view to reconstructing the canal but was dissuaded by his engineers.

Gothe, who, by the way, was an admiring student of Marlowe, was often unfortunate in having his best suggestions, "stolen by the ancients."

J. H. INGRAM.

October 9.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is remarkable that the London County Council has, ever since its creation, had a wonderful knack of doing the wrong thing. Its latest action is, however, about the worst I ever heard of. The London County Council is perfectly justified in wishing to build itself a grand ornate hall on the south side of Westminster Bridge, but instead of straight-away commissioning one of the many capable English architects to undertake the design, I hear that the Council has actually determined to open a competition, in which foreigners are to be asked to participate! Could unpatriotism go further than this? What a disgrace it would be to England, and to London in particular, if by any chance a foreigner were to win the competition, and an alien structure were set down to face the quiet serenity of Westminster Palace in the heart of the Empire! The possibility of such a thing is too awful to contemplate, and it must not happen.

October 8.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books, arranged and rendered into English with Introductions by Edward McCurdy. 8½ x 6. Pp. xiv, 289. Duckworth, 8s. net.

[All passages of philosophical, artistic or literary interest have been selected, and from the scientific writings a few of more general interest or serving to illustrate Leonardo's method of exposition. The thirteen illustrations are mainly studies of anatomy, flowers and drapery.]

Phythian, J. E. *George Frederick Watts*. With 32 illustrations. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 191. E. Grant Richards, 2s. net.

Tompkins, Herbert W. *In Constable's Country*. With many reproductions from his paintings. 9 x 6½. Pp. 264. Dent, 12s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Walker, Williston. *John Calvin: The Organiser of Reformed Protestantism, 1509-1564*. Heroes of the Reformation series. 8 x 5½. Pp. 456. Putnam, 6s.

[The author dwells on Calvin's training, spiritual development, and constructive work, rather than on the minutæ of his Genevan contests, or the smaller details of his relations to the spread of the Reformation in the various countries to which his influence extended.]

Stoker, Bram. *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*. 2 vols. 9½ x 6. Pp. 760. Heinemann, 25s. net. (See p. 369.)

De La Warr, Constance, Countess. *A Twice-Crowned Queen: Anne of Brittany*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 228. Nash, 7s. 6d. net.

The Flight of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenotre, by Mrs. Randolph Stawell. With over fifty illustrations. 9 x 6½. Pp. 340. Heinemann, 10s. net.

Marzials, Sir Frank T. *Molière*. Miniature Series of Great Writers. 6½ x 4. Pp. 128. Bell, 1s. net.

[Chapters on Molière's Life, Molière's Works, Molière's Art, "Le Misanthrope," and a short bibliographical note.]

Lydekker, R. *Sir William Flower*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 191. English Men of Science series. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[Deals with the scientific rather than with the social and personal side of Sir William Flower's career.]

Williams, J. E. Hodder. *The Life of Sir George Williams*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 356. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[The life of the "Father of the Young Men's Christian Association."]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Nesbit, E. *The Story of the Amulet*. With 48 illustrations by H. R. Millar. 8 x 5. Pp. 374. Unwin, 6s.

The Old-Man Book. Rhymes by R. P. Stone; illustrated by C. G. Holme. 10 x 7½. Pp. 71. Lane, 3s. 6d.

The Child's Own Magazine. Seventy-third annual volume. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 148. Illustrated. Sunday School Union, 1s.

Young England. Twenty-seventh annual volume, 1905-6. Illustrated. 11 x 8. Pp. 484. Sunday School Union, 5s.

Meade, L. T. *The Hill-Top Girl*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 405. Chambers, 6s.

Fenn, G. Manville. *Tention!* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 411. Chambers, 5s.

Finnemore, John. *Foray and Fight*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Chambers, 3s. 6d.

Baldwin, May. *Dora: A High School Girl*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 319. Chambers, 3s. 6d.

Whishaw, Fred. *The Boys of Brierley Grange*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 316. Chambers, 3s. 6d.

Finnemore, John. *The Empire's Children*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 288. Chambers, 2s. 6d.

Townshend, Dorothea. *A Saint George of King Charles's Days*. 8 x 5. Pp. 224. S.P.C.K., 2s.

Allen, Phoebe. *Granfer Garland*. 8 x 5. Pp. 215. S.P.C.K., 2s.

Marchant, Bessie. *Athabasca Bill*. 8 x 5. Pp. 220. S.P.C.K., 2s.

The Sunday at Home, 1905-1906. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 1004. R.T.S., n.p.

The Boys' Own Annual, 1905-1906. 11½ x 8½. Pp. 824. R.T.S., 8s.

The Girls' Own Annual, 1905-1906. 11½ x 8½. Pp. 832. R.T.S., 8s.

FICTION.

Hope, Anthony. *Sophy of Kravonia*. With 16 full-page illustrations by Fred Pegram. 7½ x 5. Pp. 398. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 6s. (See p. 365.)

Sheppard, Alfred Tresidder. *Running Horse Inn*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 416. Macmillan, 6s.

Simpson, Violet A. *Occasion's Forelock*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 354. Arnold, 6s.

Compton, Herbert. *To Defeat the Ends of Justice*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

[Here and there the author reveals an imagination almost equal to Stevenson's, but his novel is a thing of shreds and patches. "General Faloon" belongs to comic opera; and the opening chapters might have been written by the brothers Melville. The author might have made a good writer for boys.]

Somerville, E. (E.); and Ross, Martin. *Some Irish Yesterdays*. Illustrated by E. E. Somerville. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 249. Longmans, 6s.

Hamilton, M. *The First Claim*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 315. Methuen, 6s.

Rorison, Edith S. *The Swimmers*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 402. Heinemann, 6s.

Truscott, L. Parry. *The Marriage of Aminta*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 340. Blackwood, 6s.

Griffin, E. Aceituna. *A Servant of the King*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 304. Blackwood, 6s.

Battersby, H. F. Prevost (Francis Prevost). *The Avenging Hour*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 347. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

MacCarthy, Justin Huntly. *The Illustrious O'Hagan*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 319. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Cutting, Mary Stuart. *Little Stories of Courtship*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 233. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

Oxenham, John. *A Princess of Vascony*. Her Trials and Troubles, Her Adventures and Misadventures, and where they Brought Her. With illustrations by Frances Ewan. 7½ x 3. Pp. 428. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Silberrad, U. L. *The Second Book of Tobiah*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 390. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Jepson, Edgar. *The Triumph of Tinker*. Being some Further Adventures of the Admirable Tinker, Child of the World. 7½ x 5. Pp. 275. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

HISTORY.

Snider, Denton J. *The American Ten Years' War, 1855-1865*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 527. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co., n.p.

La Nation Belge, 1830-1905. Conférences Jubilaires faites à l'Exposition Universelle et Internationale de Liège en 1905. 10½ x 7. Liège: Desoer, 12f. 50.

LITERATURE.

Munro, H. A. J. *Translations into Latin and Greek Verse*. With a preface by J. D. Duff, and a portrait. 8½ x 6. Pp. 113. Arnold, 5s. net.

[These translations were printed in the autumn of 1884 and the copies were distributed by the author among his friends. In the reprint before us a few slight changes are introduced from Munro's own copy of the original edition, and two translations have been added at the end. Some were printed separately before 1884, mainly in *Sabrina Corolla* and in Holden's *Folia Silvulae*, but these were much changed before their second appearance. We shall return to the book later.]

The Vita Nuova and Canzoniere of Dante. The Temple Classics. 6 x 4. Pp. 357. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

[The Temple Classics Dante, begun by the issue of the *Paradiso* (1899), is completed by this volume. Mr. Thomas Otley is responsible for both text and translation, except those of the Canzoni, which are contributed by Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed.]

Lewis, Charlton. *The Principles of English Verse*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 143. Bell, 5s. net.

Jusserand, J. J. *A Literary History of the English People*. Book iv.—From the Renaissance to the Civil War. 9 x 6. Pp. 551. Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.

Quesnerie, G. de la; and Bastide, Ch. *The English Language*. History—Word-making—Synonyms—Spelling. With exercises and index. Classes du premier et du second cycles. Enseignement secondaire des jeunes filles. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 88. Paris: Paulin, 1fr. 20.

Kilbourne, Frederick W. *Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 190. Boston: The Poet Lore Company, \$1.50.

An Anthology of Australian Verse. Edited by Bertram Stevens. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 300. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Conrad, Joseph. *The Mirror of the Sea*. Memories and impressions. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 306. Methuen, 6s.
- Baynes, Herbert. *The Way of the Buddha*. 6½ × 5. Pp. 132. Wisdom of the East series. Murray, 2s. net.
- [Appendix : Sanskrit and Pali Texts of Works Translated or Referred to in the Treatise.]
- Schooling, John Holt. *The British Trade Year-Book, 1906*. Covering the twenty-six years 1880-1905, and showing the course of trade. With 221 tables, each containing several sections of British or of international trade, and 75 diagrams. Second year of issue. 10 × 7. Pp. xxxii, 384. Murray, 10s. 6d.
- [Chapters on : Imports; Exports; Bullion and Specie; The Excess of Imports; Manufactured Goods; Our Trade with Foreign Countries; Foreign Countries' Imports; Taxes on Imports; Our Trade with British Colonies; British Colonies' Imports; Colonial Taxes on Imports, etc.; An International Comparison of Imports and Exports; The Leading Articles of Export; and Sellers in Foreign Markets. Five appendices.]
- Burrill, Katharine. *Loose Beads*. "Life's free beauty, its loose beads, with no straight string running through." 7½ × 5½. Pp. 223. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Essays on various subjects. Four have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*.]
- Pulitzer, Walter. *Cosy Corner Confidences*. 7½ × 3½. New York : Dodge Publishing Co., n.p. (See p. .)
- Eliot, Charles W. *Great Riches*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 38. New York : Crowell, 75c.
- [Papers on "The Rich Man's Power," "The Children of the Very Rich," etc.]
- Nicholson, J. S. *The Relation of Rents, Wages and Profits in Agriculture, and their Bearing on Rural Depopulation*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 176. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
- Parsons, John Denham. *The Nature and Purpose of the Universe*. 9½ × 6. Pp. 561. Unwin, 21s. net.

POETRY.

- Yeats, W. B. *Poems, 1890-1905*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 280. Bullen, 6s. net.
- [A reprint of all the author's printed poems since the publication of "The Wind Among the Reeds," nearly seven years ago.]
- Symonds, Arthur. *The Fool of the World, and other Poems*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 118. Heinemann, 5s. net.
- [Some of the shorter poems in this volume were printed in "A Book of Twenty Songs."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer Poet of Persia*. Rendered into English verse by Edward FitzGerald. Introduction by C. K. Shorter. 6½ × 4. Pp. 68. Heinemann, 6d. net.
- [We should have imagined that at this date an introduction to Omar Khayyám was superfluous. Fourteen pages, however, are prefixed to the present reprint, and from them the reader may learn much : that the "Rubáiyát" has "eclipsed in fame the best-known poems of Longfellow and Tennyson—the favourite writers of verse within the memory of most of us," and a host of equally illuminating details. Perhaps the most thoughtful piece of criticism is that on page xi : "A knowledge of the Persian language or an acquaintance with the Persian poet is as little required in reading Omar as is a knowledge of the original 'Gesta Danorum' of Saxo-Græmmaticus in order to be able to appreciate *Hamlet*. We do not need to read the Bible story of the Creation in its original Hebrew in order to enjoy the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton!" A portrait of FitzGerald is prefixed to the volume, though there is none of Mr. Shorter, whose work precedes the translator's.]
- Trollope's Barsetshire Novels.—Library Edition : *Barchester Towers*, with an introduction by Frederic Harrison; and *The Warden*. 7½ × 5. Each 3s. 6d. net. The York Library : *Barchester Towers*, with an introduction by Frederic Harrison; and *The Warden*. 6½ × 4½. Each 2s. net. Bell.
- [The same type has been used for both editions, without alteration in spacing or pagination.]
- Hogarth, D. G. *Kinglake's "Eothen"*. With an introduction and notes by D. G. Hogarth. 7 × 4½. Pp. 295. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Except where obviously wrong, the text of 1864 is adhered to in the present edition.]
- Poems of Coventry Patmore*. With an introduction by Basil Champneys. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 439. Bell, 6s. net. (See p. 366.)
- Nettleship, R. L. *Memoir of Thomas Hill Green*. With a short preface specially written for this edition by Mrs. T. H. Green. With portrait. 8 × 5½. Pp. 251. Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.
- [Reprinted, with a few slight alterations, from "The Works of T. H. Green."]
- The Pembroke Booklets (First Series). V.—*Robert Southwell (Selected Poems)*; *Henry Constable (Pastorals and Sonnets)*; *William Drummond (Songs, Sonnets, etc.)*. Pp. 63. VI.—*Thomas Lodge (Songs and Sonnets)*; *Robert Green (Lyrics from Romances, etc.)*; *Samuel Daniel (Selected Verse)*. Pp. 64. Each 7 × 4½. Hull : Tutin, 4d. net each.
- Lawler, John. *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century (1676-1700)*. With a Chronological List of Book Auctions of the Period. Popular edition. The Book-Lover's Library. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 241. Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d. net.
- The Rule of Saint Benedict*. Edited, with an English translation and explanatory notes, by Dr. Oswald Hunter Blair. Second edition, revised. 7½ × 5. Pp. 220. Sands, 3s. 6d. net.
- H. W. F. and F. G. F. *The King's English*. Second Edition. 8 × 5½. Pp. 370. Oxford : Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

The Modern Cyclopædia. "A handy book of reference on all subjects and for all readers." Edited by Charles Annandale. New edition, revised and extended. Vol. i. A—Bla. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 536. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[Articles contained in the earlier edition have been revised, and new ones have been added, and a supplement appended to each volume. A large number of new illustrations have been inserted.]

Carey, Rosa Nouchette. *At the Moorings*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 451. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell : *Ruth, and other Tales*. The Knutsford Edition. In eight volumes—vol. iii. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 557. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.

[See the ACADEMY of August 25, p. 186. Vol. iii, contains : "Ruth"; "Cumberland Sheep-Shearers"; "Modern Greek Songs"; "Company Manners"; "Bessy's Troubles at Home"; and "Hand and Heart."]

Brassey, the Hon. T. A. *Problems of Empire*. Papers and addresses. Popular edition. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 218. Humphreys, 2s. 6d. net.

[Reprinted articles, speeches and letters on Imperial Federation; Imperial Defence; and Imperial Preference.]

"Grey, Vivian"; and Tylee, Edward S. *Boy and Girl; should they be Educated Together?* A study of the principle and methods of co-education. 6½ × 4. Pp. 72. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.

SCIENCE.

Massee, George. *Text-book of Fungi*, including Morphology, Physiology, Pathology, Classification, etc. 8 × 5. Pp. 427. Duckworth, 6s. net.

Gill, Richard. *The CHCl₃ Problem*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. lxxvii, 597. 2 vols. Vol. i.—Analysis; Vol. 2—Physiological Action. Blackwood, 10s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Bosanquet, Helen. *The Family*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 344. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.

[An estimate of the meaning and importance of the Family as an institution in human society.]

Baskerville, Beatrice C. *The Polish Jew*. His Social and Economical Value. 9 × 6. Pp. 336. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Brierley, J. *Religion and Experience*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 310. Clarke, 6s.

[“A study of religion from the standpoint of experience.”]

Vianney, Joseph. *The Blessed John Vianney, Curé d'Arz, Patron of Parish Priests*. Translated by C. W. W. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 211. Duckworth, 3s.

The Expository Times. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. xvii. October 1905—September 1906. 9½ × 7½. Pp. 568. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 7s. 6d.

Watson, Frederick. *Inspiration*. 8½ × 6. Pp. 248. S.P.C.K., 4s.

Abbott, Edwin A. *Silanus the Christian*. 9½ × 5. Pp. 368. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

[An endeavour to show, "in a general and popular way—on psychological, historical, and critical grounds—how the rejection of the claim made by most Christians that their Lord is miraculous, may be compatible with a frank and full acceptance of the conclusion that he is, in the highest sense, divine."]

McKim, Randolph H. *The Problem of the Pentateuch*. An examination of the Results of the Higher Criticism. With a foreword by the Dean of Canterbury. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 136. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

[Three lectures on the Reinecker Foundation delivered at the Virginia Theological Seminary in December 1905.]

A Little Book of the Inner Life. By a Monk. 6½ × 4. Pp. 66. Sands, 1s. net.

[“Written by a monk of the old school. The manuscript is in the possession of a Benedictine Convent in England, and is now published for the first time.”]

Frazer, J. G. *Adonis; Altis; Osiris; Studies in the History of Oriental Religion*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 339. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[“In studying afresh these three Oriental worshipers,” says the author, “I have paid more attention than formerly to the natural features of the countries in which they arose, because I am more than ever persuaded that religion, like all other institutions, has been profoundly influenced by physical environment.” These studies are an expansion of the corresponding sections in "The Golden Bough," and they will form part of the third edition of that work, on the preparation of which, we are glad to learn, Dr. Frazer has been engaged for some time.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Sherring, Charles A. *Western Tibet and the British Borderland; the Sacred Country of Hindus and Buddhists*, with an account of the Government, Religion, and Customs of the People. With a chapter by T. G. Longstaff describing an attempt to climb Gurla Mandhata. Illustrations and maps. 10 × 6½. Pp. 376. Arnold, 21s. net.

[Deals at some length with the legends, religions, customs, superstitions and beliefs of the Tibetans and neighbouring tribes.]

Thompson, P. A. *Lotus Land*. 9½ × 6. Pp. 312. Werner Laurie, 16s. net.

[“Being an Account of the Country and the People of Southern Siam.” Profusely illustrated. The greater part of the introduction consists of a historical sketch of Siam; for the rest, the author has “tried to give a faithful account of the peasantry,” among whom he lived for three years.]

Del Mar, Walter. *The Romantic East: Burma, Assam, and Kashmir*. With 64 full-page illustrations from photographs. 9 × 5½. Pp. 211. Black, 10s. 6d. net.

[Completes the series of book on the East which Mr. Del Mar commenced with "Around the World Through Japan." The author is an excellent guide, and the traveller to Burma, Assam, or Kashmir will do well to provide himself with the book. But was the frontispiece portrait necessary?]

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. JOHN LANE sends us a new edition of the English translation of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (10s. 6d. net) with the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley and "a note on 'Salome'" by Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Ross's note is not an appreciation of the play: it is a brief history of its reception in England, where it was cordially disliked, and abroad where it is much admired, and frequently acted. Richard Strauss, as Mr. Ross makes clear, made an opera of it—of "Salome"—and nothing else, though there have been attempts in England to diminish the composer's debt to the dramatist. In England the performances of the play have been but two. It was forbidden, as all will remember, by the Censor when Mme. Bernhardt, for whom it was written, proposed to play it in French in London: since then it has been played by the New Stage Club in May 1905, and again by the Literary Theatre Club in 1906. Mr. Ross's note contains one or two interesting quotations from the author's letters and conversation; one from a letter being most characteristic; when the play was produced in Paris with great success, the author wrote from prison: "I wish I could feel more pleasure, but I seem dead to all emotions except those of anguish and despair. . . . Try and see what Lemaitre, Bauer, and Sarcey said of 'Salome.'" There is no use now in attempting to alter the common English opinion: those who admire the play will be glad to have this beautiful edition, those who do not will not be persuaded to try again. English criticism has not shown itself to advantage in this matter. It is a pity that those who dealt the heavy-handed attacks on an extraordinarily beautiful, if unwholesome, piece of work, did not realise that the last word of criticism had been said by the illustrator. We know of no more cruel, more fiendish comment on *Salome* than Aubrey's Beardsley's drawings. Just because he understood where others did not, because he saw to the full the beauty of what others thought at least merely foolish, his sympathetic mind was able to sum up the faults and merits of the work and to express at the same time the spirit of the artist himself. In all art there is no more extraordinary instance of combined collaboration and criticism; the infernal wit of the drawings mocks at the very beauty which they translate with consummate sympathy and skill.

Alexander Petöfi, Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence. By A. B. Yolland. (Budapest: Franklin Society.)—New works about Petöfi are appearing continually, but so many new facts concerning him continue to come to light and his idiosyncrasies are always being regarded from such varied standpoints, that there may be *raisons d'être* for all of them. The latest book on the subject which has reached us is by Dr. Yolland, author of a work in Hungarian on the foreign translations and translators of Petöfi and of an English-Hungarian dictionary, now in the press. Dr. Yolland does not really deal so much in the present brochure with Petöfi's position towards the War of Independence, as with his place in the world's literature. He is properly desirous of remedying the deplorable ignorance of the English, even amongst our literary people, as to the nature and position of the great Hungarian poet's work. He animadverts upon the fact that of a poet of the very highest rank, a man who, if not as Dr. Yolland claims, the compeer of Dante and Shakespeare, is certainly one of the greatest lyrical poets known, the very name, much less the writings, is scarcely recognised in England, deeply though he be revered by other races no more akin to Hungarians than are the English. It is true Hungarian is not easy to acquire; its grammar is complicated and its vocabulary is amazingly copious, but these difficulties are not insurmountable: it is a living language, with a fine, prolific literature, and it has an advantage over the Russian, Greek, German, and Oriental languages in being written and printed in Latin characters. There are no subtleties about Petöfi's work. His poetry bursts forth in strains of even less premeditated art than Shelley's, but it is no commonplace, conventional rhyming. He is too natural and too national to have been modified by any model, and, although he was conversant with and admired intensely the poets of other races, his poetry is quite uninfluenced by them. He appertains to no school or class. His works are as varied and as different from one another as they are original and uncontaminated by the published thoughts of other men. He was a creative genius and could delineate a typical being in a few words; embody an immortal thought in one line. That he was the laureate of the War of Independence is true; and his national anthem, "Talpra Magyar," and his patriotic lays aroused the nation as much as the eloquence of Kossuth, "the greatest orator of the age," but that was only one manifestation of the poet's powers, and it is impossible to believe—it is contrary to proof—that Petöfi's genius would have remained dormant, or his poetry have been suppressed, whatever circumstances may have environed him. The national melancholy of his race permeates his song, but it is lit up at times by flashes of humour, of humour often mordantly sarcastic. He was the embodied spirit of his country: there never breathed a poet so representative of a race—so characteristic of its type and class, as Petöfi.

Unhistoric Acts: some records of Early Friends in North-east Yorkshire. By George Baker. (London: Headley Bros. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Baker's record, while principally intended for members of his own family and religious Society, is so packed with quaint detail accumulated from many sources that it is of wider interest. The period covered is not strictly indicated in the sub-title, since the lives of its "three generations" of Yorkshire farmers cover the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The picture of yeoman life at Honeybee Nest, Danbydale

during the early years of the last century is full of quiet charm. It has its pages of storm also, which tell how the moorland Quaker home was beset by a malignant smuggler, how the neighbours shared in keeping watch against the marauder, and eventually prevailed upon the owner to allow them to make use of fire-arms. After a series of adventures the harassed family was relieved by its enemy's disappearance: "whether he was seized by a press-gang in one of the seaport towns, or whether he went another voyage and never returned, is almost equally likely to have been the case, but rumour has it that he became a changed character and developed into a local preacher. . . ." The most striking person in the book is Joshua Hedley, "Uncle Jossey" as he was called, who died at Thirsk in 1856. As years passed, says the annalist, "he seems to have become more obstinate and self-willed, due probably in part to his increasing deafness. Some few of a later generation may still remember him as an old man, dressed in knee-breeches and gaiters, rather below medium stature, hard of hearing, preferring his old armchair in the corner of the kitchen to a more dignified seat in the farmhouse parlour. Even in his old age he liked to be helping amongst the farm stock, especially the sheep, and much preferred ewes' milk in his own basin to milk from the ordinary sources of supply. He took upon himself the post of supervisor of his nieces' reading, who would doubtless have preferred to choose their own books without his censorship, but," adds Mr. Baker with a charming inconsequence, "those who knew him best seem to have loved him most." He was the enemy of all who infringed upon the public rights, and used to say, when a declaration of "No road" sought to prevent his wanderings: "No one would have taken the trouble to put up such a notice unless there had been a road." We can well believe that his deafness, as Mr. Baker remarks, "increased the difficulty of dealing with him."

From Libau to Tsushima. By the late Eugène S. Politovsky: translated by Major F. R. Godfrey, R.M.L.I. (Murray). The author of this book was engineer-constructor of the second deep sea fleet flagship which went out to the far east, and the book, which is in diary form, consists of extracts from his letters to his wife. It cannot be said that it throws very much light on the voyage of the celebrated Baltic fleet, but it contains a few observations of interest buried in a mass of trivial details never intended for publication. If the author had been a closer observer and a more trained writer, the letters might have been very valuable, since little is known of that remarkable journey after the fleet left Tangier until it met its doom. It is remarkable that the hopelessness of the enterprise was apparent to the author from the start, and that he is quite candid in his remarks about the discipline and morale of the fleet. In spite of being constantly employed in repairing damages this officer suffered badly from *ennui* and seems to have found relief in abusing the English. From Angra Pequena, for instance, he wrote: "England supplies with arms the natives whom the Germans are now going to subdue. She is evidently a country that tries to damage every one and to work mischief everywhere." Naturally the account of the Dogger Bank incident is described, and the writer finds consolation in the fact that the shooting was so good: the comment that the fishermen were to blame for not getting out of the way and cutting adrift their nets is worthy of a Russian.

The Science of Dry-Fly Fishing. By Fred. G. Shaw, F.G.S. (Bradbury, Agnew, 3s. 6d. net.)—This is a pleasantly written treatise on Fly Fishing, and the novice will find in it all the information that he requires, and much excellent instruction conveyed in a very direct and simple manner. Mr. Shaw was amateur champion in the trout-fly casting competition at the International Tournament in 1904, and confines himself throughout to his own experience, so that we have here no second-hand information or advice. We quite agree with him that every one should learn how to cast a fly before he goes to the river-side "to scare the trout": and, if careful directions, aided by capital diagrams and photographs, can teach the art of casting, Mr. Shaw's book should prove invaluable to the beginner. Anglers are so numerous to-day, water so limited, and trout so shy, that it is not fair to learn the rudiments of casting at the expense of the public. It is not the fish which are caught that harm a trout-stream, but those that are frightened or pricked; and the enthusiastic recruit is safer on a lawn at home until he has learnt to cast a fly lightly in the direction required. As an attempt to combine the two schools in Fly Fishing—of wet and dry fly—the book is not likely to commend itself to the Dry Fly Purist; but it should be useful to all who have not unlimited time at their disposal. "Watch and wait" is an excellent motto for such happy people, but few men nowadays can afford to spend a day by the river waiting to cast a fly until they see a rising fish: the majority will prefer to fish on the chance which is always present so long as the fly is in or on the water; and these will welcome a book which emphasises the fact that trout may be induced to rise at times when they are not actually feeding on the natural fly. It is only the most accomplished angler who can support blank days with equanimity. A chapter is devoted to the natural history of trout flies, and Mr. Shaw gives us much interesting information about Pisciculture, with illustrations of the Trout Breeding Establishment at Lower Chilland on the Itchen. There are still many places in the British Isles where trout-fishing may be obtained which is both cheap and good, as the author points out. A most useful chapter on the various articles which a trout-fisher requires concludes a very practical book; and, though we feel sadly that the complete angler will soon resemble Father Christmas or the White Knight, yet we are grateful for Mr. Shaw's advice, and feel sure that his book will be most useful to "all who are anxious to earn."

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"Am engaged in dramatising the Sermon on the Mount. What offers?"—W-lt-r St-ph-ns.

It is just forty years since Dr. Edmund Gosse first entered the British Museum as an assistant transcriber, and, in the address which he delivered at the inaugural meeting of the Library Assistants' Association at the London School of Economics, he gave some interesting reminiscences of the years he spent there. During a small part of this time he served under Sir Antonio Panizzi, or, as he probably preferred to be called in this country, Sir Anthony Panizzi. The first time Dr. Gosse visited the Museum was in the company of Kingsley; but when, some three months later, he took up his duties there he found the assistant transcribers placed in "a horrible room, below everything, smelling of dry rot." The assistants were alternately neglected and bullied. Their favourite pastime was playing cricket against the office door of the Head of the Printed Books. Watts "wished they'd play cricket when they knew he was out."

At that time the catalogue of the library was in a deplorable condition and full of mistakes. This was particularly the case in regard to the entries in foreign languages, and the young transcriber set to work and mastered the tongues of northern Europe. He then carefully compiled a list of the corrections necessary in the catalogue and took it to his chief. The chief however, scarcely appreciated these well-intentioned efforts. "Can't you mind your own business?" he asked, as he tore the manuscript in two and threw the pieces into the waste-paper basket. Dr. Gosse then devoted the time to making books. And it is to these otherwise regrettable circumstances that we owe some of his earlier works. The inevitable end of these conditions, which were brought about by the tyranny of Sir Anthony Panizzi and those who followed after him, arrived at length, accompanied by the usual explosions. The climax was brought about by Archbishop Trench, who was turned out of the reading room by one of the attendants. A letter to the *Times* followed as a matter of course. But it was still some time before the necessary changes were made.

Referring to the Library of the Upper House, Dr. Gosse lamented the fire which in 1834 broke out opposite the chapel of Henry VII. The spread of the conflagration completely destroyed the Library; and there is now no record of any kind left of the books it then contained. The catalogue or the inventory of the contents, whichever it was, was kept on the premises, and was destroyed. The present collection numbers some fifty thousand volumes. The librarian of the Middle Ages was obliged to swear an oath to take due care of the books in his charge, as well as to see that his readers observed the same rule. Wordsworth usually received his parcel of books at breakfast time and on these occasions he sometimes cut the leaves with a buttery knife! Professor Morley, whose work consisted in a great measure of editing, had absolutely no respect for the books he used and tore out pages and sections and sometimes gutted a book to save copying. If we remember rightly, his library, now in the Hampstead Public Library, contains a set of Swift's works in twenty-five volumes, completely ruined in this way.

The report of the Bodleian Library for 1905 contains some interesting matter. The number of printed and manuscript items received during the year constitutes a "highest on record," being no less than 79,539. This includes a number of colonial newspapers subscribed for from the Beit donation; a gift from the Indian Government of manuscripts and blockbooks purchased in Tibet; and the collection of printed books and pamphlets on

Homeric subjects formed by the late D. B. Monro, presented after purchase by his friends. The most important new manuscript acquired by purchase is *MS. Lat. liturg. d. 11*, a fourteenth-century missal of the church of Marspitz in Bohemia, in ancient leather binding with brass ornaments. Mr. Lowther Bridger, Old Manor House, Walton-on-Thames, an old member of New College, and a descendant of Milton's brother, Christopher, has deposited two articles which had belonged to the poet: (1) a tortoiseshell case containing ivory tablets, a pair of metal dividers and another instrument; (2) a leather and tortoiseshell snuff-box, gold-mounted. These are exhibited in the same glass case with those volumes of Milton's works (with long autograph inscriptions) which the poet himself gave to the Bodleian.

Mr. Bouchier, having staved off the critics from *The Morals of Marcus* until the fiftieth performance, invited them to witness the play last Saturday. From our study of the notices received, we do not see that Mr. Bouchier has gained any more weighty or well-considered verdicts than he would have by following the usual course. It is not, indeed, a play that gives much scope to the critic. The original book, we believe, had some sort of a philosophy of life in it; there is little in the play. As adapted by Mr. W. J. Locke from his own novel, it appears a pretty sentimental story of a middle-aged scholar who fell in love with a little vagabond from Turkey—of English parents, but of Turkish up-bringing—and loved her so well that he married her even after she had been entrapped into running away with a professional seducer. A touching story, well and delicately told, with plenty of fresh humour; but nothing more. It is, however, very capably acted. Mr. Aubrey Smith is the first scholar we have seen on the stage who looks like a scholar. He does not, indeed, handle a book as the real Marcus Ordeyne would have handled it; but in every other respect he makes it easy to believe that he is what he is called. That is no small achievement. The average actor never fails so utterly as in his attempts to represent a man of learning. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who plays the Turkish lady, is delightful—a recruit of importance to our stage; and every one else acts well.

The only thing we find to grumble at concerns the outside, not the inside of the theatre. Is it necessary that the front of the house should be so plastered and blocked with advertisements of the play? The Garrick Theatre is not a particularly handsome building, but it is not one which, like, say, the Waldorf or the Aldwych, we should be glad to see entirely covered with posters to conceal the hideous architecture and the detestable "decoration." All theatres are offenders in this matter—even His Majesty's. Do these posters and bills really attract so many people as to make it worth while to disfigure handsome buildings for the sake of the custom they bring?

It may be only coincidence, but we have recommended for some months past that something more should be done to aid librarians in their selection of books; and a proposal before us, which comes from the Library Supply Company, would, if successful, permanently accomplish the object. The want of some additional aid in the selection of books is not felt only by the provincial librarian, but also in a large measure by the London librarian. There are only four booksellers in the metropolis who stock technical books in any large numbers, so that it is obviously a matter of difficulty for a librarian to examine books before purchasing. And, of course, the whole success of the Library Movement rests upon the selection of the best books. Obviously the scheme, under which the books will be exhibited but not sold, must depend upon the publishers for support; but after the

Exhibition of Best Books at the Bradford Conference there appears little doubt that this support will not be withheld.

The scheme provides for a central exhibition, more particularly of technical publications. These books will be arranged and systematically classified on shelves, so that all may examine them with a view to purchase, which must be transacted through their booksellers. The book-cases and shelves will be properly labelled, and an index provided. The books will remain on exhibition for three months, after which they will be returned to the publishers. Each month a selected list of the best books will be published in classified order, with correct catalogue entries and annotations, and with the purchasers' names and addresses, in *The Library World and Book Selector*. An essential feature will be, not only complete catalogues of all the publishers properly arranged, but also a card-index of all information concerning forthcoming works. Arrangements will also be made to answer all queries.

In addition to the current exhibition, series of exhibitions of the best books on special topics or subjects will be arranged every two months, and a classified list of all books on each subject will be prepared and printed. It would be difficult to overrate the value of these special exhibitions to any one engaged in a special industry. And, if the scheme proves successful in London, it will probably be extended to some of the larger provincial centres. As we have before pointed out, the book-buying powers of the whole of the public libraries of the country are enormous.

A correspondent writes: While agreeing in the main with your contributor (September 29) on the condition of "The Modern Picture Market," I think he is unjust to a not inconsiderable section of the public who do extend their patronage to young and almost unknown painters. It must be remembered that pictures, if necessities to the few, are to the many luxuries, and consequently, if trade and business generally are depressed, artists are the first to feel the effects. Now, among my acquaintance are many painters and a few modest collectors, and it may interest your readers if I give a few facts with regard to the buying of modern pictures which have come within my own experience. One friend of mine, whose total income cannot exceed £300 a year, is in the habit of spending annually on sketches, etchings or lithographs by modern artists from thirty to forty pounds, no negligible proportion of his scanty income. Another case is a house-master at a public school—by no means a millionaire's profession—who within the last two years has spent close on £400 on paintings and bronzes by artists usually under thirty years of age.

These cases (our correspondent continues) may be held to be exceptions, but the fact remains that notwithstanding the very large number of painters and the reputedly small number of buyers, there are, even among the younger generation, many painters who can earn their living without sacrificing their aims and ideals. I know of a young painter practising in Paris, where prices are lower than in England, who after his third year of exhibiting at the Salons found his sales yielding from £150 to £200 per annum. No great wealth this perhaps, but how many young authors, musicians, barristers, doctors, etc., are there who can earn so much in their first few years of practice? A second painter of my acquaintance, practically unknown as yet, has earned £350 with his brush in little over a twelvemonth. To do this, it is true, he was forced to sell about twenty-five pictures at prices far lower than they were worth, but he wisely decided that even a quarter of a loaf was better than no bread. I should add that neither of these artists is a portrait-painter, the most lucrative branch of their profession, and

neither exhibits at the Royal Academy. The sales have resulted in the first case from exhibitions at Paris and Brussels; in the second from exhibitions held in various provincial cities. To conclude, my experience is that a painter of real gifts, who is content at the outset of his career to accept low prices, has no great difficulty in making a livelihood. It is not so much the lack of buyers as the big prices demanded for bad pictures which have depressed the modern picture market.

The Slade Professor's lectures at Oxford during the October term will deal with Raphael, and will be illustrated by lantern slides chiefly from the drawings in the University Galleries. The Oxford collection of drawings by Raphael and Michelangelo is among the finest in the world and in the case of Raphael it is specially rich in drawings of the master's early period. The lectures are delivered in the Slade Professor's studio in the University Galleries at six o'clock on Wednesday afternoons, beginning on Wednesday, October 24.

Mr. A. H. Bullen writes to us as follows: "In the list of 'Books Received' in your number of October 13, Mr. W. B. Yeats's 'Poems 1899-1905,' published this week by me, is described as a 'reprint.' I venture to ask you to qualify this statement, seeing that although the book contains previously published matter, the dramas therein included have been largely re-written, and the additions and alterations made by the author entitle the book to fresh consideration." That fresh consideration it will shortly receive in the ACADEMY, but we would point out that the book was entered under "Poetry," not under "Reprints," as it would have been had it contained no new matter.

At the annual congress of the *Association Littéraire et Artistique* that closed in Bukarest recently, the Minister of Public Instruction announced that a bill is shortly to be brought into Parliament for effecting the adhesion of Rumania to the Berne Convention. The congress also proposed to amend the convention by adopting a resolution that the contracting states should pledge themselves to grant reciprocity even to countries outside the union, provided that the home legislation includes the reciprocity clause with regard to publication. Another matter of practical interest, as bearing ultimately on the admission of the Netherlands to the union, was a decision to institute an inquiry (a *questionnaire*) concerning the complaints and grievances of authors in the Netherlands in the matter of piracy. It may be noted that at the present time the union is formed by Great Britain, with her Dominions, and most of the countries of Europe, excluding Austria-Hungary—which has a separate convention with Great Britain on similar lines to the Berne Convention—the Netherlands, Russia and Turkey. Japan, Hayti and Tunis have also joined.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Aristotelian Society, 22 Albemarle Street, W. Meetings for session 1906-7. 1906: November 5, at 8 P.M. Rev. Hastings Rashdall. The Presidential Address: "Nicholas de Ulricuria: A Mediæval Hume"; December 3, at 8 P.M. Hon. Bertrand Russell. "The Nature of Truth." 1907: January 7, at 8 P.M. Mr. T. Percy Nunn. "Causal and Final Explanation"; February 4, at 8 P.M. Miss E. E. Constance Jones; March 4, at 8 P.M. Dr. F. C. S. Schiller. "Humism and Humanism"; April 8, at 8 P.M. Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson. "Fact, Idea, and Emotion"; May 6, at 8 P.M. Mr. A. T. Shearman. "Intuition"; June 3, at 8 P.M. Mr. B. Dumville. "Philosophy and Education."

Parents' National Educational Union.—Tenth Annual Conference at the Pavilion, Brighton, on November 2, 3, 5 and 6, 1906.

British Empire Shakespearean Society, St. James's Theatre. Friday October 26 at 1.30 P.M.—Annual Elocution Competition. Judge, Mr. George Alexander. Thursday November 29. Prize-giving by H. H. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.

Royal Court Theatre. Tuesday, October 23 at 2.30.—*The Charity that began at Home*, a comedy in four acts by St. John Hankin.

Early in December Mr. David Bispham will produce in London, under the management of Mr. Frank Curzon, a new light romantic opera on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, written for him by Mr. Laurence Housman and composed by Madame Liza Lehmann. Mr. Bispham will play the part of the Vicar, and Miss Isabel Jay that of Olivia.

The English Drama Society will revive Dekker and Ford's masque *The Sun's Darling* (1624) on Wednesday evening, October 31, at the Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington. Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary (Mr. Nugent Monck), 20 Regent Street, S.W. *The Hour* by Nugent Monck, with *Cleopatra in Judaea* by Arthur Symons will be produced early in November.

Joachim Committee.—Series of Concerts of Brahms's Chamber music will commence on November 21. The whole of Brahms's Chamber music works written for more than two instruments, two of the Violin Sonatas and the two sets of Liebeslieder Waltzes will be performed by Dr. Joachim and his colleagues of the Joachim Quartett—Professors Halir, Wirth and Hausmann—with Messrs. Frank Bridge, Alfred Gibson, Percy Such, Richard Mühfeld, A. Borsdorf, Leonard Borwick and Donald Tovey, and Miss Fanny Davies.

Messrs. Carfax and Co.—Water-colour drawings by Mr. Alfred W. Rich. October 18 and following days.

The Chenil Gallery, Chelsea.—Paintings by Mrs. Mary McEvoy. Friday November 2 and following days.

Fine Art Society. Thursday, October 18 and following days.—Engravings after Rembrandt. Pastels by Frank Dean and T. W. Hammond.

New Dudley Gallery. Monday, October 22 and following days.—Oil-Tempera and Pastels by Edgar Wills.

Mr. W. B. Paterson. Thursday, October 18 and following days.—Memorial Exhibition of pictures by the late W. Evelyn Osborn.

LITERATURE

OWEN MEREDITH

Personal and Literary Letters of Robert first Earl of Lytton.
Edited by Lady BETTY BALFOUR. 2 vols. (Longmans, 21s. net.)

THIS is one of the most interesting books of the season. The late Lord Lytton was one of the most versatile of the public men of his day, and the only reproach that can be properly addressed to his memory is that he never did himself complete justice, whether in the domain of politics, administration or literature. In the book before us Lady Betty Balfour has not endeavoured to give a formal biography of her father, but she has produced a work even more interesting than a Life would have been. Her material has been studied and digested. The volumes form no crude collection of miscellaneous letters, but an arranged and orderly display of correspondence that illustrates the many sides of a most remarkable man. Robert Lytton was born on November 8, 1831. His early life was spent in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer at Acton, near Ealing. As late as 1882 he gave in a letter to Mrs. Earle an amusing account of a visit paid to this scene of his childhood.

When the old woman saw my name on the order she exclaimed, "Why, this place belonged many years ago to the great Bulwer Lytton, did you know that?" "Yes." "Any relation to him?" "His son." She eyed me shrewdly—and with an air of evident disappointment. "Ah," she said, "he was the handsomest man I ever saw—or shall see—not like you." "What! you were then in his service at the Priory when he lived here?" "No. I have been here thirty-six years—but not so long as that. The place is full of historical associations—and now to think it should be cut into bits—and sold—to common people. Oh do buy it, my lord, and keep it together for his sake." "But when and how did you know him?" "I saw him once—once only. Years ago, Bulwer, as we used to call him—rang at that gate—and asked to see the place. I was obliged to tell him that my orders were to admit no one. He stood under yonder tree, and stamped his foot, exclaiming, 'Good God, this place was once my property—and now I am not allowed even to look at it!'"

He also tells us that when quite a child he was for some years in Ireland. He went to school at Harrow and after that was taken in hand by an English tutor, Dr. Perry, at Bonn. A great deal of his youth was spent abroad, and if it had been deliberately intended to train him for a diplomatic career he could scarcely have served a better apprenticeship. Indeed, in 1854 he was appointed

as an unpaid *attaché* to the Embassy at Paris under Lord Cowley. But he probably had a stronger inclination towards literature than any other walk of life. Very early he seems to have formed the acquaintance of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and appreciated the works of the former long before they had come under the patronage of Dr. Furnivall. In 1855, when "Men and Women" was published, he wrote a most appreciative letter to the author. The friendship continued without interruption until Browning's name was made, when it somewhat cooled. He was the poet of his time of whom Lytton seems to have thought most highly. The references to Tennyson are not always so complimentary. In a letter to Mr. John Morley occurs this passage:

Prithee tell me now all about thyself, and something about the world "wherein I move no more." What are the wise men doing in England? Or are they all gone back to the East? Is the Gladstonian twaddle selling the *Contemporary* by its thousands and tens of thousands? What do people say of King Alfred's new play? I need not ask what they write of it. For this I see in all the daily and weekly papers. The Puff Universal, I cannot fancy the possibility of a really dramatic conception having issued from the brain of that blameless monarch of the milder muses, and their many worshippers. Not at least dramatic in the sense to which I think that much misused word should be confined. But I daresay his *Queen Mary* is at least more readable than Swinburne's *Bothwell*—a book I had rather praise than read—that is to say, if I needs must choose between the two evils.

It is scarcely possible to mention this letter without referring to the clever verses which Lytton often sent in communications to his friends. This one begins with a page of clever doggerel, of which we give the first lines:

What are you doing, John Morley, John Morley?
What are you doing in town?
Are you sorely, John Morley, assaulting the Tory
Lawgivers, and smiting them down?
While you list to the chatter of . . . the satyr,
For your sake does he dish up to breakfast a bishop,
Or parson, grown fatter by railing at matter,
With a sinner or two, such as Maxse and you,
And, to garnish the platter, a Turk or a Jew,
Between Moody and Sankey and Swinburne—who'll flavour
The whole with an aphrodisiacal savour
Lascivious and Grecian?

In the very interesting letters that passed between Bulwer Lytton and his son there is much with a literary bearing. Special mention might be made of a series in which they discuss the formation of schools of poetry, the point at issue being whether a small and more or less fantastic poet is more likely to found his school than one of the greatest. We have a school of Pope, but it can scarcely be said that we have a school of Shakespeare. It would be invidious to dwell on other instances that leap to the mind, because they are so recent. The truth would seem to be that while second-rate men of letters are frequently tempted to form themselves into coterie and tea-parties, the really great wield an influence that is unbounded. Milton did not found a school, but the study of his blank verse has moulded that of nearly every successor. It is very evident that Tennyson, for example, had given days and nights to the study of "Paradise Lost."

We might go on quoting thousands of passages that have a piquant literary flavour and interest, but the reader will find it more satisfactory to come upon them in their context. The book pictures the life of one who was born into the highest existing intellectual circle. His father was not only the most famous novelist of his day, but he was also a close friend of Disraeli and in touch with the best political thought of the time. Lytton himself was perhaps too dreamy and contemplative to have attained the highest distinction as a man of action, yet his vice-royalty of India was a fine chapter in English history. His appointment as French ambassador at the time gave the most general satisfaction and laid the foundation of that friendliness which has become so strong of recent years. His poetry was best when it was in lighter vein. "Glenaveril," as somebody said at the

time of publication, requires a deal of reading; but scattered through these pages are bits of verse that the late Locker-Lampson would have been delighted to include in his *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

THE COMPLETE PARSON

George Herbert and His Times. By A. G. HYDE. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

ISAAC WALTON and the lapse of time have combined to invest the character of George Herbert with a sweet simplicity it did not possess. The modern Anglican is apt to think of him only as the gentle parson, living his devout, orderly life at Bemerton, spinning sacred poems in his garden (witness the horrible picture by Dyce reproduced in the volume before us) or on his sick-bed or pallet, dispensing heavenly counsel and earthly sustenance among a model parish of adoring rustics. We are all apt to forget that the man was, in fact, an exceedingly complex person; and we welcome, therefore, Mr. Hyde's very interesting, wise and well-written book, because its true message—as Mr. Hyde himself says of Herbert—is one of reconciliation. It had to deal with a large number of elements. There was first of all the fine gentleman, one of the Herberts of Montgomery, son of the Lady Magdalen, brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, stepson of Sir John Danvers, kinsman by marriage of Lord Danby, and one who, at least in his Cambridge days, "kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage." Then there was the courtier, the friend of the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, the constant visitor of the king, with a "laudable ambition" to obtain high office in the State. There was the fastidious scholar, the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, who showed at any rate no greater disinclination than others of his class to fawn and flatter and adulate, and to indulge to the full his intellectual pride. There was, again, the dedicated soul, the life vowed from the earliest years of discretion to the service of God and his Church. There was the "orthodox, regular, puritan protestant," to apply to Herbert words which fit him well, though they were originally written of Nicholas Ferrar and his household at Little Gidding. There was the Laudian "sacerdotalist," whom modern High Churchmen still claim as one of themselves. There was the poet; there was the good Samaritan who arrived at one of his favourite music-meetings in Salisbury with his clothes all "soiled and discomposed" as the result of helping a poor man, whom he met on the road, to unload and load again his sinking horse; there was the simple, direct preacher—at the opposite pole to the Public Orator; and there was the poor parson who was still the "complete gentleman." All these things was Herbert; and it was Mr. Hyde's task—a task which he has fulfilled extremely well—to reconcile them all, and show us one man, the man George Herbert. In these pages he lives; we see him in all his apparently contradictory qualities; and so we receive a wider and saner view of him than is commonly current.

It need hardly be said that such a view of him adds enormously to the meaning and interest of his poems. Their literary quality has been discussed over and over again. The world is pretty well agreed that they contain much that is arid and much that is falsely ingenious in "conceit" and simile; that sometimes the poet is overcome by the teacher; but that in very many poems there is a homely freshness, a spontaneity, a perfection of workmanship, and a sweetness of soul and fancy that will render them immortal. At times, as in passages of "The Church Porch," Herbert's wit is vivid and actual, if at times it is far-fetched and false; at times, as our author well points out, there is the true Shakespearean ring in his

line. Stricter critics will not follow Mr. Hyde along the full length of his generous enthusiasm for Herbert's poetry; but readers in general may be much more favourably disposed to it after reading his account of the poet's life and times. And for this, among other reasons. The world has grown so accustomed to devotional poetry that it frequently doubts its sincerity. Such and such ideas, it is imagined, are common property amongst devout people; they are the right thing to say; they have no more actuality in individual experience than the sentiments dutifully expressed by the preacher in his weekly discourse. That is the result, of course, of a flood of inferior sacred verse sent forth by writers without the capacity to feel deeply spiritual experience or to express it with point and truth. But no sooner is devotional poetry brought closely into touch with the facts of its author's life and character than it acquires a new meaning and a new force. If we are able to realise that the man who said this or that actually felt it, that it possibly or probably can be assigned to a period in his life when he was likely to have such thoughts and difficulties, we find it becoming real, vivid and genuine. And though, even without that knowledge, George Herbert's powers have indeed "comforted and raised many a degraded and discomposed soul, and charmed them with sweet and quiet thoughts," the possession of that knowledge is likely to increase his value for those who keep their spiritual troubles to themselves rather than submit them to the pragmatical handling of a church that is often too busy over philanthropy and sociology to be spiritual. The various elements in the character of George Herbert and the state of religion in the Church of England are the keys to most of George Herbert's poems; and though the analysis and dating of the poems falls outside the scope of Mr. Hyde's work, it forms an excellent introduction to study along those lines, and is likely, as we have said, to increase the value of the poems for all. Herbert did not write for publication at Christmas or the season of Lent; he did not wish to become a popular name in pious households or win promotion by his pen. Preserving in this matter to the last the shyness, the proud reticence of the fastidious scholar and the fine gentleman, he kept his poems to himself until, on his death-bed, he handed them to Mr. Duncon for the eye of Nicholas Ferrar, in case, after he was gone, they might "turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul." They proved to be the pictures of the actual "many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could submit mine to the will of Jesus my Master." The arena of spiritual conflicts is different now, it may be said, from that of an Anglican churchman under Charles I. Nevertheless, Herbert had the gift, like all poets, of expressing the universal through the particular. Of those who bow to the same Master as George Herbert, not one but will find his own spiritual conflicts illuminated in these pages; of those who do not, how many have not found in his treatment of that sense of sin, that need of renunciation that never die, echoes of their own feelings and new sources of strength?

There are many other aspects of George Herbert to which we might allude: one, in particular, must not be passed over. Mr. Hyde rightly touches with gentle scorn what we may call the Shorthouse view of Herbert, expressed in "John Inglesant,"—in the parson as fine gentleman, as centre of "culture" and "delicacy" and "refinement." How much of the weakness of the modern Church of England is due to that pernicious ideal?

ART AND SOCIOLOGY

The Social Ideals of Alfred Tennyson. By WILLIAM CLARK GORDON. (Fisher Unwin, 6s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this book is evidently afraid of incurring the reproach of philistinism. He has a commendable

feeling of diffidence in subjecting a divine art to the prosaic loquacity of the sociologist. He recognises that the poet or prose writer can only at his peril start out to point a moral. But for purposes of lucid thought it would have been better if he had not employed the word "art." The writer of imagination, in a sense, is, as Arnold called him, a critic of life, but his primary duty is to hold the mirror up to Nature; that is to say, to paint men, women and things as they appear to him, regardless of what moral may be conveyed. That is not to say that he will be an immoral or even an unmoral writer, but only that the greater includes the less, and in this case the greater is truth. Very often it must happen that a man of deep and clear insight will go against the conventional morality and traditions of his time, but that does not by any means prove him lacking in morality. Conventions and traditions have grown with the human race and they wax old as doth a garment. There is scarcely one that has not had or does not now possess a useful purpose, but a time comes when that purpose is fulfilled and the tradition can be set aside. However, this is rather a digression from the main purport of Mr. Gordon's book, which is in truth a very acute and learned discussion of the social conditions of England during Tennyson's career. Nathaniel Hawthorne once produced the dark saying that every man is but the newspaper of an age. What he meant was that into the receptive ear pour the voices of a man's own age, and that when he gives out his own thoughts they are inevitably coloured by them. There is a kind of parochialness in time. How many writers have there been who have expressed the aspirations of their own generation only! The difference between them and the really great is that a Shakespeare or a Homer, as it were, feels along all the ages, while a Pope or a Tennyson speaks only for his century, and Tennyson was distinguished by exceptional receptivity. The son of a clergyman and imbued with beliefs that never were completely shaken, his "honest doubt" did more to weaken the national hold upon Christianity than any other utterance of his time or generation. What science was doing, what philosophy was saying, what historical research was laying bare, coloured his thought even where no revolution was produced. He also idealised the institutions of his country, was an Imperialist before Imperialism became popular, a devoted believer in a monarchy at a time when republican opinions were expressed by a considerable minority, a believer in Parliament as it might be, a supporter of the Established Church, and an adherent to the conventional morality of his time. All this made him a reflection of Victorian England, a reflection that, to speak metaphorically, might have been seen in one of the clear pools of his Somersby rivulet. Only on one occasion did he give some inkling of darker and more aggressive thoughts that seemed to find a place deep down in his mind. This was in "The Vision of Sin," which in so many respects affords a rude and striking contrast to all else that he had written. There we have sentiments and images such as might have come to the mind of some determined and aggressive reformer, combined with the bitterness and despair of one who had learned to hate a species. But this vein never again was allowed to appear in his poems. If we take the poem which he meant to be autobiographical, we can easily summarise the substance of Mr. Gordon's book. In the poems of Tennyson are shown, as in a beautiful picture, the scenery of his native Lincolnshire and the people who lived there.

Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labour.

When it led at length to the city and palace of Arthur the King, it was to bring these rough old knights back to us

in a halo of nineteenth-century morality. When the gleam touched on the golden cross of the churches, the shrine was seen in a light cast upon it by modern philosophy. All this Mr. Gordon has worked out laboriously and well. His book is a creditable summary of the forces and conditions prevalent in Great Britain while Tennyson was writing.

A POET PHILOSOPHER

Dans la Lumière Antique. Le livre des dialogues. Vol. i. Les dialogues civiques. Vol. ii. Les dialogues d'amour. Par A. ANGELLIER. (Paris: Hachette, 3f.50 each.)

ONE of the most striking developments in modern French literature has been the wholesale fashion in which the great bulk of "intellectuels" have devoted themselves and the best of their talents to the problems and even the politics of the day. No doubt, the Dreyfus case had much to do with this descent into the public arena of those who had hitherto shut themselves up in their "tours d'ivoire," or had lived a sequestered life in those retired and exclusive laboratories of thought, the Universities. Some writers, like M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Francois Coppée, have undoubtedly lost by participating in the hurly-burly, but others, like M. Anatole France, have brought back imperishable loot from their bold forays and incursions into contemporary life and politics. We can forgive all the failures of the others for the sake of such incomparable studies of modern French society as "L'Orme du Mail" and the novels which form its sequel. Just as some hundred and fifty years ago the Encyclopedists with their followers and opponents seemed to be preparing for a vast change in the political world, so the great body of French writers, reactionaries as well as reformers, by their intense and extensive study of current social problems appear to be paving the way for a new conception of society. The contrast with England is indeed remarkable, where the great majority of our leading writers seem to draw their inspiration from the past—a fact which may explain the comparatively low position occupied by current English literature in the estimation of Europe to-day. Only the thinkers like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw appear to attract attention.

The very poets of France have been drawn into the fray. One of the latest, M. Angellier—known in this country for the masterly study of Burns which won him an honorary degree at the recent Quatercentenary of Aberdeen University—has in two volumes entitled "Dans la lumière antique" boldly discussed some of the most burning questions of the day, such as disarmament and depopulation. He wisely makes use of the past as his stage. The false perspective of remoteness that he thus secures gives to his pictures that slight tinge of artificiality that removes them from the vulgar actuality of the passing moment. The verse itself is strong, yet sinewy and even supple. French verse has to English ears at times the hardness and brittleness of glass. If architecture be frozen music, much of the beauty of French poetry appears to have the virtues of architecture. One thinks again and again of the French poet as a lapidary working in language. One is vividly conscious of the glorious clearness and the real presence of intentional design. One admires the strength and solidity of the work. These results are due, no doubt, to some extent to the fact that in French the noun and not the verb is the principal part of speech. Hence the difference in effect between the two languages. Substantives can only describe a succession of states, whereas the verb, which is the vehicle of action, is the *vivida vis* of English, serving as the go-between to the points through which the story passes. *Πόρτα πέι* is a good description of English, and especially of German poetry, whereas it is only the staccato clearness of the successive states depicted by the French writer which enables our minds to construct progressive transformations out of them like a cinematograph.

French verse has, in fact, all the qualities of a bronze bas-relief, but of a bronze so admirable that at its highest it is best described as *spirantia aera*. In such cases the metal seems to be flowing still, nay, flowing for ever; but it is a viscid kind of flow, much retarded, no doubt, by the limitation of the Alexandrine. It certainly lacks the extreme fluidity of English verse; and yet, paradox as it may seem, within the mould of the line itself it vibrates and throbs even more fiercely than English verse, for the simple reason that as the stressed syllable alone counts in the making of the verse there is a far greater variety possible among the unstressed or more lightly stressed syllables. Take for instance a poem like Victor Hugo's "Djinns," and the greater liberty within each line will at once be apparent, especially if one attempt to translate the poem into English verses of the same length as the French.

The title of the first volume, "Les Dialogues Civiques," sufficiently explains its contents. The opening poem is quite in the vein of Juvenal, except that there is just that absence of exaggeration which distinguishes the real poet from the rhetorician. The subject is roughly the same as the third satire of the Roman writer and Johnson's "London." An *orateur* (we should rather say statesman) disgusted with the degradation of political life, proposes to abandon the city. A friend attempts to remonstrate with him. The dialogue is typical of all those which follow. There is little or no action, but each contains an admirable summary of the *pros* and *cons* of the point at issue. Thesis and antithesis are the ground-work of the Euripidean tragedy, and the French seem to have inherited the passion of the Greeks for hearing both sides put. Perhaps it is partly due to the legal instinct of the northern Frenchman; to some degree it is the result of the rhetorical education they receive; but the truest reason of all is that real tragedy is the shock of conflicting ideals, of which action is only the outward and visible sign. To "interiorise" the struggle, to place it on the stage of the soul with eternity for background, does not mean a loss of dramatic force. The picture drawn by the *orateur* of contemporary politics is certainly striking.

"Le Nombre est devenu la raison de la loi; la loi n'est plus ainsi qu'un instrument du Nombre," producing merely "édits de convoitise et décrets de colère." The men "de bonne volonté" are proscribed. The country is ruled by men "qui, pour la dominer, vers eux l'ont fait déchoir jusqu'à plier sa gloire à leur ignominie." History has become a mere record "d'appétits d'un jour et de pactes d'une heure" on the part of vile traffickers in honours and posts.

Inaptes à connaître, à comprendre, à prévoir,
Ils réduisent l'histoire à leur propre ignorance . . .
En trafic mutuel, corrupteurs, corrompus,
S'achetant, se vendant, se marchandant l'un l'autre,
Echangeant, tour à tour mendians et repus.
Pour chaque heure où l'on rampe, une heure où l'on se vautre.
Le vieux sol paternel n'est qu'une marchée. . .

The very land "tantôt sent le crime et tantôt l'agonie." In answer to this fierce indictment, worthy of the "Iambes" of Barbier and of Hugo's "Châtiments," the friend pictures the *orateur* "vir pius et gravis," rebuking vice in the senate. Exile to him can only mean leaving behind him all that made life worth living. Arriving at the other side he will disembark "un voyageur sans âme." No matter if he fights single-handed. "Sur les champs d'imposture un seul mot vrai prévaut." Inevitably one thinks of Victor Hugo's proud assertion that, if only one be left to withstand Sylla, "je serai celui-là." The orator is overcome and exclaims: "Brise ce bâton! viens! Rentrons dans la cité!" This powerful plea against incivism is followed by two dialogues on the problem of disarmament and the wider question of the abolition of war. An old man—represented by a peace-loving philosopher—is matched against a warrior whose pen is as mighty as his sword. At all events, the chief laurels in the debate fall to his share. The poet evidently disbelieves in the abolition of war. It is contrary to his

reading of human nature. Moreover he regards it as essential for preventing the relapse of humanity into a slough of swinish sloth. At most, he considers there is room in the intervals between the inevitable wars for the dreams of peace to be realised, and he admits that these peaceful interludes go to the making of the world, in which wars and the warriors are, however, necessary ingredients. One cannot help thinking that the writer has lived too near to the German frontier—a suspicion which is confirmed by a sombre passage towards the end:

La Paix ! Et maintenant, combien de temps ce frein
Tiendra-t-il en repos cette race hautaine ?
Ils sont persévérants, faits d'orgueil et de haine :
J'ai voulu d'un traité qui ne les blessât pas ;
Mais nos fleuves, nos champs, nos vins sont des appâts
Trop offerts à leurs yeux ; leurs nations fécondes
Multipliant sans cesse et grossissant leurs ondes,
Doivent franchir leur digne et déborder sur nous.

The old man begins by lamenting the horrors of war. "Quel vin est donc le sang pour que les populations De sa vendange rouge aiment à s'enivrer ?" And he asks if ever the time will come to break in pieces this wine-fat and uproot the vine. The warrior enters, and after a few preliminary skirmishes the old man opens fire by praising those who create:

Heureux celui qui sait et qui sent qu'il produit
Une immortalité dont la source est en lui !
Ah ! que cet homme soit la sculpteur, l'architecte,
Le philosophe en qui tout un peuple respecte
Le verbe d'où naîtra la substance des lois,
Le poète qui met des ailes d'or aux voix.

Whereas to the warrior he says: "Dans tes vides grandeurs ton âme est solitaire;" and the soldier himself as he grows old becomes "fatigué de porter cette immortalité Dans son ennui croissant et sa stérilité." The soldier argues that the warrior is rather a blind weapon in the hands of Destiny comparable to the tempest. Then, rising higher, he speaks of the stoical agony of the soldier whom men regard as a mere wheel in a huge machine, which, however, is composed of flesh and blood and feels and suffers like humanity. Inevitably one recalls those wonderful passages in Alfred de Vigny's preface to "Grandeur et Servitude Militaires," in which he almost anticipates Tennyson's words: "Theirs not to make reply, theirs but to do and die." "Ils tuent et se font tuer, C'est un sang anonyme." The soldier declares that he at least will perform his "inclement devoir." The old man admits that nature is but "un éternel frisson d'innombrables combats"; but the philosopher will one day find the dogma of peace. For the warrior that day is still far off. It will take as long as it has taken "qu'aujourd'hui les blés Croissent sur d'anciens lacs par les torrents comblés." The warrior preaches conscription, that tribute "par qui tout citoyen donnant en peu de soi, forme et mérite ainsi le secours qu'il reçoit." For him "la Volonté de l'homme est la santé du monde." "Et la lutte, ce van suprême qui sépare" the decadent nations from those which have a morrow. Yet, though the day be long, "les soirs ont aussi leur rosées"—an exquisite phrase worthy to set against Hawes's immortal couplet. But the *Vieillard* professes his preference for the dawn. "Ce qui meurt se sent-il attiré vers ce qui vient de naître." His fading eyes are fixed on the future. Once more the soldier affirms his stoic creed in spite that here below "tout est condamné et rien n'est gracié." And he exclaims: "Mais j'accepte le sort, tu rêves le miracle." Yet he recognises the truth of the philosopher's day-dream. "Cela fuit, diras-tu ? Mais c'est aussi réel Que la cité, la tour et le mont immortel !"

The "Dialogues d'Amour" are composed in a gentler key. Here the poet exchanges the trumpet for the lyre, and even for the lute. The first dialogue is between an old man (one had almost irreverently written Father William) and an adolescent. Its subject is *l'éternel féminin*. The old man speaks of the shipwrecks that love has caused, the youth is anxious to make the voyage to Cythera with a certain stranger who has recently come to the village.

For him the old man's wisdom is but "une douleur qui vit dans le cerveau quand elle est morte au coeur." "Ceux qui n'ont pas aimé n'ont qu'une âme imparfaite." The poem ends with a delightful description of his rustic home, unfortunately too long to quote here. We are transported into the land of Virgil's *Eclogues*. The last poem in the book is a striking statement of the problem posed by Zola's "Fécondité." It is a discussion between the young man and the stranger and is the most profound and the most powerful of all the poems. The woman is a wonderful study, full of disillusion and determined at all hazards not to obey the law of her sex. Although she has had a foretaste of the obscure delight of an infant at the breast, which recalls "le profond bonheur des muets sacrifices dont la vigne nourrit la grappe de raisin," yet her reason tells her that

Chacun devrait laisser, sans le passer à d'autres,
Retomber à la nuit le peu d'être qu'il tient :
Les dernières douleurs seraient enfin les nôtres,
La cruauté des Dieux n'a que nous pour soutien.

Never have we seen the plea for race suicide more forcibly put. Happily the opposite case is equally eloquently maintained. This leaves us unfortunately but scanty space to describe the second poem in the book. It is a delicious idyll and in its way a flawless gem. Like the verse of André Chénier, it is full of the mellow flavour of antiquity blended with a strong essence of modern thought. "Sur des pensées nouveaux faisons des vers antiques !" A maiden passes the potter's house. The latter begs the wayfarer for a subject, and himself suggests various themes. First it is a cup worthy of the beaker so happily described by Theocritus, then a group of figures that Virgil himself might have traced, and finally a marriage procession in the style of Catullus. The virgin rejects them all. The potter in despair begs her for a subject and she suggests that of two faithful spouses in an exquisite passage worthy of Philemon and Baucis. The potter plucks up courage and asks if he may employ the maiden as a model for the female figure. She consents. To his further request to allow him to add himself for the companion figure she hesitates, and asks for a month's time to decide. That month she will spend on the mountains, but meanwhile he may start the work. Here is but the bare skeleton of a perfect work of art which can only be truly appreciated when it has been read and criticised as a whole. It has the symmetry, the grace and the oneness of the finest Greek work.

THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

The Mirror of the Sea. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen, 6s.)

LIKE every other fine artist Mr. Joseph Conrad runs the risk of being considered more for his matter than his manner. The distinction is not really so unfair as it looks, because if a thing is well said it is nearly certain to be at least worth saying. But, on the other hand, sometimes a fine conception is bungled in the telling, and the great advantage that Mr. Conrad has over most other writers about the sea is in his use of the English language. There are other English writers with equal knowledge, and love of the sea, but too often they stand in the light of their own impressions. Generally, they suffer from that curse of English descriptive writing—fluency; or, if they are not too fluent, they lay brutal hands upon the language, and by the use of startling epithets arrest the attention at the wrong moment and so spoil the impression. In the one case the impression is muddled by too many words, in the other it is distorted by the violent use of them.

Throughout his book Mr. Conrad so persistently speaks of the sea and seamanship in terms of art that it seems natural to take illustrations from him. In "Emblems of Hope" he complains of the degradation of sea language in the daily press of this country. The journalist, he says, almost invariably "casts" his anchor:

Now [Mr. Conrad goes on], an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision and beauty of perfected speech.

An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose.

As Mr. Conrad says, an anchor is never "cast," it is "let go"; and the difference between casting and letting go seems to us just the difference between the right and the wrong way of conveying an impression in words. You may cast a thing blindly and at random, always with obvious effort, but a thing "let go" must have been already prepared for its fall. Its fall is inevitable. Forethought and consideration are implied. If your impression has been keenly felt and well considered, you have not to cast but to let go the inevitable word—"a flawless thing for its purpose." So that Mr. Conrad's title, "The Mirror of the Sea"—at first, one might think, a trifle arrogant in its claim—is no more than just for his method. It is the method of self-restraint, of humility, of so patient a consideration that the impression seems to fall upon the page almost without human intervention. The reflection of the picture is never marred by any clumsiness or affectation of the writer. Whether he shows you a winter landscape in Amsterdam, or the sudden apparition of an ice-floe in the Southern Ocean, or the stretch of the Thames from London Bridge to the Albert Docks, which "recalls a jungle by the confused, varied and impenetrable aspect of the buildings that line the shore, not according to a planned purpose, but as if sprung up by accident from scattered seeds," or basins that are like "places of repose for tired ships to dream in," you see the picture so clearly that there is some danger of your forgetting the self-sacrificing art that goes to the making of it. That seems to us the supreme triumph of personality in a writer: to make you forget not only his personality but his existence.

Among many beautiful and true pictures it is difficult to pick out one for special quotation, but the sinking of the brig in "Initiation" strikes us as one of the most successful.

As if at a given signal, the run of the smooth undulations seemed checked suddenly around the brig. By a strange optical delusion the whole sea appeared to rise upon her in one overwhelming heave of its silky surface, where in one spot a smother of foam broke out ferociously. And then the effort subsided. It was all over, and the smooth swell ran on as before from the horizon in uninterrupted cadence of motion, passing under us with a slight, friendly toss of our boat. Far away, where the brig had been, an angry white stain undulating on the surface of steely-grey waters, shot with gleams of green, diminished swiftly, without a hiss, like a patch of pure snow melting in the sun.

But the book is more than a series of fine pictures; it is a sensitive appreciation of the whole art of seamanship, an imaginative reading of the varying moods of the sea. Perhaps the most interesting sections are those dealing with the psychology of the elements: "The Character of the Foe" and "Rulers of East and West." Even a landsman can appreciate the truth and felicity of Mr. Conrad's personification of Westerly and Easterly weather. Of the King of West he says: "He is a barbarian, of a Northern type. Violent without craftiness, and furious without malice . . . with a thundering voice, distended cheeks and fierce blue eyes"; while the East King is "a spare Southerner, with clear-cut features, black-browed and dark-eyed . . . impenetrable, secret, full of wiles, fine-drawn, keen—meditating aggression."

As is only natural, the very perfection of Mr. Conrad's art exposes his limitations. He is illuminating rather than suggestive. His words clear your vision, but they do not set you dreaming. He uses them to get the last essence of their meaning but they do not carry more than their meaning. He never writes better than he knows. To use his own distinction between two moods of the West wind, he is a North-westerly rather than a South-westerly writer. He allows you, he compels you to see the beauty and the terror of things, but he does not play upon your nerves with a sense of their mystery.

AMERICAN CULTURE

The Secret Life. Being the Book of a Heretic. (Lane, 6s.)

FIFTY years ago the American mind promised to become one of the grand intellectual forces of modern civilisation. In the period of intellectual stagnation in Europe, between the decline of romanticism and the rise of evolutionism, a new school of thought was formed in America in which the ideas of the Orient were combined with those of the Western world. Emerson framed a Buddhistic view of life in which there was retained an exhilarating sense of the worth and poetry of the material universe. Whitman found in the mystic idea of the soul something that clothed flesh and matter with a fresh beauty and a fresh significance, and in the philosophic idea of evolution something that gave to individual existence a new purpose and a new grandeur. Whistler, some years later, discovered in the decorative style of Buddhistic art the principle of a new manner of painting, and Peirce recognised in the connection between thought and purpose the ground of a new system of philosophy. None of these pioneers, however, has found among his countrymen another man of genius to resume and consummate his work. This sudden decline of American thought is the strangest of all the events of the Civil War. And in view of its effect upon the spiritual life of the nation we are sometimes inclined to doubt whether the victory of the Northern States was a just one. A race of sincere and generous liberators does not, on turning home from a glorious battlefield, dedicate its mind entirely to low and material ends. Yet this is what the Americans seem to have done. Their culture is now a borrowed thing animated by no life of its own. Their art is become a reflection of French art, their literature a reflection of English literature, their learning a reflection of German learning. A velleity of taste in their women of the richer class seems to be all that maintains in their country the semblance of a high, serious and disinterested passion for the things of the mind. And, to judge by the works commonly produced by these women, it is indeed only a semblance:

I am just home from a meeting of one of those literary clubs we American women affect in the absence of any masculine society, and we have been talking about Stevenson as the poet most typical of the mind of the nineteenth century.

The anonymous book, "The Secret Life," from which this illuminating passage is taken is a thing of melancholy interest. Ostensibly it is a diary in which a married woman, of middle age, moving in a cultivated circle of American society, sets down the wild, original and heretical ideas which she has elaborated during her travels in Europe. Actually it is a story of the spiritual adventures of a commonplace mind of a chameleon nature vagrant among unrealised worlds of thought.

From it we do indeed learn the secret of the author's life and of the lives of many women of her order, but it is not the secret that she wishes to disclose. She labours to prove that she is a remarkable person with two modes of existence, in one of which she lives according to the gospel of comfort, and in the other, according to the gospel of culture. But she unwittingly reveals the fact that her interest in art and literature is as material a thing as her interest in dress or jewelry. She collects ideas not for use and delight but for effect and parade. They are part of the apparel by means of which she endeavours to acquire an air of distinction. This is the explanation of the note of artificiality of her book, of the insincerity that shows beneath its restless effusiveness. The writer has taken the most glittering things she could discover in the authors now fashionable in America—Nietzsche, Lafcadio Hearn, Pater and Stevenson—and has strung them loosely together as the latest novelties in the wares of conversation. They are not thoughts which have sunk into her mind and have there grown and harmonised into a philosophy of life, but motley shreds of knowledge gathered for

the purpose of display. The Nietzschean view of Christianity and its Founder, which she adopts on one page, conflicts with the humanitarian view which she assumes on another: the love and admiration of Apollo, which she affects in the early part of her diary, is incompatible with the love and admiration of the ordinary Philistine which she avows in the latter part. These inconsistencies, however, do not trouble her; such slight defects she regards perhaps as things incidental to the most brilliant forms of heresy.

The title of heretic is one that the author of "The Secret Life" strangely covets. She seems to regard it as a mark of supreme intellectual distinction. Unfortunately for her ambition, her heresies in matters of religion resemble the heresies in matters of taste of those friends of hers for whom Stevenson is the typical poet of the nineteenth century. They are founded on ignorance. She can scarcely be allowed the title of infidel. She is merely a heathen of that bourgeois type of soul which in the order, routine and security of modern life loses the primitive sense of awe and terror and environing mystery, and remains incapable of acquiring the finer emotions of reverence, worship and infinite wonder. Her paganism is, in fine, a matter of shallowness of thought and vapidity of feeling; and neither the ideas which she takes from Nietzsche nor the sentiments which she borrows from Pater serve to disguise the native poverty of her nature. It is not given to the daughters of the new Philistines, who masquerade in bacchanalia of nonsense as the children of light, to feel either the maddening spell of Dionysus or the benign influence of Apollo. Over them Momus alone condescends to exercise his power. Were their race now to perish from the earth as completely as did the Phoenicians, there would perhaps be just as slight a diminution of the spiritual and intellectual wealth of mankind.

FETICHISM

Annales du Musée du Congo. Notes analytiques sur les collections ethnographiques. Tome i.—La Religion. (Bruxelles, 20 francs.)

THE Musée du Congo, charmingly situated in the park of Tervueren, the old hunting-seat of the Dukes of Brabant near Brussels, is an institution that is to fulfil for the Congo State the mission and purpose that were contemplated by the founders of the late Imperial Institute with regard to the British Empire. It contains an interesting and growing collection of African products, curiosities, and emblems, and among the latter is a very comprehensive array of the objects and instruments of fetichism. There are nearly seven hundred items in this department of the Museum, and the last number of the "Annales" contains the reproduction in photogravure of the whole collection. It gives also the valuable notes on the religious practices of the Congolese tribes which supply the material for this review. The name of the writer of these notes is not stated, but he may be complimented on having provided a very instructive and interesting description of the religious and superstitious practices of the peoples of the Congo, and also a realistic picture of savage and sanguinary fetichism in all its naked horrors.

Fetichism is not a religion; it is the superstitious practice which has grown under the influence of the fetich doctors or priests out of the general fear among the blacks of evil spirits. It bears some resemblance to Nat worship among the Burmese. The religion of the Congolese is destructive in its simplicity. They believe in a God all powerful and eternal whom they call Nzambi, but then they consider him too great to occupy himself with human beings. Consequently they regard him with the same absolute indifference that he is supposed to feel towards them. This effmination of the power of good leaves the poor ignorant and intensely superstitious black a prey to the powers of darkness which are supposed to surround

him in the forms of bad spirits representing the souls of his own enemies, or those of his village, tribe or race. The absorbing thought of his existence is how to prevent these spirits from injuring him, and his only hope of success lies in the supposed skill and prowess of the local fetich doctor, from whom he purchases talismans or fetiches to protect him against all human ills. It is fortunate for fetich doctors as a class that the failure of their charms to effect the wished-for end does not entail loss of reputation or unpopularity, for their easily contented clients merely conclude that the enemy has a more powerful fetich than they have. If fetichism were only the harmless superstition that the sale of ineffective talismans would suggest, it would not have come under the ban of civilised governments. But it has been the cause of the most frightful cruelty and bloodshed, entailing, as was written twenty years ago, an annual loss of life greater than the slave trade and tribal war combined. The human sacrifices in multiple forms to fetich still continue despite all the efforts to put them down, but they are carried out in secret and claim far fewer victims than formerly. The Commissioners who inquired into the situation on the Congo two years ago wrote in their report that the progress effected in this respect was "both admirable and marvellous."

Fetichism would never have attained its firm hold on the negro mind if the negroes themselves had not been addicted to cruel practices and the shedding of blood. These found a vent most frequently on the occasion of burials, and especially those of their chiefs. From time immemorial it had been the practice among the tribes of Central Africa to bury with a chief his wives, slaves and followers, or at least some of them. The origin of the practice is probably to be found in a variety of motives, the desire of demonstrating by human sacrifice the importance and power of the dead chief being perhaps the principal. In the early days of Belgian rule a native detected in the act of celebrating the burial of his chief by a human sacrifice defended himself by exclaiming: "How many heads would you cut off if Stanley died? No doubt two thousand, and I have only cut off two for my father!" But the lives sacrificed at the burials of chiefs and free men—slaves not being buried at all, but merely cast into the forest for wild animals to devour—were few in comparison with those taken in the form of ritual murders and ordeals by poison. There is a very vivid account in this volume of the many forms in which life was taken by the orders and under the direction of the fetich doctor (nganga), but it would be impossible to summarise them here. The writer throws out one hint which, when we remember the very similar practices among the extreme devotees of Vishnu in India, does not appear far-fetched. This is that cannibalism originated with the practice of distributing portions of the bleeding victim among the audience. The Belgian authorities have long declared war on the fetich doctor, and punish him with death when he is caught in the act of committing murder in the guise of sacrifice, but it is not contended that an end has yet been put to the practices that brought his class so much profit and power. In the recesses of the virgin forest, protected by a screen of guards and spies, it is more than suspected that fetichism continues to celebrate its mad and repulsive orgies. Not, indeed, until the blacks have been educated to see the folly and injustice, to say nothing of the brutality, of such proceedings, which entail the murder of the innocent and helpless, will it be possible to extirpate the whole brood of fetich doctors.

The closing pages of this work deal with a subject of which not much is known and which is surrounded with a good deal of mystery. This is the formation of secret societies. While something has been discovered about their organisation, nothing is known of their object, but it is ominous that the novices in what is practically a new sect are trained by the old class of nganga or fetich doctors. The most remarkable thing about them is that

they have invented a language of their own which is quite different from Bantu or any of the dialects. This organisation may be the expiring effort of fetichism, or the sinister beginning of a political movement hostile to Europeans which has not yet fully developed, but in any case it needs careful watching. One offshoot is composed of assassins who take the pseudonyms of men-leopards or men-crocodiles. The members meet periodically, and on these occasions one of them is called upon to justify his membership. This means waylaying a native and killing him by surprise and stealth, just as the animal whose name he has appropriated would do. There are certainly dark points about the evolution of the negritic tribes of the Congo State that require elucidation, and suggest the need of close and constant vigilance. The studies and publications of the *savants* and scientists who form the staff of the Congo Museum have already added much to our knowledge of the customs and characteristics of the races of Central Africa, and if continued in the same spirit of zealous inquiry must result in a very complete ethnological discovery.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE PHILIPPINES

An Englishwoman in the Philippines. By Mrs. CAMPBELL DAUNCEY. (Murray, 12s. net.)

EVERY globe-trotter deems it an essential part of his duty to himself and an expectant world to set down his impressions for the edification and enlightenment of his fellow men, and it is a relief to discover that Mrs. Campbell Dauncey spent nine whole months in the Philippines. Nor is her book a deliberate and conscious literary effort. It is made up of ample letters addressed to a friend during her stay at Iloilo. The result is delightful, affording the reader real insight into the condition of the islands under American rule. To Mrs. Campbell Dauncey the prospect of a visit to the Philippines must have had peculiar attractions. She is the possessor of an old emerald ring given to her father's great-uncle, the Admiral Cornish who bombarded Manila in 1792, by the priestly governor of the Walled City, as the Americans now call it. That ring she no doubt regarded as a symbol of the romance of exploration and colonisation, which culminated in the highly prosaic appropriation by the Western Republic of the last remnant of Spain's once mighty Empire. If she went to Panay, the island of which Iloilo is the capital, with the conventional idea of the "gorgeous East," her nine months' stay effectually dispelled the illusion. India, China, Japan, whatever their charms in colour and sunshine, all have their drawbacks for the European who is paying something more than a flying visit, but the Philippines present conditions which are torture to the sensitive and cultured man or woman of the West. "Ship me somewhere—not East but—West of Suez," is Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's refrain, now that imagination has been tempered by experience. She finds no compensation in "the gaudy parrot" and "the scentless canna" for "the exquisite thrush and the lilac bush," nor does escape from the thousand and one little inconveniences inseparable from Western social amenities make up for the absence of books and art and good music and "intelligent fellow creatures." She leaves the Philippines with the hope that they will stay "down under" her horizon for the rest of her days. They are not the Paradise they are represented to be in American magazines. She does not like the people, she finds little to interest her in the country, she has scant respect for the Americans, and she sums the whole up as "a shuffling, drab, discontented, thick-headed, costly East—with all the worst traditions of four hundred years of the offscourings of the Spanish monkish orders, overlaid by a veneer of shallow cocksureness hastily assimilated from a totally incongruous alien civilisation."

This sweeping verdict notwithstanding, we cannot imagine that Mrs. Campbell Dauncey regrets her sojourn among the Filipinos, at a time when the great Republic was making its first experiment in over-sea Imperialism. In themselves the Filipinos are not a particularly entertaining people, but as the *corpus vile* of an American crusade in the righteous cause of liberty and civilisation, they afford a keen observer such as Mrs. Campbell Dauncey an opportunity for a study in exotic methods of altruism which is full of significance and suggestion. This book is worthy of careful attention on that ground alone. It will be read with displeasure in America, and will, no doubt, call forth angry and contemptuous denials. Yet we see no reason to question Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's entire sincerity and impartiality in her criticism of American aims and achievements in the Philippines. Americans are spoiling the Filipinos by their extravagance in living and by their ideas of brotherhood and equality, which they contradict by every act of their lives. Their methods are opposed to the experience of other races who have become the masters of Eastern peoples; they are attempting to open up the Philippines by means of "school desks instead of roads and reservoirs"; they are building harbours which are to astonish the commercial East in defiance of commercial needs and commercial routes, and "the revenues that choke agriculture go to pay officials and school teachers." The Americans mean well, but their energy is wrongly directed. Nor can any country hope to enjoy healthy development under the ridiculous customs regulations which prevail. Some cases containing wedding presents and articles for Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's home in the Philippines, which were unpurchasable in the islands, were subject to a duty amounting to £30. The impost was so monstrous that she tells her friend: "All the italics and exclamations in the biggest printing house in the world could not convey my sentiments on the subject." What she felt when, a day or two later, the Custom House officials said they had made a mistake and demanded £70—more apparently than the original value of the goods—we are left to surmise. Politically the Filipino is where he was ten years ago, as ready to revolt against the Americans with their Equality Ideal as he was against the Spaniards, whose treatment of native races, to put it mildly, was never remarkable for altruism. It was Mr. Taft, the first American Governor, who talked of "the Philippines for the Filipino": when, as secretary for the War Department, he visited the islands last year, he said the Philippines were a solemn trust and in a century or two the people might be able to run alone! And the Filipinos promptly retort that they are animated by the same spirit that caused the Americans to revolt against England.

In the Philippines there is rather too much of the American flag in evidence to please our "Englishwoman" or to render it possible to believe that the Americans regard their mission as temporary. It appears in every conceivable form, as window curtain, as tablecloth, as drapery, inducing the contemptuous Spaniards to sneer: "We hold our flag sacred! we do not use it as furniture." What the American object really is Mrs. Campbell Dauncey cannot make out, but she suggests that all their talk of equality is just so much dust in native as well as foreign eyes "to excuse and justify the position the U.S.A. has chosen to assume towards these Islands." A truer explanation probably is that the great American people are new at the business of Imperialism; they have put their hand to a serious task; time and mistakes will show them the difference between the right way and the wrong, and in due season they will understand how much or how little of the Ideal in colonisation is translatable into hard practice. If they read Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's penetrating but not unkindly criticisms in the proper spirit, her book for them will be of real service. To the British reader it will appeal as a notable contribution to Pacific literature, worthy, at a reasonable interval, to be placed on the same shelf with Stevenson's South Sea Studies.

TREBLE SONG

TREASURE the golden moments as they pass
 For Youth's a bird that flies too fast, alas !
 Alas !
 Treasure the rosy Dawn—too soon it goes ;
 Treasure the Morn—it fades, as fades the rose ;
 Treasure the Noon—for it is hard to hold
 Unstinted largess of Olympian gold ;
 And treasure Afternoon—that languorous thing—
 For after Afternoon comes Evening.
 And after Eve fast comes the dreadful Night
 The tomb of all the golden Day's delight.
 Oh, let us deck Apollo's shrine and move
 His heart to give more gold. Oh, let us love
 Thro' Dawn, and Morn, and Noon, and Afternoon,
 For Love's the loveliest thing that goes too soon.
 Dear Friend of all fair things that come and pass,
 Fair Love's the fleetest of them all—alas !
 Alas !

ALTHEA GYLES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE LATER POETRY OF MR. SWINBURNE

MR. SWINBURNE'S later poems are not much read, and there is a common belief that he has not fulfilled the promise of his youth. No doubt there are some people who, when *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads* first appeared, thought that the greatest of English poets had arisen. Mr. Swinburne has certainly not fulfilled the expectations of these. But then, they had no right to expect so much. There was nothing in *Atalanta* or in *Poems and Ballads* which gave promise of a poet of the first order ; indeed, there was much to make men fear that Mr. Swinburne had nothing but the ardour of youth and a miraculous sense of beauty to inspire him. This was said at the time, and it has been repeated so often that it is believed even now when Mr. Swinburne is almost an old man and has been writing great verse for nearly half a century.

Yet it must be confessed that there are some reasons, not good but plausible, for this belief. Mr. Swinburne has written a vast deal of verse ; plays innumerable, and some of them not easy to read ; odes to Victor Hugo longer than any odes ever written before ; huge poems about the sea ; multitudes of poems about children. Most of these, however far they vary in merit, are written in much the same style. Mr. Swinburne could not write a clumsy verse if he tried ; and this puts him at a disadvantage compared with Wordsworth, who always wrote clumsy verses when he was not inspired. You can tell at a glance when Wordsworth is worth reading and when he is not. But you have to read a poem by Mr. Swinburne very carefully before you can tell whether it is good or not. Like Rubens, he has a system of composition, a machinery so elaborate, that, while it conceals his lack of inspiration sometimes from himself, it may also conceal the presence of inspiration from his readers. We come upon a long poem beginning :

Sea and Strand, and a lordlier land than sea tides rolling and
 rising Sun—

and we say to ourselves, "Ah, Swinburne!" and pass on, just as we say to ourselves, "Ah, Rubens!" and

pass on when we come to the great Rubens room in the Louvre. There seems to be in Mr. Swinburne's brain a continual momentum of rhythm that is always driving him to compose, and sometimes there is nothing but momentum in his verses. But he is not to be judged by these any more than Wordsworth is to be judged by Simon Lee or Ellen Irwin ; nor, because his style has changed but little and he is always writing poems about Victor Hugo and children and the sea, is it to be assumed that his mind has not developed with years nor learnt anything from his experience of life. He is, what he has always been, a lyrical poet. He does not argue in poetry, he does not elaborate ideas ; he has no curious interest in character—at least, if he has, it does not come out in his poetry—the forces and the elements of life are still great abstractions to him, and he continues to speak broadly of love and hate, of tyranny and freedom, of joy and grief, just as he speaks broadly of the sun and the wind and the sea. But though he does not elaborate ideas or unravel intricacies of thought, or argue subtly in his poetry, we are not to assume that he has no ideas, that he is a kind of brainless virtuoso, "a tube through which all things blow to music" as Tennyson called him. It is, indeed, plain to any one thoroughly acquainted with his work that he has ideas about life of great force and clearness, but that they are so fixed in his mind that he has no need to discuss them. They are the inspiration rather than the subject-matter of his verse, and an inspiration that has lasted into his old age, so that he has been able to write pure lyrical poetry at a time of life when most poets are either silent or broken in their music.

He is not one to put questions to Infinity. There are some things he would say, no doubt, that we know for certain. There are others that we cannot know by any questioning. But sometimes the thought of death turns his mind to those unknowable things, and then he speaks of them with a courage and gravity that could only have been begotten out of his certainty about what can be known. Here are three verses from the poem in memory of John William Inchbold, and I wish I could quote more :

"Whatever heaven, if heaven at all may be,
 Await the sacred souls of good men dead,
 There, now we mourn who loved him here, is he."
 So sweet and stern of speech, the Roman said,

Erect in grief, in trust erect, and gave
 His deathless dead a deathless life even here
 Where day bears down on day as wave on wave
 And not man's smile fades faster than his tear.

Albeit this life be given not me to give,
 Nor power be mine to break time's silent spell,
 Not less shall love that dies not while I live
 Bid thee, beloved in life and death, farewell.

These are not the words of a poet who can sing only because he cannot think, but rather of one who can face the darkness of thought without losing his trust in life, and whose music is solemn with the conquest of fears.

Mr. Swinburne seems always to have kept the ardour of youth, but not without a struggle ; and the first sign of this struggle, the first note of gravity and solemnity, is to be found in the second series of *Poems and Ballads*. He never wears his heart on his sleeve ; but there is some autobiography in the wonderful last verse of a *Vision of Spring in Winter*, where, addressing the spring, he seems to review the glories of his youth and to reconcile himself to the thought that they belong to the past.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled
 With twilight through the moonless mountain air,
 While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair
 Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,
 Rising ; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
 The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were ;
 These may'st thou not give back for ever ; these,
 As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
 Lie deeper than the sea ;
 But flowers thou may'st, and winds and hours of ease
 And all its April to the world thou may'st
 Give back, and half my April back to me.

The passion of the past is apt to lie heavy on poets; and not many of them have been able to sing it with so much power and yet with so brave a resignation. Mr. Swinburne gives thanks for all beauty and delight, but he will not be tied to a dead delight or stand for ever looking back upon a dead beauty. Nor is he in any sense one of those

who fill the dome
Of great dead gods with wrath and wail, nor hear
Time's word and man's: "Go honoured hence, go home,
Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun."

In his youth he was fierce in destruction; but, as the years went on, it grew plain that he destroyed not from lack of faith but from excess of it. To all the creeds and institutions which he attacked he might have addressed that magnificent line last quoted:

Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun.

For, indeed, the sun has always seemed to shine clearly in his heaven, and he has never been one of those who creep away from it into a cave and then cry out that it is extinguished or has never been. His poetry is full of the glory not only of earth and sky and sea, but also of mankind, and he has made a kind of religion out of his worship of these things. Many years ago a hostile and not very intelligent *Quarterly* reviewer said that there was too much ritual in the Songs before Sunrise, and in all Mr. Swinburne's poetry about freedom. That kind of ritual, those litanies and doxologies, such as for instance the great doxology of all the cities of Italy to Mazzini, those odes that seem to need choirs of all the free nations to sing them; all these are but natural expressions of the poet's religious instinct, and they take the splendid and high sounding forms common to noble religious instincts in all ages. Mr. Swinburne lives unfortunately in an age distrustful and, indeed, almost incapable of fine ritual. He has to imagine for himself the exultant choirs; and it is part of his task to make us imagine them also as we read his poetry. This he contrives to do with the volume and complexity of sound that seem to rise even from a printed page of his poetry. His is not chamber music or the voice of one man telling secrets about himself and to himself. With advancing years he has become more and more the poet of the play of the elements, of the hopes of the world, of heroic actions and of the fame of great men dead. All these things take on the same kind of glory to his mind and in his verse. When he deals with the high passions of mankind as in *Tristram of Lyonesse*, those passions seem to be in the sea and the wind and the sunrise no less than in the hearts of men. *Tristram* and *Iseult* in their loves by the western sea are but the heart of the summer night, and it is all alive with their passion.

Fair and fain
Somewhiles the soft rush of rejoicing rain
Solaced the darkness, and from steep to steep
Of heaven they saw the sweet sheet lightning leap
And laugh its heart out in a thousand smiles.
When the clear sea for miles on glimmering miles
Burned as though dawn were strewn abroad astray,
Or, showering out of heaven, all heaven's array
Had paven instead the waters.

Tristram of Lyonesse is all lyrical. The story is but a pretext for passages like this, or for speeches of an eloquence like that of *Romeo and Juliet*; and in his plays, too, Mr. Swinburne is always lyrical, and their action is nothing to him except for the lyrical opportunities which it provides. There is great poetry lost in these plays which no one in future probably will ever read, and one cannot but regret that he should have spent so much time upon a kind of art unfitted to his genius. But it is easy to understand why he has done so. He delights in heroic actions as some lyrical poets delight in the songs of nightingales or the thought of love. The dramatic form provides him with a machinery to bring heroic actions about and with scope to write of them at large. But

still he cannot write of them dramatically. He cannot make them happen before our eyes. He can only glorify them when they have happened; and the action must stand still for him to do this, just as in Italian opera it stands still for the prima donna to sing a great song. So the plays will be forgotten, I fear, as the old Italian operas are being forgotten. But the best of his poems in which he writes of heroic things are not likely to be forgotten, least of all those poems in his own Northumbrian dialect, in which he, the great virtuoso and master of all literary conventions, seems to recapture the simplicity of the ballad, enriching it with his own stronger music.

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby:
And none shall know but the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie.

It is not a mere archaistic trick that produces lines like this. Mr. Swinburne can write so only because he has been concerned with heroic thoughts all his life, and this rough speech of the border, in which so many heroic things have been written, comes as naturally to him as the tongue of Milton and Shelley. But there is one other verse, from A Jacobite's Farewell, than which no poet, not even Burns, has ever written anything more simple or poignant, and I will end by quoting this from the third series of Poems and Ballads as a challenge to those who think that Mr. Swinburne has never fulfilled the promise of the first:

O lands are lost and life's losing,
And what were they to gie?
Fu' mony a man gives all he can,
But nae man else gives ye.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Gospel and Wonder-tale,"
by J. A. MacCulloch.]

FICTION

Paul. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

AN unpleasant, laboured story in which the murderer of a woman's husband ultimately marries her. It is difficult, indeed, to regard the murder of Theodore Beckwith as a more serious crime than the killing of an ear-wig, or a less meritorious action than the killing of a dangerous snake. It is but fair to add, too, that Paul Norris had changed his mind about killing him at the actual moment when the motor-car went over his body; had, indeed, resolved to go over the cliff himself rather than do the deed. But the intention was there, and the death was the result of the intention. We cannot imagine a man and woman with this knowledge between them living together as man and wife largely on a bequest from the dead man, even when we consider the second husband's drunken remorse and its very sensational conversion to real sorrow for the sin during a service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

A Lady of Rome. By E. MARION CRAWFORD. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. MARION CRAWFORD is usually at his best in his descriptions of Roman life, and his latest book "*A Lady of Rome*," though possibly a little thin in comparison with some of his work, is written in his invariably charming manner. It has for background the social life of Rome which he depicts so well, and deals chiefly with the character—or rather conscience—of Maria Montalto, which is sustained through many years and various crises by religious conviction, causing her to expiate her sin at some length, in fact from cover to cover. Expiations and religious scruples at such length might easily become irritating, but here the author has shown his skill by making Maria's struggles not only far from wearisome but

so far interesting that the reader is pleased to leave her in the last pages still a sensible woman, who believes in the reward of virtue. The story is told well and smoothly, though without the deeply studied and vividly rendered psychology for which the characters give plenty of opportunity, so that they lack in some measure the vitality which such studies demand. The minor characters and descriptions are treated with the author's usual skill, and help to form a readable novel.

The Safety of the Honours. By ALLAN McAULAY. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THE glamour of the Stuarts is a never-failing source of inspiration to historical novelists. Even the inanimate objects connected with them share some of the romance, and this account of the Honours of Scotland is a case in point. The Crown, the Sceptre and the Sword were looked upon with something approaching superstition by Royalists and Cromwellians alike. So long as they remained in faithful hands, so long would there be hope for the Stuarts in Scotland. Mr. McAulay has given us a faithful history of their adventures, their smuggling in and out of the Castle of Dunnottar, and the group of quiet country folk who found their lives tangled up with the safety of the Regalia. The tale lacks the exaggerated adventurousness which we are accustomed to expect from modern books about this period, but it gains in characterisation, in impressiveness and in interest; for we can believe in it, and admire the unhysterical faithfulness of two or three quiet Royalists who sacrificed much and expected nothing.

The Motormaniacs. By LLOYD OSBOURNE. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE tells four rattling, breathless tales of American lovers and their motor-cars. Their adventures, quarrels, accidents and reconciliations while on the road are told in the highest spirits and at the third speed. Here other "motormaniacs" may read of the peculiarities of half a dozen kinds of car, their mechanism, their fascinating and fiendish ways; they may also revel in love stories told in the technical language of the garage. Pretty little stories they are too, when we are permitted to pause and enjoy them, and the motormaniacs are always entertaining and capital company to the end of the run.

The Matrimonial Lottery. By CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES. (Nash, 6s.)

THE lottery that is to boom the *Comet* and restore all its former glory and prosperity offers to the prize-winner a handsome husband, a title, and a fortune. The competition is keen, and leads to amusing complications. While the fun sparkles brightly on the surface, there are frequent glimpses of deeper interest and feeling, and some fresh and charming passages in Jack Derracott's wooing. The embarrassments that beset the prize in his endeavour to deal honourably with the two claimants for his hand are most divertingly described, although Miss Arethusa Evadne Jenkins is perhaps rather cruelly overworked as the ruthless husband-hunter. Wisdom and humour, pathos and the lightest spirit of farce rapidly succeed each other in this ingenious story, which cannot fail to find many delighted readers.

Sinless. By MAUD H. YARDLEY. (Sisleys, 6s.)

THAT a man, even after an absence of ten years, should not only fail to recognise his own wife, but should innocently appropriate a perfect stranger, accompany her to her hotel and never discover until the following morning that she was not his "Nell" but another's; that she should trustingly adopt him as her husband, without even ascertaining that he bore the right name, is completely absurd. It makes an original and startling opening for a story, however, and the novel-reader will not quarrel with

it on the score of improbability. It is not often that his breath is taken away so completely in the first pages of a novel. Miss Yardley nurses her material with such skill and keeps her secret so well that the close of the chapter, where she allows the truth to burst on us, is a triumph of dramatic effect. The end of the book is as startling, in its way, as the beginning.

Moon Face, and other Stories. By JACK LONDON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

EVEN if Mr. Jack London pronounces "Claverhouse" as it is written, it is difficult to see why he should spend half a page railing against it as "absurd—what a name! Just listen to the ridiculous sound of it!" However, the bearer of it is doomed to speedy extinction, at the hands of a man who hates him. Several of these stories are tales of hate. They are terse, virile to the verge of brutality, and they grip the mind. The language is fresh and convincing, save for one irritating phrase, "what of," which Mr. London uses very unsuitably. The story which lingers longest in the mind is "All Gold Canyon"; it paints a virgin solitude to which comes a gold-miner. When he has found the gold, and Earth has been compensated for the theft by her usual sacrifice of human blood, he goes away. That is all, but it is wonderfully told, and leaves an impressive sense of silence and solitude. There is also a weird story of two men who achieved invisibility, and of how they fought to the death in broad sunshine. But the short story is a crucial test, and we miss in these the power of "The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea-Wolf."

The Dumpling. By COULSON KERNAHAN. (Cassell, 6s.)

THIS story is described on its title-page as "A detective love story of a great Labour rising." It deals with a reincarnation of Napoleon, nicknamed "The Dumpling," who is filled with a noble love of his fellow men, if only they be poor enough, and sees no other way of bettering their condition than by indulging in robbery and murder, plotting in an opium den, and evolving the picturesque combination: "God, Napoleon and the Dumpling strike with a granite arm." There are also a millionaire and his sister and daughter, and the narrator of the tale, an insufferable young man who is a journalist by profession, a detective by fits and starts, a relief worker in the East End now and then, and impossible always. Coincidences rage throughout the book, but impossibilities are more rampant still. There is no characterisation, but there is a speech eleven pages long about Labour, delivered by a murderous madman. The grammar is uncertain, and the style is frequently facetious. The Labour army captures the Tower of London: the Dumpling kidnaps the King, and the King in captivity talks like an Adelphi hero. It is possible that there is a public which demands such books; it is a thousand pities that Mr. Kernahan should condescend to cater for it.

A Happy Marriage. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"PERHAPS no marriage ever made since the world began was right after the first week or two," remarks the author of the book, and the story bears out this opinion. It is a happy marriage—in parts. A man who prefers the simple life, in the rough, who entreates his father to disinherit him, marries a sensible angel with a nice appreciation of wealth and position. Of course, they sharply disagree, and coldly good human angels are formidable antagonists when their principles or their tastes are attacked. Time and tribulation, however, soften their asperities, and we leave the middle-aged couple rejoicing, rather demonstratively too, in an ardent renewal of love. Miss Cambridge is a capable story-teller and writes well. The daily round of these Australian families, their fine qualities, temptations, even their little vulgarities, are interesting and amusing in a quiet way.

The Avenging Hour. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"So we go forward, forgetful and secure; while unseen, unheeded, behind us follows, with unhinderable feet, the ghost of our deeds: that spirit, merciful and terrible, the Avenging Hour," quotes the author, by way of preface to his tale; and the fact that we know not why he quotes it—that we cannot discover its applicability, nor find a suggestion of any Avenging Hour—detracts very little from our appreciation and enjoyment of a well-written and charming novel. Once we catch Mr. Prevost Battersby slipping into the redundancies which mar his journalistic work, but for the rest he has exercised a wise restraint, and the book before us is by far his best. It is no small praise to say that in the first thirteen chapters—describing a single railway journey—there is not a word we could wish away.

The Triumph of Tinker. By EDGAR JEPSON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WE believe it was a remark of Mr. Whistler's concerning the use of pastels that "the use of a medium should never be pushed further than it was intended to go," and if Mr. Jepson will take a word of advice he will do well to abandon *Tinker* and all such marvellous children as his *pièces de résistance* for a time at any rate: for interesting as this story is—and it must be confessed that it goes with a good swing—it will not bear reading a second time, and the author has a command of workmanship that we feel sure is wasted on such unlikely happenings. He puts a very double-edged retort into the mouth of an American millionaire when he makes him say: "I was giving you statistics, sonny. You shouldn't go mixing up statistics and facts," which we commend to the earnest consideration of journalists.

FINE ART

THE AUTUMN SALON

ALTHOUGH it has only been in existence four years, the Salon d'Automne has made an assured place for itself among the large art exhibitions annually held in Paris, and the heat with which it is discussed and the contradictoriness of the critical opinions passed on it only serve to augment its interest and importance. Its enthusiastic supporters assert that here alone may you see the art of the future, art that is original and untrammelled by the bonds of convention; while more conservative critics condemn the exhibition *in toto* as a chamber of horrors, of paintings *ignobles et ignorants*. More moderate and less partial criticisms are harder to find, but a juster estimate was made by a veteran art-collector of Paris, a man whose rare natural judgment for the finer qualities of painting has been ripened by half a century of collecting. "I find in the Autumn Salon," he said, "plenty of cleverness; but too often it is cleverness run to seed. There is too much eccentricity, too many excesses." Were it not always dangerous to question an artist's sincerity, the honesty of too many exhibitions might also be called into question. For the man who paints blue men talking to green women under blood-red trees under the conviction that by so doing he is achieving beauty or demonstrating truth we may have some respect, however mistaken we may hold him to be. But for the man who perpetrates these things merely to attract attention to himself, to prove his originality and the freedom of his spirit, we can have nothing but dislike and contempt.

Viewed as a whole, the Autumn Salon shows us among younger French painters a tendency to give too much attention to theory and too little to practice. Imagination, often morbid and diseased, runs riot, and a search for

truth of colour serves in many cases as a pretext not only for carelessness in the presentation of form but also in the rendering of values. Now and again, it must be admitted, surprising and by no means unpleasing results are obtained by audacious means, and this gives hope for the future when the young painters have better mastered their medium, and are more discriminating in their association of colours.

A curious contrast is presented by the work of the two painters who this year are honoured with retrospective exhibitions. Courbet, to whom one room is allotted, was a painter eminently sane, a realist who, as the exhibits show, could paint an old woman with the direct strength and robust humour of a Hals, a landscape with the truth and earnestness of a Rousseau, a nude or a sea-piece with equal fidelity to nature and with equal dignity of handling. Paul Gauguin, for whom two rooms are thrown into one, was the very opposite to this. Starting his career as a disciple of the impressionist masters Pissarro and Cézanne, his imagination soon gained the upper hand over his observation. The painting of his masters appeared to him too sophisticated, and like our Pre-Raphaelites he thought that art, to progress, must retrace its steps, that it was necessary *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Being a "whole-hogger" in these matters, Gauguin was not content, as the English painters were, to go back to the primitives of Italy. He sought his masters among the primitives of the world, among the Egyptians and Assyrians, even, so M. Morice informs us in a brief memoir, the Aztecs and the Maoris. To be free from civilisation Gauguin shook the dust of Europe from his slippers and took up his residence in Tahiti, where he made a profound study of the religious beliefs and rites of the islanders and found models and inspiration for his paintings. A few years ago he died, and the present is the first collection of his paintings from which any estimate of the man's achievements can be deduced. That he was a genius there is little doubt, but he is at the same time a very dangerous model for the student. In technique his performances are varying and unequal. His drawing at times delights by the effective simplicity with which form is expressed, at other times we are affronted by what has the appearance of being wilful and unnecessary affectation. He will draw a Tahiti native with truth and charm, and then give us a Crucifixion in which the figures look like disjointed and contorted wooden dolls. As a decorator he has many merits, his design being usually well balanced and his lines rhythmical, while his colour-schemes, though at times almost crude in their association of primaries, often glow with a luminosity rivalling the effect of a stained glass window. The yellow skies in which he delights are peculiarly beautiful and effective, and there can be no doubt that by his self-imposed exile France has lost a master-designer of church windows. Inasmuch as a painter is to be judged by his performance rather than his intentions, it would be out of place here to do more than allude to the wealth of symbolism which admirers find in his work. It may be, as some say, that a complete philosophy of life is expressed in his paintings; but, if his work lives, as seems probable, it will be due quite as much to its decorativeness as to its symbolism.

A group of characteristic monotonous by Carrière, including more than one of his favourite maternity subjects, reminds the visitor of the loss the society has experienced in the death of its president, while the work of two veterans, happily still alive, reveals the source whence so many of the younger exhibitors have sprung. Cézanne and Renoir may no longer be in their prime, but the simplicity and strength of the former's still-life pieces and the flashiness of the sun-bathed nudes of the latter are still models to the student and among the most notable contributions to the exhibition.

Of the remaining exhibits, over two thousand in number, a mere summary must suffice. Anglada, the greatest colourist of the young Spanish school, is finely represented by two jewel-like colour harmonies, the motive

in one case being a group of white-robed women seen by electric light and presenting a shimmer of iridescent colour which justifies the title, *Opales*. Guirand de Scevola, forsaking for the moment the portraiture in which his cleverness is apt to outrun his discretion, appears at his best in a series of Versailles scenes, very true and very beautiful, happy and original in composition, harmonious in colour and fine in quality. For truth and beauty combined with the modern spirit they are not surpassed in the Grand Palais. Vuillard, the Hornel of France, sends three of his fine mosaics of colour, interiors with figures, but the values do not seem to have been preserved as carefully as is his wont. Simon Bussy shows life-sized figures on a balcony, with a tea-table and accessories better painted than the figures: Abel Truchet some garden and river scenes sunnily seen and blithely recorded; d'Espagnat, Guillaumin and Milcendeau are also represented, though not quite at their best.

Of the British exhibitors the foremost place is claimed by Mr. Lavery, who sends an important group, including his self-portrait for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, admirable as a likeness and sober and dignified in presentation, and two daring portraits with strong sunshine effects, of which that of "Miss Eileen L." is the more successful. Mr. Walter Sickert sends a group of sombre night scenes, mostly of London music-halls, and Mr. Stephen Haweis is represented by a group of decorative marines and scenes in the Luxembourg gardens, rich in colour and good in quality. Some clever street scenes by Mr. Gerald Kelly, and a dignified study for "Christ in the Temple," by Miss Sibyll Meugens, also deserve mention; while in the illustrated book section, where France has much to teach us, the designs of Aubrey Beardsley ably maintain the artistic honour of England against the "Fleurs du Mal," illustrated by Rodin, the lithographs of Fantin and the cats of Steinlen.

MUSIC

THE COLOUR IN BRAHMS

It is very remarkable that the first quality which attracts many people to music is its colour. A hymn tune without anything either of melodic beauty or rhythm to commend it has often gained a wide popularity because it contained some harmony of a highly coloured kind. This is a common instance, but the same fact is illustrated by every popular concert, especially, of course, by orchestral concerts. Successful scoring makes the first appeal and gives immediate delight, where other fine qualities may pass unnoticed. The concert room popularity of Wagner has been built up upon this fact. His sense of colour (not only his power of combining and contrasting instrumental qualities, but certain aspects of his harmony and melody also) is his most artistic resource, when a fragment of his music is taken out of its context and played in a concert room. On the other hand, nothing has retarded the progress of Brahms in the popular esteem so much as his apparent disregard of these qualities. Wagner's inherent love of scintillating, ever-changing colours has, as every one knows, a transforming effect upon the technique of the orchestra. Every composer who has written since has been to some extent influenced by him, because his discoveries were precisely in the direction which suited the temperament of his age. Constant variety is the conspicuous characteristic of modern music, both in its actual material and its colour, and a great many concert-goers take a childlike delight merely in the kaleidoscopic properties of the orchestra. Since colour has in itself such power to command attention, only the pedant, who cares not to be in touch with his audience, can neglect it, just as only the charlatan who cares for nothing else will rely upon it. No one knew better than Wagner how to turn this power to account for the ends towards which he worked, and among the

greater spirits of the present day the sense of colour is likewise used for an end beyond itself, though often the means seems disproportioned to the end.

Finding that Brahms stood aside from these methods, many critics of his day classed him among the pedants, who refuse the common parlance of their generation, and have no wish for intercourse with mankind. There are some, even among musicians, who still look on him as a man apart, who must be respected but cannot be loved, chiefly for this reason. As a matter of fact, however, attention soon teaches that Brahms was not in the least deficient in a sense of colour. He had a very great love for it, but it was a different love from that of his age. He had a most intimate appreciation of pure and simple tone qualities, but instead of contrasting and interweaving them in rapid succession he enjoyed dwelling upon one or two in the course of a whole movement. He was akin to Bach in this. Although Bach adopted the plan of using an obligato instrument, oboe d'amour, viola da gamba, or trumpet, through a complete movement, chiefly because it was the conventional plan of his time, he must have found great enjoyment in the contemplation of these tones separately, since he was such a revolutionist that, had it been otherwise, he would certainly have made experiments in the direction of complex orchestration. He took great care in the selection of instruments to play these parts, so that, unlike Handel, who in the same circumstances was content to write over and over again for the violin rather than to seek variety, Bach was a thoughtful colourist. This method of dealing with his colours would have suited Brahms's temperament, had it been possible to have used it; as far as the orchestra was concerned, however, complex treatment of its colours had become a necessary condition of its employment by the time that Brahms began his career, and he had to adapt himself to it. The fact that he was more than forty years old when he produced his first symphony shows how difficult he found it, and it is not to be denied that in this symphony, as well as in his earlier works in which he used the orchestra for accompaniment, there is a good deal of confused colouring. The introduction to the first movement of this symphony sounds strikingly like the colouring of Bach's *tutti* passages. One is reminded of the beginning of the settings of the *Passion* by the long stretches of monotonous colour. Whether Brahms purposely imitated an archaic tone or not, it shows that his mind was sympathetic to the music of another age. There are several instances of his using only a part of his orchestral resources through a whole movement, which illustrate this same characteristic. In the second serenade the violins are not used at all, and this gives the whole a sombre tone. It will be remembered that he used the same device through the first movement of the *German Requiem*, with extraordinarily impressive results. No one who has heard it can forget the mystic effect of the entry of the muted violins at the beginning of the second movement after the subdued colour of the first. Again in the fourth symphony he withheld the trombones throughout the whole work until the finale, that they might announce the theme with pompous grandeur, and colour the whole movement with their noble utterance. These are instances of broad and simple contrasts alien from the modern spirit of orchestral writing, but which appealed with great force to Brahms's nature.

The love of separate tone qualities is, of course, amply illustrated in Brahms's chamber music. His affection for the rich tone of the violoncello often led him to give it the theme, to place the weaker viola beneath it for accompaniment, and to continue the use of this colour over long passages. In the horn trio, but most of all in the clarinet music, written quite at the end of his life, this Bach-like love of dealing with a single pure quality was strikingly exemplified. No one who has heard the playing of Herr Mühlfeld is surprised that Brahms should have been inspired thereby to write two sonatas for clarinet and piano, a trio for clarinet, violin and piano, and the famous

clarinet quintet. In these, he allowed himself to indulge his love of a beautiful tone to the full. It has often been urged that he could not have cared much about tone qualities, since he added "oder Bratsche" after the word "clarinet," but this of course means no more than that he was so true a musician that he wished his music to reach people in whatever way possible, even if not in the most ideal way.

Whether this individual outlook of Brahms on questions of colour permanently injures the popularity of his music is an open question. There may come a reaction from the complexity and rapidity of contrast for which modern audiences thirst, and in which modern composers excel. Better still, people may learn to look deeper when they have got so used to these possibilities of combination and contrast that their attention is no longer occupied by them. In the meantime Brahms has in certain cases shown himself a master in the very arts which were less natural to him. The third symphony in F major is triumphantly successful in the intricate interweaving of the orchestral voices.

For this reason it is of all the four symphonies the happiest introduction to his music.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. JOHN LANE will publish on October 23 "The House in St. Martin's Street: Being Chronicles of the Burney Family," by Constance Hill. These chronicles of the life of the authoress of "Evelina" and her family in the last of their London homes are taken from contemporary letters and journals, written by Fanny Burney and her sisters, a large number of which are now published for the first time. The book includes unpublished letters from Mrs. Thrale, "Daddy" Crisp, Garrick and others.

A new volume of the "Story of Exploration" series is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Alston Rivers, "Tibet, the Mysterious," by Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich. The book covers the whole history of Tibetan exploration from the earliest efforts to the most recent period.

Mr. John Murray has in the press a new volume from the pen of Mr. T. Hubert Warren, entitled "Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern." There are nine essays, on: Sophocles and the Greek Genius; Matthew Arnold; "In Memoriam" after Fifty Years; Virgil and Tennyson; Dante and the Art of Poetry; Gray and Dante; Tennyson and Dante; the Art of Translation; and Ancient and Modern Classics as Instruments of Education. Two other books of interest announced by the same publisher are: "The Story of Port Royal," by Ethel Romanes, and "Life and Labour in India," by A. Yusif Ali, which deals with the characteristics and tendencies, social and industrial, of the Indian people. Mr. Murray will publish very shortly two novels: "Periwinkle," by Miss Lily Grant Duff, and "Rezánov," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Authors, playwrights, publishers, and, indeed, all who are concerned with copyright questions will be interested in a work by Messrs. Morris Colles and Harold Hardy on "Playright and Copyright in all Countries" which will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan. The book is designed as a practical guide, its principal object being to show how to protect a play or a book in all countries of the world where copyright and playwright have a marketable value.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish shortly three new novels: "The Tyranny of Faith," by Carl Joubert; "As Ye have Sown," by Dolf Wyllarde; and "Fortunes a' Begging," by Tom Gallon.

Messrs. Cassell will publish shortly "The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art," a book, which aims at presenting, without technicalities, a concise survey of the three methods of copper-

plate engraving in line, mezzotint and stipple as they interpreted the life and art of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The author is Mr. A. Malcolm Salaman.

Mr. Werner Laurie has in the press a travel-book entitled "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," by Mr. William T. Hornaday: a narrative of an expedition to the mountains of British Columbia. Mr. John M. Phillips contributes seventy illustrations from photographs, and two maps.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think the remarks made under this heading should not be allowed to pass without protest, as some of them, at least, contradict the facts. No spelling reformer would dream of suppressing a sound that is really audible, because the very essence of phonetics is the exact preservation of the spoken utterance. I do not understand what is meant by "the mental ear" which attaches a value to "the so-called silent letters." The silent letters are absolutely silent, and the dubbing of them as "so-called" is obviously meant to cast dust in our eyes. The *gh* in *light* has long been dead in polite language, and the fact that it may be recognised in some dialects and was sounded in all dialects some hundreds of years ago has nothing to do with the question. You might just as well write *etaticum* while you are about it, because that was the mediæval spelling of *age*. It is absurd to ignore historical movements and changes. We are actually told that, "in lovely diction one should hear not only every word, but every letter of the word." This is obviously impossible, and worse; for it is absurd, and meant to mislead. How is one to pronounce the false and delusive *c* in *scent* or in *scythe*, or the *c* and *na* in *victuals*? And does anybody really pronounce the *h* in *huce*, or the *ue* in *tongue*, and all the rest? And we are to go, we are told, by the spelling, even (of course) when it is demonstrably wrong. If we do not write the *ue* in *tongue*, we are told that we lose the "obvious final articulation"! Do we indeed? Then how about *bung*, and *sung*, and *lung*? Are we to spell these *bongue*, and *songue*, and *longue*? Do let us talk common sense, and not pretend to be poetical and sentimental where nothing of the sort is possible. Never talk about the spelling of *tongue* unless you happen to know how it came to be so spelt.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. H. Drummond, although he is so evident a reformer, does not seem very sanguine of success, and says we need not be apprehensive as our extreme conservatism will prevent *phonetic* spelling becoming the standard notation for ordinary use for generations. I think he is right there, and, while I hold with certain alterations such as were agreed on by the Philological Society years ago, I am sure that an entirely new and phonetic alphabet would only cause endless confusion and trouble.

Mr. Drummond, however, believes that by introducing some system of phonetic spelling into schools for *tutorial purposes only* (whatever that means) subsequent generations will by degrees come to use such new spelling in their daily intercourse. As one opposed to an entirely new and phonetic spelling, I must leave to others to decide whether it might not be better to then adopt this system of phonetic spelling straight away rather than to have to endure for generations two current systems of spelling, *i.e.*, one for educational (*sic*) and another for reading purposes.

I doubt, too, very much that even after the introduction of some twelve or fourteen further characters, English spelling would be perfectly phonetic, or would remain so long, especially if our language continues to extend and increase its vocabulary, as heretofore, by adopting words from other tongues.

No one imagines, in any case, that (as Mr. Drummond thinks I implied) there would be a dearth of books of some sort as a result, but a too violent reform, I do believe, would render our past literature quite unreadable to the masses, whose claims are equally as worth considering as those of the scholar with plenty of leisure.

Mr. Drummond, in accusing me of a too sentimental attachment to the historic side of language, says that phonetic spelling would *not* destroy the history bound up with words. If necessary, however, I could furnish him with many instances where such a change as he desires would entirely destroy the links in the chain connecting our written language with its past.

As in everything else of natural growth, too violent measures would, in my opinion, simply destroy instead of healing our language, and, whether the historic side of the question appeals to one or not, the fact remains, no language that has not been built up in a day can be altered at anybody's sweet will. All attempts to do so are sure to meet with failure. Language is of two kinds—written and spoken—the written part, as it represents not only the speech of today but of

the past, is the more important. Hence, reformers are, I think, wrong when they make out that it should be solely governed by the pronunciation of the moment, and that written language must always conform to speech.

F. W. T. LANGE.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. H. Drummond unconsciously misrepresents me when he says it follows from my reasoning that Job, Shakespeare, and Milton were "ignoble thinkers and writers." (I refrain from following Mr. Drummond's ludicrous spelling in this quotation.) It is, rather, a necessary corollary of my dictum that language grows, to admit that at an earlier period of its history its form should be different. There is no analogy between the living orthography of Milton's time and this mechanical monster—this caricature of a language—of the phoneticians.

Have these misguided men calculated the possible consequences of their misapplied zeal? Have they considered our Continental neighbours, and is the integrity of the "entente" sacred in their eyes? Already the nations will have read, on Mr. Drummond's authority, that Mr. Chamberlain has been caught "tripping," a term and mode of expression which well may lead them to suspect that dark political intrigue is afoot.

Mr. Drummond's plea for the dunces is pathetic, but unconvincing. If their faculty of observation is so slack that they cannot spell correctly in the current orthography, neither will they do so in any other. And, at all events, they may rest content that Englishmen are not going to allow this wholesale degradation of their noble language in the interests of any one.

J. B. WALLIS.

October 10.

[We have received also another long letter from Mr. H. Drummond, on the subject of "The Value of the Letter," in which he pours scorn on Miss Gladys Jones's plea while praising the charm of her style. To her doubt whether any newly suggested theory of spelling can even express the sounds of to-day, he replies with the names of Pitman, Ellis, March, Larison, Sweet and Passy, and quotes Max Müller as saying that some schemes refined too much and that he preferred Pitman's "Fonotypy," because it did not attempt to record every passing sound. Our present spelling he declares in the words of Mr. W. D. Howells to be "the greatest monument of human folly." In reply to her remark that the historic and etymological value of the old spelling has been admitted, he asks, By whom? and quotes Professor Skeat and Dr. Donaldson's recent speech at St. Andrew's on the other side. He imagines, it appears, that it is only in the north of England that the "r" is sounded broadly as a consonant, and gives "Southerners" the quite unnecessary advice to "do likewise." Has he, we wonder, ever heard a west country dialect spoken? Among other interesting quotations in a letter which adds little to the argument of Mr. Drummond's previous communications on the subject occurs Dr. Donaldson's statement that there were no English newspapers in Egypt in 1881-2 because English spelling was so difficult that the Egyptians did not learn the language, and Mr. Clement Shorter's admission that he cannot spell. A statement by Mr. Egbert Roberts that the present redundancy of consonants makes English singing difficult and unpleasant, and a story of Mme. Patti's refusing to sing "Una voce poco fa" in English, have, we submit, nothing to do with the question at issue. Singing-masters and singers are concerned not with the spelling of words but their pronunciation, and we are right, we believe, in supposing that the Spelling Reformers are content at present with the endeavour to approximate spelling to pronunciation, and have not yet undertaken the task of reforming speech as well.—ED.]

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a recent issue of the ACADEMY attention is called to two new features introduced into the library world; one the adoption of the "Private View," the other a Librarian's Club-Room. Now as regards the private view of a few librarians before a library is opened to the public, little objection need be taken, but it cannot be claimed as a new feature originating at the Islington Libraries, as it has occurred elsewhere. As regards another private view, that to which a chosen minority of the public are invited by circular to view the interior arrangements of a library (to the cost of which objection was made at a recent meeting of the Islington Borough Council) while the vast majority are left out in the cold; it appears to be ill-advised in connection with a public library, and especially with one which so widely advertises its freedom in other respects, and I certainly think that the less "private views" and similar privileges, restricted to a comparative few, are allowed in these institutions the better will be their chance of popularity and success. In these days, and especially in a democratic community, it certainly seems altogether inconsistent that an institution that should be noted for its democratic character of perfect equality is so prominently noted for the "private view" and the abolition of the newsroom—the room *par excellence* of the working man. These remarks are made in no carping spirit but rather as an expression of regret that anything should mar the inauguration and efficiency of libraries which, according to the numerous press notices, possess several features of interest worthy of commendation.

As regards a librarians' club-room, no doubt such a room might be a convenience, but it should be provided by the librarians' own

association and not by a Library Supply Company, as the visitors to the latter would naturally feel under some restraint and feel under pressure, in some cases, to purchase something if only to relieve their sense of obligation. These conditions would not exist in a room provided by the Library Association itself, and consequently free from any possible suspicion of ulterior motive. But even were such a room provided by the Association, whatever other advantages it might possess, those connected with correspondence would be of little value as most librarians receive their letters at their own libraries or residences, and would, with rare exceptions, answer them from there.

The intimation that such a room is to be provided by a library furnishing company has already been commented upon by the representatives of other firms, and we may yet see an interesting competition between them, each one vying with the other in providing rooms with superior attractions in order to obtain the larger number of visiting librarians. It would certainly appear that a press announcement of such club-rooms would be most appropriately made in the advertisement columns.

A. COTGREAVE.

29 Victoria Road, Great Yarmouth.

October 12.

"THE USE OF THE CHURCH SERVICES TO AGNOSTICS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One afternoon, about twenty years ago, I wandered—a "reverent doubter," a "devout agnostic"—into the Oratory in Brompton Road, and there I learnt a lesson. May I give it to you in an extract from the story of my pilgrimage as it is told in "An Agnostic's Progress," instead of trying to find new words?

"I remember vividly the profound emotion with which I saw at last a great gathering of pilgrims worshipping, as in my queer but honest way I worshipped, and acknowledging—it seemed—as I acknowledged, the oneness of spirit and matter, the immeasurable greatness penetrating and including the very least, the infinite issuing through the finite, the supreme source reflected in the image, God coming to man through the little things being made. I saw all this in a people prostrate, as I was prostrate, before an everyday material thing."

I think that this goes to confirm some of the many just statements made by "Spectator ab extra," to whom I tender my thanks.

WM. SCOTT PALMER.

SPECTATOR ET JOCULATOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Comparisons are odious but contrasts delicious. The reason probably is that in comparisons the things are alike, only more so, and therefore, as in the case of the plain sister, we get too much of a good thing. Whereas the sense of contrast, of the thing and its opposite, gives us the exquisite sensation of eating our cake and having it too. My letter is prompted by the inexpressible thrill of delight I experienced from reading the weekly "Nugæ Scriptoris" on the use of the church service to agnostics, and the article on the greatest religious painter of our times in your Fine Art section. Could mortal man conceive a more perfect contrast between what I would call the *scriptural nuggets* of the one and the profane "rosseries" of the other? One is a pious rendering of the agnostic, the other an agnostic rendering of the pious. I can only compare its surprising effects to a music-hall entertainment in which Dr. Clifford and Mr. George Robey should appear as consecutive numbers on the programme.

A. CHORTLER.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is rare that the ACADEMY speaks with two voices, and rarer still that it ever holds a narrow Puritan view of life and art. But it is enough to make that most proper of proper persons the late Mr. Matthew Arnold turn in his grave and poor Mr. Binyon blush on learning that the story of the hero and heroine of two of their best known poems "is simply the glorification of adultery, and it was solely on that account that it appealed to the taste of the licentious courts of the kings and princes and nobles of mediæval Europe."

What your reviewer would have said of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* I tremble to think. Happily the real ACADEMY gives us its verdict when dealing with this identical work in the Bookshelf section, by alluding to "the heavy-handed attacks on this extraordinarily beautiful, if unwholesome piece of work."

But your critic's bovinity knows no bounds: He concludes: "such a story now can only be endured when used as a vehicle for Wagner's music." Fancy Wagner being told that his libretto was merely a peg to hang his music on, as though his chief aim were not to make words and music as far as possible one in thought, idea and feeling. Does your critic then estimate Wagner's music as mere ear-tickling stuff, *à propos* of nothing in particular? Happily, once more the same issue contains the antidote as well as the base. Your musical critic, in discussing Purini's operas, shows incidentally how Wagner was, and tried above all to be, a great psychologist in music.

A GREAT ADMIRER OF THE "ACADEMY."

THE MOTOR MANIA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Could "Spectator [ab extra]" kindly give me the authority for his startling statement that "the loss of life, the number of accidents, and the destruction of property by motors, is much greater than it has ever been by railway trains or horse or carriage conveyance. That fact is undoubted." I have been at some pains to try and discover any official return which could lend colour to an allegation so damaging to the motor-car, but, so far as I can ascertain, statistics point to a very different conclusion. Perhaps, however, your contributor has access to more recent returns than those which I have been able to unearth. Early in the recent Session the Home Office issued a table which showed that the number of deaths caused by motor-cars in England and Wales in the year 1904 was fifty-nine; the electric tram, which of course bears no relation to the motor-car, being responsible for the loss of fifty-five lives, and the traction engine for twenty-nine. Another return from the Home Office, issued over a year ago, showed that during 1904 covered vans in the Metropolis alone caused 1389 accidents, of which thirty-four were fatal. A still later return shows that, from June 1904 to March 1905, motor-cars in the metropolis caused accidents to three hundred and thirteen persons, with fatal results in eleven instances. No doubt the tale of accidents has considerably increased during the past twelve months, but I think that it should in fairness be remembered that there are at the present moment something like 100,000 motor vehicles in use in the United Kingdom, each of which represents in the matter of mileage covered, at least two or three horsed vehicles. The motor-car, so far as my experience and observation goes, is by far the safest road conveyance in existence, so long as it is driven with reasonable care and skill. Accidents occur from time to time, but their number is apt to be grossly exaggerated owing to the prominence given by the daily press to any incident in which a motor-car is even remotely concerned. How many, I wonder, of the 1389 accidents caused by covered vans in 1904, found their way into the newspapers?

With the rest of Spectator's paper I have little concern. He prefers to move slowly from point to point. For my own part if business instead of pleasure is the object in view, the quickest means of locomotion available suits me best. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the motorist on pleasure bent has no eye for scenery and the beauties of nature. Mere speed may have a fascination for some drivers, but I have constantly heard motorists declare that, apart from the purely utilitarian side of the question, the possession of a car has enabled them to gain a closer acquaintance with their country than they could have obtained by any other means.

F. A.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An instance of a plural verb wrongly placed in relation to a singular noun is supplied by Shakespeare's "Of his bones are coral made," in which, of course, "coral" is the subject and demands the use of "is." Maybe this blunder is the work of an editor, and that Shakespeare really wrote: "Of his bones are corals made," a more musical line than "Of his bones is coral made" which the singular subject necessitates.

J. B. WALLIS.

October 15.

[It is far more likely that Shakespeare wrote the ungrammatical phrase as quoted. There are hundreds of such instances in his works and those of his contemporaries.—ED.]

AFRICAN LANGUAGES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The importance of language in relation to political and social aspects of the native question in Africa seems liable to be overlooked. The possibility of large groups of tribes, hitherto distinct and mutually antagonistic, becoming rapidly able and eager to understand each other in some common form of speech has apparently to be taken into account. Twenty-six years contact with Swahili and various dialects of Eastern and Central Africa points so far to the conclusion that there is a remarkable degree of similarity, amounting in many important respects to substantial identity, in the grammatical structure of language over the whole vast area occupied by the Bantu races of Africa, from the Soudan to the Cape. And the stock of words common to all Bantu tribes, when recognised under their various dialectic disguises, will probably prove very considerable.

The officials, missionaries, traders, settlers and travellers of various nationalities who are qualified to give help in testing this conclusion by personal and first-hand study of a Bantu dialect are naturally difficult to reach, scattered in remote and often isolated spheres of work. It is therefore perhaps justifiable to ask publicity for the request, that persons so qualified and willing to accept and reply to a brief communication on the subject would send me their addresses at Fort Jameson, North-Eastern Rhodesia. I should be grateful if foreign journals and local papers in Africa, general and official, would assist by calling attention to my invitation.

A. C. MADAN.

July 12.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Aberdeen University Studies, No. 20: *Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire*. Written for the Quatercentenary of the University of Aberdeen by Seven of its Graduates. Edited by W. M. Ramsay. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 391. Aberdeen University Press.

[Contents: "Isaurian and East Phrygian Art in the Third and Fourth Centuries After Christ," by A. Margaret Ramsay; "Smyrna as Described by the Orator Aelius Aristides," by W. M. Calder; "Epitaphs in Phrygian Greek," by A. Petrie; "Inheritance by Adoption and Marriage in Phrygia, as shown in the Epitaphs of Trophimos and his Relatives," by John Fraser; "Explorations in Lycaonia and Isauria, 1904," by T. Callander; "Paganism and Christianity in the Upper Tembris Valley," by J. G. C. Anderson; "Preliminary Report to the Wilson Trustees on Exploration in Phrygia and Lycaonia," by W. M. Ramsay; "The War of Moslem and Christian for the Possession of Asia-Minor," by W. M. Ramsay; and "The Tekmoreian Guest-Friends: An Anti-Christian Society on the Estates at Pisidian Antioch," by W. M. Ramsay.]

Clausen George. *Aims and Ideals in Art*. With 32 illustrations. 8½ x 6. Pp. 185. Methuen, 5s. net.

[Eight Lectures delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy in 1905 and 1906. With the exception of a few alterations in form made necessary by publication, they are printed as delivered.]

Maclair, Camille. *Antoine Watteau (1684-1721)*. Translated by Madame Simon Bussy. The Popular Library of Art. 6 x 4. Pp. 200. Duckworth, 2s. net.

Dillon, Edward. *The Arts of Japan*. With 41 illustrations. Little Books on Art. 6 x 4½. Pp. 212. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

[An attempt to "summarise the vast amount of information upon the Art of Japan [much of it from native sources] that has lately become available."]

Moore, T. Sturge. *Correggio*. With 59 illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 276. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Some Reminiscences of William Michael Rossetti. 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. 873. Brown, Langham, 42s. net.

[See the ACADEMY of October 6, pp. 333-4.]

Court Life in the Dutch Republic, 1638-1689. By the Baroness Suzette van Zuylen van Nyevelt. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 363. Dent, 16s. net.

Personal and Literary Letters of Robert First Earl of Lytton. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 1788. Longmans, 21s. net. [See p. 389.]

Stoddart, Jane T. *The Life of the Empress Eugénie*. With six illustrations in photogravure. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 311. Hodder & Stoughton, 18s. 6d. net.

[Genealogies: The Scots Ancestry of the Empress Eugénie; and The Empress Eugénie's Association with the Houses of Stuart and Guelph. Index.]

Moorhouse, E. Hallam. *Nelson's Lady Hamilton*. With 51 portraits. 9 x 5½. Pp. 376. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

A Genealogical History of the Savage Family of Ulster. Being a Revision and Enlargement of Certain Chapters of "The Savages of the Ards." Compiled by Members of the Family from Historical Documents and Family Papers, and edited by G. F. S. A. With illustrations of Arms, Mansions, Ruins of Castles, and Ancient Sites and Monuments connected with the Family. 11½ x 9½. Pp. 381. Chiswick Press, 21s. net.

Stoddart, Anna M. *The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop)*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 416. Murray, 18s. net.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Orange Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. With 8 coloured plates and numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford. 7½ x 5. Pp. 358. Longmans, 6s. Lees, Rev. G. Robinson. *Life and Adventures Beyond Jordan*. With illustrations from Photographs by the author. 8 x 5½. Pp. 304. Kelly, 5s. net.

Stories of William Tell and his Friends. By H. E. Marshall; pictures by I. L. Gloag. Told to the Children series. 6 x 4½. Pp. 112. Jack, 1s. net.

The Story of Sir Francis Drake. By Mrs. Oliver Elton; pictures by T. H. Robinson. 6 x 4½. Pp. 126. *The Story of Lord Roberts*. By Edmund Francis Sellar; pictures by Sydney Paget and others. 6 x 4½. Pp. 120. The Children's Heroes series. Jack, 1s. 6d. net each.

Steedman, C. M. *The Child's Life of Jesus*. With 30 coloured pictures by Paul Woodroffe. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 423. Jack, 10s. 6d. net.

Lodge, R. B. *The Story of Hedgerow and Pond*. Coloured illustrations from drawings by G. E. Lodge. 8 x 5½. Pp. 298. Kelly, 5s. net.

Clarke, Mrs. Henry. *A Village Tyrant*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 126. Macsoreley, Catherine Mary. "Good-bye, Summer." A Story for Girls. 7½ x 5. Pp. 127. Crake, Rev. Edward E. *Henri Duquesne*. A Sussex Romance. 7½ x 5. Pp. 128. S.P.C.K., 10d. each.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol. LXXII New Series: Vol. L. May 1906 to October 1906. 10 x 7. Pp. 966. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.

St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Vol. XXXIII. Part II.—May 1906 to October 1906. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 573. Macmillan, 6s.

Duncan, Norman. *The Adventures of Billy Topsail*. Illustrated. 8 x 5½. Pp. 331. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

Bearne, David, S. J. *Charlie Chittrick*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 205. Roehampton: Manresa Press, 3s. 6d.

Wallas, Mrs. Graham. *The Land of Play*. Illustrated by Gilbert James. 7½ x 5. Pp. 240. Arnold, 3s. 6d.

Meade, L. T. *The Colonel and the Boy*. Illustrated. 8 x 5½. Pp. 309. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Strang, Herbert. *One of Clive's Heroes*. A Story of the Fight for India. Illustrated by William Rainey, R.I. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 406. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

EDUCATION.

- Feuilletons Choisis.* Edited by Cloudeley Brereton. Oxford Modern French series. 7½ x 5. Pp. 118. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s.
Forster, Edward S. *Dent's Latin Primer for Young Beginners.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 135. Dent, 1s. net.

FICTION.

- Marriott, Charles. *Women and the West.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 304. Nash, 6s.
[Fourteen short stories; all save one have appeared previously in different periodicals.]
Benson, E. F. Paul. 7½ x 5. Pp. 321. Heinemann, 6s. (See p. 398.)
Rhoscomyl, Owen. *Old Fireproof.* Being the Chaplain's story. 7½ x 5. Pp. 390. Duckworth, 6s.
Connell, F. Norreys. *The Young Days of Admiral Quilliam.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 349. Blackwood, 6s.
Crawford, F. Marion. *A Lady of Rome.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 390. Macmillan, 6s. (See p. 398.)
Rhodes, Kathlyn. *The Spinner.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 304. Digby, Long, 6s.
[Priscilla, a country maid who is married by an artist in order that he may obtain her services as a model, is sympathetically drawn, but the author has not devoted the same care to her other characters, and the story leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth.]
White, W. Holt. *The Earthquake.* A Romance of London, 1907. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
[We are growing a little tired of these novels of a future year; but much may be forgiven the author of the book before us. He is seldom dull, and his story of an international conspiracy, based on a corner in wheat, carries the reader with a rush from the first chapter, in which the earthquake disturbed a dinner-party and "set the ball rolling," to the last, in which the brilliant Prime Minister, of course, saves his country. A good book to beguile the tedium of a railway journey.]
Holdsworth, Annie E. (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). *The Iron Gates.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.
Nield, Jonathan. *Slings of Fortune.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Allenson, 6s.
[Mr. Jonathan Nield will be remembered as the author of a valuable "Guide to Historical Fiction"; but a discriminating critic does not necessarily make a good novelist, and his "Slings of Fortune" is crude, and the jocosity forced and a little "cheap."]
Grier, Sydney C. *The Heir.* Illustrated. 8 x 5½. Pp. 348. Blackwood, 6s.
Steuart, John A. *The Wages of Pleasure.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 395. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
Lucas, St. John. *Quicksilver and Flame.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Arnold, 6s.
Laffan, Mrs. De Courcy. *The Vicar of Dale End.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Digby, Long, 6s.
Fletcher, J. S. *A Maid and Her Money.* With illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. 317. Digby, Long, 6s.
[An unoriginal and particularly dull novel. The characters are unconvincing, and the poet and the brilliant novelist and journalist (who is very shaky in his grammar) frankly impossible. (About the middle of the book two chapters—brightly written, with some good conversational matter—promised better things, but the author falls back into the slough of convention and the end is as dull as the beginning.)]
Fleming, Clifton. *A Mad Compact.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 302. Digby, Long, 6s.
[A mad compact—a very mad compact, we think—between an author and his "ghost"; but had Mr. Fleming, before publication, submitted his novel to a friend, together with a blue pencil, the result might have been an interesting book.]
Cullum, Ridgwell. *The Night-Riders.* A Romance of Western Canada. 7½ x 5. Pp. 330. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Braddon, M. E. *The White House.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 444. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Weyman, Stanley J. *Chipping.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 375. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Coleridge, M. E. *The Lady on the Drawing-room Floor.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 283. Arnold, 6s.
[A pleasant little story—without a plot, and with no more exciting incident than a fancy-dress ball—which runs smoothly along till, in the end, the lady on the drawing-room floor responds to the invitation of the gentleman on the ground floor.]
Innes, Norman. *The Surge of War.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 310. Nash, 6s.
[Ten short stories cast in the form of "Memories of an Aide-de-Camp to Frederick the Great." The first is poor, but there is no lack of excitement in the remaining nine, though they might equally well have been styled memories of an aide-de-camp to any one else. They are the sort of stories—full of incident and the glamour of war—we are accustomed to find in the pages of monthly magazines.]
Butler, Ellis Parker. *Pigs is Pigs.* Illustrations by Will Crawford. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 47. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.

HISTORY.

- Paul, Herbert. *A History of Modern England.* In five volumes. Vol. v. 9 x 6. Pp. 408. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.
[1885 to 1895. With a complete index to the whole work.]
Gasquet, Abbot. *Parish Life in Mediæval England.* With numerous illustrations. The Antiquary's Books. 9 x 5½. 1 p. 279. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
[Chapters on The Parish Church, Clergy, and Officials; Church Services and Festivals; Parochial Finance; The Sacraments; The Parish Pulpit; Parish Amusements; and Guilds and Fraternities.]
Oman, C. *The History of England from the Accession of Richard II. to the Death of Richard III. (1377-1485).* The Political History of England series. In twelve volumes—vol. iv. 9 x 6. Pp. 525. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.
[Appendices, with genealogical tables; index and maps.]

LITERATURE.

- Hyde, A. G. *George Herbert and his Times.* With 32 illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 327. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net. (See p. 390.)

- Schofield, William Henry. *English Literature: From the Norman Conquest to Chaucer.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 500. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
[The first of two volumes on the literary history of England from the Norman Conquest to the time of Elizabeth—companion volumes to those by Mr. Stopford Brooke, Professor Saintsbury, and Mr. Edmund Gosse.]
Duff, J. Wight. *Homæ and Beowulf: a Literary Parallel.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 25. The Viking Club, n.p.
[Reprinted from the Saga-Book of the Viking Club, 1906. Paper covers.]
Duff, E. Gordon. *The Printers, Stationers and Bookbinders of Westminster and London, from 1476 to 1535.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 156. Cambridge University Press, 5s. net.
[Lectures delivered by the author as Sanders Reader in Bibliography in the University of Cambridge in two series: the first in the Lent Term, 1899, the second in the May Term 1904. Of the first series a small edition was privately printed for presentation, the second is now printed—and both are now published—for the first time.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Irving, H. B. *Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical.* 8 x 6. Pp. 252. Bickers, 3s. 6d. net.
[Eight essays, some of which have appeared before in different periodicals.]
A Sailor's Garland. Selected and edited by John Masefield. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.
Belloc, Hilaire. *Hills and the Sea.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 314. Methuen, 6s.
[A "nature book." Many of the papers have appeared in the *Speaker*, the *Pilot*, the *Morning Post*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and other periodicals.]
Thomas, Edward. *The Heart of England.* With coloured illustrations by H. L. Richardson. 10½ x 8½. Pp. 258. Dent, 21s. net.
White, H. J. *Merton College, Oxford.* Illustrated by Edmund H. New. The College Monographs. 7 x 4½. Pp. 104. Dent, 2s. net.
Priestly, L. A. M. (Mrs. George McCracken). *The Love Stories of Some Eminent Women.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 379. Drane, 6s.
[The "eminent women, are: Madame Roland, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, Lady Henry Lawrence, Isabel Lady Burton, Mrs. Siddons, Christina Rossetti, and Charlotte Brontë. The reader will learn little from the wash of words and fulsome eulogy which result from the author's attempt to "catch with a sympathetic ear the heart-beats that underlie [the] greatness" of "these illustrious lovers."]
Catalogue of Books Printed for Private Circulation, Collected by Bertram Dobell and now Described and Annotated by Him. 9½ x 6. Pp. 238. Published by the Author, 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C.
Cunynghame, H. H. *Time and Clocks.* With many illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 200. Constable, 6s. net.
[A description of ancient and modern methods of measuring time.]
Parkyn, Walter A. *The Language of Commerce.* 2 vols. 7½ x 5. Pp. 242. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. each.
[Vol. i.—Composition, Terminology, and Letter-Writing, with Dictionary of technical terms and phrases, list of abbreviations, model business letters, and test papers; vol. ii.—Correspondence Classified and Simplified, with characteristic schemes for the composition of each distinct class of correspondence and eighty model business letters.]
Clayton, Joseph. *The Bishops as Legislators.* With a Preface by the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 126. Fifeild, 2s. net.
[A record of votes and speeches delivered by the Bishops of the Established Church in the House of Lords in the Nineteenth Century.]

MUSIC.

- Evans, Edwin. *Tchaikovsky.* Illustrated. The Master Musicians series. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 208. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
[Chronology of works at end.]

PHILOSOPHY.

- Baillie, J. B. *An Outline of the Idealistic Construction of Experience.* 9 x 6. Pp. 344. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.
Shepherd, Harold B. *The Shadow of Eternity.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 156. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
Fichte, Johann Gottlieb. *The Vocation of Man.* Translated by William Smith, with biographical introduction by E. Ritchie. Philosophical Classics—Religion of Science Library, No. 20. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 178. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d.
[Paper covers.]

POETRY.

- "Dum-Dum." *The Crackling of Thorns.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 79. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
[Most of these verses have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* or *Punch*.]
Rose of My Life—II. 5½ x 4. Pp. 87. Chiswick Press, 2s. 6d. net.
[Verses—triolets, rondeaus, sonnets, and ballads.]
Spiers, Kaufmann. *Durante and Selvaggia, and other poems.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 115. Nutt, 2s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Maxwell, Hellen. *The Marriage of Eileen.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 317. Digby, Long, 6s.
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn. *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.* Popular Edition. 3 vols. 8 x 5½. Murray, 7s. 6d. net the set.
[Not sold separately. Vol. i.—Abraham to Samuel; vol. ii.—Samuel to the Captivity; vol. iii.—The Captivity to the Christian Era.]
Smiles, Samuel. *Self-Help: with Illustrations of Conduct and Perseverance.* Re-issue. Two parts in one volume. 7½ x 5. Pp. 212. Murray, 1s. net.
[Paper covers.]
Dumas, Alexandre. *Comtesse de Charny.* Illustrated. 3 vols. 7½ x 5. Pp. 624, 675, and 670. *The Black Tulip.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 355. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
[Reprinted from American plates.]

Irving, Washington. *The Keeping of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall*. With 24 coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock. 8x5. Pp. 267. Maaning, Anne. *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. With 24 coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock. 8x5. Pp. 185. English Idylls series. Dent, 5s. net each.

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell: *North and South*. The Knutsford edition. In eight volumes—vol. iv. 7½x5½. Pp. 521. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.

Lithgow, William. *The Tattall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painfull Peregrinations of longe Nineteene Yeares Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia and Affrica*. 9x6. Pp. 449. MacLachose, 12s. 6d. net.

[The text now published is a reprint of the *editio princeps* of 1632. The letters i, j, u, and v, have been altered to conform to modern usage, and obvious printer's errors, both of spelling and punctuation have been corrected. The index of the original edition has been replaced by a fuller one.]

Hardy, O. H. *Rel Letter Days in Greece and Egypt*. Illustrated. Second edition. 7½x5½. Pp. 135. Smeatt & Hughes, 3s. 6d. net.

Gillespie, William Honyman. *The Argument, à Priori, for the Being and the Attributes of the Lord God, the Absolute One, and First Cause*. 8½x5½. Pp. xvi, 334. Edinburgh: Clark, 1s.

[The sixth or Theists' edition, reissued for the Trustees of Mrs. Honyman Gillespie. With a sketch of the author's life and work by James Urquhart.]

SCIENCE.

Hamilton, Mary. *Incubation, or the Cure of Disease in Pagan Temples and Christian Churches*. 8½x5½. Pp. 227. St. Andrews: Henderson, 5s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Gordon, William Clark. *The Social Ideals of Alfred Tennyson as Related to his Time*. 7½x5½. Pp. vii, 257. Unwin, 6s. 6d. net. (See p. 391.)

Rivers, W. H. R. *The Todas*. With illustrations. 9x6. Pp. 755. Macmillan, 21s. net.

[Bibliography, list of villages, list of plants, glossary, index and genealogical tables.]

THEOLOGY.

Coulton, G. G. *Friar's Lantern*. 7½x5. Pp. 255. Clarke, 3s. 6d. net.

Russell, Rev. W. E. *Life's Greatest Problem and how it is Solved*. 7½x5. Pp. 173. Kelly, 2s. 6d.

Carus, Paul. *Amitabha. A Story of Buddhist Theology*. 8x5½. Pp. 121. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

Powell, Francis E. *The Unified Gospel (A Written Tetramorph)*. 8x5½. Pp. 365. Drane, 3s. 6d. net.

[“Consisting of every word of the Four Gospels woven into one consecutive and harmonious narrative from the text of the Revised Version, with descriptive analyses.”]

Beet, Joseph Agar. *A Manual of Theology*. 8½x5½. Pp. 568. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.

[“This volume embodies an attempt to gain, so far as the limitations of human knowledge permit, a connected and comprehensive view, in their objective reality, of the unseen foundations of religion.”]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

The Voyage of the “Scotia.” Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration in Antarctic Seas. By Three of the Staff. With illustrations. 9x6. Pp. 375. Blackwood, 21s. net.

Hobson, J. A. *Canada To-Day*. 7½x5. Pp. 143. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.

[The greater part of the book was contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*, during the winter of 1905-1906 in the form of letters, which have now been corrected and added to.]

Bogg, Edmund. *Richmondshire and the Vale of Mowbray*. In two volumes—vol. i. With 58 illustrations and 4 maps. 9x6. Pp. 428. Elliot Stock, 4s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Archæological Survey of India: Annual Report 1903-4. Calcutta, Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India, 1906. Price not stated.—The Annual Report of the Archæological Survey of India for the year 1903-4 is of special importance because it is the first issued since the passing of the “Ancient Monuments Act.” Consequently a considerable part of the report deals with an entirely new section, the conservation and repairing of some of the historic monuments of India. The Director, Mr. J. H. Marshall, prefaces the report with a summary of the Act mentioned for the benefit of the English reader at home, and one clause of the Act will certainly appeal to the sympathies of archæologists generally. This is the provision that if necessary for its preservation, that is to say on account of the ignorance or indifference of the owner, any historical monument can be compulsorily acquired by the Government. There is only one exception to this rule, but it is one especially essential in the East. All buildings used for religious observances are to be exempt from the operation of this law. Another clause is noteworthy. The exportation of movable antiquities from India is prohibited, and consequently the raids of American millionaires on Buddhist and Mahomedan art treasures are thus repelled in anticipation. That is another matter for which art-lovers in this country will feel grateful and may be a little envious. The German excavator is also

warned off. The excavation of ancient sites by irresponsible persons is not to be allowed. Enough has been said to show that the “Ancient Monuments Act” was an excellent piece of legislation, for which grateful thanks are due to Lord Curzon. When we descend from the general to the particular we find that the monuments of India divide themselves into two chief classes—Mahomedan and Hindu. In the latter the Director includes, and everyone will admit that the arrangement is correct as well as convenient, Buddhist and Jaina. This division is especially important with regard to conservation, because a great deal more in the way of renovation, and re-ornamentation is possible with regard to Mahomedan monuments than is the case with Hindu. The latter mainly consist of “solid stone walls, stone columns and architraves, and flat ceilings,” and therefore simple measures of reparation suffice. But it is totally different with regard to Mahomedan buildings. As Mr. Marshall writes, “once their domes or arches have become cracked nothing short of the most radical measures will secure their permanent safety.” The essential point is to achieve this result, and the reader of this report will come to the conclusion that it has been more or less attained. Among all the monuments of India there is none so widely or so well known as the Taj Mahal of Agra. It has appealed to the imagination of the poet as well as the traveller, and it has placed the name of Shah Jehan in the front rank of royal builders. It occupies the foremost place in this report, and a very interesting account is given of the various measures of restoration and improvement carried out with regard to it by English officers since 1810. The effective photographs of this monument of a man's love give a very good idea of the beauty of the building, and they show that the practical measures taken by our officers for its improved sanitation have in no way detracted from its appearance. This is especially the case with regard to the jawab or quadrangle, where the roads have been lowered and metalled and the drains covered in. Formerly the quadrangle was deep in dust in dry weather and flooded with water during the rains. Under the new arrangement dust and water have disappeared. That is certainly an improvement to which the admirer of all that is ancient cannot possibly object. Another celebrated Mahomedan building is the Fort at Agra. Here extremely happy restorations have been carried out, and as the Amir of Afghanistan has declared himself to be a patron of archæological remains (which abound in his country despite neglect and the ruthless deeds of Eastern conquerors) it may be hoped that they will be brought to his notice during his approaching visit. At Delhi also great improvements have been carried out. The beautiful tomb of Isa Khan has been cleared of its mean surroundings of native hovels, and has been exposed in all its untrammelled beauty to the eye of the beholder. In Madras and Burmah excellent conservatory work has been done, of which the details will be found in the Report. The larger part of the work deals with excavations, especially at Basarh, and it will be gratifying to pundits of the old school to find that Mr. Marshall clears General Cunningham from the doubts cast by some recent critics on his identification of that place with Vaisali, the capital of the Licchavi kings. The excavations at Basarh, copiously illustrated, would alone supply material for a long article, but all that can be done here is to attract the attention of archæologists generally to the most interesting excavations now in progress in India. The Report reflects great credit on the Department responsible for it, and provides durable proof that the Government of India is not unmindful of its duty to the artistic and archæological legacies left it by its predecessors.

A cheap, convenient and trustworthy encyclopedia is *The Modern Cyclopædia*, of which the Gresham Publishing Company are just issuing a revised and extended edition, edited by Charles Annandale. The former articles have been added to and brought up to date, and a very valuable feature is the addition of a supplement, dealing with matters that have come into being or prominence since the original publication. In the volume before us (A—BLA), for instance, we find in the supplement articles on Acetylene, the late Lord Acton, Canon Ainger, Alien Immigration, Anti-Semitism, Antitoxin, Appendicitis, the Ascoman Dam, Dr. Barnardo, Aubrey Beardsley, Archbishop Benson, and many other things. The type is clear, the illustrations and maps good, and the information, so far as we have tested it, accurate and to the point; and the book is one we can confidently recommend as sound, erudite and practical. The pronunciation has a key which makes it quite clear.

Letters to a Daughter. By Hubert Bland (T. Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.) A wit once remarked that men are divided into two classes: those who know that women rule their lives, and those who do not know. He uttered a truth too profound to be permissible save in a jest. Mr. Bland knows this fact well; and a consummate jest awoke in his mind one day and took hold of him until it obsessed him. And he perpetrated it judiciously and solemnly, as befits a proper jest, with even an occasional tear and touch of pathos—always genuine—in a staid book of imaginary letters. It was no less than to instruct a woman and a young woman in that mysterious art, in which all that is subtle, all that is beautiful, all that is morbid, all that is delicate, all the all of all, can be expressed—the art of being a woman. What a magnificent subject for a man! For long god-like moments he holds the leagues in stress; and yet always must come the true refrain, “be yourself, my dear, be yourself.” On such a subject there is little to say; and yet the attitude which the subject creates, enables a man to say anything, to say everything. It is a book which every man should learn spelling to write; and every woman should be deferentially persuaded to read.

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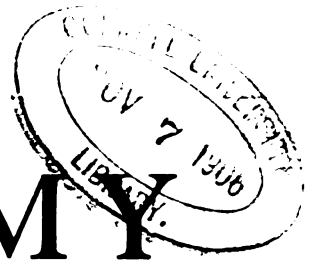
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Within that palace of delights,
Three hundred years had passed on earth,
And in the country of his birth
Dead was his king, his own folk dead,
Yea, all his lineage lapped in lead,

And all the cities he had known
Ruined by time and overthrown.

So on the third day unafraid
To his dear love he came and prayed
That homeward now he might be sped,
With boar and hound, as she had said,
But she made answer, "Have thy will,
Yet vain is this thy longing still,
For while with us three days have shone,
Three hundred years on earth are gone,
Thy king is long in darkness thrust,
And all thy kindred dust in dust.
Seek where thou wilt in that dim land,
There shall not come beneath thy hand
One man so old that he may know
The names thou lovedst long ago."

The dedicatory epistle to the Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D.D., Lord Bishop of Stepney, is a suggestive dissertation on the principles employed by Mr. Newbolt in his work.

"Toby, M.P." has found a theme to his mind in the new number of the *Cornhill*, where he writes on "Bulls in the (Westminster) China Shop." He quotes a great many, and it is difficult to select the best of them. Something might be urged in favour of Mr. Stanley Wilson who said: "We managed by a short head gentlemen, to dam the flowing tide," and this one is a delightful Hibernianism: "That, gentlemen, is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and it speaks in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamour." Mr. Lucy himself is of the opinion that nothing can beat Sir William Hart-Dyke's lapse into mixed metaphor. "The right hon. gentleman," he said, referring to "Jemmy" Lowther, "has certainly gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very large fish."

The preface to the new catalogue of the Royal United Service Institution gives some interesting details. The Museum was founded by William IV. in 1831. Its first home was Vanbrugh House in Whitehall Yard; a few years later it was moved to the former office of the Board of Works in Inner Scotland Yard, and in 1895 it was transferred to its present building, the banqueting-house of Old Whitehall Palace. The building is a part of the original design by Inigo Jones, of which Horace Walpole said that "the intended Palace of Whitehall, if it had been carried out, would have been the most truly magnificent and beautiful fabric of any of the kind in Europe." The ceiling by Rubens, and the last exit of King Charles I. from the building are too well known to be more than mentioned, but the following story of the building may not be known to all who pass down Whitehall: "When James II., restless and uneasy, was waiting for what he must have felt was at least a possible fate, he ordered a weathercock to be placed where he might see it from his own apartment, that he might learn with his own eye whether the wind was Protestant or Papist. The wind turned Protestant and James took his departure; the weathercock still stands on the end of the Banqueting House." It is curious that the building was from 1837 to 1890 used as the Chapel Royal, though it was never consecrated.

For some years past the "Literary Year Book" has included a list of the libraries of the kingdom. This list, although it was very useful, left much to be desired. Next year's issue, to be published on December 11, promises to be much improved in this respect. The assistance of the Library Association has been obtained, and the returns will be published with their approval. This section of the "Literary Year Book" will give particulars of more than six hundred public libraries in this country in addition to several hundreds of the libraries of learned and scientific societies.

The new enterprise of the *Burlington Magazine* promises well. The scheme is delightfully simple, and the results excellent. A fortnight after the publication of each month's half-crown *Burlington* will be issued a *Shilling Burlington* containing the pick of the articles and illustrations of the parent number. The first (October) number lies before us. Of the four large-type articles in the October *Burlington* it contains three unabridged and illustrated with precisely the same plates, while the fourth is slightly curtailed, but retains its plate, the beautiful frontispiece of Raphael's *Madonna of the Tower*. The two small-type articles are curtailed to notes, and there are several notes, in two cases handsomely illustrated, which do not occur in the half-crown edition and are directed more especially to the notice of the modern art-student. The *Shilling Burlington* is, of course, not so sumptuous a publication as the half-crown edition: its paper is (as a practised eye and hand will discern) of rather poorer quality; its illustrations are printed from plates that have already satisfied the demands of the half-crown public, and it contains forty pages of reading matter and nine full-page plates as against sixty-eight pages and fourteen plates in the parent paper. But the editorial secret of knowing what to leave out has been very skillfully practised; and it is only in quantity that the *Shilling Burlington* (filia pulchra matris pulchrioris) falls patently short of the magazine which all lovers of art have learned to value.

To photography has fallen the honour of being the first amongst the applied sciences to have a journal all to itself in Esperanto. We have received the first number of the *Foto-Revuo Internacia*, which is described as a *Monata Revuo kun Ilustraroj*. Whilst we admit the enterprise of its publisher, Chas. Mendel of Paris, we fail to see what purpose such a journal can serve; for surely photographic literature exists wherever cameras and chemicals are sold; and a photographer would hardly read technical articles in Esperanto when he could read them in his own tongue. Nevertheless, we learn from a foot-note that a large assortment of literary and scientific works already exist in the new language, and if Esperantists become a very numerous body, it might prove that translations into Esperanto will reach at one economical stroke an immense foreign public. The present publication appears to be something of this nature, since it has parallel columns in French and a *Photo-Revue* already exists. The price for 1 *Jare* is 5 *frankoj*.

Photographers will also be glad to have their attention called to the "autumn and lantern number" of the *Photographic News* (in English), the oldest photograph weekly in the world, which was founded by Sir William Crookes in 1858. The buyer will receive seventy-two good pages for his penny and the illustrations show many of the best things for this autumn's photographic exhibitions.

We are requested to state that Miss Anna Stoddart, author of the life of Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), is not the writer of the articles signed "Lorna" in the *British Weekly*.

On Tuesday, October 30, the winter book-sales begin with a four days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's. The first day includes the sale of the collection of London and Provincial Play-Bills formed by Burnham W. Horner and the fourth day the dispersal of a small but rare gathering of Books on Angling collected by the late Mr. J. E. Jones, formerly joint-manager of the British South African Company. The Play-Bills include a chronologically arranged lot relating to Covent Garden Theatre, covering a range of nearly eighty years from 1791, a special collection of bills of the same theatre ranging from 1780 to 1791 and including appearances of Macklin, Miss Farren, S. Kemble, Macready, and Mrs. Inchbald; also the Play-Bill, April 24, 1795, announcing the last appearance of W. Farren. Other lots relate to Garrick in various parts, Madame

Vestris, Macklin, Edmund Kean, Helen Faucit, Ellen Tree, J. B. Booth, Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Macready, Master Betty and Sir Henry Irving. The Provincial Bills refer to Manchester, Bath, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Edinburgh and other towns.

On the same day will be sold a complete set from the commencement in 1769 to 1893 of Royal Academy Catalogues, a presentation copy with autograph from the author of the original edition of Alfred Crowquill's *St. George and the Dragon with artist's proofs before letters*, an *Exposition of the Creed, first edition* (1659), containing all the passages afterwards suppressed, and many books of general interest.

A very rare book occurs in the second day's sale in Tennyson's *Poems, 1830, 1833, Privately Printed (in Canada), 1862*. This volume consists of three poems in the volumes of 1830 and 1833 which were not reprinted in subsequent editions. The collection of angling books to be sold on the fourth day runs to one hundred and fifty-two lots, of which perhaps the most remarkable are the many editions of "The Compleat Angler." They begin with not the first (1653)—that is too much to hope for—but a reprint of it with coloured plates, now a scarce book, the first (1750) and seventh of Moses Browne's editions, the first, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth editions of that edited by Sir John Hawkins, Major's first and other editions, many editions edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, and an unusually extra-illustrated copy, including plates from Pickering, Hopland, Fisher, the *Sporting Magazine*, and other books, and with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Other angling books of note are Bainbridge's *Fly Fisher's Guide, First edition, 1816*; Thomas Best's *Art of Angling, 1794*; Pickering's Reprint (1827) of Dame Juliana Berners, "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle"; The *Fresh-water Fishes of Great Britain*, by Mrs. T. E. Bowditch, 1828; Boosey's *Piscatorial Reminiscences* (Pickering, 1835); Brooke's *Art of Angling, first edition, 1740*; The *Gentleman Angler*, "by a Gentleman who has made Angling his Diversion upwards of twenty-eight years," *first edition, 1726*; Hopland's *British Angler's Manual, first edition*; and The *Compleat Sportsman*, by Giles Jacob, 1718.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Linnean Society. Thursday, November 1, 8 P.M.—Papers: 1. Sir Dietrich Brandis, The Structure of Bamboo Leaves; 2. Dr. J. G. de Man, On a Collection of Crustacea Decapoda and Stomatopoda, chiefly from the Inland Sea of Japan, with descriptions of new species; 3. Professor A. J. Ewart, on *Hectorella caspitosa*, Hook. f., with remarks on its systematic position. Exhibitions: 1. The President, Young plaice hatched and reared in captivity; 2. Mr. George Talbot, Abnormal specimens of *Equisetum Telmateia*, Ehrh.

Physical Society of London. Friday, October 26, 5 P.M.—Agenda: 1. Mr. W. A. Scoble, The strength and behaviour of ductile materials under combined stress; 2. Mr. J. M. Baldwin, The behaviour of iron small periodic magnetising forces (communicated by Professor Trouton); 3. Professor R. W. Wood, Fluorescence and magnetic rotation spectra of sodium vapour, and their analysis.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. November 8.—Sale of the books, pictures, letters, prints, playbills, etc., of the late J. L. Toole. October 30 to November 2. Sale of books and MSS. comprising the library of books on angling of the late J. F. Jones; the playbills of Mr. Burnham W. Horner, etc. November 5 and 6. Books and MSS. (illustrated and others) of the late C. J. Spence. November 7. English gold and silver coins and medals of the late W. W. Wootten. November 10. Early printed and rare books and MSS. (illustrated and others) from the Mollington Hall Library formed by the late Canon G. B. Blomfield.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. October 26.—Sale of china, furniture, miniatures, clocks, lace, etc., the property of the late Captain Reinecker and others.

Plays: Royal Court Theatre, *Man and Superman*, October 29 at 8.15. English Drama Society: Dekker and Ford's *The Sun's Darling*, Queen's Gate Hall, October 31. Royalty Theatre: Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande*, November 1, evening, and November 2, afternoon. *Melisande*, Lady Vivian; *Pelleas*, Mr. Frank Lascelles.

Concerts.—Queen's Hall: First Chappell Ballad Concert, October 27, 3 P.M. Robert Newman's annual concert (Wagner programme), November 7, at 8 P.M. Aeolian Hall: Lionel Tertis and York Bowen, October 30, at 8.30 P.M. Ernest Newlandsmith: Lecture and Piano-forte Concert, November 1, 3.30.

LITERATURE

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by her son RALPH NEVILL. (Arnold, 15s. net.)

THERE are few living people who are better qualified to hold the mirror up to the society of their time than is Lady Dorothy Nevill. She has lived in the centre of it since the youth of many conspicuous characters who have now passed away. Her memory goes back to the 'thirties and 'forties, when England, or at least that part of Norfolk with which she is most familiar, was a merrier England than it is to-day. When in town, she came into contact with Samuel Rogers, Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Prince Louis Napoleon, and Mr. Elliott Warburton, the author of "The Crescent and the Cross." In the season in which she came out, she records that she went to "fifty balls, sixty parties, about thirty dinners, and twenty-five breakfasts." As a child she once breakfasted with old Lord Hertford, Thackeray's Lord Steyne, the incident she remembers most vividly being that a cow was "milked into a superb pail, the milk providing a sillabub for the guests." At that time Vauxhall and Cremorne were still the fashionable resorts that they are represented to be in "Vanity Fair." Lady Dorothy was married in 1847 to her cousin, Reginald Nevill, and spent her honeymoon at Burnham Thorpe in the house once inhabited by the great and immortal Nelson. Her husband was fond of coaching and was associated with her father in the ownership of race-horses. He also combined the somewhat opposite tastes of collecting and farming. The London home of the married couple was in Upper Grosvenor Street, where they had Mr. Disraeli as their neighbour. They bought an estate on the borders of Hampshire and Lady Dorothy's vivacious accounts of shooting and other parties in her youth are as full of charm as her memories of town society. What she says about the latter has a peculiar interest. Society itself has undergone a revolution in her time. Its boundaries used to be strictly defined, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all who were members of society in those days knew one another. To-day there are worlds within worlds, smart sets, racing sets, art sets, and even business sets, for the old exclusiveness has gone away, probably never to return. The self-made man of the mid-Victorian period had to plot to receive invitations; now he is overwhelmed by them. Any peculiarities that might have clung to him during his climb upwards from the end of the ladder would have been observed by the gay and fanciful spirits who led society then. Now they are not only tolerated but almost regarded as distinctions. Lady Dorothy Nevill is probably right in saying that on the whole society to-day is somewhat duller than it used to be. Cræsus does not unite to his other gifts the faculty of conversation. Mr. Bernal Osborne would be out of place in it to-day. Lady Dorothy rather maliciously suggests that the business man is somewhat too dull to bring clever conversation. He is afraid of being made a butt. The members of the society of her early days "had no ulterior object beyond intelligent, cultured and dignified enjoyment," but society to-day is "on the make." She says:

It is, I think, a good deal owing to the preponderance of the commercial element in Society that conversation has sunk to its present dull level of conventional chatter. The commercial class has always mistrusted verbal brilliancy and wit, deeming such qualities, perhaps with some justice, frivolous and unprofitable. The old leisured aristocracy of the past delighted in gathering together people of conversational power, and for this reason alone certain individuals whose sole credentials were their wit and mental cultivation were accorded a place in Society. There were several such men, of whose origin nothing was known or asked, whose claim to social consideration lay in cultivated and well-stored brains—these were welcomed without demur. A brilliant conversationalist enjoyed special privileges, and when he talked other people were content to listen. Now people do not talk: they chatter.

All this is very much to the point, and the moral is driven home by many clever descriptions of the wits of old time. It is somewhat difficult to give adequate examples of the witty stories with which this book abounds, but here is an excellent one of Abraham Hayward of *Quarterly Review* fame, whose irritating trick of misquoting in French is well known:

On one occasion, for instance, for some reason of his own, anxious to impress his hearers with a sense of his personal importance, he sought to do so through the medium of the accepted French saying, "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle." Unfortunately, however, he stumbled upon the word "avec" instead of "près," without suspicion of the solecism he had committed and the entirely changed meaning of the phrase, and was, in consequence, summarily annihilated by the sarcasm, "Well, if you *have*, it isn't manners to say so."

Many amusing anecdotes are told of "the old Duke" at Strathfieldsaye. Luckily his ways were known, and what would have been rudeness in another was interesting in himself. Here, for instance, is a characteristic story about Irving:

The carriage had been at the door for two or three minutes, whilst Mr. Irving was lingering over lunch, when at last he said to the Duke: "Well, I suppose I ought to be off now, though there is still plenty of time."

To which the answer was; "Mr. Irving, the day is hot—the horses not yours—you had better go."

He used to go about dressed in an old felt hat and an aged cloak of the sort once known as a "roquelaure," and this combined with his goggles made him a figure of a very noticeable and eccentric kind. There is a good story of his going once with Lady Dorothy to the Crystal Palace, where a donkey show was being held:

On our arrival there nothing would prevent him from walking on the especial piece of ground marked out "For Judges Only." At first I accompanied him in this illegal perambulation, but, seeing a good deal of whispering and flutter amongst the officials, I told him that we really had no right to be there, and had better withdraw before we were ordered off. The old Duke, however, would not listen to me, saying it was all nonsense, and that for his own part he should remain where he was; if I was afraid, I had better leave him and see what would happen, and accordingly I abandoned the sacred spot, amidst his bitter taunts of cowardice. He continued to stroll about as before, when presently an official approached him and said: "Sir, may I ask, are you a judge?" "A judge of what?" thundered the Duke. "Of donkeys," came the reply. "Certainly I am, and" (looking hard at the man) "a very good one too; leave me alone." Very much abashed, the man slunk back to his fellows, and another consultation ensued. Eventually someone recognised the identity of the eccentric stranger, who, indeed, presented a figure, once seen, difficult to forget, and the committee of management sent to him to say that they would esteem it an honour if he would consent to act as one of the judges.

At the end of the publishing season these reminiscences will probably be described as the liveliest volume that it has produced. It is crammed with good things from beginning to end.

H. A. J. M.

Translations into Greek and Latin Verse. By H. A. J. MUNRO. (Arnold, 5s. net.)

SHREWSBURY, to adapt a simile of Cicero's is like the Trojan Horse, from which issued *meri principes*. Perhaps the most outstanding figure of all the *meri principes*—from that admirable scholar and composer Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy to the most recent among Salopian versifiers, Mr. Archer-Hind, whose delightful volume has been recently reviewed by us—is the illustrious H. A. J. M., a name known to every reader of the *Sabrinæ Corolla* as that of a prince of composers. I myself, while still an undergraduate, knew by heart all Munro's verses in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, *Folia Silvulæ* and *Greek Verses of Shrewsbury School*, and in later life, when I had attained to the honour of his acquaintance, received from him versions from time to time. It was, he told me in a letter, my intense admiration of his version of "To be or not to be" in Lucretian hexameters which set him on rendering the

same piece in Greek iambs. Both of these admirable translations adorn the present volume. I think my favourite pieces were these two, "Chevy Chase" in Greek hexameters, Tennyson's "Fill the cup" in Latin Sapphics, the same poet's "For I dipt into the future" in Latin Alcaics, and all his noble Latin and Greek hexameters, to which are added many as great in the recently published collection. His Greek hexameters never violate the rule forbidding the trochaic caesura in the fourth foot, a rule often neglected by modern composers. Indeed, it was Munro who first enounced the law to British scholars and emended some passages in which it was violated. One of the prettiest of such corrections was by the brilliant Ahrens, who in Theocr. 18.15 for *κῆρ ἔτος ἐξ ἔτους Μενέλαε, τὰ δ' ἄνδρ' ἄδε* read by a brilliant emendation *Μενέλα, τὰ δ' ἄνδρ' ἄδε*. May I digress further to remark that from this Idyll Tennyson took one of his charming adaptations from his favourite Greek poet? In *ποσει περιπλέκτοισ* we have the source of Tennyson's

charm
Of *woven faces* and of waving hands.

This may have been observed before, but I have not met any notice of it. The other best known loans are "softer than sleep" in "The Palace of Art" and the simile in which the muscles of the sleeping Geraint are likened to the smooth firm pebbles under the waters of a clear-flowing book (Theocr. 22, 48-50).

A new and delightful feature in this book is the occasional use of the rapturous metre of Catullus's "nuptial poem," a measure rarely essayed by modern composers. I give an example of it from the Song of Deborah (Judges v.):

The mother of Sisera
looked out at a window
and cried through the lattice
"why is his chariot so long in coming,
why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

Her wise ladies answered her,
yea, she returned answer to herself.

"Have they not sped,
have they not divided the spoil?
to every man a damsel or two,
to Sisera a prey of divers colours,
a prey of divers colours of needle-work,
of divers colours of needle-work on both sides,
meet for the necks
of them that take the spoil."

So let all thine enemies
perish, O Lord;
but let them that love him
be as the sun
when he goeth forth in his might.

Siseraia ab aedibus
mater exseruit caput
per fenestram ita clamitans
cur morantur equi diu?
cur rotæ retinentur?

Tum catae comites, sibi que
ipsa talia reddidit
nonne res bene cesserit,
praeda contigerit, duae
cuique treve puellae?

Praeda praeterea duci,
mille praeda coloribus,
picta vestis et hinc et hinc
utilis spoliantium
colla concederare.

Sic, Deus, pereat tibi
quisquis invidiosus est,
quique te bene diligunt
floreant quasi vi sua
Sol ut incipit ire.

Here is another example of this soaring measure, so apt for invocation. It is from Milton's *Penseroso* (31) and is very difficult:

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There held in holy fashion still
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And bring with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

Huc, Vestalis, ades, pio
corde seria cogitans,
casta sobria pervicax,
os severa, nigerrimo
palla operta colore.

Ista nobilis instita
fluctuante superbiat,
Cypriaeque umeros tibi
pulla rica coerceat
sindonis padibundos.

Perge, sed solito statu,
sed pari pede prodeas,
os gerens meditantis et
colloquuntia cum polo
vulta, plena animae vi.

Tota mens ibi sit, sacroque
illigata furore, fi
marmor inscia: mox humum
fixa lumine plumbeo
tristis intusare.

Paxque blanda, Quies, simulque
Abinentia eat tenax,
caelitem hospita quae frequens
audit Aonidum choros
psallere ad Iovis aram.

Here we observe the passionate admiration which the great scholar had for the Republican poets with their magnificent strength sometimes even approaching harshness. When he writes elegiacs we hear Catullus rather than Ovid. We have elisions in the last half of the pentameter which Ovid would have deemed more flagitious than the crime to which he owed his exile. We are, however, often compensated by a bold vigour of which Ovid would be incapable:

Afterwits are dearly bought,
let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Stat magno bona mens Epimetheos empta: fac erge
arte Promethea tu tua corda regas.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
their homely joys and destiny obscure,
nor graudeus hear with a disdainful smile
the short and simple annals of the poor.

Nam bonus iste labor nec rustica gaudia nec sit
obscura haec tibi sors, ambitiose, iocua,
nec risu, trabeate, tuo plebeia superbo
Acta, breve et simplex, excipiantur, opus.

Far from smooth though these elegiacs are, they are vigorous and they are Latin, but the same can hardly be said for the version in the first edition of *Arundines Cami*, which had for the last line

pauperis historiam, sit brevis illa, domi.

This view of the rude strength of Munro's Elegiacs is beautifully put by that master of hexameters, the late Canon Evans of Durham, in a letter to Munro, of which I cannot forbear quoting a few verses. They are given by Mr. Duff in his interesting Preface:

Per vestigia vatis
Paligni minus isse reor te, maxime Munro,
quam signasse novum sermonem . . .
Si qui forte satus Romana gente fuisset
Aeschylus, atque elegos voluisset adire Latinos,
talem crediderim scripturum carmina vatem
haud aliena tuis, qui stant quasi marmore versus
et similes solido structis adamante columnis.

Such were the letters which scholars used to write to each other a generation ago.

The fact is, Gray's Elegy should not be rendered in elegiacs but in hexameters. It is a solemn, grave, reflective poem quite alien from the fluent lightness and easy grace of elegiac verse. Moreover, Munro's version of the Elegy suffers from a defect common to Shrewsbury men. In the anxiety to achieve exact verbal correspondence, they sometimes sacrifice the spirit to the letter: *ruris parvus erus* does not mean "the little tyrant of his fields" but "a small owner of a farm." The very same weapon may be brought to bear on Munro which he launched at Wakefield's version of

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Wakefield's version was

In tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter,

which, as Munro pointed out, is capable of but one meaning,

The path of a public office leads to the gorge of a hillock.

Again, when in the tenth line the owl complains to the moon of intruders, the phrase *rusticitatis agit*, "charges with rudeness," introduces a very alien image of an action at law, and is hardly justified by *Locr. iii. 963* *εὖρε . . . ἀγῶν*, "rightly would she bring her charge."

The same adherence to the letter has marred a fine rendering from *Macbeth* on p. 34 where he translates

to the last syllable of recorded time
χρόνου γραφέντος συλλαβὴν ἐς ὑστάτην.

Now this is not Greek, unless *γράφειν χρόνον* means "to record time." In the same piece *μῶρος* is not the word for an idiot in

it [life] is a tale
told by an idiot full of sound and fury
signifying nothing.

That adjective is applicable to a dull, sluggish, stupid animal person, who would not be full of sound and fury. There is an expression in a somewhat similar passage in Euripides (*Troad. 1205*) which seems exactly suitable. It is *ἑμπεληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος*, and refers to the wild gestures of a maniac.

Hence, though, as I have already said, Salopians have produced some of the finest translations into Greek and Latin verse ever published, we do not meet happy to *uns de force*, which in neglecting the letter to some extent perfectly preserve the spirit, such as Jebb's

δνειρον εἶδον ὃ τί καὶ θεοῦ προσήν

for

I had a dream which was not all a dream,

or another composer's

"fert unus et alter
talìa dona dicit" Parthis mendacior addo,

for a line in Goldsmith's *Haunch of Venison*,

I get these things often—but that was a bounce.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STAGE

Garrick and his Circle. By Mrs. CLEMENT PARSONS. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

The Annals of Covent Garden Theatre from 1732 to 1897. By HENRY SAXE WYNDHAM. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus, 21s. net.)

Occasional Papers: Dramatic and Historical. By H. B. IRVING. (Bickers, 3s. 6d.)

HERE are three very different books. Mrs. Parsons's forms one of what seems to be growing into a series of biographies paying special attention to the contemporary setting of the main figure. Mr. Irving's volume starts

off with the lectures on the English stage in the eighteenth century which he delivered before the Royal Institution; Mr. Saxe Wyndham is a patient, indeed, a humble chronicler, who has got together his facts carefully and thoroughly into a form which will make his book valuable for purposes of reference. It is the fault of an uninteresting subject (for the history of Covent Garden Theatre has been strangely uninteresting) rather than of the author that makes this book a little unattractive to the reader. Between Mrs. Parsons and Mr. Irving there is all the difference in the world. The author of "Garrick and his Circle" has realised that you cannot write about such a person as little Davy and his friends in any high-falutin', monumental style. You must be light and sprightly; and she is light and sprightly. She has written a very charming and entertaining book, which clothes wide learning in graceful though transparent chiffon. The pity is that she has not always—or not often—distinguished between lightness of the right and the wrong kinds. "Oh, Pip, Pip," said Mrs. Gadsby to her husband, "How much of you is a solemn, married man, and how much a horrid, slangy schoolboy?" We feel inclined to say to Mrs. Parsons: "Oh madam, how much of you is a witty, learned lady, and how much a horrid, slangy schoolboy?" Mr. Irving, on the other hand—frock-coated lecturer before a solemn audience; champion of the art he worthily loves and finely practises—is very serious and grave. His style tends a little to the pompous and turgid; he is very much in earnest—in the Royal Institution lectures and others of these papers—in his championship of a profession which he believes to be still the object of much injustice and unfair prejudice. Is it? Not more now, we think, than other artistic professions. If it is attacked or sneered at by people of supposed culture, who—like Mr. Birrell—ought to know better, the attacks and sneers are mainly reaction from the excessive adulation of the foolish. Besides, it annoys us all to see a hundred actors' portraits in a shop-window, and not one of ourselves, and we go away and write bad-tempered things. It annoyed Dr. Johnson to find Davy so much richer and more popular than himself, and he said bad-tempered things. Besides, the world will always contain many Tolstoys, Johnsons and Stigginses—men whom either total ignorance of the drama or a total lack of the power of making-believe renders potential enemies of the actor and his art.

We are accustomed to imagine that only since the coming of the Bancrofts and Sir Henry Irving have actors enjoyed that social position and repute which they now enjoy to the annoyance of the jealous. It is clear that such a view is mistaken. Garrick moved in higher "circles" than even Sir Henry Irving; the eighteenth century was the age in which the adulation of the actor was carried to a higher pitch than it had reached before, or has reached since. That players were ever a despised class—outside the official attitude and the prejudice of Puritans—we doubt. The public grief at the death of Richard Burbage was almost as great as that at Garrick's; there were scores of tributes to Betterton which show him valued not only as actor but also as man. To be successful, in fact, was, as in all other walks of life, to be socially successful. In the eighteenth century it was to be immensely successful. Many actors, then as now, started fair. Garrick's father may have been "a poor half-pay captain"; but half-pay captains have a way of holding themselves to be gentlemen.

Wilks was grandson of a judge [we are quoting Mr. Irving], and gave up a lucrative post in the War Office at Dublin to become an actor; [Barton] Booth was the son of a country gentleman, related to the Earls of Warrington; and Mrs. Oldfield, the daughter of a captain in the Army. Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Foote, Macklin, Henderson, Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Clive all came of what we may call respectable antecedents.

Peg Woffington was the daughter of a bricklayer and cried halfpenny salads on College Green, and Mrs. Siddons was "born on the stage"; but the balance is strongly in

favour of that respectable descent, the supposed lack of which is sometimes held to be a reproach to the actor's character and sometimes a guarantee of good acting, according to the mood of the scoffer.

The eighteenth century, says Mr. Irving, "is, in theatrical history, the century of the actor." The reason why is worth looking into. Some day the philosophic historian of the stage, who will make the proper use of valuable books like Mr. Saxe Wyndham's, will come and explain this, among a thousand other things that need explanation. It is Mr. Irving who makes the point that the actor came to the fore because the plays he acted were so dull. To-day we cannot read, we could not endure to see acted, the interminable tragedies that were the staple fare of those times. Any genuine inspiration which the Restoration drama may have drawn from the continental classicism had died out; but the theory remained. In a formal age, these formal things were valued. The "right conduct" of the plot, "just" sentiments, "correct" verse—these were the things that were demanded. There was a pattern, and the playwrights followed it, slipping further and further from any study of life as it is, under the shadow of the heroics that old John Dryden and his fellows had imported many years before. But yet they had not arrived at the idea of an intellectual content—an idea—for a play. It was a purely emotional affair, addressed to the "sentiments." And since in reproducing over and over again the same formula there is no chance for emotion, it had to be supplied by the actor. It was, as Mrs. Parsons does not neglect to observe, an emotional age, an age in which tears and strong drink were closely allied and both in high favour; and they liked their emotion thick and strong. They liked it even in their comedy. The post-Cibber "reform" of the drama meant the substitution, by Steele and his more lacrymose followers, of the sentimental comedy that was as tearful as the tragedy; and though Goldsmith came to show them how to be at once merry and wise, it was long before the lesson was learned. Here was the chance of the Garricks, the Mrs. Barrys, the Booths and the rest. They made the dry bones live. If ever there was a period when, more than at any other, the actor deserved the name of creative artist, it was the eighteenth century. He took the skeleton and made it a man, filled it with life and feeling, and by his own tears drew the tears of an adoring audience. When he could stand no more of it, he revived a play of Shakespeare or an old comedy. But the point of view of the audience remained the same. It was (and very likely for the most part still is) the actor they came to see: Garrick's Lear or Abel Drugger, Booth's Romeo, Mrs. Pritchard's Beatrice; and the most philosophical age in England took its Shakespeare as a chance for its favourite actors or a delightful field for squabbles on textual emendation. The world had changed before the coming of Lamb, and Coleridge, and Hazlitt.

The nineteenth century was the period, as Mr. Irving points out, when the actor rather disappeared behind the scenery. What of the twentieth? We pay more attention to plays now, and less to players—outside the musical comedies, where, as of old, they remain the only creators. Their personal popularity may be less (or it may not); but their task, as it seems to us, is likely to become more difficult with the increasing subtlety of the material they have to interpret. But they will always be quite popular enough to satisfy reasonable beings; and will always have pin-pricks enough to call forth those eloquent defences of their profession and their art, of which Mr. Irving's is one of the best yet written.

THE OTHER FARMER GEORGE

Letters and Recollections of George Washington. (Constable, 12s. 6d.)

At heart Washington was a farmer always, in spite of the fact that as a boy he was very anxious to be a

soldier: in practice he was a farmer, with intervals devoted to soldiering and public life. This bulky volume of letters shows him almost entirely as a farmer and illustrates that domestic side of his character very well, although, it must be owned, it contains many letters that are too trivial to be of any interest at all. The majority of the letters were written to Mr. Tobias Lear, who was tutor to Washington's adopted children and afterwards his private secretary for sixteen years and his A.D.C. There are also some miscellaneous letters and a diary of Washington's last days kept by Mr. Lear.

The most noticeable fact about all the letters is the writer's mastery of detail, and it is a fact which shows how hard he must have worked. The calls upon his time and hospitality were many. He wrote in 1797, for example:

Unless some one pops in unexpectedly—Mrs. Washington and myself will do what I believe has not been done within the last twenty years by us—that is to set down to dinner by ourselves.

In spite of this, we find him writing to his secretary on all manner of subjects connected with his estate. The price of blankets, the hire and purchase of servants, the repair of his coach-harness, the Hessian fly in the turnip-seed, wine-coolers and a sick mare, are specimens of what occupied his thoughts. Indeed, his epistles are at times almost Pauline in their variety. If only there were a reference to a coppersmith or a cloak we could easily quote a parallel to the following:

The newly published Pamphlets, pray purchase, and bring with you for me; Mr. Dandridge knows what I already have. Desire Peter Porcupine's Gazette to be sent to me as a Subscriber.

In another letter he writes to thank a correspondent for a pamphlet, but:

being on the point of celebrating Harvest home, I must be allowed, as a Farmer, to make every other matter yield to the accomplishment thereof, that being over, the Pamphlet, I am persuaded will be read with edification and pleasure.

It is curious, however, that the letters contain few political allusions—except rumours of peace or war between France and Great Britain—and no very striking remarks on general subjects. The choice of suitable schools for his children was for some time on his mind, and he makes some shrewd observations on what is necessary in a school. The letters also show Washington to have been a kind and considerate master to his servants, but in this connection there is one letter which contains a paragraph of considerable interest:

If it should be convenient [he wrote], and perfectly safe for you to engage for me, on reasonable terms a complete Black Smith, you would oblige me by doing so. As there are laws in England prohibiting such engagements under severe penalties, and such may exist in other Countries, you will understand me clearly that for no consideration whatsoever would I have you run the risk of encountering them.

Nor was Washington a conservative landowner, for on one occasion we find him anxious about the inland navigation of the Potomac and desirous of hearing the opinion of an engineer who "professes to be particularly well skilled in the application of steam, in propelling Boats (in an easy and cheap manner) against the Stream."

The letters, which were not intended, of course, for publication, are all so straightforward and frank that they are an excellent index to the writer's mind. The only point in them which is open to doubt is one where, in writing to his secretary, he says:

I find another of the Federal Judges (Hopkinson) has by his death occasioned a vacancy in the District of Pennsylvania. As some have and others will unquestionably apply for the appointment, I wish you would use every *indirect* means in your power to ascertain the public opinion, with respect to the fittest character as a successor to Hopkinson. Pursue the same mode to learn who it is thought would fill the present Auditor's office (as he will be appointed Comptroller) with the greatest ability and integrity.

It would hardly have been thought that Washington cared twopence for public opinion, and the confession brings out an unexpected flaw in his character.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN

The Heart of England. By EDWARD THOMAS. (Dent, 21s. net.)

THE classical example of Isaak Walton shows that the townsman may widely appreciate country effects that perhaps become a little dim to the rustic through familiarity. We do not know whether Mr. Edward Thomas be city or landward bred, but, as he begins his book with a chapter on leaving town, the inference that he spends some time in London is a fair one. His book bears a resemblance in more than the title-page to another recently published work, but it has a distinguishing feature in the scraps of folk poetry that are brought in. They are chosen with taste and used most appropriately. We take the liberty of quoting one which will probably be new to most of our readers:

Mary come into the field
To work along of I,
Digging up mangold wurzels,
For they be a-growing high,
Dig 'em up by the roots,
Dig 'em up by the roots,
Put in your spade,
Don't be afraid,
Dig 'em up by the roots.

Our master is a hard one,
He pays us very small;
And if we stop a moment
We hear his voice to call—
"Dig 'em up by the roots," etc.

We work all day together,
Till all the light is past;
And only going homewards
Do we join hands at last.
"Dig 'em up by the roots," etc.

For many years we've been sweethearts
And worked the fields along.
And sometimes even now
Mary will sing the old song—
"Dig 'em up by the roots," etc.

The fault of the book is that it is written in a style that is much too affected. Holy simplicity is a virtue to which the author has not attained. We cannot open a page without meeting such phrases as "a rising tide of long, starry herbage," "vast green cumulus clouds with round summits," "receding glooms of blue," and "cool yellow grass. In the Heart of England we imagine that the diction would have been of a homelier description. The rustic never sees "the hot air quiver in crystal ripples like the points of swords." Occasionally we catch just a glimpse of better things in this writer. In his description of a country churchyard, for instance, he tells of a vicar who objected to an inscription attributed to Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The bereaved person erased the offending words of origin, and until recently you might read:

God rest his soul! He was a merry man,

beneath which he put "Kings iii." The following passage is not entirely innocent of the faults to which we have drawn attention, yet speaks of gifts that might be chastened into a sound English style:

Where are the robuster views of which this is a late reminder? The gay, the fanciful, the calmly elaborate epitaphs seem to have gone for ever, and in the newer portion of the churchyard it is hard not to think of death, unless we turn to the unnamed little mounds that rise and fall like summer waters, so calm, so soft, so green, that fancy cannot make them aught save pillows for the weary.

The book is illustrated with pictures in colour which at all events show that the art of colour-printing is still in its infancy. There is one drawing of Northumbrian hinds tossing the farmer when the last load has been led,

which is not good in itself, and is, we believe, inaccurate. The custom was for the women workers to toss the master. Here they are calmly looking on.

ENGLISH HISTORIANS

English Historians. By A. J. GRANT. (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.)

TIME was when a book upon the history of the writing of history might well have appeared, only to lapse into immediate oblivion. In these days, however, when a genuine thirst for historical knowledge and historical accuracy has laid hold upon the great Universities, the widening circle of historians and students of history will doubtless welcome Mr. Grant's interesting and suggestive book as a delightful relaxation from the dusty search through Manorial Rolls and crabbed manuscripts.

The book is in three parts, of which the first is an Introduction. In this Mr. Grant deals with the phases and forms which English historical writing has taken. He maintains the view that the writing of history, as we now understand the word, began in England only in the early half of the eighteenth century, when Bolingbroke, relegated to private life by the failure of his political schemes, took to writing instead of making history—as certain later statesmen have done.

Before the Renaissance, bald chronicle narrative, relieved by bursts of heroic poetry, obtained in historical literature. In the Tudor era, with Roper's "More," and Cavendish's "Wolsey," there is some advance, but Mr. Grant stigmatises these works as still "rambling, uncritical, and anecdotal." The seventeenth century he calls "too busy making history to write it," while he dismisses Clarendon, the greatest historian of the age, as too partisan. With the eighteenth century the unity of history was, according to Mr. Grant, appreciated for the first time.

Part I. gives extracts from Bacon's writings down to Professor Bury's inaugural lecture in 1903, showing various views on the art and use of historical writing.

"Philosophy teaching by experience" is the most frequently quoted definition of history throughout; the views on the use of history are, however, widely different. Hume recommends the study of history particularly to ladies, "those who are debarred the severer studies by the tenderness of their complexion, and the weakness of their education." "History," he goes on, "amuses the fancy as it improves the understanding." The modern claims a more important function for history—to Seeley it is the school of statesmen.

Bolingbroke's views on research are rank heresy to modern ears; he avows "a contempt for the whole business of these learned lives" which are spent in "groping in the dark mazes of Antiquity." Typical of the modern school, Lord Acton sees in the toiling of the researchers the means by which posterity may gain a loftier, truer view of history than we have yet attained.

Part II. is composed of well-chosen quotations to illustrate the history of historiography. It begins with a piece from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, in which King Aelfred's messenger and the appearance of a "long haired star" are jotted down one after the other, as the history of two years of national life, while following on comes the famous song, how:

Eadmund Aetheling
life long glory
in battle won,
with edges of swords
at Brunanburh.

Then follow passages from most of the greatest English historians down to Carlyle's French Revolution, that "rhapsodical sermon," and Gardiner's History.

"English Historians" cannot fail to be appreciated by those interested in history as a well-proportioned and scholarly work.

ALL SOULS' EVE

ALL the day Love watched where the ruined roses
Guard the grave of Hope, till the night and darkness
Fell upon him there, and a gracious silence
Sweeter than songs are.

Like a lonely star in the moonless heaven
Love's lamp shone above the ruin of rose-leaves,
Set there lest the feet of the Dead, returning,
Haply should stumble.

All the night Love waited for Hope who came not,
Till the roses shivered at Dawn's caresses,
Till the pale flame, weary of wasted vigil,
Died with the daybreak.

ANGELA GORDON.

HALLOWMAS

OH, the ring of the moon was glowing
When I went hempseed sowing!—
For fain I would be knowing
What lovers' footsteps mean;
And ruddy hung the beeches,
And yellow swung the birches,
Down in the deep glades in the dusk o' Halloween.

The fir tree in the bracken
In its arms would me have taken,
And whispered me to waken;—
But down the dim boreen,
Golden swung the chestnuts,
And redder hung the beeches,
Down in the green lanes in the spell o' Halloween.

Now the ring of the moon is setting,
And fain I'd be forgetting
The doubts, the fears, the fretting,
And be as I have been!—
But greyer gleams the ash tree,
And darker dreams the fir tree,
For ever in the deep glades in the dusk o' Halloween.

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

LINES FOUND IN A WOODMAN'S COTTAGE

AMONGST THE QUANTOCK HILLS IN 1888, AND
SENT FROM BRISTOL BY A CANON, THEN
NEWLY IN RESIDENCE *

A MAN there was of woodland fame
His days were many, health seemed good,
I will not mention now his name,
For three score years between us stood.

* They were supposed by the Canon to have been written by a poet who haunted the Quantocks in 1796, and advocated simplicity of diction.

He slept, he dreamed, he waked, he mused,
Yet very seldom ever spake,
From childhood's hours he seemed confused.
Approaching him, I said, "Awake,

"Look up." And soon the old man's eyes
Turned to me, though he looked half-dead.
This gave me such a new surprise,
I spoke to him again. I said,

"Now, William, why upon that stone,
Do you sit here so many hours,
With naught to do, and all alone,
Under the sun, and 'mid the showers?"

"Rise up, old William, rise, I say,
And give your aged limbs a walk,
They need it in a kind of way,
'Twill help you too to wholesome talk."

He waked, he gazed, he turned him round,
To see if any one was near,
Then cast his eyes back to the ground,
And said, "Good sir, I truly fear

"My days on earth are getting few,
My aged limbs are very sore,
And so my words are these to you:
'I cannot do it any more.'"

With that he laid him down again,
And turned him over unto sleep,
As if he were in real pain.
I say, it almost made me weep.

Yet, Sir, I gathered from this man,
To rest contented all the day,
And live just any way we can.
Now, reader, learn from what I say

In all your sorrows be content
To take whatever's old or new.
Be thankful for each blessing sent,
And deem it quite enough for you.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

VI. HOW TO UTILISE OUR CATHEDRALS PROFITABLY

THE previous number in this series of papers was devoted to the use of Church Services to Agnostics. It referred only to worship, to "Common Prayer" and Praise, and the public reading of "Lessons" from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. No allusion was made to the clamant need of a new or revised Lectinary, adapted not so much to modern as to universal wants; but this is a subject to be afterwards considered. Another one, viz., how to make

the most fruitful use of our National Cathedrals, is of equal importance.

The doors of these princely structures stand always open for worshippers to resort to—although they are not made use of for private devotion in Britain so much as they are on the Continent of Europe—and daily there is a double Service in public for all who value it, with sermons on Sundays for those who appreciate them. Even a visit to these great buildings, which express in their construction the religious thought, aspiration, and faith of Christendom, is a privilege that cannot be summed up in words. Especially when the

Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed their divine sounds, and mixed powers employ,

the gain even to the casual visitant, is incalculable. Merely to walk in silence reverently along the aisles, to look and listen in silence, is an education of the noblest kind. But surely these buildings—which are a priceless national asset—might be used to profit in ways which they are not now.

It is useless to allude to the kind of sermon at times offered to the listener, discourses which do more harm than good, and detract so much from the gain derivable from the Service, that many worshippers desire to leave the sacred building before the sermon begins. Penance, truly! for educated men and women to be compelled to listen to trivialities, to commonplaces, or to irrelevances which have no sanction higher than the speaker's dream; or to have to take with them a Latin copy of the Book of Common Prayer, or a Greek New Testament, to read as a solace. But what a power might be exerted, what an influence wielded by brief addresses of ten minutes duration by skilful preachers, trained to speak as the great prophets spoke, not as members of a University or clerical caste, but as those "anointed to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn, to give the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

And why might not some of the laity, as well as the clergy, be empowered thus to teach, and to help their fellow pilgrims of the Infinite? There are hundreds of educated men able to do so, men fitted by their insight and wisdom, by their humility and self-oblivion, to be heralds of the Highest, and by whom their fellow worshippers would be gladly taught. Let the experiment be tried. It has been tried in the Scottish Episcopal Church, where a layman has been licensed to deliver an address at the close of morning Service. Our Bishops can inaugurate it. And why should they not allow the clergy of other denominations, men "of light and leading," to speak betimes within these national Sanctuaries of religious worship? It would not be at the hours of morning or evening Service; and they need not enter the ordinary clerical pulpit. Their fitter place would be at the lectern, where the laity may now read the Lessons for the day. It is the belief of the present writer that such a permission would both widen and deepen the Church's influence; while it would utilise these national structures which for so many hours of each day are now unused, save by the solitary entrant seeking rest in private prayer and meditation.

There may, however, be legal and ecclesiastical difficulties in the way of realising what many think would be a national ideal for Cathedral use and wont, in this matter of lay as well as clerical utterance within their walls. But there can be none in the utilisation of these noble buildings for performances of Sacred Music, of an ampler character than is possible on Sundays. We have in our daily Cathedral music, at matins and vespers, a singularly precious gift; but religious music of a different character might surely be given at other week-day hours, which would not only be an education

to the listeners, but an act of worship to them and the performers.

Already some of our Cathedrals are used in this way at distant intervals, as in the case of the Three Choirs Festival of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, when a week is devoted to the performance of oratorios, symphonies, and other kinds of solemn music. But there is much excitement connected with these performances, when distinguished soloists from a distance perform, and new works by our leading musical artists are introduced for the first time. Could it not be arranged, in Cathedral Cities, that, every week of the year, there should be a short musical performance of "things new and old," as a distinctly religious act, not as a concert, but a weekly Hymn of Praise? It might act on the community like a magnet, drawing them to the sacred building and detaining them there, the willing captives of a melody and harmony that they could listen to nowhere else.

Doubtless the performers would require to be paid, although there are hundreds of competent musicians who would perform voluntarily if they were wanted to do so; or—let us say—if they were licensed for the work. The education and the delight of the musically inclined in our Cathedral Cities would thus be continuous; and the casual traveller from far and wide, or the passing stranger from a distance, would come to receive an uplifting influence, and to bless the Church that provided it. It is easy to realise the difference between a hot concert-room at an evening performance—the noise, the excitement, the criticism of new works, as a first-night audience criticises a new play in a theatre—with all the other accompaniments of secular music, and the cool air of the Cathedral, the preceding silence, the refreshment of hearing well-known works well performed or well sung, the refinement of the voices and instruments, the teaching given to the spirits of the listeners, and the serene pleasure of the listening itself. While the eye is appealed to by glorious architecture and by the colour of the cathedral glass, the ear is more easily attuned by the solemn music heard; and there cannot be a doubt that these two conjoined would have an ennobling influence on the character of those who assemble to see and to hear.

Another suggestion is this. Why should not systematic courses of lectures on great religious themes be delivered within our national Cathedrals? Not historical ones (which might lead to controversy), or scientific, or artistic, or philosophical ones—unless they were on Christian Art and Religious Philosophy—but on such subjects as these: "Palestinian Travel," "The Sacred Sites of the Gospels," the "Archæology and Topography of the Holy Land." There is scarcely a chapter in Professor George Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land," which might not have formed part of such a course. The subjects discussed in these short courses of lectures would not touch what lies within the *credenda* of the Church, as embodied in its creeds; but might deal with problems outside of them, topics belonging to the *credibilia*. Experiments have already been made in this direction within some of our own Cathedrals, e.g., lectures by laymen on "The Journeyings of St. Paul"; and during Dean Stanley's tenure of his high office at Westminster, he not only arranged special sermons in the nave on Sundays by Nonconformists as well as Churchmen; but on week-days he granted the use of the chapel-house for the delivery of Professor Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures on Comparative Religion. The question is this: Would it not be wise, acceptable, and beneficial if our Deans and Chapters granted permission to wise and prudent men, selected for the purpose, to discourse on great religious themes within the cathedrals precincts on week-days; questions on which they could address their fellow worshippers with intelligence and earnestness, as well as with the authority of experts.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

GOSPEL AND WONDER-TALE

AMONG the early Christians the passion of curiosity in all matters relating to our Lord and the Apostles led to the formation of a large mass of purely imaginative works—the apocryphal Gospels and Acts.

He told it not, or something sealed
The lips of that evangelist,

but there were many who were quite willing to tell, and whose lips were far from being discreetly sealed about matters which had been left untold. The demand for information, no doubt, created the supply, and imagination, "that forward faculty," was equal to the occasion. Imagination, indeed, riots in the pages of these mythical Gospels and Acts. A study of these documents shows also, however, that their writers made frequent use of existing wonder-tales, pagan romances, even the incidents and *données* of *Märchen*. To these they gave a semi-Christian colouring, and were thus early in the field with an exciting yet presumably edifying story for Sunday reading. On the whole the result was more entrancing than the feeble stuff that used to pass muster in strict homes on dull Sundays.

These apocryphal documents have scarcely yet been studied from this point of view. We commend the task to students of folk-tales and the lovers of literary parables; it is also interesting as a revelation of the method of the early Christian novelist. The amount of matter thus cribbed varies in different documents; in some, like the "Acts of Andrew and Matthias in the City of the Anthropophagi" (recently studied by M. Salomon Reinach), it is considerable. We may take this account as a specimen of the method and of the materials used by the compilers.

When the Apostles were deciding upon the various routes they should follow, it fell to Matthias to visit the city of the Anthropophagi, who ate nothing but men, first bleeding them and giving them a poison which deprived them of reason, then feeding them on grass. All this happened to poor Matthias, but Christ appeared in his prison, restored his sight, and promised deliverance before the day of his fate arrived. Meanwhile Andrew had been commanded by our Lord to deliver Matthias, and next morning found a boat whose captain agreed to carry him to his destination. The captain posed as a disciple and begged the Apostle to recount some of Christ's miracles. One of these is curious. Christ entered into a pagan temple guarded by two sphinxes, one of which He bade arise and bring the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob from their tombs, that the pagans might be convinced of His divine claims. Meanwhile the boat had accomplished the journey in an incredibly short space of time; the apostle fell asleep and the captain bade his men carry him to the gates of the dreaded city. This they did on their wings, for they were angels, and the captain was no other than our Lord Himself. It was now the Apostle's turn to work miracles: the gates opened before him, the warders fell dead; he restored sight to Matthias's fellow prisoners and set them free; he commanded a cloud to come and carry Matthias and his disciples to a distant mountain. The story then goes on to tell how the citizens, deprived of their natural food, resolved to kill the old men of the town. One of these gave up his son and daughter instead, and they were about to be slain when the Apostle caused the knives to drop harmlessly from the hands of the executioners. At this point, while the citizens feared they would die of hunger, the devil in the shape of an old man appeared and bade them seek for a stranger called Andrew. The Apostle was finally discovered, and the people, whose feelings towards him were worse than those of Voltaire towards Habakkuk, maltreated him for three days. But he noticed in his prison a fountain-statue, which he commanded to run with a corrosive fluid until

the city was overwhelmed. Further, he desired fire to surround the city that none should escape. The citizens rushed to the prison, prayed to the stranger's god to forgive them; the Apostle stopped the flow of water, forgave all except the old man who had sacrificed his children, commanding the earth to swallow him up, and finally baptized the whole city. The people, we may presume, then adopted a less horrible food.

Several of the incidents of this story can be traced to their probable sources. In another apocryphal Gospel we learn that the city of the Anthropophagi is called Myrne, elsewhere Myrmene or Myrmidona, probably Myrmecion in the Crimea, thinks Gutschmid. Herodotus and other Greek writers describe the cannibalism of Scythian or Russian tribes. There was among them actual ritual cannibalism, and this was, doubtless, duly exaggerated into a traveller's tale of a people who ate nothing but men. Such travellers' tales were soon converted into stories of imaginary voyages with desperate adventures. Among the Celts these voyages were called Immramm, and there was a whole literature of them. In one, the "Voyage of Maoldun," we have an echo of the Gospel incident; the travellers came to an island of ants (myrmidons) which ate men—obviously a misunderstanding of some current story of the city of the Myrmidona. Another such story, that of the cannibal Cyclops, is enshrined by Homer in the Odyssey. But by far the closest parallel is found in the story of Sindbad. The voyager lands with his men on an island of the blacks, who capture them and make them eat a certain herb which deprives them of reason; they then eat whatever is set before them greedily, not aware that they are being fattened for the pot. Sindbad abstains from the drug, as well as from the food which is set before him, exactly as did Matthias. Finally, having been passed over because he is so thin, he escapes from the cannibals' clutches. Similarly, the incident of Mass celebrated on the back of a sea-monster in the mediæval Voyage of S. Brendan and the Life of S. Malo is the equivalent of Sindbad's interrupted meal, and all three have, doubtless, a common source.

The story of Sindbad would probably be put down by folk-lorists of the Bentley school to Indian sources. The probability is that it is composed from current wonder-stories based on travellers' tales, Phœnician, Greek, Egyptian. The episode of the one-eyed cannibal giant and the spit is, of course, that of Odysseus and Polyphemus. For the incident just discussed an Egyptian source may be suggested: there may easily have been current in Alexandria, that *officina gentium*, tales of cannibal lands from which sailors had made hair-breadth escapes. In effect, one of Maspero's early Egyptian *contes* describes a shipwrecked sailor's adventures on a strange island inhabited by bearded snakes. And that the Acts of Andrew has some Egyptian connection we see from the miracle performed on the sphinx. Temples with sphinxes were unknown outside Egypt. The presumption is, therefore, that on some story of Egyptian *provenance* both the Sindbad story and the Gospel are based. But the Gospel has been influenced by Greek ideas about Scythian cannibalism. Part of the adventure—depriving the victims of their reason by means of a drug or potion—was also known to Greek story. It is what Circe did to the companions of Odysseus. Sindbad's friends and the prisoners in Myrne behaved like beasts, eating grass and other unusual things. Circe's victims became beasts in reality, only she did not eat them. Perhaps there was a version of the story in which the enchantress had cannibal tastes. If so, Homer discarded it for one which was less disgusting, and it has now disappeared as a popular tale. Lucian, however, knew or invented a similar incident in his "True History," that of the island of spectral women who first intoxicated their deluded victims and then put them to death.

Other incidents in this Gospel belong equally to the magic atmosphere of *Märchen* and Wonder-tale. The

magical boat which covers vast distances in a short space of time is well known to readers of folk-tales: it is also related to the shoes of swiftness, Houssain's magic carpet, and other such useful properties. Apart from its use in the Gospel, the earliest literary notice of it occurs in Procopius, who tells how the souls of the dead were swiftly conducted across the sea to Britain. He may have learned this from Celtic sagas; at all events, such a magic boat occurs in Celtic tales of an early date, known to us from twelfth-century manuscripts. The mortal hero is invited into the boat by its divine or fairy owner, and is instantly carried to the land of Immortal Youth. Cuchullin was taken thither by the divine Liban, and Connla by an unnamed goddess. The boat in which S. Andrew travelled moved swiftly because the divine Christ was its captain. All such boats were probably, in origin, the vessels of a god, perhaps like the boat of the Sun in which Ra made his daily rounds.

The sphinx-miracle is one which would be quite credible in antiquity and is clearly derived from existing stories of images and statues which wept, made signs, left their pedestals to perform various acts, even to fight for their worshippers. Pausanias and Herodotus tell of many such statues; they were well known in mediæval times, as they were to Buddhists and ancient Peruvians. Exactly similar stories are told in England of megalithic remains, e.g., the Rollright stones, and originally for precisely the same reason. They were held to be animated by the ghost of the dead man buried beneath, as the classical image was occasionally tenanted by the divinity whom it represented. Are instances of self-moving sphinxes and statues known to Egyptologists? Herodotus does not refer to them in his discussion of Egyptian religion and manners. Presumably the convincing part of the miracle was less the speaking and travelling of the sphinx than its production of the bodies of the patriarchs from the field of Mamre. Did the composer of the Gospel suppose they were mummified? If so, this would be another suggestion of its Egyptian origin.

It is not impossible that the statue-fountain with its multiplied waters threatening to overwhelm the town may owe something to an episode in contemporary wonder-tales or *Märchen*, which originated, in turn, in primitive beliefs concerning wells and the spirits which dwelt in them. It was dangerous to approach them rashly, dangerous even for the priestess of the well to leave it uncovered. To do so roused the anger of the spirit, the waters rose, destroyed the careless ministrant or devotee, and then overwhelmed the surrounding town or country. Celtic saga and folk-tale offer the most numerous instances of this belief and episode, but other examples are known in European folk-lore, as well as in India, South America and Melanesia. The flood of acrid water in the Gospel may owe something to a similar episode in a tale not now known to us; it may, however, have been suggested by the miracle of Moses's striking the stony rock so that the waters gushed out.

A great part of this apocryphal Gospel is thus connected with the incidents of existing tales, to which has been given a Christian colouring. The remainder, leaving out what is due to the imagination and literary skill of the author, is freely borrowed from the Old Testament or from the Gospels and Acts. The deliverance of the apostle from prison, the miraculous cure of blindness, the calling down fire from heaven to surround the city, the earth swallowing up the old man—all will be easily traced to their sources by those who have read, marked and learned.

J. A. MACCULLOCH.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "On a Poem by Wordsworth," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

Chippinge. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

INTO a carefully arranged historical background Mr. Weyman weaves the formula of his plot. This plot with slight variants remains the same; the background changes. The hero meets the heroine in the opening pages and after the proper set-backs, which prove the truth of their love, they are united. "Chippinge" deals with the Reform Bills at the beginning of last century, and the riots and disturbances which obtained during their passing. It is written with Mr. Weyman's usual fluency and constructed with the ease of a man who knows his business so well that he no longer needs to think about it. It is wholesome, mediocre work, and will delight Mr. Stanley Weyman's immense number of readers from its first word, which is "Boom," to the last word, which happens also to be "Boom."

Quicksilver and Flame. By ST. JOHN LUCAS. (Arnold, 6s.)

FOR some reason (or the absurd lack of it) romance has so long been fettered to depict dreary muscular heroes, who perform ridiculous exploits in dull little clap-trap kingdoms, that we had almost forgotten that it could be a magnificent means of expressing a resolute attitude towards life. Romance should clothe Truth with fine raiment and adorn that raiment with pearls. "Life," says Lord Basil in this book, "is a heavenly poem, but we are most of us too short-sighted to read it or we have gone to sleep over its grammar and syntax." That is the spirit of the true Romance. And that spirit informs Mr. St. John Lucas's present book, which contains beauty of a high order, both in its writing (he can write good prose) and in its thought. Moreover, it is full of wit and epigram; and the one exception we can take to Mr. St. John Lucas's work is that at times, when he has created a mood of strong emotion, he startles with a witticism which has the effect of a stone on bare feet when one is walking upon soft grass.

Disenchanted (Désenchantées). By PIERRE LOTI. Translated by CLARA BELL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

M. LOTI laments the disenchantment which unlimited indulgence in western culture has brought with it to the princesses in Turkish harems. Uncaged intellectually, as free to study Kant and Nietzsche as to trifle with Baudelaire and Verlaine, they are yet, in the original words of one of these ladies, "sans le moyen de se consoler de son amour, et de son rêve, par action;" wherefore there is nothing for them but death unless full emancipation come speedily. M. Loti is gently sympathetic, writes charmingly of everything, paints delightful pictures, but suggests no remedy for sufferings which are "already an anxiety to my dear friends the Turks." We are left to balance the chances whether these Mahomedans will open wide the door to freedom (and the inevitable destruction and reconstruction of their social system), or whether they may rather choose to banish professors, books, and foreign influence, and cry: "Back to the peace of our forefathers!"

The Illustrious O'Hagan. By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"It was all kissing-time, drinking-time, singing-time, tripping-time" with John O'Hagan, and nearly all with Philip O'Hagan, his twin-brother, save that Philip had a little time for melancholy, during which he cherished in his heart the thought of his first boy-love for Dorothea of Sonnenburg. From her brute-husband, Prince Max of Schlafingen, the gallant twins rescue her, and she is lovely enough to warrant all the risks they run. They step through all the perils with a grace as gallant as that with which the romance passes on its brave way: and the romance lilts swingingly along. So let hats sweep off, as

they should, before the Illustrious O'Hagan. Mr. McCarthy is at his buoyant best.

The Second Book of Tobiah. By U. L. SILBERRAD. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

READERS who recall Miss Silberrad's original and interesting stories, "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell" and others, will gladly renew their acquaintance with Tobiah, the Dissenter. Tobiah—a Christian of the valiant sort and a sportsman—is once more called to lend a hand in the affairs of his neighbours, for the furtherance of virtue and well-doing. He grasps the nettle of interference between man and wife with a vigour that crushes all opposition: with their good will, or against it, his courage and resource bring all marital difficulties to a successful issue. "Drusilla, the Jewess," and "The Elf Lady of Morwood," are, perhaps, the most important stories in the collection: the old-world atmosphere and environment, the characters and form of narration are all convincing. Miss Silberrad is a writer of ability and distinction, and nowhere has she shown the finer qualities of her work to greater advantage than in these tales.

Old Fireproof. By OWEN ROSCOMYL. (Duckworth, 6s.)

OWEN ROSCOMYL in his latest novel deals so accurately and intimately with the practical details of his background (the South African campaign) that the reader cannot but feel disappointment at the unsatisfactory nature of his characterisation. Nor has he handled the knowledge he possesses in such a manner as to create any atmosphere or stir the imagination. The story is told in the first person, and, therefore, the strained phraseology and the lack of simplicity in the dialogue are all the more marked; the reader is also irritated throughout the book by the would-be poetical phrases which are introduced. The author does not succeed in creating an impression of horror by such descriptions as the following: "The sergeant-major's voice burst back with a threat so awful as should have turned my blood to clots, but which only made my flesh burn instead" or: "Using such words as make my flesh cringe now to remember"—a style which is not calculated to give an impression of anything save the ridiculous.

The Marriage of Aminta. By L. PARRY TRUSTOTT. (Blackwood, 6s.)

"ALL the world's mad but thee and me, and sometimes I think thee is," said an old Quaker, and we have no doubt that three delightful lunatics living on the banks of the Thames think so too, after the manner of the insane. They are mad enough, at any rate; from the amiable male lunatic, "with just enough of his life behind him to make a fair pretext for denying his age," to the fat, fair female lunatic clad in crumpled silk and an exaggerated mushroom hat. Of course, for the good of the story, there is a young and beautiful girl lunatic. This irresponsible household is presided over by the One Sane Man, Mr. Clinkaberry, gardener by trade and misogynist by nature. A grand piano and a sad little song about a sad little dream which they warble inconsequently in the intervals of proposing promiscuously to one another, play an important part in this unhinged but attractive story.

A Servant of the King. By E. ACEITUNA GRIFFIN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

OUR first feeling on opening this book was that the title was in some way familiar; our second, on realising the subject, that it had been treated once too often. The story of Strafford and Lady Carlisle is almost as popular with novelists as that of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne, and only great dramatic power and freshness of treatment can make the theme anything but hackneyed. These are the qualities we miss in "A Servant of the King." The story is clearly and conscientiously told, but it is a tale we have heard too often before. Charles the

First has been punished sufficiently for the most traitorous act in the annals of English history, if only by the amount of times he has been made to rehearse his crimes in print. Surely no ghost ever "walked" in expiation of his sins more consistently than that unfortunate monarch since he delivered himself into the hands of the novel writer. This well-written but dull book is dedicated "to Muriel Cooper, who made me write it": we could almost wish she had refrained.

DRAMA

"THE CHARITY THAT BEGAN AT HOME" AT THE COURT THEATRE

MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S new play appears to have puzzled the professional critics. Last Wednesday one morning paper praised its "unobtrusive, but original and rather subtle technique," while another critic found fault with something as "a failure of technique." One says: "His Margery is really a failure"; another calls her "an exquisite little woman." When the doctors disagree, may a humble amateur, who knows nothing of technique, try to point out why he enjoyed *The Charity that began at Home* more than most of the plays he has been taken to see of late?

The disagreement as to the character of Margery Denison (prettily played by Miss May Martyn) is a leading clue to his enjoyment. She may be a "failure"; if so, the way to draw human nature is to make more such failures. The more we think of Margery, the better we understand her. A bright, quick, active, thoroughly good girl, young as yet and quite a stranger to passion, devoted to "good works," and finding immense pleasure in being a fussy little Lady Bountiful. She is unawakened to passion, but her eyes lighten when the name of Hylton is mentioned, and her busy fingers go a little quicker than ever when they are working his handkerchief-case. Then comes Verreker, young, handsome, cynical, almost disgraced; just the man to appeal romantically to a little apostle of unselfishness. She likes him—likes him very much: quite enough, in fact, to make the idea of marrying him pleasant, a little for itself, a great deal for the opportunity of reforming him. With her bright, clear sense, and her utter inexperience of love and the world, she routs the opposing forces. He robbed his Mess? Yes, but he is not really bad; and if he is, ought she not, according to the very doctrines of Hylton and her mother, all the more to marry and reform him? But she does not like him enough to be more than a little bewildered and disappointed when he tells her, after all, that she is too good for him (in a scene which sets an example of the right use of words)—so good that either he or she must be unhappy. And when Verreker suggests that it is really Hylton whom she ought to marry, she goes away reflectively—wondering. It had not occurred to her. She will learn very soon, we know, that the idea does not shock her because it is Hylton after all by whom her sleeping womanhood is to be awakened. Take the character of Verreker, again. After preaching selfishness all through the play, he suddenly gives up a pretty girl with a large fortune. Is that selfishness or unselfishness? Both, of course; a mixture of opposites, as human nature always is. Margery's fortune would be fine for him, when—as he very soon would—he had grown used to Margery's tears of unhappiness: on the other hand, it would be a shame to marry her when Hylton so much better deserves her. That scene of renunciation delighted the present writer by its very indefiniteness, its utter lack of the hard and fast, cut and dried rules about men and women and actions which the stage is always trying to force upon us. Verreker, again, is a bit of a cad. Of course, he is. When a man has been kicked out of his regiment and has lived as best he can for four years, he becomes even more of a

cad than most gentlemen are born. And what of Hylton, the apostle of unselfishness, founder of the Church of Humanity, preacher, philanthropist? We all thought he was going to turn out a humbug, and he did not. Truth, again. Did any one ever meet such a man and *not* believe he was going to turn out a humbug? And Hylton—to Mr. Berte Thomas's credit be it recorded—showed just the self-consciousness, the touch of the *poseur*, the head-on-one-side, elaborately gentle manner, which such men always acquire and which always leads to their being suspected as humbugs.

But we need not follow through the whole list of people. Some of the minor characters are less life-like—and would probably be considered more life-like by the theatre-goer, because they are more cut to pattern and easier to understand. This may be carelessness or ignorance on the author's part; but, knowing nothing of technique, we venture to suggest that they were put there as foils to the subtler natures of the principal characters. The story as a whole gives us the impression by its very vagueness, so to speak—its lack of hard and fast distinctions, of "strong and decided" action, of Procrustean periods—that we were watching some real people at a very interesting period in their fortunes. Life and people are like that: a little vague, a little contradictory, a little baffling. They do not arrange themselves in "scenes" and "moments." In actual experience, we have not time to watch them, and follow out causes, results and reasons: it is delightful to have it done for us on the stage.

One must, of course, distinguish one's pleasures. Mr. Hankin, who has a kind of eclectic feebleness, all his own, cannot excite us. We do not care a rush what happens to these people afterwards; whether dear, stupid, brave Lady Denison (played to perfection by Miss Florence Haydon) is cured of personal philanthropy by her troubles, or whether she goes on her dear, stupid, brave way. We do not dream of nights of the lovely Margery, nor pity poor, handsome, battered Verreker. We do not even know (again, as in life) whether we "like" any of the people; and we do not believe that Mr. Hankin either "likes" any of them, or cares whether we do. But we know them, and that is more important. Moreover, we have laughed a good deal at the witty way they are presented; and, if we are perfectly unmoved to emotion, perfectly cold all through, how often do other people's lives move us to enthusiasm?

There is uprising a new drama, and Mr. Hankin is one of its professors. It seems to us a very delightful and sensible kind of drama; and the only thing that stands in the way of its appreciation is the demand for something the dramatist does not profess to give—the shocks and thrills and sentiments of the old drama. The characters are "failures" only from the point of view of those who ask for the old cut and dried strips called human beings by the Victorian stage; its technique is a failure only in the eyes of those who on entering a theatre forget the infinite variety of the world outside.

FINE ART

MR. RICH'S WATER-COLOURS

WHEN we consider how widespread in this country is the practice of painting in water-colours, when we reflect that this essentially national medium is even more favoured by amateurs than by professional painters, we can no longer feel surprise at the immense number of indifferent examples of this art recurrently offered to our gaze in Bond Street and thereabouts. But with so great a multitude of practitioners we have reason for regretful wonder in the fact that so few out of the many attain to any real distinction. We have painters—Mr. Sargent, Mr. Steer and Mr. Tonks, for example—who from time to time show water-colours of undoubted charm and

distinction; but with these and many others water-colours are a by-product, their best energies being given to painting in oils. Now that Brabazon and Arthur Melville are no more, it would be difficult to name half a dozen living artists who, devoting their undivided energies to water-colour, have added fresh lustre to the greatest school of this branch of painting in the world.

Truth to tell, British water-colour art is for the moment at low ebb, and, though promise for the future is not lacking, the present performers on whom we may justly pride ourselves may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Of the rare few who could be included in this chosen band, none is surer of his place than Mr. A. W. Rich, a selection of whose water-colours is being exhibited this month at the Carfax Gallery (24 Bury Street, St. James's). In these days, when water-colours is misused to obtain any effect save those most peculiar and proper to the medium, it is delightful to dwell on the purity of Mr. Rich's colour. No one could take his exhibits at Carfax to be oils, pastels, chalks, chromolithographs, or anything except water-colours, and if this be no high praise it is, at least in our time, a distinction. Quieter and less arresting at the first glance than that of Brabazon or of Melville, Mr. Rich's art is none the less modern in feeling and expression, and notwithstanding the title of the catalogue we should prefer to term his exhibits "paintings" rather than "drawings in water-colour." In so saying we cast no slur on his ability as a draughtsman. To look at the rounded ribs of the boats in his *Rye Harbour* (47) is to know that Mr. Rich is as accomplished in the expression of form—which is drawing—as he is in the balancing of masses—which is composition. But if we attach any precise significance to technical terms we now understand by "water-colour drawings" pencil drawings slightly tinted with washes of colour. This more old-fashioned method is not that most favoured by Mr. Rich. The lead pencil is rarely, if ever, discernible in his work. He does not insist on outline. He builds up form by planes of light and shade or colour-values, rather than the lines of an anatomical diagram. He does not use colour to fill up pencil outlines; he lays it on directly in deft blots and washes. No doubt the new water-colour tradition has grown out of the old, but there is sufficient difference between the two to justify a verbal distinction, so that even when an artist is capable of using either method it is not improper to classify him by his favourite, and to allude, for example, to the drawings of Mr. MacColl and the paintings of Mr. Rich.

If Mr. Rich favours the *blottesque* technique, his use of it is not violent, but so gentle as to be at times almost imperceptible. The most conservative critic could hardly take exception to his *Brighton* (60). The beach in the foreground is so orderly that at first it appears quite old-fashioned, almost ordinary, till suddenly there dawns on us the miracle of sunshine on the water, and afterwards we realise that the beach, too, is ablaze with light, that the scene and the painting are of to-day and not of yesterday. Though he shows no marked preference for high keys of colour—rather the reverse, since cool greens, olive and terre-vert predominate—there is abundant evidence that Mr. Rich, with the foremost painters of his generation, is deeply occupied with problems of light, light which for a sensitive soul can transform *Croydon* (17) into a fairy-like vision of ethereal delicacy. The light may be concentrated, as in *The Farmyard* (26), seen bathed in light through a frame of shaded foliage, or diffused, as in *The South Downs* (23), spaced out by a subtle appreciation and registration of values; but light and air are always there.

Mr. Rich's interest in nature is not limited to a single aspect: in *Stanmer Park* (15), *Field Work* (12), the Constablesque *A Stormy Day* (34), and many other low-toned pictures of equal beauty he demonstrates the wide range of his art and sympathy. But whatever diversity in other respects his exhibits have, they all show in common the purity of colour and deftness of touch which characterise a master-craftsman. The colour may be deep and full or

light and delicate, but it is never muddy, never impure. The touches may be large or small, few or many, but they are always expressive, never superfluous.

Hardly a week passes without an exhibition of water-colours opening in some part of London, and invitations to view the work of possible rivals to Mr. Rich have not failed us of late. We had thought this week to say something about the sketches of Messrs. H. L. Dell and Westley Manning and the designs of Mr. H. Raymond Thompson at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street), of Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt's Algerian studies at Messrs. Dickinson's (114 New Bond Street). To each of these a word of praise might have been awarded for some merit achieved on occasion, but with Triton on the stage it is difficult to administer justice with mercy to the minnows.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

AMONG Mr. Edward Arnold's autumn announcements are: "Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of an Old Officer," by Colonel James P. Robertson, who took part in the Sutlej Campaign from Moodkee to Sobraon, was in the Crimea, and commanded a regiment of Light Cavalry throughout the Mutiny; "Abyssinia of To-day," by Robert P. Skinner, an account of the first mission sent by the American Government to the Emperor Menelik; "Houseboat Days in China," by J. O. P. Bland; a new and cheaper edition of the Memoirs of Henri Stephen de Blowitz, the late Paris correspondent of the *Times*; "The Princes of Achaia and the Chronicles of Morea," a study of Greece in the Middle Ages, by Sir Rennell Rodd; "The Aftermath of War," by G. B. Beak—an account of the repatriation of Boers and natives in the Orange River Colony; "Individual Ownership and the Growth of Modern Civilisation," a translation of Henri de Tourville's "Histoire de la Formation Particulariste," by Maisie G. Loch; "A Song-Garden for Children," a collection of children's songs adapted from the French and German by Harry Graham and Rosa Newmarch, the music edited and arranged by Norman O'Neill; a re-written and enlarged edition of Professor Lloyd Morgan's "Psychology for Teachers"; "Political Caricatures, 1906," by Sir F. Carruthers Gould; "A Hunting Catechism," by Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson; and "At the Works: A Study of a North Country Town," by Lady Bell—a description of the industrial and social condition of the ironworkers of the North Country.

Messrs. Methuen are issuing a work which will contain all the extant letters of William Blake, including a considerable number which have never before been published. The book contains also a hitherto unpublished life of Blake, by Frederick Tatham, Blake's most intimate friend in his later days. The work has been edited by Mr. A. G. B. Russell, who supplies an introduction and notes. Another book which Messrs. Methuen are publishing is Mr. Adolphus Ballard's "The Domesday Inquest," which gives an account of the Domesday Book and the various terms used therein. There will be reproductions from contemporary manuscripts and the Bayeux Tapestry.

Mr. John Lane will publish on October 30 a new edition of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake." Mr. W. Graham Robertson, who has the finest known collection of Blake pictures, has edited the text and written an introduction and, further, enriched Gilchrist's work with a large number of the most perfect of Blake's drawings and pictures. Most of the illustrations originally selected by Gilchrist for the "Life" are included.

Mr. Heinemann has purchased the English copyright of Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs, and hopes to have his translation of the first (unexpurgated) German edition ready shortly.

The writing of the "Life of Voltaire" necessarily involved a careful study of the group of "Intellectuals"

who are known as the Encyclopaedists, and "S. G. Tallentyre" has now written a companion volume, entitled "The Friends of Voltaire," which Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish shortly.—About December 1 Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish the volume of new and original stories and poems contributed by various writers as their effort on behalf of the Barnardo National Memorial Fund. All profits will be banded to this fund. Contributions are already in hand from Owen Seaman, Ralph Connor, Maxwell Gray, E. W. Hornung, Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Annie S. Swan, Major Hume, Norman Gale, Hume Nisbet, and Tom Gallon.

The suppressed commentary by Walter Savage Landor on Trotter's "Memories of the Last Days of Charles James Fox" will be published shortly by Mr. Murray. The only known copy was preserved by Southey and Lord Houghton, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Crewe, who has given permission for its publication.

Messrs. Parker and Co. publish this week a sixth story in "The Digit of the Moon" series entitled "An Essence of the Dusk," translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. A fifth edition is also ready of "The Digit of the Moon," and a second edition of "A Draught of the Blue" in the same series.

"Chats on Costume—A Practical Guide to Historic Dress," will be published by Mr. Unwin on October 29. The author is Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead, who has written several volumes on art subjects. His book is in no sense technical, and consists of a series of chats on the tunic, the mantle, head-dresses, and the dressing of the hair, the doublet and hose, boots, shoes, and other coverings for the feet, collars and cuffs, gloves, lace, the crinoline, etc., showing the various developments from the earliest periods to the present time. The volume is fully illustrated by reproductions of paintings and engravings by the great masters, and a number of sketches by the author.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company will publish very shortly a volume by Professor E. Ray Lankester, entitled "The Kingdom of Man."

Miss Jessie Pope, the author of "Paper Pellets," a collection of poems which Mr. Elkin Mathews is about to publish, has the unusual gift in a woman of expressing humour in verse. Her contributions appear regularly in *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*, and the book itself is one of the first volumes of humorous verse published by a lady.

A new novel entitled "The Ark of the Curse," by Miss K. L. Montgomery, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. The scene of the story, which is full of exciting incidents, is laid in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, the period being that of Philip II. of Spain.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue shortly a volume of tales entitled "Back o' the Moon," by Oliver Onions, author of "The Drakestone," "Tales from a Far Riding," etc. The principal story deals with the lives of lawless dwellers in the remoter districts of Yorkshire towards the latter part of the eighteenth century.

CORRESPONDENCE

ON EDITING BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Last spring the criticisms of a reviewer drew from me some remarks on the text of the *Elder Brother* in the Cambridge edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, which you were kind enough to print. In the appendix to vol. iv. which has just appeared, the editor has attempted to meet the objections raised. You may possibly think the matter of sufficient interest to allow me a few words of further comment. I will quote Mr. Waller's own words:

"In the Preface to the second volume of the present edition, I used the words 'First Quarto' somewhat loosely to represent indifferently two versions of *The Elder Brother*, both dated 1637, differing very slightly from each other. The phrase has been misunderstood as implying that the editors of this edition were not aware that one of these two Quartos may possibly have been printed a few years later

than the other. This is not the case: the opinion, and the evidence adduced in support of it, were known to the editors. . . . It is a matter of very slight importance, and it is sufficient to state here that one of these two identically dated editions was called A and the other B . . . without there being any intention on the part of the editors to express . . . any opinion . . . as to which is the earlier . . . of the two."

It appears, therefore, that the editor intentionally applied the letter A to an edition which he knew to be demonstrably later, possibly as much as a quarter of a century later, than that he designated B; that he described as one version of the First Quarto an edition which he knew to be not the first, and possibly only the fourth. This seems to me a deliberate attempt to mislead students, in comparison with which mere ignorance and carelessness are venial offences, and to speak of it as a matter of indifference argues a strange inability to grasp the situation. The serious study of English will continue, and will deservedly continue, to be an object of neglect and contempt so long as our University Presses continue to lend their countenance to methods in dealing with our native language and literature which would not be tolerated for five minutes in the case of classics, mathematics, or natural science.

W. W. GREG.

Mr. A. R. Waller writes from the University Press, Cambridge, as follows:

By the courtesy of the Editor of the ACADEMY I have been permitted to see a copy of the above letter. Mr. W. W. Greg omits qualifying words of mine and then proceeds to draw attention to an argument he has distorted. I do not propose to reply otherwise than by supplying the words of mine that he has omitted, and I leave the question of his fairness, or shall I say the ethics of his methods of criticism, confidently in the hands of the readers of the ACADEMY: "editors, but all questions of date, together with all other discussions of like nature, were left to be dealt with in their proper place in the volume or volumes of notes that are to follow the publication of the text. It"—"B in the Appendix to volume ii. for purposes of reference only, just as, in volume i., the two identically dated Quartos, of *Philaster*, 1652, were called F and G, respectively, without"—"express, in either case, any opinion, for the moment, as to which is the earlier or the better of the two. Furthermore, since the text of one of these 1637 Quartos was printed in the Appendix merely in order to show the verse arrangement that prevailed in the early Quartos and not for any other textual purpose, it was a matter of indifference which of the two 1637 Quartos was used."

A GENTLE REBUKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

SIR,—I have to request you to insert this letter in the next issue of your publication and also a full apology for the insulting and vulgar remarks made upon in your issue of to-day under the heading of "The Literary Week," failing which I shall take legal proceedings against your publication as I am advised, and claim such damages as I think necessary.

Your remarks are not only irreverent but intensely offensive, and calculated to hold me up to ridicule, which the law punishes.

Because you are unable to see merit in my literary and dramatic work, which others do both here and abroad, owing to your lack of education and culture, that is no reason why you should attack me so ignorantly and foolishly as you did, for example, as regards my adaptation from "Paradise Lost" for the English stage, which received high praise on all sides, but to now try and hold me up to ridicule also and introduce into your vulgar joke a sacred subject and matter to us all, is a gross prostitution of journalism in the worst form possible.

WALTER STEPHENS.

26 Coventry Street, W,
Telephone 11918 Central.
10.10.6.

[We readily offer Mr. Stephens the apology for which he so prettily pleads, regretting at the same time that among the twelve living authors at whom we ventured to poke fun there should have been one to whom it was necessary to point out the words of Mr. Stephens's fellow dramatist: "Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant . . . peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you."—Ed.]

THE BOOK TRADE AND THE TIMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In consequence of certain announcements which are appearing in the Press, I beg to state that since Oct. 1 I have not advertised my books in the *Times*, and further, on October 11, following the meeting of the Publishers' Association, I immediately closed my account with the "Times Book Club" for both gross and net books.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

October 23.

THE MODERN PICTURE-MARKET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent who responds to the article upon the "Modern Picture-Market" is to be thanked for his attempt to show a more cheery outlook upon the matter; but the cases he gives of patron and artist are palpably exceptions which prove the rule. We must still deplore the scarcity of such patrons as he instances. Your correspondent gives it out in the manner of something of which the community may be properly proud that "there are, even among the younger generation, many painters who can earn their living without sacrificing their aims and ideals." Are we expected to fling up our caps and hurrah at this? The meaning of "many" in the passage quoted is in reality "few," as the context proves. Moreover the article did not refer primarily to painters "in their first few years of practice"; but to those who have experience as well as talent, and families to boot. It is not good for a beginner to go up like a rocket. Collectors and other exploiters get hold of him and turn his head—witness Beardsley, whose moral suicide led to his premature demise.

It is impossible for artists to "accept low prices" in a general way, for such are not offered in this country. They might do so perhaps by calling from house to house with their pictures in a parcel. All sales to the larger public are made in galleries where the limit of cheapness has been raised during the last thirty years, gradually from £5 to £25 or something like that; for the increase of commission, of course. Most of the public galleries show only the work of members and are therefore closed to the mass of free-lances outside. The much abused Royal Academy is after all the best friend to artists. You may price your work as you like and no commission is charged. But these advantages attract an impossible and overwhelming competition. We want a dozen academies. Failing that we want people to go to artists direct, after disabusing their minds of the notion that pictures are luxuries, and that lavish establishments (barring pictures), costly clothes, motor-cars, and other things which moth and rust doth corrupt, are the only necessities.

I could elaborate my points were I not fearful of boring your readers with a matter unhappily of no general interest.

F. C. TILNEY.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—As one deeply interested in the above subject, not as a dealer but in a small way as a buyer and lover of pictures, I have a proposition to make, which may, I think, stimulate the sale of works of art in this country. Being a busy man myself I cannot do more than suggest a scheme which must be carried out systematically and safeguarded in every possible way by some one who has the genius and leisure for organisation.

There are a good many of us who have wall-space which might be better utilised than it is at present by exhibiting for sale works of art which fail to sell only because they are never seen by possible buyers. Better utilised, I say, both in our own interests and in the interests of struggling artists. We, who are willing to take part in this movement, would gain the pleasure of (temporarily) having a work of art before our eyes. The artist would gain by having his picture seen by a new stream of possible buyers. In return for the pleasure of temporary possession it would be a condition that every such picture should have exhibited prominently, beside or on it, a card stating that the picture is "FOR SALE," that its price is so-and-so, and that the painter is this, that or the other, a further implied condition being that the temporary owner should try to sell it, unless indeed he became so attached to it that he preferred to buy it himself rather than be parted from it.

On the other hand, in return for his advantage of having his pictures seen by a new set of possible purchasers, it would be a condition on the part of the painter that he should insure his picture, a mere nominal expense, and deliver it free of charge.

There are of course other details which would have to be considered, such as the risk of a picture being seized with other ostensible belongings in the event of the bankruptcy of the exhibitor, but I imagine such a contingency could be easily guarded against by printing on the sale-card, "THIS PICTURE IS THE PROPERTY OF THE PAINTER."

At any rate I have said enough to outline a scheme which I sincerely hope some one (perhaps you, Sir) will see his way to organise. I say "perhaps you, Sir," because it should be some one of influence and some one who would command the confidence of both artists and private persons willing to lend their wall-space.

To cover the clerical and other expenses I should propose a small subscription, say a guinea a year from each householder offering wall-space. Personally I should be only too ready to pay this myself for the privilege of looking at a really beautiful picture for a year.

There is, of course, the question of what picture or pictures the householder would wish to contemplate, for of course it would not do, for example, to force Mr. Robert Ross to contemplate such a picture as Mr. Holman Hunt's *Hiring Shepherd*, though to me this would be worth very many guineas a year. This, however, could be got over by the Association publishing a list of those artists who might be willing to try the experiment with pictures exhibited but unsold. Then all that would be necessary would be for the householder to fix upon such pictures as took his fancy in the exhibitions, send a list of these to the secretary of the association, intimating that he would be willing to give wall-space, under the conditions named, to such as might be left on the artist's hands.

I have only stated the idea crudely and have no doubt that many

objections will be raised. At the same time I am prepared to "face the music" rather than let a possible solution of the difficulty be lost just for want of putting it down on paper.

With apologies for taking up so much of your space and dashing down the leading points, without correction, for which I have no time, just as they flow from the tip of my pen,

G. S. LAYARD.

ORATORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The centenary of the death of Fox suggests a question which, so far as I know, has not been raised in any article on the subject. "Has oratory become a lost art in modern England, and is admiration for oratory an emotion which belongs to the dim past?" Such evidence as I have observed seems to demand an affirmative answer. What great author nowadays would think of giving one of his chief works the title "De Oratore" or "De Oratoribus"? Who would dream of writing of "eloquentiam et ceteras artes," of describing eloquence in the immortal words, "sicut flamma, materia alitur et motibus excitatur et urendo clarescit," of requiring of the speaker "ut omnem omnium artium varietatem complecteretur," of declaring that the only orator is he "qui in forum omnibus artibus armatus exierit"? What modern publisher can read without a smile of scorn the story that one of his predecessors was foolish enough to offer Sheridan a thousand guineas (or fifteen hundred pounds of our present money) for a corrected version of his speech on the Begums of Oude? What modern speaker can read without a sneer the line in which Aristophanes has immortalised the eloquence of Pericles, ἡστραπὴ ἐβρόντα, ξυνεκύνε τὴν Ἑλλάδα? What modern educationist can read without a sardonic laugh the story of Æschines in his exile reciting to his pupils his great rival's greatest speech? What modern politician can listen without a lofty sense of superiority to the tradition which tells how the House of Commons hung in spellbound rapture on the lips of Pitt as he pleaded for the abolition of the slave-trade, and with an unsurpassed felicity of quotation, pointing to the first rays of the sun shining through the windows of the House, exclaimed,

Dum nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper?

What arm-chair critic of our day does not pish or pshaw over Voltaire's criticism of the "Provincial Letters," "Toutes les sortes d'éloquence y sont renfermées"? What modern philosopher ever thinks of emulating the inimitable eloquence of Plato in the eighth and ninth Books of the "Republic"? What Parliamentary candidate or "noble Lord" devotes years of intense and incessant study, like Mirabeau, to acquiring that "omnem omnium artium varietatem" which made him the greatest orator of his nation, and the co-equal of the greatest English speakers? There is an anecdote that a famous orator was taunted by an envious rival with delivering speeches which "smelt of the lamp"; how many modern speeches are pervaded by that delicious aroma?

I regret to see that Lord Rosebery has given the weight of his great authority to the assertion that no sensible person ever reads old sermons and old speeches. As the young lady in the comic opera says, "It all depends! Bless you, it all depends!" There are one or two sermons, more than eighteen centuries old, which to-day are read far more widely than the masterpieces of the greatest poets. There are speeches of an even greater antiquity which students of literature are foolish enough to study. I remember how, even as a boy, I was stirred by the splendid speech in which Cæsar declared to his reluctant and mutinous soldiery that, if the rest of the army failed him, he would march with the 10th Legion alone to victory or death; and from that day I never wondered that he should have taken the foremost place among the great men of all time. I remember with equal vividness the impression which was made upon me by the first perusal of the "De Corona"; and I thought then, and still think, that the close of the magnificent passage where the speaker suddenly turns upon his opponent, Ἐμβρόντητε, εἰτα νῦν Μένει; is the master-stroke of the greatest master of human speech. The words of Pericles, Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τόπος, haunt me more than the lyrics of the "Bacchæ"; and the words of Burke, "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and little minds and a great Empire go ill together," linger in my memory more constantly than Wordsworth's "Odes." But I am doubtless qualifying for one of those lunatic asylums on which Lord Rosebery eloquently dilated.

I was amused some time ago to read that a modern critic had sneered at Byron for his "rhetorical poetry." Apparently the critic wrote in sublime unconsciousness of the fact that almost all the world's greatest poets are incomparably more rhetorical than Byron. I have been meditating an article, which has not yet been written, on "The poets as orators," in which I intended to illustrate and enlarge upon this theme. Indeed, Milton is an admirable instance of Cicero's celebrated maxim, "Est finitimus oratori poeta." The "Areopagitica" is in form a pamphlet but in reality a splendid piece of oratory. In four great passages of his poems he has sounded the praises of eloquence. In "Comus" the lady ends her speech with the words:

Should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathise . . .

In the well-known passage of the "Paradise Regained" he extols the "resistless eloquence" of the Greek orators. In the "Paradise Lost" he contrasts it with song:

In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senses)
Others apart sat on a hill retired . . .

and, above all, in the magnificent simile of the ninth Book he sets the seal on the greatness of eloquence:

As when of old some orator renowned . . .

Are we, in view of the twentieth century, to interpret the words "since mute" prophetically as well as retrospectively?

A curious and instructive light is thrown upon this subject by the "Everyman's Library," which has earned for Messrs. Dent the gratitude of all literary students. Of the first one hundred and fifty volumes only one is devoted to oratory. "Only one ha'porth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" But still more interesting is the remark in the Prospectus to the Library: "It will be acknowledged that it is only very rarely possible to reproduce the eloquence of other nations in our own language." Apparently it is easier to give an adequate reproduction in English of Sophocles and Virgil, Dante and Goethe, than of Demosthenes and Cicero, Mirabeau and Luther. I confess that my slight acquaintance with classical and modern literature forces upon me a diametrically opposite conclusion. I should respect unbelievers more if they had the courage of their opinions, and boldly said that in this enlightened age literary students set no store by an art which in the ignorant and benighted ages of the past held a foremost place.

Must we, then, make the melancholy confession that the eloquence of our age is like the degenerate eloquence which the great historian bewailed: "Eloquentiam velut expulsam regno suo, ut quæ olim omnium artium domina pulcherrimo comitatu pectora implebat, nunc circumcisa et amputata, sine apparatu, sine honore, . . . quasi una ex sordidissimis artificibus discatur?" And must we believe that literary students, for whose sake the "Everyman's Library" and the "World's Classics" are presumably published, have steadfastly closed their eyes to the larger and wider interests of the world's history and the life of great States which are embodied in the masterpieces of oratory with unrivalled splendour?

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

THE STIBBART ART COLLECTION (FLORENCE)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the renunciation of this valuable legacy is sure to occasion regrets for its loss when Parliament assembles, I seize this last opportunity to speak of it now.

I have just received two replies direct from Florence to my queries on the subject. One says "that the Palace and its Collection of Armour, Tapestries, have become the property of the Florence Municipality by right of heirship (*a titolo di eredità*); and are now closed to the public."

"The claims which the English Government could boast (*vantare*) of were repudiated after the intercession of the Marquis (?) Labouchère, late Member of the British House of Commons, now residing in Florence."

The other says, "Until now no Catalogue exists, and therefore the Art Collection cannot be exhibited until the compilation of one is finished."

If I am well informed this matter will not be allowed to rest without some explanation, and as replies in Parliament are often unsatisfactory (as I know myself by experience) a Blue Book containing the correspondence is now imperatively called for.

WILLIAM MERCER.

Oct. 18.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Skeat misses the point which I tried to make clear that with our present system of sound-signs *phonetic* spelling is not possible in English except by the current method of occasionally turning letters from their common use to employ them as indicators of very slight sounds and pauses, "tied notes," and barely audible breaths, which to those with ears to hear are not valueless. To be exact, I mentioned the *gh* in *light* as "breathing which can hardly be said to be audible" which yet has "an influence on speech." It might be possible for some few of us to feel quite positive that there is no difference between the playing of a pianola and Paderewski if the notes are the same, and yet with shut eyes others recognise a distinction. Speech, like music, is an art; from it we may deduce a science, but we cannot circumscribe it by the science. I think Mr. Drummond's citation of Max Müller's preference for Pitman's Fonotypy "because it did not attempt to record every passing sound" is an argument on my side.

If Professor Skeat had done me the honour of reading my letter more carefully he would have noticed that I did not say that "the final obvious articulation" would be lost if *tongue* were spelled *twag*, but a "certain stress" upon that final articulation; meaning that the articulation of the *g* is held the fraction of a moment longer than in

sung. I think I implied intelligibly that quite silent letters may have their value merely in time, but that very few are quite silent. This final stress in the given instance is probably the survival of a syllable which is still retained in other languages, whilst the shade of fulness which I find that the *o* gains over a possible *u* is most likely a corruption of the full Teutonic *u*, preserved in the accent of this generation because we sometimes know how to spell so well and speak accordingly.

I don't think any one would deny that in individual words, such as *programme*, where the termination is quite useless in English, the orthography might be changed with advantage, and the gradual transformation of language perceptible in a single century proves that what is desirable generally takes place naturally; but to make a practically clean sweep of the old spelling in favour of a bald and inexpressive invention is suicidal. Language should be the expression of the genius of a people; it should be pliable and living, not stereotyped and academic, or the literature, and the uttered word which that literature symbolises, will suffer. To consider orthography from the point of view of its reaction on the music of speech is not only sentiment, but common sense. If sentiment, and poetry, and the glamour of old use are not sufficiently "portable property" to be taken into account to-day we should logically all learn wisdom and Esperanto.

If Professor Skeat really sees no difference in the principle of spelling *light light* and *age ataticum*, I am afraid it is useless to say more.

GLADYS JONES.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The correspondence respecting the reform of English spelling indicates a general ignorance of the science of fonetics, of the character of the reforms proposed, of the relation of spelling to general education, and of the history of the modern, as well as of the older, reform movement. At the same time it may serve to dissipate this ignorance—from which reformers are not exempt—and to establish a definite aggressive movement which shall eventually secure the adoption of a fonetic code for recording spoken English.

A popular misconception of the result of applied practical fonetics is formulated by F. W. T. Lange. "I am sure," he says, "that an entirely new and fonetic alphabet would only cause endless confusion and trouble." This statement is surely hypothetical; and a knowledge of the history of fonetic achievement would have dispelled this groundless notion. In those cases—neither rare nor unimportant—where fonetic spelling has been employed for tuitional purposes only the result has been an incalculable diminution of confusion and trouble. Without here adducing statistical confirmation, it may be stated that children who received an eighteen-months' course of instruction in reading by the fonetic method, a supplementary eighteen-months being devoted to an introduction to current spelling, were generally much better readers and spellers according to the orthodox standards than were children taught to read by means of the current spelling only who had received instruction during periods of from six to eight years. The children taught by the fonetic method also made greater progress in other studies. The tests upon which these statements are based show also the groundlessness of the fear that "a too violent reform would render our past literature quite unreadable to the masses," because, as stated, the child-students of fonetics were more excellent readers of books in the current spelling than the general students who had not received fonetic instruction.

Exception may be taken to the expression "natural growth" as a description of orthographic development. Spelling is an arbitrary device for representing spoken language; susceptible of improvement by conscious agency precisely as any other mechanical invention. Language may perhaps be described as a growth or process of evolution; but the function and nature of spelling, and the manner of perfecting it as such that to describe this process as a growth is as meaningless as if the description applied to the construction of a building or the making of cloth. And it is every whit as desirable and as practicable to adopt a completely fonetic system of spelling in elementary schools as it is to supersede by substantial residences the slums and hovels of poverty, or by instruments of utility and precision the cumbrous and obsolete tools of yesterday.

The last sentences in the letter of F. W. T. Lange and in the note of the editor each suggest an aspect of the question which is apt to be overlooked. Spelling-reformers are, without exception so far as my personal knowledge goes, advocates of speech reform. This is a plank in every spelling-reform platform. The service of fonetics (rendered indirectly through the agency of the dictionaries) to the refinement of speech and the promotion of plain and effective pronunciation is already manifest in several directions. Such forms as "ejocashun, Crischan, feetchur, culchur," for "education, Christian; feature, culture," arrest the attention of the reader,—with the most salutary effect. Thus fonetic spelling connotes a reform of pronunciation.

J. B. Wallis rails against "this mechanical monster—this caricature of a language—of the foneticians"; (I refrain from following entirely the ludicrous spelling in this quotation) ignorant, forgetful or unmindful of the circumstance that language has become a caricature in actuality, chiefly because of the lack of a principle of conservation such as is undoubtedly a fonetic notation.

Lastly, neither the indignation of J. B. Wallis against those who do things instead of merely advocating that they be done, nor the

"Englishmen" whom he borrows to prevent "this wholesale degradation of their noble language" can permanently stay the current of orthographic reform. The science of fonetics is advancing and extending both in its proper nature as a science and in the general estimation of it as an instrument of education.

No, grannie, put away your broom, before you shall be

Borne like its bubbles, onward

on the full tide of English spelling-reform.

T. TALBOT LODGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The correspondence on Simplified Spelling is interesting and amusing, and it has made me famous, or, perhaps, Mr. Wallis would say, infamous.

I have been much interested in Professor Skeat's neat thrusts.

I am glad Mr. Lange goes so far as to agree with the recommendation of the Philological Society, altho he does not adopt any of their emendations in his letter.

There cannot be any change without confusion and trouble; and the introduction of a new fonetic alphabet must create a disturbance, and it is questionable whether it would not be a benefit to have this stir amongst the dry bones. Stagnation often spells decay and death.

Mr. Lange does not understand the meaning of a fonetic alphabet being used in schools for tuitional purposes. It means this. That, whereas the orthodox spelling is now taught in schools, in future a fonetic notation should be employed for teaching children to read and write. Principal Donaldson, in his recent address, emphatically pronounced in favour of such a course, having the note and testimony of Sheriff Watson, the Pitman family, the Bell family, and others who had experimented. This method may be carried through a scholar's school life, or it may be seen when fluency in reading is attained, and then introduced to the common print.

Altho Mr. Lange objects to a new fonetic alphabet, and to it working the "levers" during the course of a generation or so, he would prefer that we go straight away rather than begin this half and half method. There is no pleasing conservatism. The time has gone by for standing still, and if the pace is more rapid than is cared for by anti-reformers, let themselves to blame. They have ruled the roost too long.

So long as man is furnished with a tongue his speech will be supreme; the written can never supersede it, for it is its servant, at times unfaithful, slow and sluggish, and it is not to be counted for righteousness on that account.

Mr. J. B. Wallis wishes to escape from his own prison. The introduction of fonetics would bid farewell to all possibility of expressing noble thoughts in noble words, and like a poultry maid showing fowls, he said, "Away with it." As Job and Shakespeare were his special case, and as they spelled absolutely different from us I infer that both of them were ignoble thinkers. Mr. Wallis recoils at his own logic. I agree with him, that neither Job nor Shakespeare were ignoble thinkers, and by releasing them he removes the stigma which he cast upon fonetic writers. Spelling, whether ancient, orthodox or fonetic does not and never will create noble or ignoble thoughts. If a man spells better than a dictionary, but lacks the faculty of pure and high thinking, his orthographic gift will avail him nothing.

Mr. Wallis alludes to sum "ludicrous spelling." Will he say how such spelling is "ludicrous"? What is the standard spelling? What is its virtue?

That hardy child of Trench—"language groez"—rears its head again. I "spect" it does, seeing that we have been told so often; but how does it grow? Has Mr. Wallis seen it move, and from whence came the vital power? Darwin makes no such record.

Mr. Wallis asks if we have considered our continental neighbors. Miss Jones told us we hadn't to bother about them; now we have to regard them by preserving our spelling.

Mr. Wallis is good enough to allot to me the power of setting European names by the use of the simple phrase that Mr. Chamberlain had been sent tripping in his spelling. I must apologize to the proprietors of the ACADEMY, to Mr. Chamberlain, to Sir Edward Grey, and to all the names upon earth, for making use of such a diabolic expression. I truly repent, and promise never to do it again, especially if my memory fails me.

I regret you consider my reply to Miss Jones was couched in scorn. I hope a milder term will be accepted by her, as such a spirit would and is, I hope, absolutely foreign to me. With such a charge against me as that which Mr. Wallis has levelled at me, I trust, Mr. Editor, you will be considerate or I must seek protection, if not satisfaction.

I imagined nothing as to whether Westerners or Easterners sounded the "r" broadly or lightly. Miss Jones pitted Northerners and Southerners together. I replied that we, in the north, did sound the "r" broadly, and enjoined upon Southerners to do the same, and our Western friends will say Amen.

You question what the testimony of Mr. Egbert Roberts and the refusal of Mrs. Patti to sing has to do with the subject under discussion. Again I refer to Miss Jones. She spoke about Keats in fonetics, music and melody departing thereby, and poetic speakers valuing the individual word and letter, as the fonetic letter and word were without poetry or value. I contested her position, and am glad to have your endorsement by your rejection of the intrusion.

I am glad to learn from Principal Donaldson's address that the Senate of the London University is in communication with kindred bodies with a view to memorializing the Education Department to appoint a Committee of Investigation with a view to arriving at some general

agreement on the main principles underlying all voice and speech training. He thinks there can be little doubt that such a Committee would recommend the use of a phonetic alphabet, as indeed is indicated in the memorial to the University of London which has led the University to take this step.

Professor Moir speaking at the opening of the Greek class, Edinburgh University, last week, welcomed the new spelling decreed by President Roosevelt.

H. DRUMMOND.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WORKING MEN AND WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An important movement for the Higher Education of Workpeople has found expression in an organisation known as the Workers Educational Association, which can claim to represent both working-class demand and educational supply, being, as it is, a federation of the Universities and organisations of workpeople. Its members are nearly all working men and women.

The excellence of its constructive work in many towns is well known to those who are interested in the education of the people. Further, Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, Secretary to the Oxford University Extension Delegacy, affirms in the *Fortnightly Review* for August that "the Association has worked wonders in bringing into closer and more sympathetic contact representatives of the Universities and of working-class organisations."

We, who are helping, realise the great responsibility which lies upon this young Association (founded in 1903), and we know somewhat of the heavy demands from all parts which are made upon it. Moreover, we are deeply impressed by the need for the continuance of its untiring missionary effort aimed at stimulating the desire for education on the part of our people in all parts. Having regard to these things, it seems to us that a central office, with reasonable equipment, is an immediate necessity. The work must not be hindered in its development.

An appeal for a minimum of £500 per annum has been issued, and, so far, has realised £120 for each of five years. Among the subscribers (several of whom are workpeople) are the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Crewe, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. G. Cadbury, the Dean of Christ Church, the Master of Trinity, the Oxford and Cambridge University Extension Authorities, the Co-operative Union, and the National Union of Teachers.

We earnestly urge your readers to make covering donations or guarantees of amounts for the specified period—five years. The Bankers of the Association are the National Provincial Bank of England, St. Martin's-le-Grand branch. Remittances may be made direct to them or to the Hon. Treasurer, the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw, M.A., South Luffenham Rectory, Stamford, Lincs.

Further information will be supplied at once upon application to the Secretary, Mr. Albert Mansbridge, 98 Windsor Road, Ilford, Essex, who is anxious to explain either verbally or by letter the work of the Association, with which he has been connected since the foundation.

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October 20.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Reid, Stuart J. *Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham, 1792-1840*. 2 vols. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 818. Longmans, 36s. net.

The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by her Son, Ralph Nevill. With portrait. 9 x 6. Pp. 336. Arnold, 15s. net. (See p. 413.)

Letters of George Birkbeck Hill. Arranged by his Daughter, Lucy Crump. With portraits. 9½ x 6. Pp. 296. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.

Madame Récamier. From the French of Edouard Herriot, by Alys Hallard. With 15 portraits in photogravure. 2 vols. 9 x 6½. Pp. xvii, 773. Heinemann, 20s. net.

Hutton, Edward. *Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. A Study of a Fifteenth-Century Despot*. With 10 illustrations in photogravure. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 296. Dent, 12s. 6d. net.

[An imaginative biography, supposed to be a translation of a fictitious Italian fifteenth-century work.]

Hill, Constance. *The House in St. Martin's Street*. Being Chronicles of the Burney Family. With illustrations by Ellen G. Hill, and reproductions of portraits, etc. 9 x 6. Pp. 365. Lane, 21s. net.

Saintsbury, George. *The Earl of Derby*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 223. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[In the Prime Ministers of England series.]

Jenkins, J. H. *Ebeneser E. Jenkins*. A memoir. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 285. Kelly, 3s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Molesworth, Mrs. *Jasper: a Story for Children*. With illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 7½ x 5. Pp. 235. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

Robertson, W. Graham. *Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh, and Other Pageants for a Baby Girl*. With 12 designs in colour by the author. 10½ x 8½. Pp. 152. Lane, 7s. 6d. net.

Fairy Gold, A Book of Old English Fairy Tales. Chosen by Ernest Rhys. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. 8 x 6. Pp. 474. Dent, 5s. net.

Brereton, F. S. *Roger the Bold. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico*. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. 8 x 5½. Pp. 381. Macdonald, Alexander.

The Lost Explorers. A Story of the Trackless Desert. Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland. 8 x 5½. Pp. 380. Mulholland, Rosa (Lady Gilbert).

Our Sister Maisie. Illustrated by G. Demain Hammond. 8 x 5½. Pp. 383. Heddlie, Ethel F. *Girl Comrades*. Illustrated by G. Demain Hammond. 8 x 5½. Pp. 372. Blackie, 6s. each.

Henty, G. A. *With Clive in India, or the Beginnings of an Empire*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 378. Henty, G. A. *Both Sides the Border. A Tale of Hotspur and Glendower*. Illustrated by Ralph Peacock. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 384. New editions. Blackie, 3s. 6d. each.

Pollard, Eliza F. *With Gordon at Khartoum*. Illustrations by Frances Ewan. 7½ x 5. Pp. 248. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Harris, Joel Chandler. *Uncle Remus, or The Story of Mr. Fox and Brer Rabbit*. With 12 coloured plates by Harry Rowntree, and 84 pen-and-ink sketches by René Bull. 12½ x 9½. Pp. 110. Nelson, 5s.

Avery, Harold. *Firelock and Steel. A Story of the "Good Old Days."* 8 x 5½. Pp. 464. Warren-Bell, R. S. *The Duffer. A Story for Boys and "Old Boys."* 8 x 5½. Pp. 462. Nelson, 5s. each.

Everett-Green, Evelyn. *A Heroine of France. The Story of Joan of Arc*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Nelson, 2s. 6d.

Young, Charles. *Tales of Jack and Jane*. With 8 full-page illustrations in colour by W. H. Walker. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 131. Lane, 3s. 6d.

Blackie's Children's Annual. Stories and Rhymes by various authors; designs and pictures by various artists. 11 x 9. Pp. 192. Blackie, 3s. 6d.

Christie, G. F. *Round de Ole Plantation*. Illustrated in colour. 11½ x 8½. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Little Pickles. Rhymes for Children by Richard Hunter; illustrations by Ruth Cobb. 10 x 7. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

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Neale, J. M. *Agnes de Tracy: A Tale of the Times of St. Thomas of Canterbury*. Illustrated by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5. Pp. 178. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. each.

ECONOMICS.

Crozier, John Beattie. *The Wheel of Wealth*. 9 x 6. Pp. 526. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.

[“Being a reconstruction of the science and art of political economy on the lines of modern evolution.”]

EDUCATION.

Hull, Eleanor. *A Text-book of Irish Literature*. Part I. 7½ x 5. Pp. 260. Nutt, 3s. net.

[Takes in, generally, the period up to the sixteenth century. Chronology and Index.]

Smith, Arnold W. *Education and Ethics, and Other Essays On Educational Subjects*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 72. Birmingham: The Saint George Press, 3s. net.

[Six essays, the first of which appeared in *The Westminster Review*; two others are a modification of articles which appeared in *The Westminster Review* and *Saint George*.]

ETHNOLOGY.

Skeat, Walter William; and Blagden, Charles Otto. *Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula*. With numerous illustrations specially taken for the work. 2 vols. 9 x 6½. Pp. xi, 1579. Macmillan, 42s. net.

FICTION.

Sir John Constantine. Memoirs of his Adventures at Home and Abroad and Particularly in the Island of Corsica: Beginning with the Year 1756. Written by his son, Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine, and edited by “Q” (A. T. Quiller-Couch). 7½ x 5½. Pp. 391. Smith, Elder, 6s.

Cautley, C. Holmes. *The Millmaster*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 396. Arnold, 6s.

Eccott, W. J. *The Hearth of Hutton*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 346. Blackwood, 6s.

Whitechurch, Victor L. *The Locum Tenens*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 316. Unwin, 6s.

Maxwell, Helen. *Eve and the Wood-God*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 283. Brown, Langham, 6s.

White, Roma. *Moons and Winds of Araby*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 212. Brown, Langham, 5s.

Locke, William J. *The Belovdd Vagabond*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 303. Lane, 6s.

Ryves, K. C. *At the Sign of the Peacock*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 302. Unwin 6s. [A new volume in the First Novel Library.]

Tracy, Louis. *Waifs of Circumstance*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 408. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[This story of the voyage of the *Kansas* is much the best novel Mr. Louis Tracy has written, and one of the best tales of adventure we have read for some considerable time. Villains and cowards and heroes and a heroine, a man shanghaied, dynamite concealed in the coal, partial shipwreck, gales, mutiny, cannibals, and so on; with a wedding at the end and never a dull page.]

Newbolt, Henry. *The Old Country*. A Romance. 7½ x 5. Pp. 365. Smith Elder, 6s.

Begbie, Harold. *The Priest*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 430. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

McCutcheon, George Barr. *Nedra*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 323. E. Grant Richards, 6s.

Kernahan, Coulson. *The Duel*. 7½ x 3½. Pp. 90. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s.

Wyllarde, Dolf. *As Ye Have Sown*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 363. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Joubert, Carl. *The Tyranny of Faith*. A Story of Courland. 8 x 5½. Pp. 320. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Travers, Graham. *Growth*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 418. Constable, 6s.
 Forman, Justus Miles. *Buchanan's Wife*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 [Married against her will, Buchanan's wife was not happy. Appears on the scene the Other Man, and instantly Buchanan himself disappears. A corpse is found. Betty, longing for happiness, identifies it as that of her husband, and marries the Other Man. Follows an idyl in a cottage, and—the reappearance of Buchanan. Ultimately, of course, all is well, and presumably the idyl—rudely interrupted by the inconsiderate Husband Number One—is resumed. Mr. Forman knows his public and caters for it. Some day he may write a good novel.]

Lee, Jennette. *Uncle William*. The Man Who was Shiftless. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 278. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
 [The story of "the man who was shiftless" closely resembles "Pa Gladden" and other books of a similar nature which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have introduced to the English public. "Uncle William" himself is a delightful creation. It would be idle to pretend that he is a typical fisherman, or that he speaks as a fisherman would; but we take him for what he is—the author's ideal of what a fisherman should be—and enjoy his philanthropic enterprises. A book to cheer the heart on a rainy day. The illustrations are not in keeping with the text.]

HISTORY.

Young, Filson. *Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery*. A narrative. With a note on the Navigation of Columbus's First Voyage, by the Earl of Dunraven. 2 vols. 9 x 6½. Pp. xix, 722 E. Grant Richards, 25s. net.

Joyce, P. W. *A Smaller History of Ancient Ireland*. With 213 illustrations. 7 x 4½. Pp. 574. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

[“Treating of the Government, military system and law; religion, learning and art; trades, industries and commerce; manners, customs, and domestic life, of the ancient Irish people.” An abridgment of Dr. Joyce's larger “Social History of Ancient Ireland.”]

LITERATURE.

An Index to the Collected Works of William Hazlitt, edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. 8½ x 6. Pp. 237. Dent, 5s. net.

[This index is now published, through the collaboration of Mr. A. R. Waller, Mrs. Arnold Glover, and Messrs. J. M. Dent, at a price considerably below cost, in order to place it within the reach of all lovers of Hazlitt, and in memory of Mr. Arnold Glover.]

Rickett, Arthur. *The Vagabond in Literature*. With 6 portraits. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 205. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

[Essays on Hazlitt, De Quincey, George Borrow, Henry D. Thoreau, R. L. Stevenson, Richard Jefferies, and Walt Whitman.]

Address on the Study of Shakespeare. By the Bishop of Ripon. Delivered at the Special Meeting of the British Empire Shakespeare Society at the Garrick Theatre, July 2, 1906. 7½ x 5. Pp. 11. British Empire Shakespeare Society, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W., 1s.; to members, 6d.

Book-Prices Current. Vol. xx. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 745. Elliot Stock, 25s. 6d.

[“Being a record of the prices at which books have been sold at auction during the season of 1906 [from October 1905 to July 1906], with the titles and descriptions in full, the catalogue numbers, the names of the purchasers, special notes on certain books, and a full index.”]

Riedl, Frederick. *A History of Hungarian Literature*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 293. Heinemann, 6s.

[In the series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse.]

LOGIC.

Maclean, Douglas. *Reason, Thought and Language*, or the Many and the One. A revised system of logical doctrine in relation to the forms of idiomatic discourse. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xvi, 583. Frowde, 15s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Swettenham, Sir Frank. *British Malaya*. An Account of the Origin and Progress of British Influence in Malaya. With a specially compiled map, numerous illustrations reproduced from photographs, and a frontispiece in photogravure. 9 x 6. Pp. 354. Lane, 16s. net.

Spelling Reform. Address Delivered October 12, 1906, by James Donaldson, M.A., LL.D., Principal of the University of St. Andrews, at the Opening of Session 1906-1907. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 16. St. Andrews: Henderson, 6d.

Black, F. A. *National Phenomena*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 366. Gall & Inglis, n.p.
 [“A collection of descriptive and speculative essays on some of the by-paths of Nature.” There are four essays the subjects of which may be described as meteorological, three which deal more or less with celestial phenomena, and three the subjects of which are of a geographical character.]

The Young People. By One of the Old People. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 202. Murray 5s. net.

[A book of light essays on the happiness of the London life of certain young people well known to the writer.]

Green-Armytage, A. J. *Maids of Honour*. With portraits. 9 x 6. Pp. 375. Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net.

[Twelve descriptive sketches of single women who have distinguished themselves in philanthropy, travel, nursing, science, poetry, and prose. Hannah More, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, “Sister Dora” (Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison), Mary Kingsley, Adelaide Anne Proctor, Marianne North, Jean Ingelow, Louisa Alcott, Christina Rossetti, Agnes Strickland and Mary Lamb.]

Prickard, A. O. *New College, Oxford*. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. 7 x 4½. Pp. 99. Dent, 2s. net.

[In the College Monographs series.]

The Old Roof-Tree. Letters of Ishbel to her Half-Brother, Mark Latimer. (August—January.) 8 x 5½. Pp. 271. Longmans, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

Dry, Wakeling. *Giacomo Puccini*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 114. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
 [In the Living Masters of Music series.]

PHILOSOPHY.

Royce, Josiah. *The Conception of Immortality*. Münsterberg, Hugo. *The Eternal Life*. Crothers, Samuel McChord. *The Endless Life*. Osler, William. *Science and Immortality*. James, William. *Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine* (Sixth edition). Each 5½ x 3½. Constable, 1s. net each.

[A new series of Monographs on Immortality.]

POETRY.

Cooper, Alfred B. *Flood-Tides and other Poems*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 59. Marshall Bros., n.p.

Walrond, Francis Ernley. *The Lady Beautiful, and other Poems*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 64. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Fairfax, J. G. *The Gates of Sleep, and other Poems*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 62. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

[Both in the Vigo Cabinet series.]

Graham, Harry. *Misrepresentative Women and Other Verses*. Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. 8½ x 7. Pp. 115. Arnold, 5s.

[Humorous verses, many of which have appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Punch*, and other periodicals.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A lytell treatyse of the horse, the sheep, and the ghooes. By John Lydgate. Printed at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde about 1459. 10½ x 7. Cambridge University Press, 10s. net.

The Churl and the Bird. Translated from the French by John Lydgate. Printed by William Caxton about 1478. 10½ x 7. Cambridge University Press, 10s. net.

The Plays and Poems of Beaumont and Fletcher. The text edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. In ten volumes.—Vol. iv. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 412. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.

[In the Cambridge English Classics series. Reprinted from the Folio of 1679, with a complete record of earlier variant readings. Vol. iv. contains: *The Tragedy of Valentinian*; *Monsieur Thomas*; *The Chances*; *The Bloody Brother*; and *The Wild-Goose Chase*. A few addenda to the textual notes on *The Elder Brother*; *Wit Without Money*; and *The Faithful Shepherdess* (vol. ii.) are given in the Appendix, before the notes to the plays contained in the present volume.]

The Essayes or Counsells, Civill and Morall of Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban. 9 x 7. Pp. 281. Cambridge University Press, 21s. net.

[In the Cambridge University Press, New Type series. The text has been printed from a copy of the edition of 1625, and the fragment of an essay “Of Fame,” first printed by Rawley in the “Resuscitatio” in 1657 has been added.]

The Modern Cyclopedia. Edited by Charles Annandale. New edition, revised and extended. Vol. ii.—Bla—Con. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 536. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[See the ACADEMY of October 20, p. 406.]

Osler, William. *Aequanimitas*. With other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses and Practitioners of Medicine. Second edition, with 3 additional addresses. 8 x 5½. Pp. 475. H. K. Lewis, 8s.

The Practice of the Presence of God. Being Conversations and Letters of Brother Lawrence (Nicholas Herman of Lorraine). New and revised edition, with an additional letter. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 60. Heart and Life Booklets. Allenson, 1s. net.

Chambers's Concise Gazetteer of the World. Topographical, statistical, historical, and pronouncing. Edited by David Patrick. Revised edition. 8½ x 6. Pp. 768. Chambers, 6s. net.

Paget, Stephen. *Experiments on Animals*. With an introduction by Lord Lister. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 387. Nisbet, 4s. 6d. net.

[Third edition, revised. A pamphlet entitled “The Case against Antivivisection” has been added.]

Dunckley, Henry. *Lord Melbourne*. Second edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 248. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[In the Prime Ministers of England series.]

Symons, Arthur. *An Introduction to the Study of “Browning”*. New edition, revised and enlarged. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 263. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

[Bibliography and index to poems.]

Tillyard, Frank. *Banking and Negotiable Instruments*. A Manual of Practical Law. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 386. Black, 5s. net.

[Second edition, revised and considerably enlarged. Two appendices—Stamp Duty, and Forms Relating to Cheques, Bills of Exchange, etc.—have been added. Index.]

Jackson, Rev. George. *A Young Man's Bookshelf*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 269. Kelly, 1s. 6d. net.

[Discussions of twenty-three books especially suitable, in the author's opinion, for a young man's bookshelf; reprinted from *The Young Man*.]

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Wells, H. G. *The Future in America*. A Search After Realities. 8½ x 6. Pp. 359. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Williams, W. J. *Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 316. Griffiths, 6s. net.

Spence-Jones, Very Rev. H. D. M. *The Golden Age of the Church*. With a map. 8½ x 6. Pp. 446. S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.

[In three parts. “The first dwells on the institution of monasticism; the second on the foundation and subsequent story of the first Christian city, Constantinople; the third is composed of some pages of the history of the last years of the old pagan capital, Rome.”]

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Pope, R. Martin. *The Poetry of the Upward Way*. Being Studies in the Language of St. Paul. 7 x 4½. Pp. 191. Kelly, 1s. 6d. net.

[Papers reprinted from *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.]

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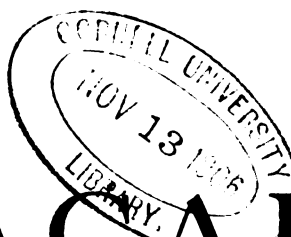
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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN a strong number of the *Fortnightly Review* one of the best articles is that by Mr. C. F. Keary on the technique of poetry. He starts by pointing out that poetry is not a "translation of prose," but "a necessity when the imagination is active." He might have quoted Wordsworth to the effect that all men under the influence of excitement have a tendency to speak in rhythm. According to Mr. Keary, "the first *donné*, the first thing gained after the 'manifold' of passion that seeks for utterance, is not the words that utter it, but the whole phrase, in poetry most generally the line or verse." If sound was the origin of speech, as many believe, the unit was not the word, the single sound, but the phrase. The poet, then, conceives first his phrase, and then fills it with the words.

We have not space, however, to follow or oppose Mr. Keary through all the points in his suggestive article. The point to be dwelt on at the moment is his insistence on technique, not as a set of scholastic rules made by pedants, but as of the essence of the matter. One thing in particular stands out. It is a rule that the stressed words and the rhyming words must be strong and important words, not insignificant or feeble. He gives as an example this stanza from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love;

and shows how the stressed and rhyming words "give a most a perfect skeleton of the stanza." The phrase, that is, created by the poet's inspiration, is the skeleton, the framework of the verse: if the skeleton is feeble or distorted, the poet is—not showing his independence of pedantry, but lacking in true inspiration.

That principle of the essential nature of technique is one that should be more closely borne in mind by writers both of prose and verse. We are not concerned for the moment with prose, but in the case of prose and verse it is equally true that modern criticism tends to ignore these important matters, to trust to "a feeling for poetry" or for literature, and to shy at the detailed examination of the structure, the bones of the work. Such criticism is not pedantry; it is an inquiry into the very nature of the matter under consideration. A good way of testing verse is to read it aloud, or, better still, to go and hear some really capable reciter—Miss Tita Brand, for instance—speaking it. Any weakness in the structure shows up at once, and it is surprising how invariably the weak structure is accompanied by weak thought.

We cannot altogether agree with Mr. Keary in his view that these "rules" of verse are of no use to the writers of it. "If his imagination working in this medium is not

strong enough to make all his ideas and emotions adumbrate themselves in sounding phrases . . . then he will never accomplish those things by taking thought." But

Tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled;

and the poet can and does—it is notorious—work hard in hours of gloom on what flowed from him in the hours of insight. Shakespeare may not have blotted a line (and we know what Ben Jonson said of that); other poets have fined and refined. Certainly the young poet must not go away with the idea that he can write poetry without working hard.

In the *National Review* Three Stars has been interviewing Shakespeare in the Elysian Fields. We regret to have to record it; but these near four hundred years have turned the Bard into a terribly dull dog. "Notoriety is one thing, Fame is quite another" . . . "I should approve [of the modern staging of his plays] if there were no danger of the mounting of the piece diverting the attention of the audience from the play itself" . . . "The lyrical freedom of the ostensibly iambic verse [one of Spenser's] gives it an irresistible charm" . . . "Persons of real distinction must always be few." Pro-di-gious! And his language has deteriorated as much as his thought. He does not forget that theatrical managers must take into consideration the "material results of their enterprise" . . . "That indefatigable manager and all-embracing actor, Mr. Tree" . . . "We were taught something more than the rudiments of Latin, with the assistance of prompt corporal chastisement if we showed a disinclination to master them" . . . "My thrashings, which were richly deserved, were given for being behind-hand of a morning because I had loitered with some rustic sight or sound that arrested me, and suchlike irregularities of conduct." Suchlike irreg—. And this is the man who wrote of the schoolboy and his "shining morning face"! We can only hope that what usually happens in interviews has happened here; the interviewer has put his own words into his victim's mouth. Or can it be that Three Stars mistook for the Elysian Fields a spot called by our delightful contemporary, *The Isis*, the "Isle of One Man," and that his article represents an interview—after Three Stars—with the author of *The Bondman*?

How strange it is that the very men who are most engaged in the study of literature and the fine arts—the subjects which are held up to us as being the chief means of cultivating "urbanity," gentleness, suavity, good manners—are the very men who in controversy display those qualities less than the average man of business or professional man! Mr. Clement Shorter disagrees with Mr. Lionel Cust about a certain portrait, supposed of Charlotte Brontë. But he cannot write to the *Times* to say he disagrees with him without introducing a number of ugly words and uglier hints. "Grossly neglectful," "lied," "offensive"—O Literature, is this the vocabulary you give your servants? And this is, unfortunately, not the only case that has recently come under our notice of temper in controversy. When will the professors of literature and culture learn that they deny their own faith and make a laughing-stock of their claims by such exhibitions?

That "the true University of these days is a collection of books" has been repeated so often that it has become a household word, and like most other "household words" it is always quoted without regard to the context. It is found for the first time in "Heroes and Hero Worship"; but, twenty-six years later, Carlyle repeated the axiom in his inaugural address on being installed as Rector of Edinburgh University, and qualified it by saying: "After you have done with your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books." Lord Rosebery used the quotation, when he opened the new library of the London University last week; to show that

books can be only an aid to teaching. But that is not to condemn libraries. Only by research—his own or other people's—can the teacher know what to teach. And we should be very chary of supporting Lord Rosebery's plea for "weeding-out." Much harm can be done by a library out of date and inefficient; and it may be true that "books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage. . . . Others are going down, down, doing more and more, wilder and wilder mischief"; but the study of error is sometimes the way to truth.

Writing on this subject, a correspondent recalls Elia's description of the education of his cousin Bridget: "Her education in youth was not much attended to. . . . She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up in this fashion."

We are sorry that Lord Rosebery should have lent the weight of his name to the panic of the American buyer of rare and valuable books. If the books are in private collections inaccessible to the student, they may as well be in America as in England; if they are in public collections, or in private libraries to which genuine students are admitted, they are at least as likely to be useful in America as here. And that they should be as useful and as much used as possible is all that matters. England is not, like Italy, dependent for its livelihood on the contents of its museums and libraries, and true scholarship knows no limitations of race or place.

It is curious how little known to Londoners is the house at Herne Hill in which Ruskin passed the first twenty years of his life. Only the other week, one of the illustrated papers gave a sketch of Casino House—almost opposite 28 Herne Hill, the lease of which, secured by Ruskin's father in 1821, has still a few years to run—as that of the author of "Modern Painters." Ruskin's actual residence is several yards away from the main entrance, and is to some extent obscured by the circular plot of rhododendrons directly in front. Both in its exterior and interior 28 Herne Hill, now in possession of Mr. Arthur Severn, remains entirely unaltered, and this is the case likewise with 163 Denmark Hill, whither Ruskin removed in 1843 and remained till he left London finally as a place of residence and went to Coniston. The latter house, which has more extensive grounds than those at 28 Herne Hill, is situated near one of the entrances to the new Ruskin Park.

In a Scottish publication called *Saint George*, a writer summarises the investigations made by Mr. Alexander Carmichael, a veteran Celtic scholar, into the question of Ruskin's ancestors in Scotland. In the eighteenth century a tannery existed near Taymilt, in Argyllshire, and bark was largely used for dyeing purposes. The bark-peelers, it appears, went by the name of "Na Ruskains," as in Gaelic the bark of a tree is "rusk," pronounced "rooshk"; then men who were engaged in the work were termed "ruskers," or "Na Ruskain," i.e., bark-peelers. It is asserted that when they migrated to Perthshire the cognomen went with them. Ruskin's father, "an entirely honest merchant," was born in Edinburgh, but the writer traces the lineage of the family from Argyllshire, and regards the contentions of Celtic scholars regarding the origin of the name of Ruskin as more than a theory.

Manuscripts, fifteenth-century Printing Books, in Black Letter, standard works on Numismatics, rare Bibles and Prayer-Books and extra illustrated books are the principal feature of the sale which Messrs. Sotheby are to hold on November 5 and 6. The books are from the estate of the late Mr. C. J. Spence of North Shields. Of the manuscripts many are illuminated, some very finely, and a number are written on vellum. The Books of Hours are remarkably

beautiful. Most of the MSS. belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The fifteenth-century printing begins about 1470 and finishes in 1497. The volumes include a rare edition of the Bible printed at Nuremberg by Ant. Koberger in 1479, the Sermons of St. Bonaventura, Paris, 1495, a copy of the well-known Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493, and an extremely rare Book of Hours (Antwerp, 1495) which Hain in his "Repertorium Bibliographicum," mentions with a wrong date, but had not seen a copy. The Black Letter Books include Cranmer's Byble in Englyshe (1540), Lydgate's Boccaccio, and two early editions of Chaucer.

Extra-illustrating is still a favourite pastime with some people; if the truth were known perhaps the extra-illustrator is nearly always a bookseller—a second-hand one, of course. In the present sale there are a dozen examples of this pleasant fad. First comes Didot's finely printed edition of Virgil (1798), extra-illustrated by a collection of nearly four hundred and eighty scarce old classical engravings, closely followed in point of number by Strutt's Biographical Dictionary of Engravers (1785–86), extra-illustrated by the insertion of about four hundred and fifty scarce portraits, views and etchings, and next by a similar book, Pilkington's General Dictionary of Painters (with four hundred and forty proof and other portraits). Another work on Painters comes next in Edwards's Anecdotes of Painters (three hundred and nine extra pictures).

There is a copy of the Pickering edition of Walton's Complete Angler, with notes and memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas, extended from two to four vols. by the insertion of three hundred views and portraits. Other over-developed tomes are William Clarke's (bookseller) Repertorium Bibliographicum (two hundred illustrations), Miller's Biographical Sketches of British characters, with one hundred and thirty-seven portraits, and a fine edition of Granger's Biographical History of England, with plates, the book which first suggested extra-illustrating, consequently often called Grangerising.

The Court Theatre has revived *Man and Superman*, again without its original third act; but we hear that the Stage Society intends to produce that act by itself during the present season; so that those who do not know the book may learn something of why John Tanner was made the descendant of Don Juan. As played at the Court at present, the play is a maimed play; and yet it holds together, and, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's way, keeps people laughing all the while it is upsetting their dearest prejudices. It is a particularly apt production for the moment when what women can and cannot do is under hot discussion. (And since we are touching on this subject we cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure at the vigour, the "fine fighting form" which Mr. George Meredith reveals in his letter to the *Times* of last Thursday on Women Suffrage. "Macte virtute puer," we feel inclined to say to the man of nearly eighty who can write such a letter.) The English Drama Society has produced a feeble if sometimes beautiful old masque, *The Sun's Darling*, by Dekker and Ford—a bad choice, indifferently carried out. It is more likely to do itself justice at Chester on the 29th of this month, when it will perform three of the Chester Mysteries. Meanwhile the society deserves encouragement—and advice.

The new catalogue of the foreign schools at the National Gallery—now that it has at last appeared—is very little improvement on the old. It is practically a reprint, with several misprints repeated and a limited number of additions and alterations. The record of new acquisitions is bewilderingly capricious. Why is no mention made of Fantin's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, which has been hanging in the gallery nearly two years, when the landscape by Diaz, presented to the gallery about four months

ago, is catalogued and fully described? It would be interesting to know whether this omission is merely due to carelessness, or whether it is proposed to find a new home for the *Fantin-Latour*. The only alteration of importance will bring a smile to the lips of all who distrust the higher criticism. In the 1901 catalogue it was stated that the *Portrait of a Poet* (636) "was formerly ascribed to Titian. It has long since been recognised as a fine work by Palma." The 1906 catalogue gives the portrait back to Titian, and airily remarks: "This portrait of an unknown personage was formerly ascribed to Palma." The full humour of these attributions, however, is not appreciated till we discover that *both* editions contain a footnote to the effect that it is portrait has "more recently" been ascribed to Giorgione.

A new catalogue of paintings by deceased artists of the British School in the National Gallery has also been published, containing too much biographical matter and too little critical comment. It would be more becoming and more instructive to point out the merits of Millais's paintings than to give the date of his marriage—and give it wrong. And if we are to have more than the briefest biographical summary of any artist, why should the life of Millais be given with such indiscreet fulness, and the life of George Frederick Watts entirely ignored?

The Museum of Old Masters at Brussels, on the other hand, has just been provided with a new catalogue worthy of the fine collection it contains. There was no real catalogue till M. A. J. Wauters's modest effort in 1900. During the last six years he has been engaged on the revision and enlargement of this work, and the new edition has now been put in circulation as the official catalogue. It contains a full history of the museum and its collection, and also classifies the pictures under the three heads of schools, alphabetical order of the Masters, and their chronological order, giving besides a sufficiently detailed biographical account of each painter. The most striking feature of the work is the section devoted to the "primitives" of the Netherlands, in which he not merely attempts to identify and name several painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries hitherto classified as unknown, but arraigns the attribution hitherto given to many of the works of the early school, and boldly assigns them to different authors. Among these cases it may be noted that he identifies the "Maitre de Flémalle" with Hubert Van Eyck.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—General Monthly Meeting, Monday, November 5, at 5 P.M.

Aristotelian Society, 22 Albemarle Street, W. Monday, November 5, 8 P.M.—Rev. Hastings Rashdall. The Presidential Address: "Nicholas de Ulricuria: A Mediæval Hume."

Philological Society, University College, Gower Street.—Friday, November 2, at 8 P.M. Mr. W. A. Craigie: "On the *N* Words I am editing for the Society's Oxford Dictionary." Dr. Furnivall will move that "The Philological Society approves of the partial spelling reforms sanctioned by certain American scholars and President Roosevelt."

London Institution, Finsbury Circus.—Monday, November 5, 5 P.M. Professor Sir Robert Ball "On Earthquakes and Volcanoes," Illustrated. Thursday, November 8, 6 P.M. Mr. Carl Armbruster "On the Ballads of Carl Loewe," Illustrated. Monday, November 12, 5 P.M. Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate: "On the Relation of Literature to Politics."

Elizabethan Literary Society, Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E.—November 7 at 8 P.M. Mr. R. B. McKerrow on The Literary Background of Shakespeare's Time.

Art Exhibitions.—Grafton Galleries: Works of the late Archibald Stuart Wortley.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metalwork, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture, lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition. John Baillie: Cheyne Art Club: Pictures and sculpture: October 26 to November 23.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Ryder Gallery: Water-colours by Margaret R. Wansey: November 1 to November 14.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to

January 1.—Graves Galleries: London Sketch Club: October 27 to end of November. Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—Messrs. Dowdeswell: The Society of Twenty-five English Painters: November 2.—E. J. van Wisselingh. Works by Alphonse Legros, William Strang, A.R.A., and Dorothea Landau. November 1, for three weeks.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—Dickinson. Contemporary Scottish Art. October 27 for three weeks.—R. Gutekunst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Friday November 2.—Exhibition of the portrait of Lord Milner, painted for the Town Council of Johannesburg, and other pictures by M. Theodore Roussel.

12 Concerts.—Queen's Hall: Robert Newman's annual concert (Wagner programme), November 7, at 8 P.M. November 1, 8 P.M. Royal Choral Society. November 3, 3 P.M. First Symphony Concert.—Bechstein Hall: Tuesday, November 6, Mathieu Crickboom and Frederick Fairbanks; violin and piano. November 8, 3 P.M., Harold Bauer. November 6 at 8.30 P.M., Nora Clench Quartet. November 7, at 3 P.M., Barnes-Phillips. November 9 at 8 P.M., Arthur Argiewicz: violin.—Aeolian Hall: November 8 at 3, Marie Fromm.

Plays: Royalty Theatre: Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande*, November 1, evening, and November 2, afternoon. *Melisande*, Lady Vivian; *Pelleas*, Mr. Frank Lascelles. November 29 at Chester. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*. November 20. Professor Gollancz will lecture on the plays at Chester.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. November 8.—Sale of the books, pictures, letters, prints, playbills, etc., of the late J. L. Toole. November 5 and 6. Books and MSS. (illustrated and others) of the late C. J. Spence. November 7. English gold and silver coins and medals of the late W. W. Wooten. November 10. Early printed and rare books and MSS. (illustrated and others) from the Mollington Hall Library formed by the late Canon G. B. Blomfield.

LITERATURE

THE VICTORIAN NOVELIST

Victorian Novelists. By LEWIS MELVILLE. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

IN a review of the writers of fiction who flourished during the reign of Queen Victoria, the first thing that strikes us is their immense number. If we study English literature we find that once in a century or so a really great writer emerges and becomes without doubt one of the immortals. Yet he who looks at any particular period will find that swarms of writers abound, each of whom has admirers who claim for him a place in the first rank. In an old number of *Blackwood* there is an essay in which the highest eminence is claimed for four women of the time; the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Hemans being two. That undoubtedly expresses the judgment of the moment, yet we find that the voluminous novels of Mrs. Norton have not entitled her to a place in this study of Victorian novelists. Those who have been awarded that honour are seventeen in number, but for some inscrutable reason Charles Dickens has been omitted, while places are found for James Payn and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu. The essays, indeed, are not those of one far removed from the time of which he is writing and therefore capable of forming a detached judgment, but rather of a contemporary whose head is still singing with the rumours of his own time. Later criticism, for example, will not award a very high place to Bulwer Lytton. He did not possess the first requisite for greatness—style. Of Disraeli, who follows, it is even more difficult to form an impartial judgment. The glamour of his romantic career and his fame as a statesman stand in the way of a final study of his work as a man of letters. That he had talent and potentiality few would attempt to deny, but in literature, as elsewhere, it is true that you cannot serve two masters. Disraeli gave the best of his intellect to politics. Mr. Melville, we think, has shown critical aptitude in what he says of "Contarini Fleming." There you have all the

poetry that was in Disraeli, all the thoughtfulness, and all the art. With the single exception of "Henrietta Temple," his other work is all done with a purpose. That Douglas Jerrold should follow Lytton and Disraeli must be due to a curious vagary of judgment. If it were claimed that Douglas Jerrold were one of the wits of the time, no denial would be possible, but as a novelist he can scarcely be taken seriously. Of Samuel Lover very much the same might be said. He interested and amused his generation, but there is no need to disinter him from the past. When we come to Thackeray we are on different ground altogether. Here we have a master of style, who like other great writers made his own convention, and no serious objection can be taken to the critic's giving him a place in the history of English fiction second only to that of Henry Fielding. In face of this conclusion, however, the following sentence seems to us a very odd one:

Not the most fervent admirer of Thackeray would claim for him equality with Swift or with Goethe, before both of whom himself did reverently bow; while to assert he has written a book that ranks with *The Quixote* would be absurd.

"Don Quixote or Resurrection" is indeed a most extraordinary collocation of terms, and one that we venture to think marks the inferior critic. How well one knows the sort of reader who begins by saying how much he has enjoyed Milton, and adds that Jones of Brixton, or Williamson of Peckham Rye, has also written some fine poetry! If the question be looked at from the point of view of art and literature, the conjunction of "Don Quixote" and "Resurrection" is not more grotesque. Of Charles Kingsley it surely might have been possible to say something more original than that his power of description distinguished him above his contemporaries with the exception, perhaps, of Disraeli. We did not imagine that Disraeli's descriptive powers had been so much thought of.

Enough has been said to take away any surprise that the reader might otherwise feel at the extravagant praise bestowed upon Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade. Once more we seem to be listening to the exaggerated contemporary voice:

So long as English novels are read, so long—by virtue of its sadness, its tenderness, its sympathy, and its humanity—*The Cloister and the Hearth* will rank among the masterpieces. "They don't write such books now," says the old man, re-reading this favourite of his youth; and none may gainsay him.

A moderate admirer of "The Cloister and the Hearth" may be permitted to say that this is more worthy of the reviewer of a daily paper than of serious criticism. Of Anthony Trollope Mr. Melville speaks in equally high terms. Some one has called him a prose Thackeray, but the eulogy of Thackeray cannot go further than saying that his best books are throughout human documents, and his scenes as true to life as his characters. Whyte-Melville will ever be dear to a certain class of reader, and it seems ungracious to grudge him the hospitality of these pages, but he is taken somewhat too seriously. It will be tedious to follow our author through his examination of the other mediocrities that he has grouped together. The criticism he sets forth is not, to use a good old theological word, fruitful. It may be summed up as a mere expression of taste. What we want at the present moment is some one who will suggest lines for a new departure. The novel in its present form is worn rather threadbare. Nearly all the arts by which a plot can be concealed have been exploited to such an extent that the experienced reader can tell at the outset what the end is going to be, and novelists in point of fact are somewhat slow to make use of the new material presented to them. They show wonderful alacrity in getting into their pages such devices as motor-cars and flying-machines, but it is doubtful if one of the practitioners of the art living at the present moment has been able to dive into and realise the romance of the time in which he lives.

ROMAN AND HELLENE

The Silver Age of the Greek World. By JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY. (Unwin, 13s. 6d. net.)

How shall we describe Dr. Mahaffy's book? Complimentary reviewers have probably ere now called it a monument of industry, of learning and of research. There are monuments, in Celtic countries for the most part, which are composed of stones heaped together indiscriminately and are known by the name of cairns. Such a cairn, in our humble judgment, is the work before us. Or, if we may vary the simile, we should be inclined to liken "The Silver Age of the Greek World," to a jungle of historical, philosophical and literary facts, into which he who enters must needs walk warily, lest he lose his way. But perhaps there is no need of similes. An old lady is said to have described Johnson's Dictionary as "containing quite a quantity of interesting information, but very unsystematically put together." These words precisely characterise Dr. Mahaffy's book. The facts narrated are valuable and interesting. The author gives copious references, and his erudition is so exclusively his own that it would be unsafe to throw doubt upon his assertions. In passing we may be allowed to remark that Dr. Mahaffy is perhaps a little too fond of giving references to former works of his own. It is hardly possible to open the book before us without coming on a foot-note which directs attention to some of his previous treatises. This may be unavoidable, but it renders the work less readable. Strictly speaking, indeed, like many of our author's older works, "The Silver Age of the Greek World" is a book of reference rather than a history or a philosophical treatise. We must not omit to congratulate Dr. Mahaffy on a distinct improvement in style. He has not, it is true, attained to brilliancy, or gracefulness, but he has kept clear of the stupendous blunders which disfigure so many of his earlier writings.

It is difficult in the extreme to analyse this book, and impossible to summarise it. There is no plan; the narrative and the comments thereon wander hither and thither *certa sine lege*, as the prosodian of our school-days, Alvary, said of the quantities of the syllables in Greek names. The leading feature of both narrative and comments is bitter hatred of Rome and Romans. For all the methods of government pursued under the Republic, and for most of those pursued under the Empire, Dr. Mahaffy has nothing but reprobation: for the great statesmen of the Republic he has hardly a good word. Cicero he applauds, grudgingly and with faint praise, as a man of letters who helped to Hellenise Rome; but he takes the Mommsenian view of him as a political trimmer. He has, indeed, gone out of his way to quote the retort ascribed to Laberius, that Cicero need never have been squeezed for room, as he usually sat upon two stools; though what Cicero's Roman politics could have to do with Hellenism is not obvious. Indeed, irrelevancy and discursiveness very largely characterise Dr. Mahaffy's method; and this must be our excuse if we seem to be irrelevant and discursive in reviewing him. We have said that he accords faint praise to such men as the Scipios, though he cannot deny that they were just and able governors. But if the rank and file of the Roman pro-consuls, pro-praetors and quaestors—the Civil Service of the Roman Dominion—had all been the corrupt oppressors he believes them to have been, Hellenism would have been extirpated long before the time of Cicero and Cæsar. Or rather, Asia would have been depopulated and the Asiatic Greeks starved out; for on our historian's own showing, the Romans used the Asiatic Greeks to help them in administering regions inhabited by peoples who were neither Roman nor Hellenic, but purely Oriental. We hope we are not unjust to Dr. Mahaffy if we see in his mental attitude something which might be called intellectual jealousy. In a former treatise he had committed himself to the Carlylean theory that it is great men who make history. The failure of Alexander and of his successors—for the

Diadochi, if not great men, at any rate had great opportunities and great resources—went some way to disprove the Carlylean view; the rise of the Roman Republic was the crucial refutation. The Dominion of the Roman Republic was created by the Roman People, and even the Empire of the Cæsars was not the individual work of Julius or of Augustus. There is a touch of spite in every passage of Dr. Mahaffy's book in which he refers to the relations between Rome and the subject peoples of the Roman Dominion. In one place, indeed, he goes out of his way to compare the Roman with

the middle class Englishman . . . who knows no foreign tongue, respects no foreign habit, recognises no foreign virtue, but walks through the world assuming his English respectability, just as the Roman assumed his *gravitas*, to be the exclusive property of his superior race.

In like manner the English administration of Ireland is dragged in every now and then, although a little reflection might have taught the author that the parallel is merely superficial. We are grateful to Dr. Mahaffy, nevertheless, for the story of L. Gellius and the philosophers, with the companion anecdote of the Derry Resident Magistrate. We might here point out that the antagonism of Stoic, Epicurean, Cynic and so forth is totally different in kind from the antagonism of a Derry 'Prentice Boy and a Roman Catholic; but we are not dealing with politics. It amuses us also to read of Cato the Younger, inspired by Stoic sentiment, giving parsley crowns as prizes—of Tubero spreading the dinner couches with kid-skins and serving the viands on dishes of Samian ware (or what would now be called Delft)—and of other examples of perverted philosophy, which bring to mind the perverted æstheticism of Bunthorne in the comic opera of *Patience*. Were the Roman nobles, then, fools as well as tyrants, extortioners and snobs?

We may reasonably surmise that the Dominion of the Roman Republic was on the whole fairly administered, and that the instances of cruelty and oppression cited by Dr. Mahaffy were the exception, not the rule. Asia was rich; Africa and Sicily fertile: and neither region could have attained commercial or agricultural prosperity, however moderate, if it had been ground down as our author alleges. The administration of the Empire was, of course, an improvement on that of the Republic, if only because it was what would in our days be called "co-ordinated"; but to discuss this topic would be to wander into political disquisition. It seems permissible, however, to say that in all probability Asia was, even under the Republic, as prosperous as India was under her Mauryan Emperors; that the masses of the population lived from hand to mouth, as they do to this day; and that the Hellenes on whom our author lavishes pity and praise took every opportunity of enriching themselves by forcing the peasantry to live from hand to mouth. If a pro-consul or pro-prætor made a rich Greek official disgorge, the welkin rang with his cries. Rome was the tyrant—Greece was trampled under foot.

The mention of India reminds us of the exceedingly wide range of subjects with which Dr. Mahaffy has chosen to deal. India never was Hellenised: our author's own chapter entitled "Hellenism in Inner Asia" virtually admits this. Still stronger is the evidence supplied by Mr. Vincent Smith's "Early History of India"—a work, by the way, to which we are pleased to find that Dr. Mahaffy refers in generous terms. Neither Indian architecture nor the Indian drama is derived from Greek sources. The drama in particular is original and indigenous, as it is also in other countries and among races who never came into contact with Greeks.

It is only a small point, but we feel constrained to protest against the use of C with cedilla in transliterating such words as Çiva, Açoka and the like. At the best it is a German over-refinement intended to indicate that the words were spelt with a special form of the letter S in the Pali or the Devanagari alphabet; but it is pedantic and superfluous, and in the instance before us inaccurate into

the bargain. Siva (or Shiva) and Asoka are not spelt with the same form of S. We are curious also as to the authority for Massanassa instead of Massinissa, and Mithradates instead of Mithridates. The forms may be correct—probably are, since Dr. Mahaffy uses them—but they are different from those to which we had got accustomed. However, these are but trifles. Let us return to the substance of the work we are discussing. Apologies for discursiveness are out of place, because discursiveness is unavoidable.

The book improves as it goes on. The concluding chapters are more readable than the earlier. The author is less severe upon the Imperial administration than upon that of the Republic. He justly points out that the greater fixity of tenure enjoyed by Imperial officials relieved them from much of the temptation to enrich themselves in haste, which beset the Civil Servants of the Republic. One who might be recalled at the next Consular Election had every reason for making haste to be rich. We are disposed to think that this may have been the principal reason why the officials of the Republic are open to the charge of being extortioners and oppressors, as compared with those who came after them under the Empire. But, as we have already pointed out, the Civil Servants of the Republic could not have been all, or most of them, of the type of Verres. The mere fact that Verres had to stand his trial proves that he was not irresponsible; and this reflection leads us to invite attention to what is perhaps Dr. Mahaffy's most remarkable omission. Will it be believed that there is no mention of Law in the whole volume? that the word Law does not even find a place in the index? We know that the greatest service Rome rendered to mankind was the inauguration of the Reign of Law. It would, of course, be absurd to say that the world could do without Greek art, or Greek philosophy; but it is not unsafe to affirm that civilisation could have done better without these than without Roman Law. Happily, there has been no need to dispense with either; and it may be that this accounts for Dr. Mahaffy's omission. He may think—apparently does think—that the world has heard enough laudation of Rome. He is not the man to suffer the cause which he has at heart to go by default, and he has come forward as the advocate of Hellenism. He has displayed a wealth of learning, and the most praiseworthy zeal. His book is a treasure-house of historical, literary, and artistic facts, many of which are not to be found elsewhere, except it be in scattered writings of Continental *savants*, difficult of access to the ordinary scholar. Parts of it are also extremely interesting reading, though as a whole it is a difficult book to master. We would especially invite attention to chapters xii. to xvii. inclusive: they are better written than the earlier chapters, besides being freer from the intellectual prejudice which we saw, or thought we saw, in the author's views concerning the Dominion of the Roman Republic. The two chapters on Plutarch, we think, are the best in the entire volume; but we must not omit to direct attention to the interesting narrative quoted from Dion Chrysostom at page 326. Indeed, the whole account of this remarkable man will well repay perusal.

In conclusion, we have to express the wish that Dr. Mahaffy had kept before his mind the magnificent lines in which Virgil contrasts the artistic talent of the Greek with the Imperial genius of Rome. We may feel sympathy with the artist race, which came so near to being a ruling race, and then proved a failure. But we cannot fail to recognise that the Imperial genius was in the inartistic people. Had our author resolutely faced this fact, his book would have been judicial; as it is, he has adopted without reserve the method of the advocate. He has, however, given to the world a volume the value of which for the purposes of reference can hardly be overstated, and which contains many interesting passages, some entertaining and a few which are actually eloquent. We welcome it, therefore, as a notable acquisition to classical and historical study.

WHERE THE FOREST MURMURS

Where the Forest Murmurs. Nature Essays. By FIONA MACLEOD. ("Country Life" Limited, 6s. net.)

THE genius of "Fiona Macleod" is a thing subtle, elusive, apart, defying classification and analysis alike. There are many names, indeed, by which the essays now reprinted from *Country Life* might be described, had not such names been already used and misused over and over again. The spirit which informs them is that of nature study; but "nature study" in its present-day meaning has a twang of the pedagogue; of communion with nature—but that, again, smacks of an Arcadian pose. It is the absolute sincerity of this work which sets it at once on a totally different plane from all so-called "Celtic revivals," and other literary offshoots of the faddist and the charlatan.

The appeal of this book is to such as love the earth in her varied moods—such as delight in the delicate shades of colour and form, the subtle changes of light and sound which make up the magnificent pageant of the year. The quaking-grass, the lichen, the whimbrel—bird, beast, mountain, tree, star and tide—each has its share in the wondrous fellowship of which "Fiona Macleod's" readers are made free. Allegory there is none here: we are too near to the heart of the wild for that. Not as the back-ground for man's passions, but as a place full of sympathy and comradeship for whoso seeks them—not as a vast symbolic drama, but as a world with its own moods, its own eternal soul—so we see the lonely places of earth through the eyes of "Fiona Macleod." No over-elaboration of symbol or image shows the writer's consciousness of an audience: we feel that, in the words of the dedication, "the writing has risen like the blue smoke out of woods." "Our own Millais," we read in the essay entitled "Still Waters," "when he was painting 'Chill October' near Murthly, in Perthshire, wrote that nothing had ever caused him so much labour, if nothing had ever given him so much pleasure, in the painting." Here, in a sense, is the key to the rich embroidery of words, the wealth of detail, the golden fringe of legend from near and far, with which these essays are adorned.

From such a book as this it is not easy to quote, where in every paper there is the form and completeness of a poem. It is, perhaps, in writing of hills and the sea that "Fiona Macleod's" talents find fullest expression, and that we meet most frequently with those vivid patches of word-painting—or rather of word-tapestry—which give to this volume its distinctive charm.

Well, I must leave Maol-Aitinnach, and the snow-held hills. Everywhere, now, the White Weather may have spread. Far south, listeners may hear the *honk-honk* of the travelling solander, that most musical and thrilling of all nocturnal sounds or of winter-dawns; or, like phantom-voices from the world of dreams, the *kuilliyak-ee*, *kuilliyak-o* of the wild swans, the *Clann righ fo gheusan*, the Enchanted sons of Kings, who, as they wheel through the snowy twilight under the dawn-star, may remember the dim lands of the north, and a great mountain that rises among white and silent hills and looks down upon a black tarn I know of, so dark in the grip of black-frost, and so strangely spared of the snow, that not a white wing rests there, or floats overhead, but is mirrored as an enchanted sail in an enchanted sea.

Or again:

Still waters; it has the inward music that lies in certain words . . . amber, ivory, foam, silence, dreams; that lies often in some marriage of words . . . moonlight at sea, wind in dark woods, dewy pastures, old sorrowful things. . . . *Foam*—and the hour is gathered up like mist, and we are amid "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn": *Wind*—and the noises of the town are like the humming of wild bees in old woods, and one is under ancient boughs, listening, or standing solitary in the dusk by a forlorn shore with a tempestuous sea filling the darkness with whispers and confused rumours and incommunicable things.

Is it this subtle sense of the imaginative values of words which is the secret of these haunting pictures—which holds captive the joy of Spring woods, the sorrowful autumnal undersong, "the song of the missel-thrush tost like spray from bare boughs," "the foam of storm on the skerries of the seaward isles?"

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

Sir John Constantine. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

Whom God hath joined —. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Nutt, 6s.)

"LIFE," says Jack Tanner in *Man and Superman*, "is a more complicated business than we used to think it." How complicated, how various, how apparently irreconcilable, we realise sometimes with a shock, as on reading in the same day the two novels that appear at the head of this article. Mr. Quiller-Couch's hero (for we persist in regarding Sir John Constantine, not his son, Prosper Paleologus, as the hero of the book) is a Bayard or a Quixote; a perfect knight, who devotes his life to the service, knighthood-fashion, of a lady he may never win, and dies gladly in serving her. He is her "man," as chivalric ages would have put it, sworn to her service, and to hers only under heaven. His fortune and his life are his only in trust for her; he dies revering her as the noblest thing ever made by God. And for all the element of the fantastic and the ridiculous which modern prudence will find in his expedition to win the crown of Corsica—Theodore's iron crown—for his son and to rescue his Mistress, now Theodore's widow, from her Genoese toes, no reader but will feel, perhaps in spite of himself, the glow of the philosophy of life that has no better living exponent than Mr. Quiller-Couch. Here is the poetry of human nature; the doctrine feebly enunciated by poor Tavy to be trounced by the eloquent Tanner, that love is all; that a good woman is a thing to be worshipped, the highest thing—again, under heaven—that man knows; that it is his duty, now as of old, to arm himself *cap-à-pie* in the shining armour of truth, constancy and valiance, and ride forth her very faithful knight to do her behest in pleasure or in pain. That the author of "Sir John Constantine" believes his doctrine, and not merely apes it for purposes of effective fiction, will be plain to the meanest intelligence that reads "The Ship of Stars," or this his latest novel.

Cynics will reply that Sir John Constantine did not marry the lady to whom he had vowed service, and that his son, Prosper Paleologus, himself a perfect knight, married his Camilla only to lose her in a few months. The men in Mr. Arnold Bennett's book did marry; and the wife of one deceived him, while the other deceived his wife in circumstances peculiarly disgusting. The story is of their divorce-cases. One of the women, Phyllis Ridware, is harder than any Ann Whitefield ever invented by Mr. Bernard Shaw; her cruelty is devilish. One of the men, Charles Fearn, takes advantage of his wife's absence from home to entertain his French governess in his own bedroom, and is discovered (Mr. Bennett will spare us nothing) by his young daughter. And so, through a good deal of legal technicality (a legal training inclines the present reviewer to believe that Mr. Bennett is not always accurate—but that is outside our present scope) we reach the Divorce Court, where Phyllis Ridware openly sneers at her husband as himself an illegitimate child, and Annunciata Fearn (the girl's Christian name seems deliberately chosen to shock us the more by its associations) is haled into the witness-box to describe what she saw in her father's house. That she breaks down under the strain and refuses to give evidence is a relief that comes too late.

The workmanship of Mr. Bennett's book is very clever, with any quantity of that brilliant, hard cleverness, all of which we would give for one moment of the breadth, dignity and warmth of Mr. Quiller-Couch. The story is disgusting, sordid, utterly vile. But can we say that it is untrue? We cannot—in the sense that it describes things which do not happen in real life. Such things do happen, every day. Can we say of Mr. Quiller-Couch's story that it is untrue in that same sense? The immediate answer would be: Yes, it is; men do not go knight-errant in these days; they did not even do it in his period, which

is 1756 and onwards. A moment's reflection will show that the immediate answer is wrong. Men do go knight-erranting to this day, not in Corsica nor with guns in their hands, but in England, in the streets of London or Manchester, in their own suburban villas. Men give up peace and comfort and money for their ideals, ideals often with so little of the glorious about them that to the rest of the world, if it sees them at all, they seem trivial or even ridiculous.

Life is so complicated, so various, that both Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Arnold Bennett are telling the truth about it; and he would be a hardy generaliser who declared that one view had more of truth in it than the other, that either embraced more of actual humanity than the other. The answer to the question, which of the two it is better for men and women to contemplate, is so obvious that we leave it unstated. There are works—like *Man and Superman*—which shock us for our good: by forcing us to reconsider our grounds, they shake us from facile acquiescence into reasoned faith. "Whom God hath joined—" is not one of these.

We have refrained from touching on the relative merits of the two books as works of art. The comparison would be hardly fair. Mr. Quiller-Couch has something of the breadth, the enthusiasm, the high faith, above all the humour of genius. Mr. Bennett is only very clever.

THE PASSING OF THE GODS

Time and the Gods. By Lord DUNSANY. Illustrations by S. H. SIME. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)

LORD DUNSANY'S "The Gods of Pegana" (which was noticed in the *ACADEMY* of March 17, 1906) was an essay in a new style. "Time and the Gods" is written exactly on the same lines as its predecessor, but it is about four times as long. This, which might be called the second of the Sacred Books of Pegana, contains little or no dogma, but is full of suggestions, questionings and the echo of dim tradition. The principal elements in the theogony of Pegana having been treated *seriatim* in the first book, here may be read the story of certain minor and local deities, even of some rivals of the gods of old, and of many men who sought after unattainable knowledge. Several pleasing and picturesque examples of the myths are to be found, as in "The Coming of the Sea," "A Legend of the Dawn," "When the Gods Slept," and "The Relenting of Sarnidac." The author shows us again his lightness of touch both in humour and pathos, his genial and tolerant satire; but at the same time his mood has suffered a change since he first wrote of his gods. He is more serious, more speculative and less joyful. He probes deeper into ultimate questions, but seems almost to insist that nothing can be found, so frequently recurring is the note of failure. The united experience of the seekers would point only to this: that the questions What? and Why? will for ever remained unanswered, and that all beings, gods and men alike, look forward to an end of everything. For as the life of the worlds is but the game of the gods, so the gods themselves are but pieces in the game played by Fate and Chance; while Time, though he is called 'the servant of the gods, remembers more than they can remember; he has had other masters before them and is like to have others after them. He has seen them grow old, but they have not seen him change. They are afraid of Time, for he has overthrown Sardathrion, their city of pleasure, which they thought should stand for ever:

And a new cry went wailing through the twilight, the lament of the gods for their dream-city, crying:
Tears may not bring again Sardathrion.
But this the gods may do who have seen, and seen with unrelenting eyes, the sorrows of ten thousand worlds—the gods may weep for thee.
Tears may not bring again Sardathrion.

Believe it not, Sardathrion, that ever thy gods sent this doom to thee; he that hath overthrown thee shall overthrow thy gods.

And in what way Time shall overthrow the gods is suggested in another part of the book, where a prophet is foretelling to a king the last journey which he shall take:

At last thou shalt come to a grey place filled with mist, with grey shapes standing before it which are altars, and from the altars rise small red flames from dying fires that scarce illumine the mist. . . . These are the altars of the people's faith, and the flames are the worship of men. . . . And in that place the gods of Old are nearly deaf for the prayers of men grow few, they are nigh blind because the fires burn low upon the altars of men's faith, and they are very cold. . . .

Yes, it is written that a time shall come when the gods, having no more worship, shall be gods no more. But there are some to whom the resulting freedom and disenchantment make no appeal. Hear the words of the chief prophet of the only temple left in the world. He had a vision of gods leaving the world: he saw them climbing up a steep hill, and when they reached the summit they did not take the road leading down again into the valley beyond, but "went straight on and upward, striding as they strode before, as though the hill had not ended nor the road dipped." And he called to the gods, uttering a despairing prayer to them to remain:

O gods, rob not the earth of the dim hush that hangs around all Your temples, bereave not all the world of old romance, take not the glamour from the moonlight nor tear the wonder out of the white mists in every land; for, O ye gods of the childhood of the world, when You have left the earth You shall have taken the mystery from the sea and all its glory from antiquity, and You shall have wrenched out hope from the dim future. There shall be no strange cries at night time half understood, nor songs in the twilight, and the whole of the wonder shall have died with last year's flowers in little gardens or hill slopes leading south; for with the gods must go the enchantment of the plains and all the magic of dark woods, and something shall be lacking from the quiet of early dawn. . . . One strain of music, one song, one line of poetry and one kiss, and a memory of one pool with rushes, and each one the best, shall the gods take to whom the best belongs, when the gods go. . . . The children of earth must now carry their prayers to empty shrines and around empty shrines must rest at last.

The passing away of the gods—the waning of men's imagination and desire for poetry—is one theme which gives a note of melancholy to the book, and the futility of the attempt to solve ultimate problems is another. For the disillusionment is twofold. There is nothing gained by investigation to compensate for the loss of the beauty of ancient myth and worship. Those wise men who will not attend to the priests making the sign of the priests and the prophets making the sign of the prophets, but go on an independent search for knowledge, have but scant reward. They may gain the calm which comes when it is realised that further questioning is useless, but that calm must be reached through the sorrow of search. And "it is well that the sorrow of search cometh only to the wise, for the wise are very few." Some seekers who journey forth to find the truth are smitten by the gods: perhaps they are those who are actuated more by curiosity than by strength of character. One who had grown very old and spent his life in the search found what he called the Ultimate God, when one day he looked beyond and saw other gods, and, behold, they were the gods of Old from whom he had started: it may be that he was too prone to desire change. Another travelled perseveringly along the road to wisdom, and on the way he passed three thousand temples, in each of which were priests calling out that their temple was at the end of the road. But he travelled on to the utter end, where he found there was a great gulf, and at the bottom of the gulf "one small god crept, no bigger than a hare, whose voice came crying in the cold 'I know not.'" And this seeker could not bear the knowledge he had gained, for "he that had travelled to the End fled backwards for a great distance till he came to temples again"; and he entered one and lay down on a couch. And when an old priest came to him and said: "This is the End of Wisdom," he answered that it was very peaceful and that it was indeed the End.

THE HYMN OF SAPPHO TO APHRODITE

RAINBOW-THRONED immortal one, Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, spell-weaver, I bow before thee—
Harrow not my spirit with anguish, mighty
Queen, I implore thee!

Nay, come hither, even as once thou, bending
Down from far to hearken my cry, didst hear me,
From thy Father's palace of gold descending
Drewest anear me

Chariot-wafted: far over midnight-sleeping
Earth, thy fair fleet sparrows, through cloudland riven
Wide by multitudinous wings, came sweeping
Down from thine heaven,

Swiftly came: thou, smiling with those immortal
Lips and star-eyes, Blessèd One, smiling me-ward,
Said'st, "What ails thee?—wherefore uprose thy crying
Calling me thee-ward?

Say for what boon most with a frenzied longing
Yearns thy soul—say whom shall my glamour chaining
Hale thy love's thrall, Sappho—and who is wronging
Thee with disdain?

Who avoids thee soon shall be thy pursuer:
Ay, the gift-rejecter the giver shall now be:
Ay, the loveless now shall become the wooer,
Scornful shalt thou be!

Once again come! Come, and my chains dis sever,
Chains of heart-ache! Passionate longings rend me—
Oh fulfil them! Thou in the strife be ever
Near, to defend me!

ARTHUR S. WAY.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

VII.—COMPENSATIONS

Few perhaps realise the range of the Law of Compensation, as it works through terrestrial life, bringing unexpected things to pass, creating blessings innumerable, and evolving good out of evil. The area through which it operates is at once personal, social, and cosmic. A man suffers from deafness, but what a mass of spoken folly he does not hear! Another laments his loss of memory, but "the gone-things were to go." It is only buried, and is certain to come again from the crypts; for nothing ever dies, and all things reappear. We as seldom note the "blessings of forgetfulness," as we realise the "sweet uses of adversity"; and when the things that once brought anxiety or produced irritation have fled, they need never return with their old surroundings. To the wise in heart life's gains are equal to its losses. We all know that both youth and age have "compensations" denied to those who are in "the midtime of their years." If we are debarred by sickness from the full exercise of our adult powers, less is expected from us; while we are exempted from much of the routine, and from many of the trivialities of work.

Then again, how often we seem to ourselves to succeed, when we really do not. The wheels of intellectual and moral life seem to move swiftly, without friction or arrest. But to what does this fleet movement amount? It is often like the toil of Sisyphus, rolling uphill the marble block that slipped from his hands; or the doom inflicted on the daughters of the Grecian king, who poured water everlastingly into a vessel full of holes. What is success? When we think we have reached it, we are often furthest from it; and, contrariwise, when we imagine we have failed, we are often nearest to attainment. Some of us seem to achieve habitually; others of us never to accomplish anything. But "who knoweth what is good for a man in this life"? It is almost a commonplace to say that things which seemed unbearable in prospect—fraught even with ruin—are seen in retrospect to have been blessings in disguise; their "compensations" have been so numerous.

Another instance. In a life of poverty—and poverty (as all know) is a relative term—there are many wants to be endured; but, on the other hand, there is less expected of us, and less to distract or allure. Confined to a small house, the life led within it may be consolidating and expanding, more than it often does in the mansions of the rich. I have known of a happier and more refined existence spent in a two-roomed cottage than in the manor-house to which it belonged. It is very easy for cultivated men and women to be over-housed; and there are few things more disquieting than the multitudinous attention they are then called to give to "trifles light as air." These sometimes distract the rich, because of the very size of their abodes, and the number of those who serve in them. What can be more embarrassing, or depressing, than the feeling that we cannot make a fruitful use of the things that we possess?

Take now a wider outlook, and this golden thread of "Compensation" will be seen to run through all mundane life, and the changes that occur in it. Institutions seem threatened with disaster, simply because they are growing; and from the continuous operation of the law of evolution, which is one of change. The constitution of a Country, its Church, its Seats of Learning, its municipal Institutions, its Trade, its relationship to other Lands, seem at times to be approaching a crisis, or to be tottering to a fall. It is merely a swing of the pendulum, which is a sign of life. Only what is dead and motionless is exempt from change. In a scientific age like the present, the lament is often heard: "We have no Poets now, none at least like the mighty ones of old; and we have no Seers, with prophetic speech to guide their fellow men." But all that has happened, or is now happening, is merely a transformation, a re-creation, evolution. The noble Science we now have—larger, richer, more fruitful than ever before—is the outcome of what has been maturing for generations. And Poetry is not dead, and will never die. It is only ripening for a new and a mighty outburst. The twentieth century will assuredly rejoice in the work of poets now unborn, but greater perhaps than any that the world has known. And it will produce new kinds of poetic vision. Why should it not be so? Poetry nobler than that of Lucretius, with Darwin's wisdom interwoven, and working through it as a leaven more perfectly than it did even in Tennyson's verse, rising to an idealism finer than Plato's, and more glorious than that of Dante or Wordsworth. And why should we not have still richer Music in days to come, rivalling Beethoven; and loftier Art than has ever yet been evolved; although, perhaps, we cannot expect to have finer Architecture, or Sculpture? Anyhow, "Compensations" for temporary loss are sure to come: and they are even now working their way forward, in subconscious channels.

The realisation of this "Law of Compensations," which operates so wonderfully and beneficently—as the systole and diastole of the world's experience—is one of the best antidotes to depression. It breeds contentment, and produces calm. As an artisan said the other day, "It'll all

swing round again, frettin' ain't no use"; or, as the noblest of our poets wrote:

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

PROFESSOR FINCKEL SMYTH'S SECOND VOLUME*

MASSIVE before us, for not less massive review, there lies at last the second of Professor Finckel-Smyth's volumes on the century wherein (we verily believe) he lives more truly than in his own—the Twentieth; and even at a cursory glance it becomes apparent that the two sections of its contents (the Century considered Locomotionally and Architecturally—Domestic) are not so entirely unrelated as might, to an observer less penetrating than our Professor, have appeared. We hope to make this plain in the course of our review.

As there are some hills by comparison with which others rank as mere valleys, so obstacles that to another would be insuperable become to Professor Finckel-Smyth veritable assistances. Let us for a moment consider the mental divestiture that must be made before there can be begun the reconstruction of an age so remote as that of which the Professor writes. In the first place, they of that far-off dawning of history had navies and armies, but no aery; consequently, the familiar lofty flights of staging of our own streets, whereat, as at an aerial dock, we are taken up and deposited when we pay our calls, and our modern *Khatapatasons* collect and discharge their freight, were as yet within the limbo that precedes discovery. These ancient cities, again, were lighted by one or another of the forms of direct incandescence, and not, as ours, dephlogistically. In the dynamic production of electricity and the practical control of its forces they of that age were not entirely ignorant (witness those chariots, or *motor-cars*, scythe-axled, wherein they followed their Boadiceas to battle, examined by the Professor in the section "*Vanguard*"); but of thermal electricity they knew nothing. These are but the more obvious of the disembarassments that the Professor had to effect before it became possible for him to establish conclusively, in the brilliant passage pp. 405-450, that the deities of these ancient folk, their *Datmler*, and *Panhard*, and *Levassor*, were systematically obliterated with sacrifices of human blood.

Nevertheless, not in every particular do we see eye to eye with the Professor, and leave is taken to question more than one difficult point. It is true that the Professor has settled once for all the hotly-contested question whether, in the year 1906, the wild tribe of the *Colquhouns* did or did not remain unshakeable in their refusal to abandon, for whomsoever, those peculiar places of their abode, their *little wooden huts*; but it is disconcerting to find, in the self-same chapter, so erroneous an elucidation of the word "*diggings*" as that which the Professor, presumably, expects us to swallow. Let us, without going further into the matter, state that the term was not British at all, but Austrian. Not the Britons but the *Oesterrichen*, dug in the sand those holes wherein their heads reposed, leaving unhoused the rest of their persons. Nor can we accept without reserve the Professor's statement that the *Bodegas* in which so many of that days spent a great part of their lives were hung with bells at the angles (surely the Professor confounds these with the *Pagodas*, or Rhodopaeian shrines wherein were dispensed "ices and soda"?), nor that a permanent official, the *chukka-raut*, was kept to cast the tenants houseless on the pavement at a certain hour of the night. With the Professor's definition of the *black-list* we in the main agree;

but let Professor Finckel-Smyth note that the *Eiffel Tower* was not an edifice, but a lemonade:

But we must pass to a more important matter, the consideration of the period of domestic building proper with which is associated the name of its inventor, Géré. And we must remember that when Géré laid the foundations of his fame (the phrase is singularly inapt, but let it pass), half-timbering had not yet been imitated in poker-work, stuccoed fronts were not yet elaborately jewelled (see sub-sect. "*bijou-residence*"), and that the quaint *gasometer* had not been deflowered of its constructional parts to furnish the iron *chimney-lie*. The discovery of these things is Géré's title to fame. His, too, is the credit of the discovery of the essential relationship between the *villa* and the means of speedy locomotion in the opposite direction—for those to whom Géré's ornateness spoke with no *unamphibological* voice were advertised of the means of escape in the words: *ten minutes from tram* (q. v.). Of this period Professor Finckel-Smyth writes in tracts of glowing prose. Even of its names he has lovingly compiled a bibliography, and we see again the *Rosedenes*, the *Ingle Neuks*, the *Wee Nesties*, and the "*Doctor's Drives*" that had their culmination in the Elysiums of Balham and Hither Green. And on this account alone we ought to felicitate ourselves that, in the vast apothec and storehouse of the Professor's knowledge, some trace of these is preserved; for the paper of their plans has long outlived them, and they have for ages been as Tyre and Sidon.

Géré strove after an impossible ideal. The dream that lay at the back of that daring mind was that the wall, already so mitigated as to be little barrier to the passage of sound, should be so dematerialised that neither should it hinder the operation of the function of sight. He grasped the truth that the perfect wall is no wall at all—rather an abstract relationship, an *intangible coherence of parts*, or rather not of parts, but of the *astral idea of parts*. . . . we know not how to put it unless we were as great a mystic as he. And his failure quite to accomplish this brings us to the next great epoch of which Professor Finckel-Smyth treats.

And here, in this epoch of Glass, we follow the Professor willy-nilly, step by step, as he unfolds, as a tale of Arabian magic is unfolded, the dazzling splendour in which the era culminated—the glory of *Glasshouse Street*. Here criticism is silenced; and we see afar off this shining realm, thronged with those forefathers of ours whom we have now come to know so well, each clothed in his *jag* (see vol. i. *Sumptuary*), his *peacherino* on his arm, and countless other *jags* and *peacherinos*, half of them *broke to the wide* (cricketers these), the other half their attendant officers of the *sponge*, be-mirrored and reduplicated in the lustrous wonder! Well may our Professor exclaim: "*Pschorr!*" and in a rapturous passage evoke *Gumbrinus* himself, Spirit of that Glassy Grove, gherkin-garlanded, spaten-braued, schuitzel-crowned, and sceptred with the mystic Wurst!—Ogee, Finckel-Smyth, Ogee!

But already our allocation of space is filled, and consideration of the means of locomotion of the age must be left to a future paper.

G. F.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ON A POEM BY WORDSWORTH

ONE of the strangest of those works in which the author builded better than he knew, is surely Wordsworth's "*Ode on Intimations of Immortality*." According to the writer himself:

the poem rests entirely upon two recollections of childhood: one, that of a splendour in the objects of sense which has passed away; and the other, an indisposition to bend to the law of death as applying to our own particular case.

* The review of vol. i. appeared in the ACADEMY of June 9, 1906.

But how plain and obvious in conception the poem would have been, had this been all upon which it was founded! Blake would not then have wept for joy on hearing it read, and Mr. John Morley would not have condemned it as "contrary to notorious fact, experience and truth." As a matter of history, the ode consists of two sets of verses composed at different periods and on different subjects. The earlier composition, in which Wordsworth laments that the pristine indomitableness and irradiance of his soul are gone, is a simple, beautiful lyric with which many reflective men of middle age would sympathise. On the other hand, the later work in which he inquires into the circumstances of that mysterious fall in the nature of man which takes place in the passage from adolescence to maturity,

The Youth . . . is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day—

is a philosophic poem to the idea of which even writers inclined to mysticism sometimes object. Dr. W. R. Inge, for instance, says in his "Studies of English Mystics:"

There seems to be no reason why, as we get older, we should recede further from knowledge of Divine truth. The natural exhilaration of spirits, which in the child is stimulated by fresh air and fine weather, is in most cases hardly worthy to be called a splendid vision; and the light of common day into which it is said to fade, is, after all, the light of mature intelligence and ripe experience.

As a matter of fact, Wordsworth penetrated into depths of the human soul which no man of science of his age could plumb, and with an incomparable insight which few of his critics even now appreciate. He did not, perhaps, throw any new light on the question of a future existence, but he illuminated one of the most obscure matters of psychology, and his point of view, moreover, has been adopted by many of the advanced psychologists of the modern school. Dr. Stanley Hall, for instance, who seems to be ignorant of his work, has recently developed in a remarkable study of "Adolescence" the main idea of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Men are only dwarfs standing on the shoulders of their former selves. Children are the real intellectual giants.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come

into the world. Our individual soul is then informed by the over-soul of the race, and in its subliminal regions there abide those recollections of prior states of existence,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our being.

Our intelligence is not the highest of our faculties. The grand powers of human life are those deep feelings and those flashes of insight and imagination in which the experiences of countless generations of men are conserved and expressed. In adolescence we enter into the glorious inheritance of the human mind and expand our nature almost to the general capacity of humanity. Youth is a period of divine madness. Powers of extinct races of men revive in the soul, and excite in it a hunger for those infinite adventures of the spirit in which the human faculties were first deployed and tempered. The young mind is all compact of fancy. As the childish instinct of imitation develops into a poetic power, it finds in the world of reverie a theatre in which its vague, confused aspirations and desires obtain scope and utterance, force and definition. Ah, the vehemence, the range, and the versatility of adolescent imagination! Genius itself is only a remnant of the imaginative power of youth:

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave . . .

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

In entering upon the business of existence we commonly make a very bad bargain. For a smattering of practical sense and a few comfortable conventions we barter away our plasticity of mind and ardour of soul. The man who becomes a genius is more prudent. He elects to obtain by slow and difficult experience the knowledge which we acquire lightly and dearly at second-hand. The result is that we narrow and impoverish our nature by confiding in the dictates of our calculating and analytical understanding, while he preserves much of the youthful fullness and power of imagination in which the over-soul of the race manifests itself. This is the idea that underlies the great poems in which Wordsworth relates the history of his own spiritual growth. In order to show that the man of genius is a person who retains in maturity the splendid vision of his younger days, the poet generally and rightly keeps to the facts of his proper experience. He does not, however, do so entirely in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and it is, perhaps, due to this that he there falls into an error which, happily, he corrects in another work. In the ode he appears to attribute to the child the immensity of soul which is more particularly the property of youth. But in the second book of the "Prelude" he confesses that it was not until his seventeenth year that he had the mystic vision of the universe which he describes in the most famous of his shorter pieces.

Among men, as among animals, a prolonged adolescence is the mark of a high position in the scale of nature. No doubt, the desire to enter into every sort of experience, to give to one's soul every sort of shape, may end in a refined form of epicureanism such as that to which Pater seemed at one time to be inclined. And no doubt, the aspiration to develop one's individuality in every possible direction may end in a subtle form of egotism such as that which is sometimes imputed to Goethe. These, however, are merely an exaggeration of certain characteristics of the young mind at the expense of others. It is the heart of youth which keeps its intellect open to fresh influences and prompt to new adventures. Youth is multifarious in its interests because it is catholic in its sympathies. The source of its inexhaustible strength lies in the ardency and liberality of its emotions. It is the impairment in later life of these qualities that makes manhood a finished and finite stage of growth from which no *Uebermensch* will ever be evolved. Youth, however, with its plasticity and breadth of soul is a possible point of departure for the evolution of a type of man with a nature richer and larger than ours, and of this crowning race every man of genius

whose even-balanced soul
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild,

is a forerunner.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Leonardo da Vinci," by Professor C. J. Holmes.]

FICTION

Women and the West. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Nash, 6s.)

THESE stories in their collected form are dedicated to Ouida, and in a little letter of thanks that is printed in front of them Ouida points out that the short story requires many qualities in the writer, above all force, self-restraint and simplicity; and she adds that Mr. Marriott possesses these in no indifferent measure. With this we are ready to agree, for we admire and enjoy his work; but,

if we were asked to define what we most enjoy and admire, we should say that in the first place he has ideas. He never writes anybody's story. His material is his own before he uses it, and whatever he produces bears the hall-mark of his subtle mind. We believe that, if he honestly tried for a month, he could not write anything that was stale in thought, stale in character and phrase. He has, too, the distinction of nature that separates the tragic in life from an accidental sordidness of circumstance. He can show you a soul's ordeal in a slovenly kitchen, in a small general shop, in the body of a poor old Cornish woman with a dirty skin and an undeniable moustache. He is at his best, we think, in Cornwall and with Cornish fishermen. Take the portrait of Renowden in "The Ferry." It is the second paragraph of the story, and, as it goes on, the reader feels more and more that Renowden is hardly distinguishable from the beautiful setting in which Mr. Marriott places him, a setting of sea and cloud and violet haze where "the island of Porthia, purple and unsubstantial, lay upon the water like a jewelled dragon yearning out to an unattainable star." What actually happens to Renowden seems not to matter much. He is there, as integral a part of the picture as the sky and the rush-grown hillocks and the long white rollers racing in unbroken succession over a flat beach. The whole landscape and the man with it are Cornwall. Indeed, we warn any one who loves the Duchy and cannot be there to avoid these stories, for they cast a spell. All through many of them there are the sight and the sound of Cornish seas.

The Belovèd Vagabond. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (Lane, 6s.)

MR. LOCKE has done much good and interesting work; but he has done nothing to approach the quality of "The Belovèd Vagabond." The book is a little masterpiece, possessed of that exquisite charm and refined simplicity which are connected with French writers of the best period. There is nothing laboured or far-fetched about the work, although infinite pains must go to the attainment of such perfect ease and grace. Not the suspicion of a false note occurs in incident, in sentence or in word, to mar the music of the story. There is something a little daring in the use of an epithet of force in a title—fascinating, belovèd, amazing, whatever it may be; when an author throws down such a gauntlet, he is often left to pick it up himself. But we would fight to the last with any one who was procrustean enough to resist the right of Paragot to the term, belovèd. It is absolutely apt. We feel towards him as felt Asticot, the washerwoman's little son whom he made an artist and a gentleman, and who writes this life of his *maitre*; and we realise that the one trait that linked together all his strange traits, his shaggy strength, his wayward genius, his boastfulness, his wit, his wisdom, and all his absurd impulses was just that trait of absolute, inexplicable dearness, without which he would have been a very unpleasant old fellow. As it is, he is supreme; and the book in which he lives is an achievement worthy to rank with a book as good as "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard."

The Whip Hand. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. KEBLE HOWARD is always pleasant to read; he is gentle and kind, and takes up a theme with considerable care. He paints the characters of three women, who all want the whip-hand of their husbands. Two of the husbands revolt, for the sake of the moral. In real life they would never have submitted. It is such a gentle book that only gentle souls will take its lesson to heart, and they do not need it; but it is pleasant reading, the characterisation is distinct, and if we do not really believe in the incidents we do not disbelieve in the people. They are true, and we could meet them every day in South Kensington or West Hampstead. It is better to meet them in print.

Burnt Spices. By L. S. GIBSON. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

VITTORIA PANDELLI is a fascinating personality in the flesh, but it is her disembodied spirit that in life and after death

dominates the story and gives it a strange, compelling interest. Vittoria loves Christopher Marlowe with all the fire of her Southern nature: she fails to detach him from the simple Audry, and in revenge sends her spirit to haunt his chambers. Christopher suffers much, so terribly indeed, that nothing short of exorcism by an expert in occult science rids him of the red-haired visitor who has brought him to the verge of insanity. There is originality in the idea of the story, the characterisation is good, and the dialogue always animated. No one who reads the first chapter of "Burnt Spices" will willingly put it down until the absorbing tale is finished.

The Young Days of Admiral Quilliam. By F. NORREYS CONNELL. (Blackwood, 6s.)

AN old man who yarns about his youth is prone to garrulity, and old Quilliam, for all his charm and gusto, is no exception. He is a little garrulous, and inclined to repeat and underline his old jokes. But then his young days were notable days. By the time he was ten he had punched the nose of Napoleon Buonaparte, stood by the great Nelson on the deck of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, and met and loved Pientje to whom he remained for ever faithful. He is an amusing young dog—a chip, as they say, of the old block. He will set many a boy's mouth watering for the chance of a tithe of his adventures, and a rightly minded uncle should read and laugh over Quilliam's doings before inscribing Quilliam's book with the name of his pet nephew.

Counsels of the Night. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Unwin, 6s.)

LUCAS CLEEVE adds a new terror to life in this story, which might be more appropriately entitled "Disturbers of the Night." She suggests that a man may commit a murder, and his son reconstruct it in dreams, with all its horror and detail; his son again inherit the dream, and so carry on the disturbance of domestic peace to the third generation. Three times over the tragedy of George Morris's death is acted for us, without damage except to pillows and nerves; at the fourth repetition an accident happens to somebody, and the moon looks on "languidly, pathetically, curiously, coldly interested." Dorothy Merivale was unlucky; but it was certainly not nice of her to discuss with her son the possibility that his father was a murderer. Believers in dreams, who love a well-sustained mystery, will enjoy this story, but they must be prepared to find it written in rather slovenly English, and with occasional lapses from good taste.

FINE ART

PROFESSOR CLAUSEN'S LECTURES

THE second volume of Professor Clausen's lectures, "Aims and Ideals in Art" (Methuen, 5s. net), is an appropriate supplement to the first series. His earlier lectures were in the nature of a general survey of the field open to modern artists; the later instalment is devoted to showing how that field may best be cultivated. It may be said at once that the author has done his work exceedingly well. The book is one which every practising artist, old or young, might read with profit, if only for one quality which Professor Clausen possesses to an uncommon degree.

That quality is balance of mind. Many books written of recent years show more profound scholarship, a few, perhaps, more decisive insight, not one, I think, has dealt with the problems of modern painting with quite the same impartiality. The author's training and personal preferences in painting mark him as the admirer of the Impressionists, yet he is just to Raphael and Ingres; while appreciating Velasquez, he does not find it necessary to depreciate Watts.

Take for example his estimate of Impressionism; of the

modern perception of light and the open-air painting founded upon it. Though he himself practises this very form of art he is no bigot, but recognises frankly that the method has its limits, that it is quite unsuited to many subjects, and that even in its own peculiar field of landscape it loses much beauty which workers on the Old Master tradition obtained. To the Old Masters he is equally just. Velasquez and the great Venetians, Rembrandt and Raphael, have each their due meed of appreciation (their painting is not perhaps quite so much *au premier coup* as he seems to assume), but their respective technical qualities are reviewed, as they should be reviewed, in strict relation to their subject-matter. The point is one on which it is impossible to lay too much stress in these days, when every school and group of painters or critics has a tendency to cram its chosen formula of pigment and brushwork down the throat of every body else, regardless of their hearers' personal preferences. That the Form of art must be in harmony with its Matter—in reality the first or almost the first principle a young artist should acquire—seems nowadays almost the last thing a man learns, if, indeed, he ever learns it.

On one point alone do I venture to question the soundness of Professor Clausen's conclusions, and that is upon the question of design. He doubts the practical usefulness of any rules of design. Now, bitter personal experience as well as the examination of many thousand modern paintings has convinced me that designs do not for most of us rise up in the mind's eye perfectly spaced and complete. They may seem definite and emphatic enough for a slight sketch, but the test of making a serious picture usually proves too much for our first imperfect conceptions. Either we have to let our designs go out knowing them to be incomplete, or we have to recast and remould them with infinite labour, till they express our idea both emphatically and pictorially without either surplusage or emptiness.

Some such process of recasting has been a habit even with the most gifted designers, as their sketches and studies prove; it is, I believe, an absolute necessity for most serious artists. Why, then, should we deny the usefulness of mechanical aids in supplying missing links in the chain of our composition? To detect the failings of a design by the help of some technical precept mentioned by Hogarth or Sir Joshua or in Burnet's ponderous compendium is quite a different thing from *inventing* a design by rules. Such analysis grows more and more instinctive as the eye and the mind learn to work together, till in the end the process cannot differ very much from Rossetti's theory of "fundamental brain work" which the author so heartily endorses. The truth probably is that Professor Clausen makes little account of the mathematics of design, because he himself is so fortunate as to stand in no need of them.

C. J. HOLMES.

THE ECLECTIC AT LARGE

IN "The Education of an Artist" (A. and C. Black) Mr. Lewis Hind has invented a new kind of art criticism, a pleasing blend of the Morelli narrative (minus the scientific method) and Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. He contrives a young man, ignorant like the Russian, Lermoliev, who receives certain artistic impressions faithfully recorded by Mr. Hind and visualised for the reader in a series of engaging half-tone illustrations. The hero's name is itself suggestive—Claude Williamson Shaw. By the end of the book he is nearly as learned as Mr. Claude Phillips; he might edit a series of art-books with all the skill of Dr. Williamson; and his power of racy criticism is nigh akin to that of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. You can hardly escape the belief that these three immortals came from the north and south, gathered as unto strife, breathed upon his mouth and filled his body—with ideas; Mr. Hind supplying the life. But this is not so. The ideas are all Mr. Hind's,

and the godfathers only supplied the name. What a name it is, to be sure! It recalls one of Ibsen's plays. "Claude Williamson Shaw was a miner's son—a Cornish miner's son, as you know, or perhaps you didn't know. He was always wanting *plein-air*." Some one ought to say that in the book, but I must say it instead. At all events, Mr. Hind nearly always refers to him by his three names, and every one must think of him in the same way. Otherwise side issues will intrude themselves—thoughts of other things and people. "O Captain Shaw, type of true love kept under" is not inapposite because Claude Williamson Shaw fell in love with a lady who in a tantalising manner became a religious in one of the strictest Orders, the rules of which were duly set forth in old three-volume novels; and that is the only conventional incident in the book. C. W. S., although he trains for painting, is admitted by Mr. Hind to be quite a bad artist. Apart, therefore, from the admirable criticism which is the main feature of the book, it shows great courage on the part of the inventor, great sacrifice, to admit that C. W. S. was a failure as an artist. Bad artists, however, are always nice people. I do not say that the reverse is true. Indeed, I know many good and even great artists who are charming, but I never met a thoroughly inferior painter (without any promise either of a future or a past) who was not irresistible socially. This accounts for some of the elections at the Royal Academy, I believe: and for the pictures on the walls of your friends whose taste you know to be impeccable. There is more kindness, more recognition of bad art in England than the Tate Gallery gives us any idea of.

I know that the Chantrey Trustees were deprived of the only possible excuse for their purchases by the finding of Lord Lytton's Commission, but I, for one, shall always think of them as kindly men with a fellow-feeling for incompetence, who would have bought a work by Claude Williamson Shaw if an opportunity had presented itself. I have sometimes tried to imagine what the pictures of *invented* artists in fiction or drama were really like. I fear they were all dreadful performances. I used to imagine that Oswald Avling was a sort of Segantini, but something he says in the play convinced me that he was a sort of Verboekhoven. Then Thackeray's Ridley must have been a terrible Philistine; a sort of Sir John Gilbert. Poor Basil Hallward's death was no great loss to art, I surmise; his portrait of *Dorian Gray, Esq.*, from all accounts was not unlike the miraculous picture exhibited in Bond Street a short while ago. I am not surprised that its owner, whose taste improved, I suspect, with advancing years, destroyed it in the ordinary course after reading something by Mr. D. S. MacColl. It is distinctly stated that Dorian took in the *Saturday Review*! Frenhofer, Hippolite Schimier and Leon de Lora were probably chocolate box artists of the regular second-empire type. Theobald, we know from Mr. Henry James, was a man of ideas who could not carry out his intentions. It must have been an exquisite memory of Theobald's failures which made Pater, when he wished to contrive an imaginary artistic personality, take Watteau, as being some one in whose achievements you can believe. No literary artist can persuade us into admiring pictures which never existed, though an artist can reconstruct from literature a picture which has perished, as we know from the *Calumny of Apelles*, by Botticelli. It was, therefore, wise to make Claude Williamson Shaw a failure as a painter. In accordance with my rule he was an excellent fellow, nearly as charming as his author, and better company in a picture-gallery it would be difficult to find. And you cannot visit picture-galleries with every friend; you require a sympathetic personality. It is the Claude—the Claude Phillips in him which I like best; the Dr. Williamson I rather suspect. I mean that when he was at Messrs. Chepstow the publisher, he must have mugged up some of the real Dr. Williamson's art publications. Whether in the Louvre or National Gallery, or in Italian towns, he always goes for the right thing. Sometimes you wish he

would make a mistake. Bad artists, of course, are often excellent judges of old pictures, and make excellent dealers, and I am not denying the instinct of C. W. S., but I cannot think it all came so naturally to him as Mr. Hind would indicate.

The reasons why Claude Williamson Shaw discovered "that he would not find a true expression of his temperament" in painting, readers of this ingenious book will discover for themselves. Assuming that he had any innate talent, I do not think he went about the right way to cultivate it. His friend Lund gave him the very worst advice, though we are the gainers. It is quite unnecessary to go out of England and gaze at a lot of pictures of entirely different schools in order to become a painter. Gainsborough and our great Norwich artists evolved themselves without any foreign study, and there was no National Gallery in their days. A second-rate Wynants and a doubtful Hobbema seem to have been enough to give them hints. It would be tedious to mention other examples. The fortunate meeting of Zuccarelli and Wilson at Venice is the only instance I know, in which foreign travel benefited, at all events an English landscape painter. Foreign travel is all very well when the artist has grown up. Paris is the tomb of English art students. M. Bordeaux, who gave Mr. Hind's hero tips in the Atelier, seems to have been as convincing as the famous barrel of the same name. Far better will the English student be under Mr. Tonks at the Slade; or even at the Royal Academy, where, owing to the doctrine of contraries, out of sheer rebellion he may become an artist. In Paris you learn perfect carpentry but not art, unless you are a born artist; but in that case you will be one in spite of Paris, not because of it. But if C. W. Shaw had been a real painter he would have seen at Venice certain Tiepolos which seem to have escaped him, and in other parts of Italy certain Caravaggios. Yes, and Correggios and Guido Renis, too hastily passed by. He was doomed to be a connoisseur.

ROBERT ROSS.

MR. HOLLYER'S EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS

MR. FREDERICK HOLLYER is at once the painter's friend and his most insidious foe. By means of his beautiful photographs, showing the very brush marks of the master's painting or reproducing with every value preserved the lines and shading of the greatest draughtsmen, the painter is able to familiarise himself with masterpieces he could not see or only on the rarest occasions. Unfortunately for the artist, what is to him an education is to those who should be his patrons a decoration, and Mr. Hollyer, while not ceasing to be a benefactor, remains a serious and not inconsiderable competitor. In the depression of the modern picture-market, of which we are hearing so much, the development of reproductive photography is no negligible factor. A courageous faith in art matters is not a characteristic of the British householder, and he needs courage as well as faith to expend pounds on the paintings and gravings of the artists who are battling, when for fewer shillings he can fill his house with reproductions of works by the masters who have won, and reproductions which even the discomfited painter must acknowledge to be artistic.

The exhibition of portraits which Mr. Hollyer has lately opened at his studio (9 Pembroke Square, Kensington) is remarkable whether our standpoint be that of art or history. If the former, we find arrayed for us examples of masters from Botticelli to Mr. Sargent; if the latter, portraits of celebrated men from Chaucer to Mr. W. B. Yeats. Moreover, we may indulge in comparative portraiture, contrasting the Carlyle portraits by Watts, Whistler and Millais, or the Burns portraits by Nasmyth and Skirving. Additional interest is given when Mr. Hollyer himself comes into competition and hangs his photographs from life alongside his reproductions of paintings of his sitters. By mixing so many years

in the company of artists, there is no doubt that Mr. Hollyer has learnt many tricks of the trade, effective composition for instance; and by adjusting his focus so as to soften all outlines and printing on grained paper he secures so pictorial an effect that the layman need feel no shame in failing to detect at the first glance which photographs are from life, which from paintings.

In an introductory note to the catalogue, Mr. Horace Townsend compares Mr. Hollyer's platinotypes with the mezzotints of the eighteenth century, and claims with justice that the photographs have a similar "velvety richness." We do not quarrel with his assertion that "as regards fidelity to the original . . . the photographer is superior"; but we consider his reasoning unsound and his example, Phillips's *William Blake*, unfortunate. The best mezzotinters and wood-engravers give the "spirituality of expression and delicacy of feature" in the original as faithfully as the best photographer. Where the latter triumphs over the former is in the preservation of technique, the graver, as was pointed out in a newspaper controversy some few years ago, being forced to substitute one surface quality for another, to translate a tone-poem into the language of line. Could any engraver preserve the brilliant brush-work of Mr. Sargent in his famous series of Wertheimer portraits as Mr. Hollyer has done in the photographs which form a notable feature of the present exhibition? Nowadays colour is almost the only quality which photography cannot give, and therefore for the reproduction of drawings it is as perfect a process as could be desired. Mr. Hollyer's Holbein photographs are well known, but his ability to give us an absolute facsimile is still more astonishingly displayed in the photograph of MacIse's pencil drawing of Carlyle as a young man. If it were framed under glass and hung on the wall, we would defy an expert to tell the original from the reproduction until he took them down for minute and searching examination. To insist on the interest of this exhibition would be as superfluous as to comment on the value and importance of Mr. Hollyer's life-work. By his reproduction and multiplication of works precious both as historical documents and as masterpieces of art, Mr. Hollyer is preserving and safeguarding nine-tenths of their value for future generations, and we see no reason why his reproductions, especially those on canvas, should not last as many hundreds of years as the originals.

MUSIC

THE LAST SONATA

IF it be true that the early works of a great man must be viewed from a different standpoint from those of one who never had a future, it is equally true that we look at the last produced of a great chain of works with different eyes from those with which we see even its immediate predecessors. It is not only valued for its own intrinsic beauty or greatness, it is hallowed by its position. We notice each feature which shows its relationship with what went before; we scan it eagerly for indications as to whither its author was tending. Does it suggest that the artist was on the eve of some new phase of development into which he never fully entered, or does he show consciousness that in it he was completing, not beginning his work, by summing up the old rather than by attempting a new departure? Such are the questions which gather round a last work and give it an interest beyond its own, and there is no stronger instance of this than the last of Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas. It was something of a coincidence that lately two foremost pianists should play this sonata at their respective recitals in London on the same afternoon. Mr. Mark Hambourg at Queen's Hall and Signor Busoni at Bechstein Hall did so on Saturday, October 23. The occurrence gave to some critics an opportunity for comparing the readings of the two, since

the performances were not given exactly at the same time. As, however, I only heard one performance, I am debarred from doing so, even if I wished to. It is rather because so many music-loving people have recently heard this sonata and because of the special interest attaching to it, that I am tempted to discuss it.

No one is now found to dispute the beauty of this or any of the last five piano sonatas which belong to what is generally called Beethoven's third period, but there must be very many who wonder why it should call forth such statements as: "It is mightiest of the mighty," and "Musically it is a Colossus," phrases with which programme analysts are apt to confuse instead of helping audiences. Having read such remarks through first, those who come new to the work—and it can only be for such that programme notes are written—will be surprised to find that it is a comparatively short sonata. It only contains two movements, a first in regular sonata form, and a slow movement, an "Arietta" with variations. Moreover, the first movement is remarkably short. The *Maestoso* introduction is only sixteen bars long, and it leads to an *Allegro* which passes with great rapidity, and in which the development section, that point of all others where a master is wont to reveal himself, is only twenty bars in length. Again, the variations in point of ingenuity bear no comparison with the set on a Waltz by Diabelli, which he composed probably in the next year, nor has each one the individuality of those which end the Sonata in E, *opus* 109. And yet these remarks which, unsupported by anything but bare statement as to the contents of the movements, look so trite and unconvincing, are all the same perfectly true. It is an example of the truism that it is not the size of the canvas that makes the masterpiece. From each point of view, whether that of expression or technique (the two are of course really inseparable) this sonata is marvellously concentrated. The power of the slow introduction cannot fail to impress the most casual hearer. Its rhythm is that which Handel used to give stateliness to the opening of many an overture, while the interval of the diminished seventh, which begins each phrase, gives a poignancy to the melody of which Handel was incapable. Then the long succession of chords, very far away from the key of C minor but converging with a beautiful diminuendo to its dominant, has at once a wonderful, expressive value, and an architectural use. Beethoven never spoke more simply or more truly than in the short phrases over a dominant pedal which complete this introduction, after which the bass begins to tremble, and rising again to a forte ushers in the chief theme of the *Allegro*.

In writing an analysis of a great work, especially a modern work, one is often baffled by the complexity of detail, the interweaving of subject with subject, to describe which is impossible, but with this sonata the reverse is the case. The theme announced emphatically in unison is repeated over simple tonic and dominant harmonies, and then a variation of it is treated with a counter-subject which is in a free double counterpoint with it. This dry description chronicles all that happens before the second subject is reached, and yet the use of material is so magical that in hearing the sonata played the theme seems whirled along through the most intricate polyphonic treatment, till at last the right hand plunges from the F above the treble stave to the D flat, followed by the D natural, below the bass stave, and back again to the A flat *in altissimo*, when we realise that we have reached the summit, and the wildness gives way to the beautiful, whimsical second subject. This is only just heard before an energetic arpeggio passage bursts in again, and a codetta built upon the first three notes of the first subject completes the exposition section. Beethoven's extraordinary power of working miracles, of producing great results from small material is further shown in the compact development which follows. Again it is possible to glance down the page and to detail in a few words the

processes to which his principal theme is subjected, and again the result is so forceful, every note so essential, that at the end of these few bars, when the theme bursts out in its entirety in the key of C minor and the restatement is reached, we feel that a revelation of its possibilities has been given, such as another composer might labour through many a complicated page to achieve in vain. Of course the restatement is not mere repetition, but carries the development further though it introduces no new material. When the second subject is reached this time in C major, it is not passed over so lightly as before, but is expanded and lovingly dwelt upon with increasing emotion, till the arpeggio before mentioned, instead of interrupting it, comes as its culminating-point. The codetta passage appears almost as before, except that it is in C minor and ends with some fortissimo chords which introduce the coda proper, a wonderful diminuendo in which the energy of the theme wears itself out, as it were, in the bass and gradually sinks to rest in a profound chord of C major.

Having found the major key Beethoven does not leave it; the melody of the slow movement is one of the most sublime this world has ever heard. Its perfect tranquillity after the turmoil of the first minor movement cannot be anything but a parable of the composer's life experience. It is peace after pain, heaven after earth; whatever words be used for it matters not, its meaning speaks direct to every human heart. I mentioned that the variations which follow are neither very elaborate nor possessed of great individuality of their own. That is not a weakness but a purpose. They are meant to emphasise and to develop their theme, to drive home its meaning, not to express any of their own. They are all in C major; only for a few bars is the key left, when, as if the feeling is too full to be contained in one key, a sort of expansion is made into the key of E flat. At last in a wonderful coda the theme is played, accompanied by a trill which very few pianists can make sufficiently ethereal, and the sonata ends pianissimo with a reiteration of the first and most appealing notes of the theme.

Beethoven's reply that the time was too short, to Schindler's question why he did not add a third movement, is often quoted. Von Bulow in his notes on this sonata refuses to take the reply seriously, and says that it was only an evasion given to Schindler whom he calls a "Strohkopt." The epithet seems well applied, for those who listen to this last movement may answer the question for themselves. It is complete in the great "C major of this life." Beethoven did not write a third movement, because there was no third movement to write.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE poetical works of John Keats are to be added at once to the Oxford library edition of the poets. The volume has been edited, with an introduction and textual notes, by Mr. H. Buxton Forman. It provides in a handy form an authoritative text of the whole of Keats's known works in verse, including some lines which have not been printed in any other edition. Mr. Buxton Forman's footnotes contain a large selection of variorum readings.

It was the especial care of the first Tudor King and his adherents to blacken the character of Richard III. and create the belief that he was both no lawful king and a tyrant who deserved to be swept away. In "Richard III.: His Life and Character reviewed in the light of recent research," a book which Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue immediately, Sir Clements Markham unravels many of these fabrications which appear in the writings of "inspired" Tudor historians, checking them by the few contemporary notices which escaped destruction. The result, we understand, puts an end to many legends about King Richard.—The same publishers announce a translation by Miss Hulda Friederichs of "The Future of Russia," from the German of Regierungsrat Rudolf Martin.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is about to issue a volume entitled "The Songs of Sidi Hammo." The translation of the work of this famous old Berber poet, whose songs are recited daily by the tribes of Southern Morocco, has been made by Mr. R. L. N. Johnston of Mogador, who has lived and studied among the Berbers for many years. The songs, of which a rendering in verse is supplied by Mr. L. Cranmer Byng, have been taken down from word of mouth in the villages of the Atlas Mountains, and are presented for the first time to the English public. The book has been edited, with an introduction by Mr. S. L. Bensussan.

Messrs. Smith, Elder have in the press a new volume by Mrs. C. W. Earle, the author of "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden," entitled "Letters to Young and Old." Another book which the same publishers promise shortly is "Our Heritage the Sea," by Frank T. Bullen.

November 24 is the date now arranged for the simultaneous publication in this country and America of the first volume of the "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels," edited by Dr. James Hastings and Dr. J. A. Selbie, which will be completed in two large volumes, similar in size to Hastings's "Dictionary of the Bible." It is, however, a work quite distinct from that Dictionary. The articles are all new, and they are written by new authors with a new purpose. It is first of all a preacher's Dictionary. Messrs. T. and T. Clark are the publishers.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will have almost ready a new book by Mr. Perceval Landon, entitled "Under the Sun": the result of the author's annual visits to India since 1900. The concluding chapter contains information on the later life of Nana Sahib that has never before been published. The book will be illustrated with photo-gravures and coloured plates.

An interesting contribution to Scottish historical literature will be issued in the course of a few days by Messrs. Blackie: "A Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social Developments," by Miss Amelia Hutchison Stirling. It takes up the industrial history of Scotland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, bringing together information from a wide field that has not hitherto been grouped in accessible form.

Messrs. Black announce for publication early this month a colour-book entitled "British Dogs at Work," which will deal in a comprehensive manner with the breeding, management and rearing of dogs. The volume contains a series of beautifully executed illustrations in colour by Mr. G. Vernon Stokes, showing the leading points of the varieties depicted. The text is by Mr. A. Croxton Smith.

Mr. Heinemann has secured the services of Mr. George W. Chrystal, B.A., Exhibitioner of Balliol, as Editor of the English edition of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs." The translation of the book has already been completed, and is being revised by Mr. Chrystal. The printing is in the hands of Messrs. Ballantyne and Co., who are working day and night to ensure early publication.

"The Story of the Popes from A.D. 1414 to the Present Day," by Charles S. Isaacson, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work will give a biographical, personal and anecdotal, rather than historical account of the Popes. It will be illustrated by forty reproductions of Papal medals and a contemporary portrait of Innocent XI.

Early in November Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. will publish "The Tourist's India" by Mr. E. A. Reynolds Ball. "The Tourist's India" is not a guide-book, or a book of travel impressions. It does not deal to any extent with the social conditions of the people. It is rather a "conspectus" of the great cities and tourist centres of India, pointing out what a tourist visiting India for the first time can and should see in a three months' trip, and leaving it to the tourist himself to draw his own conclusions. The volume will be illustrated with twenty-six full-page illustrations.

"England's Parnassus" is the title of a little volume of selections by Mr. W. Smith Horder, which Sir Isaac

Pitman will publish shortly. It is an anthology of anthologies. The idea occurred to the author that whatever the personal fancies of different editors might be, a consensus of their views would show that, regarding certain works, a practical unanimity prevailed; and he has taken the votes of all the more famous anthologies, and included the most popular pieces.

CORRESPONDENCE

ON EDITING BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The fact that Mr. Waller proposes to add volumes of notes to his edition does not affect the question of the choice of text, and the omitted passages are therefore irrelevant to my argument. It is precisely to his haphazard method of adopting a text and postponing critical inquiry into its authority that I object.

W. W. GREG.

Oct. 28.

Mr. Waller replies as follows:

SIR,—I am sorry Mr. Greg continues to think so ill of me. The scheme of the Cambridge edition was to present a text accompanied by a complete apparatus of variants, without the interference of an editor's personal preferences, either in the choice of the quartos or of variants, and I have endeavoured to keep to that scheme. I am impenitent in the matter of printing one, rather than the other, of the two identically dated versions of *The Elder Brother*, in verse, in the Appendix, for reasons already given. It might have been better to call the folio under Mr. Greg's suspicion B in the record of variants, but I regard the evidence adduced as insufficient to warrant the conclusion drawn; and I trust that my note of explanation in vol. iv. will be sufficient to indicate (until it is possible to publish in the supplementary volumes of notes evidence as to the relative values of the quartos and folios) that, in the case of *The Elder Brother*, B may be earlier than A, just as many of the readings in A may be preferable to those in B.

If my use of the words First Quarto to represent indifferently these two identically dated versions (which, I may add, are in substantial agreement with each other, and differ in less than half per cent. of their contents) has misled any one between the dates of publication of volumes ii. and iv., I am sorry; all the variants of both forms are in the hands of readers.

A. R. WALLER.

[Out of courtesy to Mr. Greg we have published his two letters; but we are not of opinion that the facts disclosed justify the form of his attack, which we consider to be premature and expressed with unnecessary acerbity. The correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

THE MODERN PICTURE-MARKET

(WITH A CORRECTION)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Inaccurate myself, I am the very last person to correct the errors of another, but I really must protest against Mr. F. C. Tilney's perversion of historical and pathological facts, when he says, "witness Beardsley, whose moral suicide led to his premature demise." The italics are mine. Whether Beardsley committed moral suicide or not I do not propose to discuss, but he was consumptive almost from his cradle. When I first saw him he was about sixteen years of age, and to myself and those who were privileged to know him at an earlier period it was very surprising that he lived as long as he did. A very eminent physician who attended him in London once informed me that he thought Beardsley was kept alive by his success and the excitement he enjoyed so thoroughly. It is a notorious fact that precocity is often a symptom of early death. It is not the cause. Popularity never killed any one, even Mr. Hall Caine. Sometimes it kills the artist, witness John Everett Millais, but never the man; witness Pietro Aretino, with whom Beardsley no doubt had much in common.

I believe I was the first London purchaser of a Beardsley drawing, and I can assure Mr. Tilney that even when he was "exploited" by Mr. Dent, Mr. John Lane and Mr. Lionel Smithers, his head was never turned. There was really no time. It is failure which makes people vain (Mr. Hall Caine again being an exception). I think a man's head is turned when he begins to do bad work and imagines that his public will stand anything from him, however shoddy. He is usually right in his supposition, and Millais is, again, a very good instance of what I mean. Beardsley within his own limits never did any bad work at all. The word "exploiters" requires, I think, further definition. As a picture-dealer myself, I wish I could find another Beardsley to exploit, and I am sure Mr. Lane will endorse my wish.

To turn not my head but my pen to Mr. G. S. Layard's interesting letter, I feel it will interest him to know that his proposal has already been worked and with very fair success. There are very few private houses where all the works of art cannot be obtained by

purchase when theft would lead to detection. So common has the custom become that a rich client of mine has *Not for sale* painted on all his most treasured possessions, so bored has he become by the importunities of his guests, most of whom are dealers *in petto*. The spare bedroom is really a kind of "Bond Street Champêtre." An amiable footman or housemaid can often "get off" an unpopular wedding present or a modern picture with strong domestic interest on a good humoured guest. At a very large country house where I sometimes stay all the rooms are known among the servants by such well-known names as Agnew Attic, the Sulley Boudoir, the P. and D. Colnaghi Smoking Room, the Dowdeswell Drawing Room, according to the works of art which adorn the apartments. What sometimes leads to trouble is that mine host expects such an enormous profit or commission on his sales, and sellers find it cheaper to be cheated by dealers like myself. Modern artists have often paid me the compliment of saying that I was fairer than some of their "fairest" friends who occasionally negotiate their pictures. Of course they are making no reference to my personal appearance.

ROBERT ROSS,
Director of Carfax & Co., Ltd.

THE MODERN PICTURE-MARKET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Layard's letter fills me with a delighted surprise. Who would have thought that the man lived who cared so much for pictures as to make the propositions he does? The success of his idea can only be judged when we see what response it meets with. Some four or five of my artist friends to whom I showed the letter share my views as to the niceness and nobleness of the suggestion; but have fears as to its perfect practicability. They think that Mr. Layard will find but few backers.

For my own part I think that the exhibitions should not be made a first filtering of available works. Through them the mute inglorious ones are not reached; though I confess that it is hard to think of another way of letting the philanthropic householder find his choice. Could a small room be rented as an exchange and dépôt, where the secretary might attend at stated times?

I would willingly find time for any preliminary clerical duties, under a chief, if such were required.

F. C. TILNEY.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent still defends the spelling of *tongue*; but does not answer my question, viz., would she therefore have us use such spellings as *bongue*, *longue*, and *songue*, instead of *bung*, *lung*, and *sung*? I gather, no. Then why *tongue*?

Her account of the *o* in *tongue* is quite as comic as it is mistaken. She finds in the *o* "the shade of fulness which I find that the *o* gains over a possible *u*." That is, she has (as I supposed) no idea as to how the *o* got into the word. There is no mystery about it; it is all explained in my "Principles of English Etymology," First Series, p. 404. The "shade of fulness" is all nonsense; the *ou* in *tongue* was sounded like the *un* in *sung*; there was absolutely no difference whatever, at any period whatever. To this day, we pronounce *son* and *sun* alike; the Anglo-Saxon forms are *sunu* and *sunne*, and it might easily have happened that the modern forms might have been reversed, or that both might have been spelt alike, as they sometimes were, as regards the vowel-sound.

The reason why spelling reform is so far off is that there is no general scientific study of our spelling. Those who write upon the subject are frequently unaware that our spelling has any history at all. They know nothing whatever, as a rule, of the old pronunciation, which is a sad thing when we consider how large an influence it had upon the modern forms.

Worse remains behind; for I am convinced that a large number of people would rather not know anything about phonetic changes, lest the new information which they would acquire should gradually undermine their present acquiescence in obsolete formulæ.

I think most people are wholly unaware of the terrible inconsistencies and anomalies of the present system. Just consider the following facts.

- (1) There are 21 ways of representing the *a* in *fate*.
- (2) There are 24 ways of representing the *ee* in *feet*.
- (3) There are 26 ways of representing the *aw* in *hawk*.

That is, there are 71 spellings of only three vowel-sounds.

Those who doubt these facts can find them tabulated in Miss Soames's "Introduction to Phonetics."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mis Jones upholdz the value ov the leter, but it iz permissabl to pas it by in *honst*, *often*; speech may becom an art, thenz a *siens*, but that *siens* must not control speech; the only master speech must acnoej iz the leter, the tail must wag the hed; the leter iz suprem, speech subservient; and the most efectiv *fonetic* rendering ov our speech iz the *prezent* spelling! Then we ar told that *langwaje* shud be the *expresion* ov the *jenas* ov a *peopl*; *plial*, not *academic*. Whot

chans haz a *langwaje* to becom *flexibl* if it haz to bow down to a *rijid* orthografy, if it haz to play second fiddl? It cannot command, its duty iz to obey; enforst obediens cannot boast ov freedom. Mis Jones charmz, but she does not convins.

If Mis Jones can extract more honey out ov *tongue* than *fung* or *sung*, she iz to be congratulated upon possessing a keen sensitiv eer. Id "gh" lendz a guttural glo to *light*, why does it chanje its gleaming gladness in "laughter"? Iz the stres, rithm or poetry inherent in "gh," or iz it merely tradishonal? Further, iz "gh" a proper and adequate picture ov a guttural, iz it the hiest, most finisht pees ov orthografic art?

Whot haz Mis Jones to say in favor ov the digraf "ea"? We hav it az *ä* in *heart*, *ë* in *breast*, *ee* in *weary*, *ai* in *break*, *ee-ä* in *react*, *ee-ai* in *create*, etc. It seems az *plial* az the Vicar ov Bray, but iz hardly wurth waxing eloquent over. The same may be said ov every vowel and difthong. The value ov the 'leter,' so far az concernz the vowelz, iz a very shifting and unsertain wua. Ambiguity iz neither artistic nor poetic.

If the *langwaje* ov a *peopl* shud be *plial* and living, not stereotyped and academic, orthografy must be adaptabl to the mobility ov speech. Mis Jones upholdz and defendz a stereotyped and academic speling. If speech must be free and *plial* and speling fixt and *rijid*, ther cannot be a harmonius record ov sweet soundz in comon use, only thoze ov a forgotten and distant past; orthografy then becumz a counterfit and a stumbling-block. The time wil cum when whim and sentiment wil reseev a rude shock. President Roosevelt's decree iz but the rail ov pop gunz; weponz ov grater power wil yet peers the senseless wallz ov sentiment. The baricadez ov waste, folshood and ugliness wil be remoovd, and a more wurthy instrument, a more artistic simblizashon becomz a truer picture ov speech, wil be substituted, bringing speech and script into sublime harmony and unity. To this end I wud invoke Mis Jones' graceful gifts.

H. DRUMMOND.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Although for the sake of uniformity I use this title, I do not admit that the new orthography advocated would be "simplified spelling." It would certainly not be that; it would be spelling gone mad—that is, when thrust upon the English writing- and reading-world forthwith, as the phoneticians seem to desire. If, in the remote future, our orthography shall have evolved into this form, well and good. The people will then be ready for it, and it will seem to them as beautiful as its natural ancestor—our own orthodox spelling—appears to us. I do not suppose for a moment that orthographical evolution will take that line at all; but it will be seen what I mean.

I have used the word "evolution" because Mr. Drummond (good-humouredly enough) scoffs at the idea of growth in this connection. He asks if I have seen it "moov." No, certainly not; neither have I seen it *move*, if that is what he means. Growth, as a rule, is not a violent phenomenon—to our senses, at all events. Professor Huxley once explained that in a tropical forest, if our ears were sufficiently acute "we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city" by the sound of the circulating vegetable juices: Poë even speaks of

"The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass;"

but I do not recollect encountering even the hint that in the ordinary way growth can be heard or *seen*. Effusive maiden aunts and others are wont to embarrass their young relatives by exclaiming "Dear me, how you have grown!" but this is only after considerable absence has given opportunity of comparison. So might Shakespeare, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, say of our language to-day: "How art thou grown!" though, if the phoneticians had prevailed, he might lament: "How art thou grown despicable!" Mr. Drummond thinks *language*—or *spelling*, rather—does not grow because it is subject to modification by composers and others. But this consideration is a factor in the analogy (for, after all, it is but an analogy—Darwin has nothing to do with it) since it exemplifies the reaction of the environment upon the organism.

Standard spelling, I may tell Mr. Drummond, is the spelling of the day; ludicrous spelling is an arbitrary or ignorant departure from that standard. Chaucer's spelling was not ludicrous and is not so now. It has been a standard spelling and is archaically interesting still.

When did I say spelling could create noble thoughts? Never, certainly. What I did say, or plainly imply, was: that, having created the thoughts, they could not be adequately expressed to the eye in phonetic orthography. Mr. Drummond will soon be quite unable to read current English if he persists much longer in the way he is taking.

Mr. T. Talbot Lodge (or plain T. Talbot Lodge, since he does not like the title of respect) is more likely to accompany the "bubbles" than I am. He would divert the stream into a straitened channel; I merely suggest that we shall be wise to let it take its natural course, which, in spite of all the "grannies," it certainly will do.

J. B. WALLIS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Although I admire Mr. Drummond and other would-be-reformers for the pains they take to enlighten public ignorance of the science of phonetics, and of the refortis they advocate, think, before

they can succeed, the public will want much stronger proofs of the superiority of phonetic spelling than have been advanced so far.

I notice phonetic spelling for *tutorial purposes only* is trotted out again and again! Now, I take it as an accepted fact that, whereas one person never will learn to read and spell correctly, another becomes proficient in much less time than six to eight years. In order to learn English spelling, a little knowledge of the Latin and Greek roots, if not essential, is most helpful, and I am sure a child will learn *orthodox* spelling quicker and more intelligibly by that means than by having any amount of instruction in phonetics first. It certainly takes a child longer than eighteen months to read with understanding, and, surely, the mere ability to read or write is not an education in itself, nor is the "science of phonetics" a training for the mind, say, like mathematics. Then, if phonetic spelling became general, it is most unlikely that the population at large would trouble to learn the old spelling, too—the key to the past literature.

Our friend, Mr. Drummond, makes a statement that *since man has been furnished with a tongue speech must be supreme*. From what follows, however, only force is added to my argument that as the spoken language is continually altering, the "poor servant" (the written speech) never could keep pace with it. Hence, is it worth while tinkering about with the written language every now and again? I feel inclined to declare that "mighty as is the tongue, the pen and written word are mightier still." At all events the writing remains, whereas speech does not, except the aid of the phonograph be called in.

F. W. T. LANGE.

MANGOLD WURZELS

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—With respect to the "folk song" about digging up mangold wurzels quoted in your review "Purple and Fine Linen" (ACADEMY, October 27), may I observe that in Ireland (at least) mangolds are always pulled, not dug, a process which is thought to destroy them entirely.

Oct. 30.

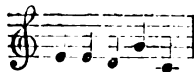
JANE BARLOW.

A FOLK-SONG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be glad if you can give me any information about Folk Songs, through the medium of your paper, the ACADEMY.

While staying in Droitwich lately one Sunday night I saw some children dancing in a ring on the road and singing to the tune of the church bells. The only phrase I could catch was, "We'll wash you in milk," sung, I think, to these notes:



repeated several times.

I could not hear what they sang to the other parts of the tune of the bells.

I very much wish to know the whole of this song and its history, as I think it may be an old custom that has clung to Droitwich and which has now lost its meaning.

(Miss) M. C. MAIN.

AGNOSTICS AND CHURCH SERVICES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Agnostic spider is not to be lured into the theological parlour; and if "Spectator ab extra" had any real knowledge of true Agnosticism his curious article on the subject would never have been written.

We respect orthodox beliefs and are willing to leave them alone now that they have grudgingly conceded our right to live; but to ask us to join in what we regard as their antiquated, meaningless ceremonies, and their "fruitless prayer" is like asking men half-way up a mountain to retrace their steps and begin again the long ascent at the pace of the slowest climber. In this there is intended to be implied no arrogant assumption of superiority; nothing but an indication of the simple fact that, intellectually, the Unknowable of Herbert Spencer is a higher conception than that of the theologians, just as theirs is higher than that of their humbler followers. It is a matter of choice of symbols, not of difference upon the essential reality. The orthodox leaders—even they of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*—must not get too far ahead of the main body, or their followers will degenerate into a rabble; but Agnostics are under no such obligation. They are in the position of scouts, and their place to-day will be that of the front-rank theologians to-morrow and again of their followers the day after. In that sense, and that only, will Agnostics admit any connection with the churches.

I see Mr. Wm. Scott Palmer, as an Agnostic, agrees with your contributor; but Mr. Palmer is not an Agnostic in the sense I and many more find in the term. He seems, rather, to be one who set forth as a scout on the higher lands, but found the prospect wild and forbidding and has returned to march upward in the more congenial company of the main army. I respect his views and admire his book wherein they are set forth; but his Agnosticism is too much tinged

with emotion rightly to claim identity with that of Huxley and Spencer.

No! Mr. "Spectator ab extra," we decline your invitation: it is evidently quite disinterested (has nothing to do, for instance, with the augmentation of collections, as one ungodly might suggest) but we should feel too much like Browning in the little chapel on Christmas Eve:

What, you, the alien, you have ventured
To take with us, elect, your station?
A carer for none of it, a Gallio?

We can stand out on the hilltop in the moonlight and sympathise with every honest creed on earth for sake of the unity of ideal which links them each to each; but we cannot subscribe entirely to any one of them.

J. B. WALLIS.

ORATORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read with much interest "A Student of Literature's" letter, and although I do not concur with all that he has written, I must say there is much truth in his assertions.

One has always to grapple with the stereotyped contention that affectation and eloquence are inalienable, but, I ask, is this actually the case? The accomplished orator certainly requires a course of training, and directly or indirectly receives new ideas concerning delivery and tone of voice, of which hitherto he had been wholly ignorant. This objection—a very foolish one too—might be equally urged against the tyro-painter, who wishes to emulate the works of Turner or some other master.

There are, I admit, indications that oratory is a lost art, for to-day there are few men or women who can sway assemblies for long by their speeches. It behoves us then to remedy this decadency, and I would respectfully suggest that oratory should be one of the ordinary subjects in the curriculum of a public or private school.

I do not for a moment say that training alone can turn us into Sheridans, Pitts or any others mentioned in your correspondent's able letter, but at least, we shall have gained confidence, and henceforth it will be a pleasure and not an ordeal to say the customary "few words." One can also learn much from those who are continually on the platform or in the pulpit.

A point sometimes overlooked is that excellence can partake of many forms. In a previous letter to your valuable paper, I stated that oratory is a reflex of character, but to further illustrate this theory of excellences one has only to mention the tact of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the practicality of Prebendary Carlile, the earnestness of Mr. Haldane or the ardour of Mr. Masterman, M.P. All these qualities and many others constitute excellence in oratory.

I have heard Church Dignitaries, Statesmen and Actors, but as I look back on two and half years of regular residence in London, I can truly say that there is no one who, by virtue of his oratorical powers, has charmed me so much as Bishop Welldon.

Lord Curzon, it was, who in a message to a meeting of the Classical Association at Manchester said, referring to his recent bereavement, that he found solace in books. Books are admirable, but they lack the living expression which is to be found in Oratory.

F. BOOTH.

THE BOOK WAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We have the permission of Dr. James Gairdner, C.B., the eminent historian, to send you for publication a copy of a letter which he has addressed to us on the subject of the *Times* Book Club.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

West View,
Pinner,
October 22, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—I have not thought it necessary hitherto to trouble you with a letter on this unhappy dispute between the publishers and the *Times* Book Club. Nor do I take it that my individual opinion is worth much on a matter which is in the main commercial. But I am really so astounded at this last move of the *Times* in putting your firm and those of some other publishers on a black list, and urging its subscribers neither to buy nor to read your books, that I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sympathy in your resolution to oppose such domineering arrogance.

One would think that the Managers of this ancient journal had lost their senses. That the move will be futile is no reason for not protesting against it. For surely it ought to make us all uncomfortable—authors, readers, and the public generally—when a powerful organisation like the *Times* attempts to boycott the productions of other commercial firms in a way like this. And that, too, at the very time when it professes to make a stand for the principle of free trade in books! Was there ever such inconsistency?

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,

(Signed) JAMES GAIRDNER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Much is being said of the part the Public are supposed to play in the Book War. I, in my capacity of one of the Public, consider they have no part to play whatever. To put the case in other guise, we will say I, "The Public," covet a house of the value of £10,000. To me comes a Book agent—I mean a House agent—who says: "Look here! I'll get you that house for £1000." I say: "But what will the author—I mean the owner of the house say?" "Oh!" says the Agent, "He doesn't count! All you've got to do is to write me a cheque for £1000, take possession of the house and go on your way rejoicing." Naturally I hand my cheque and my conscience to the agent and rejoice according to my instructions. I would dearly like to conclude by building a little niche and placing within it the title of my own last published book, but I refrain.

CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE,
Writer and Member of the Public.

WHITE NIGHTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A correspondent a short time ago, inquired in your columns as to who coined the phrase, "White nights." From what I can gather, it originated with the French, among whom the expression, *une nuit blanche*, signifies a restless, sleepless, i.e., blank night; and it doubtless arose from the disturbing effect produced by the moon's rays on the mind of the would-be slumberer. Hence in this instance, "blanche" would denote blankness quite as much as weird light: the same sense as remains in the phrases, blank verse, a blank wall, *carte blanche*, etc.

On the other hand, the Latin quotation "Ad vergilias albas" cited by Pater, though unfamiliar to me, refers, I think, merely to a moonless, wintry night when the Pleiades are sparkling with increased brilliancy and the Milky Way is clearly visible. So the lover in "Locksley Hall" exclaims:

"Many a night I saw the Pleiad, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

N. W. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

- Ballard, Adolphus. *The Domesday Inquest*. With 27 illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 283. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
[In The Antiquary's Books.]
- Jackson, F. Hamilton. *The Shores of the Adriatic: the Italian Side*. An Architectural and Archæological Pilgrimage. With plans and illustrations from drawings by the Author and from photographs taken specially for the work. 9½ x 6. Pp. 358. Murray, 21s. net.
- Masterpieces of Sculpture*. 13½ x 10½. Mudie's Select Library, 1s. 6d.
[Thirty representations of ancient sculpture in Rome.]
- Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *English Costume*. Vol. iii.—Tudor and Stuart. Illustrated with full-page plates in colour and many diagrams in the text. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 142. Black, 7s. 6d. net.
[The third of four books on English Costume, which Messrs. Black will publish in one volume after the issue of the fourth.]
- Dawson, Mrs. Neilson. *Enamels*. With 33 illustrations. 6 x 4½. Pp. 207. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
[In the Little Book on Art series.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life by Frederick Tatham*. Edited from the original manuscripts with an introductory note by Archibald G. B. Russell. With twelve illustrations. 8½ x 6. Pp. xlvii, 237. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
- Barnett, John Francis. *Musical Reminiscences and Impressions*. Illustrated. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 341. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.
- Pennington, W. H. *Sea, Camp, and Stage*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 200. Arrowsmith, 1s.
[Incidents in the life of a Survivor of the Balaklava Light Brigade. Paper covers.]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

- The Child's Christmas*. Pictured by Charles Robinson. With text by Evelyn Sharp. 10 x 7½. Pp. 227. Blackie, 6s. net.
- Grimm's and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*. Selected and edited for Little Folk. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. 13½ x 10. Blackie, 5s.
- Brereton, F. S. *With Roberts to Candahar*. A Tale of the Third Afghan War. Illustrated by William Rainey. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 353. Collingwood, Harry. *Across the Spanish Main*. A Tale of the Sea in the Time of Queen Bess. Illustrated by William Rainey. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 351. Farrow, G. E. *The Escape of the Mullingong*. A Zoological Nightmare. With 58 illustrations by Gordon Browne. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 148. Blackie, 5s. each.
- Ker, David. *Among the Dark Mountains*; or, Cast Away in Sumatra. Illustrated by Frances Ewan. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 296. Marchant, Bessie. *A Girl of the Fortunate Isles*. Illustrated by Paul Hardy. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 292. Blackie, 3s. 6d. each.
- Meade, L. T. *Turquoise and Ruby*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 381. Chambers, 5s.
- Molesworth, Mrs. *The Bolted Door, and other stories*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 239. Jackberrns, Raymond. *The Record Term*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 300. Chambers, 2s. 6d. each.

Williams, Clara Andrews. *The House that Glue Built*. Drawings by George Alfred Williams. 14 x 18½. *The Knight-Errent of the Nursery*. With illustrations by the Knight and his Father. 10½ x 12½. Chambers, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Selected and re-told for Children by Gladys Davidson and illustrated by Helen Stratton. 13½ x 10. Blackie, 3s. 6d.

The Browns: a Book of Bears. Verses by B. Parker; illustrated by N. Parker. 9 x 12½. Chambers, 3s. 6d.

Squire, Charles. *The Boy Hero of Erin*. A Story of Cuchulain and the Champions of the Red Branch of Ulster. Illustrated by A. A. Dixon. 7½ x 5. Pp. 240. Macmillan, Michael. *The Last of the Peshwas*. A Tale of the Third Maratha War. Illustrated by Paul Hardy. 7½ x 5. Pp. 240. Blackie, 2s. 6d. each.

Blackwood, Isabella C. *The Flower Fairy Tale Book*. Illustrated by N. C. Bishop-Culpeper. 8½ x 7. Pp. 170. Nutt, 5s.

Peter Pickle and his Dog Fido: the Diary of a Week of Scrapes. Pictured in Colours by Hilda Cowham. 9 x 10½. Nutt, 2s. 6d.

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[Contents: The Outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, by A. W. Ward; The Valtelline (1603-1639), by Horatio F. Brown; The Protestant Collapse (1620-1630), by A. W. Ward; Richelieu, by Stanley Leathes; The Vasa in Sweden and Poland (1560-1630), by W. F. Reddaway; Gustavus Adolphus (1630-1632), by A. W. Ward; Wallenstein and Bernard of Weimar (1632-1635), by A. W. Ward; The Constitutional Struggle in England (1625-1640), by G. W. Prothero; The First Two Years of the Long Parliament (1640-1642), by G. W. Prothero; The First Civil War, (1642-1647), by G. W. Prothero and E. M. Lloyd; Presbyterians and Independents (1645-1649), by G. W. Prothero and E. M. Lloyd; The Westminster Assembly, by W. A. Shaw; The Later Years of the Thirty Years' War (1635-1648), by A. W. Ward; The Peace of Westphalia, by A. W. Ward; The Commonwealth and the Protectorate (1649-1659), by W. A. Shaw; The Navy of the Commonwealth and the First Dutch War, by J. R. Tanner; Scotland from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration, by P. Hume Browne; Ireland from the Plantation of Ulster to the Cromwellian Settlement (1611-1659), by R. Dunlop; Anarchy and the Restoration (1659-1660), by C. A. Firth; The Scandinavian North (1559-1660), by W. F. Reddaway; Mazarin, by Stanley Leathes; Spain and Spanish Italy under Philip III. and IV., by Martin Hume; Papal Policy, 1590-1648, by Moritz Brosch; Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, by G. Edmundson; The Transference of Colonial Power to the United Provinces and England, by Hugh E. Egerton; The Fantastic School of English Poetry, by A. Clutton-Brock; Descartes and Cartesianism, by Emile Boutroux.]

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[The entire work is in French, and all extracts are reprinted from the original texts. A general introduction and an historical précis precede the text, and there is a good index.]

LITERATURE.

Bibliography of Folk-Lore, 1905. Compiled by N. W. Thomas. 9 x 6. Pp. xxxvi. Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1s. net.

[The bibliography includes only works and periodicals published in the British Empire in 1905. "Macculloch, J. A." (18 and 72) should be "MacCulloch, J. A."]

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[In the Cambridge English Classics. The first volume of this edition of the English writings of Cowley contained the whole of the poems that were collected for the folio which appeared the year after his death. The present volume contains the poems not included in the folio, its prose contents, and Cowley's English plays.]

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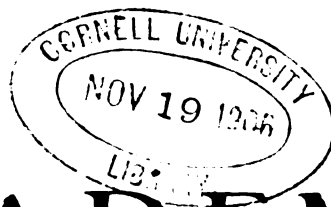
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WHAT are the characteristics of the Vagabond? Mr. Arthur Rickett, the author of a pleasant little book on "The Vagabond in Literature," lately published by Messrs. Dent, says they are three: (1) "Restlessness—the wandering instinct; this expresses itself mentally as well as physically. (2) A passion for the Earth—shown not only in love of the open air, but in a delight in all manifestations of life. (3) A constitutional reserve, whereby the Vagabond, though rejoicing in the company of a few kindred souls, is put out of touch with the majority of men and women." And he goes on to tell of six vagabonds-in-chief—Hazlitt, de Quincey, Borrow, Stevenson, Jeffries and Whitman, in all of whom he finds these qualities.

He does not include Thoreau, in whom, surely, all his three qualities were very strong; he does not include Mr. Meredith, perhaps because he is alive. He does not include Tennyson, because, as he justly says, Tennyson, "looking the handsomest Vagabond to the life, living apart from the world, as if its conventions and routine were distasteful to him, had scarcely a touch of the Vagabond in his temperament. That he had no Vagabond moods I will not say; for the poet who had no Vagabond moods is yet to be born. But he frowned them down as best he could, and in his writings we can see the typical, cultured, middle-class Englishman as we certainly fail to see him in Browning. A great deal of Tennyson is merely Philistinism made musical." Browning, on the other hand, our author claims for a Vagabond, for all his appearance of a prosperous banker and the middle-class Englishman that was so strong in him. There is another Vagabond whom perhaps only the pleasant fact that he is alive robs of mention in Mr. Rickett's introduction—Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, whose preface to the delightful "Pilgrim's Way," lately published and shortly to be reviewed in this paper, proclaims him (what his readers must long have guessed him) a Vagabond of the first water at heart.

"The poet who had no vagabond moods is yet to be born." We might go further than that. Every imaginative writer, and more than half the hack-writers and students of literature are what they are by virtue of one, at least, of Mr. Rickett's three postulated qualities—the restlessness, which we would rather term curiosity. It is essential to creative work. The man who accepts things as he finds them, who is not curious about the great world he lives in, never has anything to say about it. Curiosity is the mainspring of literature, of science, of art, of philosophy—of all intellectual work; and it seems to us that Mr. Rickett might, by a slight series of changes in his arbitrarily chosen qualities, include every writer that ever lived.

One or two good things will greet the reader of Mr. John Francis Barnett's new book of "Musical Reminiscences and Impressions" (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Barnett will be better known to posterity by such work as "Down dropp'd the sails" or "The fair breeze blew," from his *Ancient Mariner*, than by his book; but we like immensely the idea of Romberg's "Toy Symphony" played at St. James's Hall with the following performers: Cuckoo, Sullivan; drum (toy), Randegger; bells, Benedict; quail, Hallé; nightingale, Barnby; rattle, Blumenthal; trumpets (toy), Stainer and Kuhe, with Mr. Barnett and Cowen at the piano, and Cusins, Manns, Carl Rosa, Sankey, Ganz and Daubert for the strings.

He has a good story, too, of the parsimonious committeeman of some society, who objected to paying a man three guineas for the single note on the gong in Cherubini's *Dies Irae*, and offered to play it himself. Only the threat to fine him ten guineas if he came in wrong with that single note could deter him.

The story of the trombone who tried to play a squashed fly on his score will be familiar to all; Mr. Barnett has a contrast in the case of the theatre manager who, observing a trombone sitting idle during a rest of one hundred and thirteen bars, threatened to discharge him. "I do not pay you to rest, I pay you to play!" said he. We read, too, of E. F. Richter, the counterpoint teacher at the Leipsic Conservatorium, who was so great a smoker that he smoked even in the organ-loft of the church where he gave his organ-lessons. It is curious to note, by the way, that till Mr. Barnett determined to write his *Ancient Mariner*, many parts of which catch the very soul and spirit of Coleridge's "Rime," he had never read the poem.

Mr. Clement Shorter writes: "In complaining of the use of the word 'lied' in my comment upon the purchase of a wrongly designated portrait by the National Portrait Gallery you misread the literary significance of the word. When Johnson was told that one Pott had said that his play *Irene* was good he replied, 'If Pott said so, Pott lied,' and so I asserted with obvious indebtedness to Johnson that if, as Mr. Cust states, 'a Mr. Burgess' said 'forty years ago' that he had purchased this particular portrait from the Heger family, it is clear that he lied, as we have the word of Dr. Heger of Brussels that his father never painted; and that any portrait bearing his signature must be an imposture. Probably 'a Mr. Burgess' was himself the painter, in which case he was rather a clever artist as well as a clever rascal."

The autumn lists of new books and new editions are singularly lacking this year in sporting books and books about the country. It can hardly be that such books find no sale, unless, indeed, Bridge has usurped the evening hours that used to be spent in the smoking-room. Possibly the country gentleman likes to take his reading to-day in smaller doses than he used to do, and is content with short articles and magazine essays. But we have had no such books of late as St. John's "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands," or "My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, or "The Moor and the Loch," by John Colquhoun, books that take the reader straight to nature and so have a special charm of their own. There are plenty of good sportsmen to-day who are careful observers of nature, and they might give the world their experiences as they would. Moreover, there is always Walton's "Compleat Angler" to be re-edited, if there is any one left who has not tried his hand at it already.

For it seems to be the ambition of every angler to edit Walton, much as it is the ambition of all good classics to

translate the Aeneid. Edward Jesse, Christopher Davies, Andrew Lang and George Dewar are only a few of the anglers who have been moved of late years to add to the editions of "The Compleat Angler," which now number considerably over a hundred. "Each of the three last centuries," writes Mr. Dewar in his introduction, "has produced a writer on 'the open air' of unrivalled merit, Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, and Richard Jefferies." It remains to be seen whether this twentieth century will be capable of producing a fourth worthy of being classed with them.

The one-day sale which Messrs. Sotheby announce for November 10 consists of one hundred and eighty lots selected from the Library at Mollington Hall, Chester, formed by the late Canon Blomfield, now the property of Mr. Guy Feilden, and comprises Early Printed and Rare Books, Illuminated and other Manuscripts, and some works in fine Old Bindings. There are a score of specimens of the famous Aldine Press among the Early Printed Books and also some fifteenth-century printing.

One of the lots is the rare edition of the Bible printed by Day and Seres in 1549 (Matthew's Version revised by Becke), one of the "Bugge" Bibles. Another lot is Archbishop Laud's Scottish Liturgy, Edin. 1637, with which is bound the 1636 edition of "The Psalmes of King David translated by King James." A book meriting notice is the rare First Polyglot Psalter, edited by Aug. Justinianus, containing as a gloss on the Psalm *Coeli enarrant*, the first notice of the life and voyages of Columbus and his discovery of America.

A correspondent sends us some figures which tend to show that the "modern picture-market" is by no means depressed. At the Institute of Oil Painters thirty pictures have been sold during the first fortnight, seventeen pictures realising the total of £922 15s.; while thirty exhibits at the Royal Society of British Artists have found purchasers in the past week. Our correspondent concludes by claiming that "indisputable facts, if proving no remarkable appreciation or understanding of the art of painting, do at least expose the fallacy that modern pictures are unsaleable."

Further and weightier evidence of the increasing importance attached to modern painting is furnished by the formation of the Scottish Modern Arts Association. In a preliminary prospectus, signed by Lord Balcarras, Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Edward Tennant, and many other public men, in addition to Sir James Guthrie and the leading painters of Scotland, it is set forth that "there is not a gallery in Scotland to which the student of art, professional or amateur, resident or visiting, can be referred as containing a permanent collection of work adequately representative of modern Scottish Art." The aim of this new body, therefore, will be first to secure year by year worthy works by Scottish artists, and secondly, as funds permit, to acquire contemporary works, other than Scottish, of outstanding interest. Thus in time Edinburgh, as well as Dublin, is to have its gallery of modern art, and we suggest that artists of secure position should be asked to give examples of their art, as they have already been asked—in most cases successfully—by the founders of the similar movement in Dublin. We are glad to note that "when dealing with living artists the pictures will be bought if possible direct from the artists themselves," and under some scheme of low prices "similar to that employed by the Luxembourg." In this manner the association should avoid another Chantrey scandal, and prevent its income ever being used as a pension or prize fund for any artistic clique. Further particulars of the movement may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Gilbert L. D. Hole, W.S., 172 Braid Road, Edinburgh.

The Library Association is now taking a part in the book war. Without taking sides with either party, it is endeavouring to restore to the public libraries the privileges that have been taken from them. A circular has been issued to the booksellers asking them to use what influence they have with the publishers to induce them to give the same discount to public libraries which is already given to Government libraries. These institutions are recognised as almost "trade," and receive a substantial discount off even *net* books. The public library, on the other hand, does not obtain any discount, openly, off *net* books. And in this respect England stands alone. In all other countries the public libraries receive some preference over the retail buyer. It is interesting to note that the suggestion made in these columns some time back by a correspondent was adopted as an additional "influence" to the bookseller. This suggestion was that a co-operative book-supply company should be formed by libraries for the supply of books to themselves.

The Omnibus Library Bill has now been put into its final form by the honorary solicitor of the Library Association, and will shortly be placed in the hands of Mr. Tennant, M.P., who will have charge of it in the House. The Bill now contains an additional clause (a result of the discussion which took place at the Conference at Bradford) giving permission to library authorities to make expenditure on lectures and exhibitions. In the light of Lord Rosebery's remarks at the opening of the London University Library, lectures are essential to libraries. And the efforts of the past and the present have been hampered by the necessity of making the lectures "free" in the sense of costing nothing. Brighton Library Committee has recently decided to give fortnightly lectures through the winter. The first will be an introductory lecture on books, by the Chief Librarian.

The National Home Reading Union is still endeavouring to enlist the aid of the public libraries, and a conference of members and London librarians was held last week. But it would appear that little can be done on the lines of making the public library an adjunct to the Union. If any success is to attend conjunction it must be accepted that, no matter how successful reading circles may be, they can only occupy a subsidiary place in the work of the public library. Another conference which took place in London last week between London librarians and school teachers promises more success. A significant point is that the London County Council has accepted the offer of the Library Association's assistance in drawing up its lists of school prizes.

It is curious that just when in England we are realising the educational importance of illustration the Germans are discovering that it is quite as bad to force the youthful mind to flights beyond its powers. In the October number of the *Kunstwart* there is an article of protest against the new method of drawing-lessons to illustrate the literature class by asking the pupils to draw or paint the figures of poetry. It would take the imagination of a Blake or a Boecklin to give an adequate idea of Goethe's "Erl-King," and, as the writer points out, there is great danger that the pictures produced by the children will mar or efface the beautiful if vague impression produced on their minds, since inability to give a concrete form to their sensations does not prove such sensations to be absent. Carlyle says that it were ill for us if we had nothing in us beyond what we could express. The article concludes with a warning that it disparages genius to give a child to suppose that he *could* illustrate one of Goethe's finest ballads.

The German system of forcing the pupils to think for themselves leads sometimes to amusing results. At a finishing school for girls in a small German town a

professor of ethics recently set himself the task of rousing the dormant intelligence of a particularly stolid class. After some preliminary lectures on pessimism and optimism, he administered a first shock by asking each pupil to consider before the next lecture whether she was an optimist or a pessimist, and to let him have a paper stating her reasons. The second shock upset the entire establishment, for, after dealing eloquently with the iniquity of suicide, as being in any circumstances opposed to the law of God, he concluded by asking them to let him have papers stating why, when a captain committed suicide by going down with his ship, every one spoke of it as a noble deed. On this occasion the "Directrice" had some very awkward questions to evade, and was heard to regret the excessive zeal of the lecturer. But at the end of the term the pupils went home with awakened minds.

Former members of the Oxford Union will be interested to hear that the fading, peeling frescoes by Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and others on the walls of the Library—the old Debating Hall—at which they used—or used not—to look up with regret and admiration have been photographed, and that the photographs have been published by the Clarendon Press with an introduction by Professor Holmes, and a history and explanation by Mr. Holman Hunt. The photographs are said to reveal more of the designs than any eye has seen for forty years.

Selby Abbey, for the rebuilding of which a national appeal is being made, holds a unique position, as the one great Benedictine monastery of Northern England which survives as a parochial church. "The monastery of Selby," wrote Freeman, "was a foundation of the Conqueror, and Selby itself was, according to a tradition which its very unlikelihood makes likely, the birthplace of his one English-born child." But if the monastery was the first building at Selby, and it was only just rising in 1068, it is difficult to see how Henry I. could have been born there: though, as Freeman points out, the policy of William in taking care that the future king should be born in that most troubled part of his kingdom would be in exact accordance with the policy of Edward I., when he arranged that the son whom he designed to be Prince of Wales should be born upon Welsh soil.

The bibliographical portion of the new volume of the "Cambridge Modern History" is an exceptional feature, to which attention is called in the preface by the editors of the work. "It seemed a fitting tribute," they write, "to the memory of Lord Acton, the projector of this history, to utilise the noble collection of books brought together by him, and now, thanks to the generous action of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. John Morley, part of the Cambridge University Library, for the purpose of attempting what has never before been attempted in this country—a full bibliography of the Thirty Years War, and more especially of its extant original documents and contemporary narrative and controversial literature." They add that Miss A. M. Cooke is engaged, under the general direction of the University Librarian, in classifying and cataloguing Lord Acton's collection. This classified catalogue, which is to be published shortly, should be of great benefit to all students of modern history in this country.

The following are among forthcoming events:

British Museum (Natural History) Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Swiney Lectures on Geology: Monday, November 12, at 6 P.M., Lecture IV., Fauna of Scotland. Wednesday, November 14, at 6 P.M., Lecture V., Fauna of England and Wales. Friday, November 16, at 6 P.M., Lecture VI., Spanish Peninsula and Pyrenees. Illustrated by Lantern Slides.

Linnean Society, Burlington House. Evening meeting, Thursday, November 15, at 8 P.M. Paper: Mr. Horace W. Monckton, "My Recent Researches in Norway." Illustrated by Lantern Slides.

Zoological Society of London, 3 Hanover Square, W. Tuesday, November 13, at 3.50 P.M. (1) Professor R. Burckhardt, C.M.Z.S.: On the Embryo of the Okapi. (2) Mr. F. F. Laidlaw: Zoological Results of the Third Tanganyika Expedition, conducted by Dr. W. A. Cunningham, 1904-05; Report on the Turbellaria. (3) Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F.R.S.: List of further collections of Mammals from Western Australia, including a series from Bernier Island, obtained for Mr. W. E. Balston; with Field-notes by the Collector, Mr. G. C. Shortbridge. (4) Messrs. J. Cosmo Melville, F.Z.S., and Robert Standen: The Mollusca of the Persian Gulf, Gulf of Oman, and Arabian Sea, as evidenced mainly through the collections of Mr. F. W. Townsend, 1893-1905, with descriptions of new species; Part II, Pelecypoda.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus.—Monday, November 12, 5 P.M. Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate: "On the Relation of Literature to Politics." Thursday, November 15, 6 P.M. Professor Hubert von Herkomer: "On artistic possibilities of the machine."

Art Exhibitions.—Grafton Galleries: Works of the late Archibald Stuart Wortley.—Views of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens by Mary L. Breakell. Open to December 3.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture, lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Cheyne Art Club: Pictures and sculpture: October 26 to November 23.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Ryder Gallery: Water-colours by Margaret R. Wansey: November 1 to November 14.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to January 1.—Graves Galleries: London Sketch Club: October 27 to end of November. Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—Messrs. Dowdeswell: The Society of Twenty-five English Painters: November 2.—E. J. van Wisselingh. Works by Alphonse Legros, William Strang, A.R.A., and Dorothea Landau. Closes November 15.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—Dickinson. Contemporary Scottish Art. October 27 for three weeks.—R. Gutekunst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Friday, November 2.—Exhibition of the portrait of Lord Milner, painted for the Town Council of Johannesburg, and other pictures by M. Theodore Roussel. Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club; Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. November 10: Tinsel Pictures by Miss Birkenruth and Water-colours by C. A. C. Jeffcock.—Messrs. Graves. Nocturnes in oil by Miss Marguerite Verboeckhoven, November 10 to end of month.

Concerts.—November 10, 3 P.M. Second Symphony Concert.—November 10, 2.30 P.M. Chappell Ballad Concert. November 12, 8, London Symphony Orchestra.—Bechstein Hall: November 10, at 3 P.M. Sarasate and Sobrino.—November 12, 3 P.M., Ernest Sharpe.—November 12, 8. Howard Jones.—November 13, 8.15. Bluebell Klean.—November 14, 3.30. Susan Strong.—November 14, 3.30. Parisotti.—November 15, 3. Harold Bauer.—November 15, 8.15. Sigmund Beel.—November 17, 3.15. Pachmann.—November 17, 8. William Ludwig.—November 19, 3. David Bispham.—Aeolian Hall: November 8 at 3, Marie Fromm.

Plays: November 29 at Chester. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*. November 20. Professor Gollancz will lecture on the plays at Chester.—Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—November 16 and 17, 8.30. Scala Theatre. In aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor: *A Simple Sweep*, by F. W. Broughton, music by Father James F. Downes; *La Jalouse*, by J. A. Bleackley, and *The Minstrel*, by J. A. Bleackley, music by Father Downes.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. November 10. Early printed and rare books and MSS. (illustrated and others) from the Mollington Hall Library formed by the late Canon G. B. Blomfield. November 15 and 16. English and Colonial Coins, Patterns and Proofs, and the Loveday collection of Crown Pieces.

Messrs. Robinson and Fisher: Willis's Rooms, November 15. Thirty pictures and pastes by Wynford Dewhurst.

LITERATURE

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen. By FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND. (Duckworth, 18s. net.)

In this careful and well-written book no attempt is made to estimate the place which Sir Leslie Stephen is likely to

hold in English letters. What it does chiefly is to unfold the career of a man whose gifts are susceptible of tolerably exact definition. In literature the highest and at the same time the most profitable talent is that of sympathetic imagination. A man who has the power to create may experience difficulties at the outset of his career, but ultimately, should he succeed at all, his success will be of the highest. But the most ardent admirers of Sir Leslie Stephen would not put forward the claim on his behalf that his genius lay in this direction. We hear in the course of his life of his attempting many things—essays, criticism, history, biography, but there is no indication that he ever felt the inspiration to construct original work. He was not a story-teller, and he was not a poet. Even as a critic it is impossible to place him in the first rank. He wrote agreeably and with much appreciation of the books he loved, but one has only to place the best of his criticism beside the best of that of Matthew Arnold, say, or Sainte-Beuve to see that it wants the illumination of a really first-class mind. He was, however, an excellent journalist. Mr. Frederick Greenwood likened his contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to coin of the realm. But even in that praise there is something damnatory. Genius is at times more than coin of the realm, and at times much less. The man from whom an Editor may expect a masterpiece is also one who may give forth what is little better than drivel. For ordinary purposes he is not so useful as the sound, capable member of the staff that Stephen must have been. But he was not quite happy in the organs that he wrote for. The *Saturday Review* in the hey-day of its pride must have been a somewhat curious paper. In theology it was to some extent dominated by its proprietor, Mr. Beresford Hope, who was an extremely High Churchman. Sir Leslie Stephen remarks that:

as few intelligent men, and therefore few *Saturday* reviewers, agree with him in this matter, the result is to neutralise the paper entirely. It sometimes sneers at the Evangelical party and frequently sneers at religious belief generally, though in terms sufficiently covert to deceive the ordinary British public; but in most church matters it preserves an exceptional silence.

The truth is that in his early days Stephen set himself to catch the tone of the journals to which he contributed, and thereby lost his own individuality. So much was this the case that in 1804, when he was writing his brother's life, he was surprised to find that, on looking over the files of the *Saturday*, "though he could distinguish his brother's articles, he could rarely distinguish his own by merely reading them." The subjects that he chose to write about then were not such as led to the expression of his inmost thoughts. If we look at a list of articles he contributed during seven weeks of 1869 we find that he reviewed such works as "Fors Clavigera," a novel by James Payn, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Edmund Yates's "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," and Hutton's "Essays," while his Middles dealt with "London Pauperism," "Our Christian Civilisation," obliquely levelled at the bombardment of Paris, "The *Times*, and the Terms of Peace," "Government and Vaccination"—which is all journalism, pure and simple. His connection with the *Cornhill* began in 1866, and here again we find him seeking out the popular topic. His first essay was on American Humour, and he contributed a series of papers signed by "A Cynic," the subjects in 1869 being "The Cynic's Apology," "Idolatry," "Useless Knowledge," "The Decay of Murder," "National Antipathies," "The Uses of Fools," "Social Slavery" and many others. These essays were never published in book form, and the biographer thinks that they were very properly suppressed. They were written from a pose. "Leslie was no cynic, he had no love for cynics; he thoroughly saw of what affectation and egoism professed cynicism is manufactured." Mr. Maitland goes a step further and says: "he had not histrionic power enough to become a good stage cynic, and in some of the qualities that go to make the cynic of real life he was miserably deficient." For "histrionic power"

we might effectively substitute the phrase, "dramatic sympathy." It was the lack of this that hindered Stephen from scaling the heights of literature. His tenure of the editorial chair of the *Cornhill* was not a very distinguished success. The contributors he managed to gather round him were by no means so brilliant that they can be described as "all the talents." If we take a list of the writers of serial stories, we are led to the conclusion that in choosing them Leslie Stephen was largely guided by reputation. He had, indeed, published George Meredith before Mr. Meredith had the name that he now possesses, but the others were handed on to him. We wonder what his letter-bag can have contained. He published many essays by R. L. Stevenson and W. E. Henley. Mr. Maitland says that he could not boast of making any great discoveries, and regards as his boldest venture the acceptance of Mr. Henley's "Hospital Outlines." However, we have some pleasant pictures of him as Editor of the *Cornhill*. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells how Leslie Stephen, "in his well-known black velvet jacket," called on R. L. S., and Stevenson and he were invited to dine with the great man.

We anticipated—I cannot imagine why—a large collection of literary notabilities, and, in our eagerness, we were hanging about, outside the house, some time before we could present ourselves. But we were the only guests. Leslie Stephen sat at one end of the table, his wife at the other, Miss Annie Thackeray opposite to us two lads. I shall always remember the surprise Leslie Stephen's appearance gave me; the long, thin, bright red beard, radiating in a fan-shape; the wrinkled forehead; the curious flatness of the top of the head, accentuated by the fulness of the auburn hair on either side; the long cold hands; the distraught and melancholy eyes. The dinner was extremely quiet. Scarcely a word fell from either of the Stephens, and we two guests, although chatterboxes engrained, were subdued to silence by shyness.

Mr. Thomas Hardy gives a sketch that may be placed side by side with this. He had called for the first time at 8 Southwell Gardens.

He welcomed me with one hand, holding back the barking "Troy" with the other. The dog's name I, of course, had never heard till then, and I said, "That is the name of my wicked soldier-hero." He answered caustically, "I don't think my Troy will feel hurt at the coincidence, if yours doesn't." I rejoined, "There is also another coincidence. Another Leslie Stephen lives near here, I find." "Yes," he said, "he's the spurious one."

Perceiving, what I had not gathered from his letters, that I had a character to deal with, I made some cheerful reply, and tried him further. We were looking out of the window, and I asked him what made him live in such a new street (he had lately removed thither), with pavements hardly laid, and the road-stones not rolled in. He said he had played as a child with his nurse in the fields hard by, and he fancied living on the spot, which was dear to him, though the building operations interfered with the sentiment much. I felt then that I liked him, which at first I had doubted. The feeling never changed.

We must not conclude without a word about the famous Sunday tramps, "that noble body of scholarly and cheerful pedestrians," as Mr. Meredith calls them. They formed a kind of club or society, which was in existence for fifteen years, and Stephen was leader up to 1891. The two hundred and fifty-second and last walk was taken in 1895. The decay of the society is attributed to golf and bicycles. The usual course was to take a long walk into the country, get a lunch of bread and cheese at the village ale-house and scurry back in time for dinner in town. The following is the best account we can find of Stephen's conversation:

Fully to enjoy Stephen you had to be alone with him. Then if you did not ask too many questions—a catechist was to him of all bores the most abominable—he would chat of men and things, of books and journals, of poetry and prize-fighting, philosophy and pedestrianism, the virtues of guides and the sins of contributors: never dazzling, never epigrammatic, always terse and humorous, always full of good matter and sober sense. It was the talk of a man who had seen a good deal of human nature, who had strong likes and dislikes, but much equity and much compassion. But there! Stephen would have been the first to say that he was no Johnson, and certainly he has found no Boswell. Nor by my fault will he lose so much as some men would. He never "talked like a book"; not in the least; yet those who read his books and letters will, I feel sure, know exactly

what his talk was like, for he was homogeneous. Beneath the academic costume, somewhat carelessly worn, a sympathetic eye will easily detect the shooting-coat of the "chief guide."

On the whole, the life of Stephen was full, scholarly and useful. It has been well told in this volume, which will amply repay reading.

THE OLD COUNTRY

The Old Country. By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT'S novel, "The Old Country," is a kind of romantic "Time-machine." The motto, which he has chosen for it from Sir Thomas Browne—"In Eternity there is no distinction of Tenses"—vaguely indicates its import. The story begins at the present time, and suddenly shifts to the year in which the battle of Poitiers was fought. The characters for the most part remain the same, nor does the scene change. Stephen Bulmer, in the early chapters, is a young Englishman, of Colonial upbringing, who "speaks of things to come as if he saw them." In the later chapters, he is the same Englishman, modified by an Italian education. But the sense of time has vanished from his brain. Visible things have lost their century, and in spite of a double consciousness, he has gone back five hundred years. "He saw without any amazement"—this is how the transformation is announced—"that here and there in the landscape there were unfamiliar aspects, slight changes such as those to be felt rather than seen after a period of absence; and from the opposite hill the house from which he had come last night had disappeared without a trace, though the avenues and the old walled garden still remained. This was the world he knew, but not the world as he had known it; its form and beauty were the same, but not its relation to himself." In other words, he goes back to the place which once he filled, without wonder or uncertainty, and thus gives Mr. Newbolt an opportunity not merely for a sketch of English life in the fourteenth century, but for the setting forth of a wise parable.

"Life in England," says one of Mr. Newbolt's characters, "has always been possible and intelligible for an Englishman." That is the argument and conclusion of the book. "There is nothing new under the sun," and a man "may conceive himself in the same manner to have lived from the beginning and to be as old as the World." To speak of old and new, of ancient and modern is to court confusion. The trappings of life have changed; the essence remains constant. Or, if we may borrow a metaphor from the battle-field, the tactics of existence shift from age to age, while its strategy is unalterable. There is no difference between the Bishop of Exeter, who excommunicated a recalcitrant priest, and the more modern prelate, who drives a free-thinking preacher into the hedgerow or into the camp of the infidels. The Battle of Poitiers, described by Mr. Newbolt with much spirit, gave the same chance of bravery and heroism as did the fights sternly fought upon the African veldt. Then as now it is called old-fashioned to have a "feeling wider and deeper than mere love of country." In all matters of Church and State one epoch is but a repetition of another, and Stephen Bulmer, suddenly thrown back from the consideration of America and modern politics, is intimately at home in the England of the Black Prince.

"In Eternity there is no distinction of Tenses." But we are not in Eternity, and Time is a rigid convention of our life. It is possible, therefore, that some readers may find Mr. Newbolt's artifice too fantastic for their understanding. At the same time, Mr. Newbolt makes the transition so lightly and so easily, that not even the most indolent brain need be puzzled. He insists upon no violent contrasts; he demands the acceptance of no machinery. The clock is put back—that is all, and you have a practical illustration that "things long past have been answered by things present."

Ingenious as is Mr. Newbolt's thesis, it is not for that

that we would most highly praise his book. The story is told with a tact and delicacy rarely found in the modern novel. Not merely is Mr. Newbolt separated by a wide gulf from the common merchants of fiction; he has written many passages which must be judged by a higher standard than that set by his contemporaries. He has painted the West Country with a skill and sympathy which come of knowledge. But it is the picture of Poitiers which is his masterpiece. This is done with a simplicity and a concealment of effort, which are the marks of good prose. It is not a purple patch. It is in perfect tone with the rest. Only, the theme is better suited to the author's style than disquisitions upon politics and theology. In the desert dulness of the mass of novels "The Old Country" is a pleasant oasis, and we are of good hope that Mr. Newbolt will make another essay in the art of fiction. Nor shall we be sorry if next time he forgets Eternity and its lost tenses, and places his characters frankly and wholly in one and the same century.

A STATESMAN'S LIFE

Life and Letters of Lord Durham. By STUART J. REID. 2 vols. (Longmans, 36s. net.)

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, speaking on the problem of Government in South Africa some little time ago, made the remark that, though Lord Durham's authority lasted but a few months, he did more "in the making of Canada—in laying the foundation of the present state of prosperity and happiness—than had been achieved by all the Governors and Governments of seventy years before him." This was, as Mr. Stuart J. Reid says, a statement as generous as it was bold. In itself it would serve as an excuse, if there were no other, for the book before us, but Lord Durham was in reality one of the most conscientious, high-minded, and honourable statesmen that England has produced, and is worthy, for reasons other than his career in Canada, of the honour now paid to his memory. He belonged to the very old family of Lambtons of the county of Durham. If we were to believe tradition, there were members of the family there in Saxon times, and at any rate there is a signature of John de Lamton who attested the Charter of Uchtred de Wodeshend in the closing years of the twelfth century. The later tradition of the family was a liberal one, and Lord Durham's father, William Henry Lambton, was a remarkable man, who supported the principles of Fox and was a life-long friend of Lord Grey. Thus, as has often happened with members of the British aristocracy, the young statesman grew up in an atmosphere of politics. He himself was born in London in 1792 and was educated partly by a private tutor and afterwards at Eton at the time when Keate ruled the lower school, having for school companions among others Percy Bysshe Shelley and Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He left Eton at Christmas 1808 and in 1812 eloped with Miss Henrietta Cholmondeley.

The young lovers took coach to Gretna Green, and were there married on January 1, 1812, by that informal parson, Robert Elliot, who in later years used to boast that he had made upwards of seven thousand people happy. The "Annual Register" records the wedding in the following terms: "At Gretna Green, William H. Lambton, Esq., of Durham, to Miss Cholmondeley, daughter of the celebrated Madame St. Alban." It is odd that the bridegroom should be wrongly described, as W. H. Lambton was, of course, his younger brother. Madame St. Alban, in spite of the reputation which she appears to have enjoyed in 1812, is now almost a mythical personage, and her name is not to be found in any list of musical or theatrical celebrities.

The marriage was afterwards repeated in a more seemly fashion by Philip Egerton, Rector of Malpas in the county of Cheshire. The union proved to be a brief one. Mrs. Lambton's health was delicate from the first, and she died early. Of her three children, only one reached womanhood, and she too was cut off at twenty-three. Lambton

attained his majority in the spring of 1813, and almost immediately afterwards the representation of the county of Durham fell vacant through the death of Sir Henry Vane Tempest. He became a candidate and was duly elected, representing the constituency until 1828, when he was elevated to the peerage. In Parliament he was not long in asserting his Liberal principles, and was one of the earliest to urge reform on the restless and unhappy England that existed after the Battle of Waterloo. Mr. Stuart Reid gives an attractive picture of him then:

Before the world Lambton stood dauntless, with clean-cut convictions and iron will, equal, in short, to every hazard of fortune. But he was extremely human, very dependent, and altogether lovable in private life, in spite of little foibles of pride and caprice, which only served to throw into relief the generosity and delicacy of a supremely attractive, finely poised, and beautiful nature. He was imperious sometimes to the point of arrogance, and exacting, even to the limits of patience; but these qualities were of the kind which cut two ways—he was incapable of meanness and was the soul of honour.

His history henceforth is largely that of reform, and in consequence has often been told. In 1835 he went as ambassador to St. Petersburg, and in 1837 he was offered the post of Governor-General of Canada, at the time when the Dominion was in urgent need of a strong hand to guide it. With him he had as his Secretary the witty and clever Charles Buller, to whom Thomas Carlyle had been tutor. Of the misrepresentations to which he was exposed and all else pertaining to this interesting chapter of his life, Mr. Reid writes fully and well. We will conclude with an anecdote which illustrates the character of the man better than any disquisition. It was related by the present Duchess of Leeds:

He was dining one night at Lambton Castle with the Countess, and the only other persons in the room were the servants. He spoke unguardedly across the table to his wife, and swept aside her remarks with brusqueness. When the men withdrew, she, the gentlest of women, remonstrated. Instantly, Durham, who had not realised the force of his words until that moment, sprang to his feet, rang the bell, and—fearful that his words had already been reported—ordered the whole of the household into the room. He told the astonished servants that he had been momentarily betrayed into hard and unjust words, declared that he was sorry for the fact, and assured them there was one thing they must remember, which was that, if he ever contradicted the Countess again, he had put himself into the wrong, and she was always right. Then, turning to his wife, he apologised to her in their presence and dismissed them.

MOVEMENT AND MOMENTUM

Some Reminiscences. By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. (Brown, Langham, 42s.)

Woolner became hostile to Hunt, Dante Rossetti and Millais. Hunt became hostile to Woolner and Stephens, and in a minor degree to Dante Rossetti. Stephens became hostile to Hunt. Dante Rossetti became hostile to Woolner and in a minor degree to Hunt and Millais. Millais, being an enormously successful man while others were only commonly successful, did not perhaps become strictly hostile to any one: he kept aloof however from Dante Rossetti and, I infer, from Woolner.

THERE is an air of comicality about this paragraph: Mr. Rossetti—who is responsible for its characteristically mathematical precision—introduces it, however, with the observation that it is a sad and humiliating reflection. But any man, at all of the world, will see that it is a reflection very obvious, and, if there be any sadness about it, it is merely the sadness that attaches to all human transactions. We grow old: our friends grow old: we are not what we were: some of our friends claim credit for inventions that we confided to them: we are—and we know it in our hearts—avid of praise that should actually be awarded to some one else, once an old friend. We do not, any of us, remain the men we were, and—better or worse—some of us make love to our friends' wives or the mistresses they had not got when first we knew them.

That is obvious. If you read the inner histories of any movement—whether of the French Revolution or of Christian Science—you will see the same things taking place.

We do not, really, need to hear about it any more than we need to be told that rain-drops fall when clouds dissolve—although any rain-cloud may be a vastly efficient movement. Of course we all love scandals—but we could just as well get scandals from the histories of any seven households in any Bayswater street as in any Memoirs of a Brotherhood. That, in fact, is not the point.

The point of a movement may be expressed mathematically by stating that the effort of A and B acting together is greater in effect than the solitary efforts of A and B. $(A+B)^2$, in fact, equals $A^2 + 2AB + B^2$. And in this formula the $2AB$ is the movement. Mr. Hunt, Mr. Millais, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. F. G. Stephens and the others might have gone on working in silence and apart—and they might never have been heard of. It is just because $(A+B)^2$ is so much more than A^2 added to B^2 that the pre-Raphaelite Movement made the stir that it did. Or you may express it: William Jones cannot carry a two hundred-pound block of stone round a corner, nor can Thomas Robinson. But William Jones and Thomas Robinson together do it very easily. And the main point is that the stone gets carried. It does not really matter that afterwards Mr. Jones punches Mr. Robinson's head because Mr. Jones says that Robinson only helped him to carry, whilst Mr. Robinson says that he was the head of the combination—or because Mr. Robinson insists on making eyes at the pastrycook's girl whom Mr. Jones first met.

What we have to praise the Saints for is the proof, as exhibited in the pre-Raphaelite movement, that any movement of an artistic kind is possible in these islands. For a movement means an attempt to create a standard—and what we are all, as artists, suffering from here is the fact that we have no standards. We may blame the Book Club or the publishers, the booksellers or the literary agents, for the poor estate in which literature finds herself or towards which she is tending. But these things do not matter. What does matter is that there is no literary movement to establish some sort of theory of technique, however imbecile. We suffer from too many books because there is no apprenticeship to the honourable craft of writing. If there were, the weaklings would be discouraged: we suffer from lifeless works because since there is no movement there is no contagion of delight in work for the sake of work: we suffer from hopelessly amateurish works because there is no standard to agree with or differ from.

For the value of the pre-Raphaelite movement was not the intrinsic value of its æsthetic canons, which jumbled up the salutary with the ridiculous and distilled them to a height where no man might work. Mr. Rossetti was never a real pre-Raphaelite, neither was Mr. Millais nor Mr. Woolner. But the mere statement of the pre-Raphaelite laws made them think about their works: it made them, to the measure of their abilities, conscious artists and not befogged geniuses. That is the crux, and that is why the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was a phenomenon so important. It showed that movements and brotherhoods—those æsthetic combinations—are possible in painting and writing England: it showed that these may be. And the sooner we have more of them, and the more we have of them and the more noise they make in this quiet world, the better. It will not matter what their tenets prove.

Of course we want, too, illuminating gossip about our remarkable figures. That is why we welcome Mr. Rossetti's reminiscences. We need to know all we can about humanity—not because humanity is pre-Raphaelite, but because it is interesting. We need gossip about a remarkable police constable in Broadway, New York—that is why we read novels; or about, if such a thing be possible, a remarkable member of the British Academy—that is why we read memoirs. And, if we are altruistically saddened or sardonically amused that Woolner became hostile to Hunt and Dante Rossetti and Millais it is because we are

interested in their idiosyncrasies. It does not affect the æsthetic importance of the P. R. B. either way.

This fact has become manifest enough to Mr. W. M. Rossetti. He has presented us, not with a memoir of the Brothers, but with a series of minute characterisations of all the people he has met and deemed interesting. These result in a couple of volumes full of quaintnesses and of valuable details. We read of his grandfather, the translator of Milton in Italian, who made mosaic work in wood and shot woodpigeons out of the window of his carpenter's shop. We read, as much as he likes to tell, of his brother, of Hunt, of Browning, of Trelawny, of Byron's mistress, Claire Clairmont, of clerks in the excise office, of ship captains, of the Rev. Charles Gutch, who filled Christina Rossetti with fears of damnation, and of a "black, semi-Persian female cat called Muff."

Of the aloof temper with which Mr. Rossetti approached life, let the following be taken as proof:

... I was reading Mr. J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*,—a most interesting book, which would make one love the man if one had not done so before. In vol. i. p. 303, I find that Morris, writing to a lady on March 26, 1874, expressed himself as follows as a tag to a "growl" against some of the conventions of society: "Do you know, I have to go to a wedding next Tuesday; and it annoys me to think that I lack courage to say: 'I do not care for either of you and you neither of you care for me; and I won't waste a day out of my precious life in grinning a company grin at you two.'" Now "Next Tuesday" was March 31, and that was the wedding-day of Lucy Brown and myself, and Morris was bidden, though not to the wedding itself, still to the extra quiet wedding breakfast which succeeded it at Brown's house. So I see that the bridegroom whom the latter referred to was no other than myself. That Morris did not care for either of us (he gave us as wedding present a *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493) cannot now be helped; he was mistaken in thinking that I did not, in all reasonable measure care for him. But indeed I had never seen ground for supposing that Morris regarded me with anything that would be called predilection—and I might say the like of Burne Jones. It was Madge Brown (not myself, averse as I am from everything of the sort and most prompt to believe in the aversion of others) who bespoke Morris and his wife to the wedding breakfast at which to the best of my recollection the only other guests were my mother, Christina and Dante Gabriel.

Or the following comment on the reading of a paper before the Shelley Society: "The audience exhibited more tedium than satisfaction so I proceeded no further." And, if Mr. Rossetti is slightly more loyal to the memory of his brother than to himself, he is singularly just, appreciative of and friendly to all his brother's competitors. It would be difficult to find a commentary more useful to those interested in the men and movements of the last sixty years.

AUTHORISED AND REVISED

The Interlinear Bible, (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

"I KNOW of nothing more likely to lead to an intelligent study of Holy Scripture than the use of a Parallel Bible. I am content to await the result of such study." So spake the late Bishop of Durham, himself one of the revisers of the New Testament, when in 1892 the Northern Convocation was discussing the respective merits of the Authorised and the Revised Versions. Since then we have had more than one attempt to combine the two in one volume, and to exhibit their differences by printing their respective texts in separate columns side by side. By the issue of "The Interlinear Bible" a new step has been taken, its purpose being to aid the English reader still further, and to reduce the difficulty of comparison to a minimum.

The plan adopted is as follows. Where the two Versions agree, the text is printed once and in large type: where they differ, both are given, but they are printed in small type one above the other, the upper line containing the Revised Version and the lower the Authorised. The advantage of this scheme is obvious. With a "Parallel Bible" the reader has to turn his eye across the page, and then to rely upon his memory without any assistance from the printer to note all the variations of phraseology

and punctuation. But the reader of "The Interlinear Bible" cannot run his eye along the text without having all these differences brought directly before his notice. By taking the large type in conjunction with the upper line of small type, he obtains a continuous reading of the Revised Version, while to discover the Authorised he has simply to pick up the lower line. In the vast majority of cases the alterations are so slight that they can easily be presented by this method of typography. Where the changes extend in length to more than one line, so that the eye encounters four lines, or more, of small type ranged one above the other, there may be sometimes a momentary hesitation as to which belongs to the newer and which to the older translation. In such places, however, the printers have done their best by careful indenture to facilitate the reader's work, and with a little practice he will find no difficulty in securing the text which he requires. Only those who have actually tried to devise a mode of indicating the differences between the two Versions can be aware of the peculiar complexity of the task. And in "The Interlinear Bible" we have what is undoubtedly the most successful venture that has been made.

The time of its publication, too, is opportune. Dr. Westcott's appeal to the next generation is now meeting with its response. And, although the English public cannot be said as yet to have made up its mind as to the superiority of the Revised Version, we have at least reached the stage when comparative study is possible; so that anything which serves to point out with lucidity the contrast between the two translations is sure of a welcome. Strange it is to note the persistence of the suspicion with which the work of the Revisers was greeted a quarter of a century ago. Yet it is consoling to reflect that the Authorised Version was itself subjected to a similar treatment on its issue in 1611. A Dean of that century declared that he would sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses than have had a hand in its production, nor did it come into general use until some fifty years after its first appearance. Even to-day the Psalter appended to the Book of Common Prayer is taken from the Great Bible of 1539, while the Canticles at Morning and Evening Prayer and the sentences embodied in the Order of Holy Communion belong to sources older than the Authorised Version.

The substitution, however, of the Revised for the Authorised Version is now merely a question of time, and "The Interlinear Bible" should do much to hasten the process. Let the reader, to take a single instance, turn to the opening verses of the twenty-eighth chapter of Job—that magnificent description of the work of the ancient miner, which might be read, almost as it stands, as an ode commemorative of the opening of an Alpine tunnel or the completion of some other triumph of modern engineering—and he cannot fail to recognise the immensity of his debt to the revisers. Nor should he allow himself to forget, as he peruses "The Interlinear Bible," that it is not only the textual superiority of the Revised Version which is being placed before him, but also its marked advance in literary appreciation. One of the chief merits of the last revision was that it treated the Bible as literature and not simply as a conglomerate of oracular sentences. The division into chapters, for example, which we inherit apparently from Stephen Langton, was abandoned by the revisers, who arranged their material in paragraphs that bear some definite relation to the sense. Moreover, they were the first to redeem the poetry of the Bible from the reproach of being printed in the same way as its prose. They also omitted the descriptive prefaces of the chapters in the Authorised Version, together with the headlines of its pages, both of which have exercised a baneful influence on the study of the Old Testament by encasing it not infrequently within a framework of Rabbinic artificiality. All these benefits have been incorporated in "The Interlinear Bible." In such an edition the only variations that can be actually exhibited are those of language, spelling, and punctuation. But the editors have

adopted the Revised Version as the basis of their literary arrangements, so that the reader is really enjoying throughout some of the most important advantages of the last revision.

This edition also serves to indicate afresh the contrast between the Revised Versions of the Old Testament and the New. No one can turn over the pages of "the Interlinear Bible" without being struck by the fact that the alterations in the latter are much more minute and extensive than in the former, and reminded of the invidious comparison that is still drawn in some quarters between the temerity and pedantic scholasticism of the revisers of the New Testament and the reserve and sobriety of the Hebrew scholars. Such a criticism, however, fails to take into account the difference in the character of the tasks that lay before the respective companies of revision. In the case of the Old Testament the revisers had comparatively no textual difficulties to contend with, as the so-called "Massoretic" text is the basis of all subsequent versions, and they had simply to re-edit a translation, their changes being due as a rule not to an altered reading in the Hebrew but to an alteration in the rendering of the existent Hebrew word. On the other hand, the revisers of the New Testament had first of all to get at the best Greek text, and had therefore to make a comprehensive survey of the vast mass of documentary evidence that has come to light since the issue of the Authorised Version, including two out of the three oldest Manuscripts of the New Testament, viz., the Alexandrian, presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1682, now lying at the British Museum, and the Sinaitic, unearthed by Tischendorf in 1844. The science of textual criticism is an exceedingly delicate and complex study, and the revisers had of necessity to invoke its elaborate apparatus for the purpose of discovering a text, supported convergently by the best authorities, by which they might be justified in amending the Authorised Translation. Investigation will disclose the fact that many of the changes in the New Testament are due to an alteration preferred by the revisers in the underlying text.

It should be remembered also that, while the Version of 1611 is full of inconsistencies, these are more frequent and glaring in the New Testament than in the Old. That the same Hebrew or Greek word should be rendered always by the same English word, seems an axiom to a modern translator. Yet the authors of the older Version deliberately professed a desire to avoid any uniformity in the rendering of the same word, even when it occurred in the same context, in order to familiarise the English people with the variety and elasticity of their mother tongue. However laudable such an object may have been, it could only be attained by a sacrifice of literary truth, such as no modern scholar would be prepared to make. And the chief source of the numerous verbal alterations in the New Testament is the wish of the revisers to reveal the existence of cognate passages and expressions, and not to leave or to introduce differences or identities of language that do not exist in the original.

A word should be added about the references and the marginal notes. None of the former were at first given in the Revised Version, but in 1898 an edition was issued containing the references as revised by a committee of the revisers, and these have been embodied in "The Interlinear Bible." At the foot of each page also the marginal notes both of the Revised and of the Authorised Versions have been printed. In the case of the Old Testament these are of considerable importance, as the marginal renderings often have the support of more than half of the revisers, a two-thirds majority being required to get an alteration inserted in the text.

By its inclusion of these notes and references, as well as by its careful accuracy of workmanship throughout, "The Interlinear Bible" ranks as the most complete and serviceable combination that we possess of the two great Versions, and its publication reflects much credit on the enterprise of the Cambridge University Press.

SHAM HISTORY

Court Beauties of Old Whitehall. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

SOMETHING must be amiss with the popular novel. It seems as if the literary confection, so long fashionable, has lost its profit. There are many signs that the mispent energy, once consumed by fiction, is now given to the concoction of sham history and false biography. Every week there comes from the press a fine specimen of this new industry. The titles and the purpose are different, but the style and lack of intelligence are perfectly familiar. We encounter the same slipshod English, the same inapposite garrulity, the same ignorance of human life and human motive. The sham history might, indeed, be fiction, if we considered only its remoteness from the truth. But the new historian, more greatly daring than the old novelist, lays a careless hand upon real names and real epochs, and he would have his reader believe that in his sorry enterprise he is mingling instruction with amusement.

Mr. Trowbridge's "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall" is a fair example of its class. It is no better and no worse than its fellows. There seems no reason why it should ever have been written. Its author displays neither knowledge of his period nor sympathy with the men and women, whose names irrelevantly decorate his page. The criticism and understanding of life elude him, and he has committed the unpardonable sin of blurring a pleasant picture. Nor is there any excuse to be found for his indiscretion. The period which he has chosen—the Restoration—is well known to all. It was fortunate in finding in Hamilton the most brightly sparkling of historians, and where he fails there are a thousand memoirs to fill the gaps and to embellish the narrative. Why should any one, who can read the Memoirs of Grammont trouble his head with Mr. Trowbridge, whose sole achievement is to have garbled an exquisite book, and to have daubed the gay indiscretions of a court with the dingy hues of vice. Imagine the Memoirs of Grammont without a flash of wit, and Pepys's Diary without a feather's weight of authority, and you may get some vague impression of Mr. Trowbridge's hotch-potch.

At first sight we supposed that Mr. Trowbridge had a saintly end in view. We thought perhaps that he had been bold enough to interpret the life of Charles II.'s court for the benefit of the million, that he could at least point a moral, if he could not adorn a tale. We had not read many pages before we were undeceived. We freely confess that there is no cant in Mr. Trowbridge's method. It is his one merit to express no fierce reprobation. "It has always seemed to us one of the strangest psychological phenomena," says he with a wisdom which we readily acknowledge, "that men should fly into a literary passion over the iniquities of persons who have been dead for centuries." Mr. Trowbridge does not fly into a passion. He deals with the dead lives of dead men and women after his own clumsy, prosaic fashion. Indeed, the scandals of the seventeenth century lose nothing in his superfluous retelling. He does but substitute a very heavy hand for the lightness, wherewith eye-witnesses touched the intrigues of their King and their companions; he does but extinguish the last spark of glamour, which illuminates the memoirs of the seventeenth century.

If we may believe Mr. Trowbridge, his early education well fitted him for his task. The name of "La Belle Stuart" carries him back to the time when he "learnt English History out of story-books and picture-books." In his enthusiasm he pictures "the very children of the Board Schools" dazzled by the vision of this "far-off romantic time." We cannot share his enthusiasm, and we can dimly imagine the fierce opposition of Dr. Clifford and his friends, if the Memoirs of Grammont were introduced as a reading-book into our elementary schools. But

Mr. Trowbridge was evidently more fortunate than most of us. "No," says he, "we have not the heart to scold La Belle Stuart; for childhood's sake she is still dear to us."

But knowledge has not brought with it comprehension. Mr. Trowbridge, long familiar with the names, is sadly ignorant of the characters of his heroes and heroines. He is quite sure that Lady Castlemaine suffered from "a disease perfectly well known to medical science." This may or may not be true. But nothing, save a complete absence of humour, can explain or excuse Mr. Trowbridge's corollary. "As Charles had some knowledge of medicine and chemistry," says he, "and was very far from being a fool—as the beautiful shrew once called him to his face—one is almost tempted to hazard the suggestion, as an explanation of his long bondage to this woman, that he found a scientific excuse for her conduct, which has been overlooked by historians." Charles was very far indeed from being a fool, but nothing is more certain than that he never chose a mistress because he took a scientific or chemical interest in disease.

One other instance of Mr. Trowbridge's ignorance, and we have done. He makes very free with Pepys's Diary, and never mentions the Secretary of the Admiralty without displaying a perfect misapprehension of his character. Not content with describing him as a "consummate snob," he rarely mentions his name without attaching to it the epithet "prurient." "Mr. Pepys in his customary prurient curiosity," "the prurient Mr. Pepys," "the prurient gossip"; and so on with damnable iteration. Now, Mr. Pepys may have had his failings, but "pruriency" was not among them. No man was ever less prurient than Samuel Pepys. Why should he, who enjoyed every moment of his life, who never denied himself the gratification of pleasure, be called prurient? Pruriency is the vice of the cloister not of the court, and Mr. Trowbridge could not have chosen a more unfortunate epithet.

However, we need not regard the author or his book too seriously. Indeed, they are worth discussing merely because they warn us of what is to come. When the novel dies of exhaustion, something must be found to take its place on the tables of those for whom reading is merely a soporific. Biography is easy enough; properly treated, it may be as easy as fiction. It does not matter to the fluent journeyman, whether he calls his puppet Mr. Jones or Charles Stuart. But if Mr. Trowbridge's book is a fair sample of the new craft, we can only say that we prefer the novel. That, indeed, when it is not historical, does violence to nothing else than good sense. It does not degrade the great men and beautiful women of the past to the level of tea-table gossip.

POETIC DRAMA AND SOME EFFORTS

Kiartan the Icelander. By NEWMAN HOWARD. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

Savonarola. By NEWMAN HOWARD. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

Constantine the Great. By NEWMAN HOWARD. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

Job. Part i. By MAURICE BROWNE.

The Maid of Artemis. By ARTHUR DILLON. (Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

King Arthur Pendragon. By ARTHUR DILLON. (Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.)

Judas. By SYDNEY MOUTRIE.

Aurelian. By SPENCER MOORE. (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.)

Apotheosis. ANONYMOUS. (Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Faithless Favourite. By EDWIN SAUTER. (St. Louis: at the Sign of the Leech).

The Poisoners. By EDWIN SAUTER. (St. Louis: at the Sign of the Leech).

HERE are eleven poetic dramas all written by English-speaking men in the twentieth century. With one

exception, which is concerned with no definite time or place, they deal with events not later than the time of the Borgias. Has nothing happened since, or nearer home, worthy of the dramatic poet's consideration?

Emerson said:

For the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet . . . We do not with sufficient plainness, or sufficient profoundness, address ourselves to life, nor do we chaunt our own times and social circumstances. . . . Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, methodism and unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundation of wonder as the town of Troy, and the temple of Delphos, and are as swiftly passing away.

The seven poets responsible for these eleven volumes, then, are not the poets that the world is waiting for: they "are content to write from the fancy, at a safe distance from their own experience." But if they are not the poets that the world is waiting for, one of them, at least, is a poet for whom, as things go, the world ought to be properly grateful. Mr. Newman Howard's "Christian Trilogy" is real poetry and it is real drama. To say that the first essential of dramatic poetry is that it shall be dramatic sounds like a truism until one remembers that the dramatic quality of all writing, prose and verse, depends less on the kind of language used than on when and how it is used. If the use of violent expressions alone, of "hollow Oh's and Ah's" made writing dramatic, then Mr. Edwin Sauter's *The Poisoners* ought to come at the beginning instead of at the end of the list above.

In a note to *Constantine the Great*, the third, though historically the first of his tragedies, each of which "against a background of religious crisis . . . presents a fidelity, religion in essence, and its obverse infidelity, severally to a friend, a cause, and a past," Mr. Howard gives the full and final justification of poetic drama as distinct from prose drama.

Iambic verse is used neither for rhetorical nor lyrical ends, but as the simplest of all rhythms; rhythm being in the pulse of art no less than of life, a condition indispensable. Prose rhythm, except of the free iambic kind used in the Gospels, moves on too large a wave, is more costly of verbiage, hardly closer to ordinary speech, far less suggestive of the desired emphasis, above all less congenial to things poignant and pregnant, and therefore less suitable to the swift and tragic art.

Nothing but praise can be given to Mr. Howard for his use of the chosen medium. His verse is masculine and concise; he uses every licence of the measure but always keeps to the rules. As he himself says: "Action, characterisation and the stage picture are the quest, not that red herring of the poetic drama, the 'purple passage.'" It is quite obvious that in his faithful following of this quest, he has sacrificed many cheap opportunities for popularity. His verse has no specious qualities: in all probability it will be underestimated even by his admirers until it is heard upon the stage. His austere preoccupation with the proper task of the dramatist makes him difficult to treat fairly in a review: he does not lend himself to quotation.

Taking the Tragedies in the order in which they were written, Mr. Howard's progress as a dramatist becomes evident. In *Kiartan the Icelander* his very care for local colour and characteristic expression makes his meaning sometimes not easy to follow. Possibly in the theatre this difficulty would disappear, though we cannot help feeling that he has been so intent on making his people tenth-century Icelanders that they lose something of their probability as men and women. And not only in their language. Granting that Iceland women in the tenth century were fierce and proud, Gudrun's quick changes between the moods of love and revenge remain hardly comprehensible. Because she believed that Kiartan wooed the Norwegian Princess while he was betrothed to her, she incites her husband to kill him. In face of the murder, on hearing Kiartan's voice, she cries out: "Ah, spare him Bolli!" When the deed is done, she says: "I regret nothing: all men will say it is but just"; and it is

not until Bolli confesses that he countenanced a lie in allowing her to believe that Kiartan was false to her, that she shows remorse. Even then it is more for the crime in the abstract than for her murdered lover. The inference would be either that her love for Kiartan was always second to pride, or that it was a reasoned thing dependent upon his fidelity. But her passionate and instinctive jealousy of Hrefna in the latter part of the play shows her to be impulsive and unreasoning, and so she is left unexplained.

In *Savonarola* Mr. Howard gets nearer to life without any sacrifice of the characteristics demanded by period. He says that he has in this play allowed himself a fuller development both of the theme and character than the staged drama would require. He has, in effect, brought into the texture of the play the colour that on the stage would be supplied by the mounting. Without any sacrifice of dramatic propriety he has so arranged that you see not only the people but their surroundings. As a result, the play is full of the stir and colour of mediæval Italy. Indeed, though he has handled the central theme in a masterly manner, what will delight most readers is the extraordinary sense of atmosphere created by the minor characters. 'Cecco Cei, the incorrigible poet and rake, type of the abstract artist, is particularly well done. He flashes in and out of the sombre tragedy, strumming his lute to a song that you can positively hear the tune of:

Hail to the merry, merry month of May!
Flutter little linnets in the wild-wood spray,
Titter little loves in the shadow of the trees:
'Nozza, 'Nozza is tripping in the leas,
And the red rose blooms in the month of May.

In the final scene when the crowd is waiting for Savonarola at the place of execution, Cei sees a light woman he loved carried away dying, and, in the middle of a ribald song drops his lute and with a cry of anguish goes to her. She dies. Implored by Mazzinghi to distract the superstitious terror of the crowd, with sudden illumination he wildly chants:

Madness and Death! O Scent of blossoms flying!
Rank weeds and flowers of flame, dead roots and darnel!
Roses and rue! O city mad and dying,
Thou canst not numb our senses to this charnel!

And when Mazzinghi taunts him with his unmanly grief over the dead girl he sums up the tragedy, not only of his own butterfly life but of the light, lascivious city that slew her noblest son, in one burning line

Nay, Mazzinghi, nay!
The Gods have ne'er surprised thee in the dark.

It is a small point—but surely "Paraclete" is wrongly applied to the second Person of the Trinity?

Mr. Howard reaches his highest level of workmanship in *Constantine the Great*. The chief characters stand out with something of the objective reality of sculpture but with all the life and movement of human beings. The dialogue is reduced to its bare essentials, and because no word is allowed for its own sake every word is not only significant but decorative, so that the texture of the verse is as if woven of some precious metal. In this play Mr. Howard gets his background, his atmosphere, mainly by a single figure: that of the little degenerate, Fabius. By an almost savage piece of irony, Fabius is made the victim of the plot to murder Constantine. There is something terribly fine in the last flicker up of the old Roman in the base Maximian when, his plot blown upon and defeated, and himself in face of death, he spits his hate upon his daughter and her husband. The state of paganism at the period of the play is admirably indicated by the priests of Demeter with their pitiful machinery for working an apparition of the goddess Proserpine. Bombo is one of the best clowns out of Shakespeare.

Mr. Howard's work is so fine that it seems captious to

point out what we feel to be a defect in it. Though in each of his dramas tragedy is implied in the character of the chief personage, too much of the action is controlled by the persistent malignity of another individual. Free from most of the tricks of the playwright, Mr. Howard still relies too much on his villain. It is questionable whether the villain has any place in pure tragedy, which gains in force and dignity in proportion as it is due to the essential character of the protagonist and not to the machinations of his enemies.

Mr. Maurice Browne's *Job* derives a fictitious importance from the grandeur of the subject and the majesty of the persons introduced. A dramatic poem in which the characters are the Voice of God, Buddha, Prometheus, the Shadow of Christ, Gabriel and Satan, leaves criticism a little helpless. Bad drawing in an Archangel is not so immediately obvious as it is in a shepherd, for example. In this particular case, too, criticism is rendered more difficult by the fact that only the Prologue in Heaven lies before us.

The final test of every work of art, however, is treatment, and it may be said at once that in our opinion Mr. Browne has gone about his subject the wrong way. His work belongs to the obsolete conventions of Handel choruses, Fuseli pictures, and stucco temples. Throughout all the arts, in proportion as the theme rises in essential dignity it demands an austerity, almost a triteness, a reduction to the bare terms, of expression. Mr. Browne dedicates his poem to the sacred memory of Shelley, and he might reply that he has modelled it on forms that Shelley actually used. But every genius reflects the spirit of his age and it is doubtful whether, if Shelley lived to-day, he would use the forms, or even the diction, that he did. Whether this is a more or a less poetic age than Shelley's is an idle question, but it is a fact that in the intervening years we have learned some valuable lessons and chiefly this: that poetry, and particularly the poetry of great subjects, must keep in touch with common life and every-day turns of expression. Declamatory speech has not the power it had; we have done for ever with the "big bow-wow note"; we recognise that the avalanche of words leaves untouched emotions that respond to the stabbing phrase or the wistful undertone.

In detail Mr. Browne's workmanship leaves much to be desired. His blank verse is full of inversions, for example:

Unto you this day
Me proclamation make the Voice of God
Hath bidden:

and his rhymed measures are jerky and unmusical. Still, when all is said, he is trying a big experiment, and it will be interesting to see how he fares when the development of his theme brings him into closer touch with humanity.

There is little to be said for the other works on our list. Mr. Arthur Dillon's *The Maid of Artemis* is a pretty poem in the dramatic form, and in *King Arthur Pendragon*, which is full of hard fighting and hot loving, he has preserved a good deal of the rough spirit of Malory. Mr. Sidney Moutrie is to be commended for his—shall we say humanity?—in trying to gain at least our pity for the arch-traitor, though he might have spared us the pantomime transformation-scene of Judas's vision before hanging himself. In *Aurelian*, a drama of the Later Empire, Mr. Spencer Moore has performed the astonishing feat of turning a Roman Emperor and an Eastern Queen into a jocular police-court judge and a choleric Bayswater matron. *Apotheosis*, by an anonymous author, we, frankly, do not understand.

There is something pathetic in the way Mr. Edwin Sauter, for all his desperate expedients, fails to "come off." Even when he is frankly dirty his physiology is wrong. A footnote to *The Poisoners* darkly hints that "The Fate of Giacomo may yet appear." As Mr. Sauter says in his Prologue to *The Faithless Favourite*: "What ho!"

THE ACADEMY

NOVEMBER 10, 1906

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS (ADDITIONAL LIST)

A PUBLISHING HOUSE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

JUST at present when the methods and commerce of publishers are so much under discussion, it is interesting to turn back and take a glance at a publishing house exactly one hundred years ago. Through the kindness of Mr. Murray and Mr. Hallam Murray, the present writer has been privileged to visit the historic house in Albemarle Street, and look through a ledger in which are entered certain details of the transactions of the year 1806. A first glance showed one great difference between those days and these. What system of book-keeping was in use in the office in those days an expert might decide; clearly it was not a system that could cope with the transactions of the firm to-day. A year occupies no more space than a single busy month of modern publishing must more than suffice to fill. But the volume was beautifully bound, and the paper of the finest—reminding us that John Murray II. was always very particular about such matters in his publications, and took a keen personal interest in them; and it was a pleasure to handle the book which contained (though not in the year we were concerned with) details of the sale of the first edition of "Marmion," the poem which "the Anak of publishers" startled the literary world by buying for £1000 before it was finished and before he had seen a line of it, and published in a handsome quarto early in 1808.

In 1806 the offices of John Murray were still the "shop" at 32 Fleet Street, where his father, John Murray I., had started business in 1768. John Murray I. was a book-seller as well as a publisher; by 1806 John Murray II. had become the pioneer in the separation of the two branches of the business. When it was proposed that he should take over the London publication of the *Edinburgh Review*, Constable wrote from Edinburgh concerning, a "miscellaneous order of books from London;" and he replied (December 7, 1805): "Country orders are a branch of business which I have ever totally declined as incompatible with my more serious plans as a publisher;" and publisher to him meant literary adviser, agent, reader, as well as book-producer and distributor. How those "serious plans" were carried out through a life of great activity and success, all who have read Samuel Smiles's "A Publisher and his Friends" will remember. But it was early days yet; 1806 was the year in which he became engaged to be married, and he was able to inform his future wife's trustees that his capital in business amounted to £5000: and such a sum would not go far to-day. But a hundred years ago, a wise publisher could count much more accurately on a return for his money than he can now. There were many books, even then; far more than the world has shown any desire to preserve; but the cheap publishing, which was being mooted a few years later by Charles Knight and others, had not come into being;

competition was far less, and there were plenty of people who made a point of buying for their private libraries the handsome and expensive quartos then in favour, just as some years later people bought pictures, and now buy motor-cars and expensive meals. Prices ruled high, and the risk of loss was smaller; and the "good properties" with which the modern publisher pays for his inevitable ill-successes were as much valued then as now. One of Mr. Murray's best properties was Mrs. Rundell's "Domestic Cookery" (1805, etc.). It was called Mrs. Rundell's, and the publisher sent her a cheque, which she acknowledged as a "very handsome and most unexpected present": but Mr. Murray himself chose the title, which was of the greatest service in selling the book, and, at any rate after the first two editions, was as much the compiler as Mrs. Rundell herself. It was his hobby; he even tried to impress the august Lady de Morgan into its service. Moreover, it was a capital property. Eight thousand copies were printed in 1810, and the ledger shows another fifteen thousand not many years later; and the book formed, with "Marmion" and the *Quarterly Review*, the security for the purchase of Miller's business and premises in Albemarle Street in 1813.

These, too, were the days when publishers shared their risks and losses by the system of "trade-books" which a number of firms joined together to publish in shares. Readers will be well acquainted with the old title-pages bearing scores of names at the foot. The system, if it diminished gains, diminished the risks of loss. On the whole, publishing must have been a much less speculative matter then than now.

It was in 1806 that Murray became the London publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, an important appointment for a publisher still so young, and one which largely helped to lead him on to fortune during the two years he held it. What else was he publishing in 1806? His list of new books would look very small by the side of his successors' latest list of autumn books which contains twenty-four pages of new and twenty-four pages of recent works, and but few of his books of that year have survived. Campbell's "Essays and Selections of English Poetry" was proposed in this year, but it was fourteen years before Campbell had it ready. Among the other books of 1806 only a few are remembered to-day. Samuel Cooper's "Dictionary of Practical Surgery," Thomson's "Dispensatory," and a book on the Medical Department of Armies were among the last medical works published by John Murray II.; Krusenstern's "Voyage Round the World," Dappa's "Life of Michael Angelo" (the book which first brought Southey and Murray into communication), and new editions of Fielding's novels and Marmontel's "Tales"—these are the pick of the bunch—and not so interesting, to our ideas, as the corresponding list for 1906. But of the scores of books produced this autumn by modern publishers how many will seem more interesting than these to the readers (in phonetic spelling and stenography) of A.D. 2006?

ADDITIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

MESSRS. H. R. ALLENSON

- The Meaning of Christ. Studies in the Place of Jesus Christ in human thought and action, as shown in Dante, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Savonarola and Mazzini. By Rev. Richard Roberts 2/6
- Studies in Hebrews. By J. B. Rotherham .. 2/6 net and 1/6 net
- The Booklover's Booklets. Wordsworth. A Lecture by F. W. Robertson, of Brighton net 1/0
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AN OPAL SONG

SHY and wild . . . shy and wild
To my lovers I have been.
Frank and wayward as a child,
Strange and secret as a queen;
Fain of love, and love beguiled,
Yet afraid of love, I ween!

False and true . . . false and true
Is the woman's heart in me . . .
Fair lost faces that I rue,
Golden friends I laugh to see,
Changing, I come back to you,
Never doubt my loyalty!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

VIII. A CASE FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR
THE PRESERVATION OF PLACES OF NATURAL
BEAUTY

A PROPOSAL has been made, and is obtaining some local support in Malvern, to construct a funicular railway to the top of the Worcestershire Beacon, and to carry a second switchback one along the ridge of the hills to the Roman Camp. Since it is its magnificent range of hills that gives to Malvern its unique charm in all weathers, and its fascination at every season of the year, this proposal has fallen as "a bolt out of the blue," and given a shock to every lover of the place, its history, and associations.

If such a scheme were carried out, where would be the indefinable quiet and solace of the hills, those

Keepers of Piers Plowman's visions,

and their teaching to the sympathetic mind and heart of the wanderer over them? These would vanish for ever were a railway carried along the heights. Many have learned, while walking on them, the meaning of the poet's words, when he wrote of

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is amongst the lonely hills.

But if a funicular railway—with its noise, its smoke, its tumult, its desecration of sacred solitudes, its emptying out of crowds of untaught sightseers on holidays—is constructed, then farewell to all that has made the place so unique and precious for generations. If train-loads of trippers are whisked up the hills and along their ridges, farewell to the use of these hills—as now—to the lovers of peace, who delight in a bracing tonic air breathed in solitude, who ascend the heights on foot because of their hundred associations, and their distant views which can only be seen and appreciated in quiet. It is not too much to affirm that many of the householders of Malvern do not know—or at least do not appreciate at its full value—the rich asset they possess in the almost unparalleled views from their hills, the magnificent vista of the Severn Valley, the sight of three cathedrals, many abbeys, and the mountains of Wales to the west and the north.

"The National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty or Historic Interest," will assuredly have something to say about this proposal; but it may not be inopportune to remind all whom it may concern of what was once done in the Lake District of Westmoreland, when a reckless utilitarian scheme was started to bring a railway

from Windermere to Ambleside and on to Grasmere, into the very heart of that sanctuary of peace, which is one of the glories of England. The scheme was started by the tradesmen and hotel-keepers of the district, and by speculative builders, who wished to have more of villadom around them, more people with whom to do business: so as to make money, they being quite indifferent to the damage done to the country by the desecration of one of its shrines. It was opposed by an Association created for the purpose; and, after a long Parliamentary fight, the railway scheme was defeated, and the Lake District (or that side of it) preserved from steam-intrusion and ruin. Surely what was opposed, and defeated, at Ambleside and Rydal, must not be realised at Malvern.

The proposal to attract more visitors to the town, by having "pictorial advertisements at railway stations," is too dreadful for any words of criticism or commentary. Has not this advertising mania spread far enough, vulgarising our fields and fences all along our railway lines; and if a funicular monstrosity was put up, such advertisements would soon be trebled. Let it be granted that such railways are useful in some parts of Switzerland; although many lovers of that country, and of climbing, object to them even there. But whatever their use among the Alps, they are utterly useless and out of place—nay, they would be detestable—in Malvern. Those who find it a strain to ascend the hills on foot, can drive to their summits with ease. As most people know, the well-constructed roadways, with seats for invalids and the aged, are one of the distinctive features of this district. But let the hesitating mind—that halts between the two opinions of conservatism and change—think what would happen when the summit was reached by the tramway-line, were it made. Let it think of the swift rush along the noble ridge, leaving no time for the traveller to receive the influences of ever-changing beauty, the kaleidoscope lights and shadows on the hills, and the hundred points of interest around.

Much may be done to improve the Malvern Hills in the way of planting. New clumps of trees sparingly set down, at well selected places, would do this; but let not the curse of posterity fall upon the householders of this generation, as the disturbers of the peace of ages, or as the vandals of a utilitarian era. Let these proposals, so flagrant in the eyes of many, be thought over dispassionately, and submitted to the calm judgment of the people; and all who are grateful for the heritage they have received will strive to transmit it uninjured to those who come after them.

If shopkeepers think that a funicular railway up and along the hills will help them, by bringing a class of residents to the town who will patronise them exclusively, and not order anything from a distance, they are living in dreamland. To be loyal to Malvern—a devoted lover of it, a promoter and defender of its charms—it is not necessary to turn it into a Blackpool, or a Margate amongst the mountains. We cannot sympathise too much with the wish that the tired artisan, or the traveller of whatever class, may have free access to our hills; and it was a noble ambition that led Mr. James Bryce—now our Irish Secretary—to introduce his "Access to Mountains Bill" year by year into the House of Commons; but that was for pedestrians to walk over them, not for railway speculators to destroy them.

Then it must be remembered in reference to the Malverns that, if a railway is carried along their ridge, no pedestrian could thereafter have unfettered access to them. They would not be allowed to cross the railway except at certain places, and where will be the present "access to mountains" for the schoolboys and schoolgirls of the town, as well as by adults and strangers? If any advocate of a funicular railway goes up Snaefell in the Isle of Man, by the one which exists there, he will be speedily disillusioned. May we in Britain not learn a lesson from America—that land of machinery, and all manner of mechanical triumphs—in this matter of the preservation of our natural

sanctuaries, and places of beauty? Our transatlantic kinsmen have secured many great National Parks to be preserved—without railways or trams—for posterity. And only think of the indignation with which a proposal to have electric cars running through the great Central Park in the city of New York would be received by the community!

What, then, is the state of the case as regards the Malvern Hills?

(1) A funicular railway is wholly useless. It can serve no good end to those living in the town, or those coming to it from a distance.

(2) It is wholly pernicious. It will drive residents away, and attract none in their place.

(3) It will hopelessly vulgarise the hills, destroying their charm and attractiveness.

(4) It will seriously injure the town as a health-resort, and as a place for the recuperation of lost power.

(5) It will tell against it as an educational centre, lessening the influence and prestige of its schools.

(6) It will lessen its historic interest and attractiveness to thousands of persons in Great Britain and Ireland, and the wide world besides.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LEONARDO DA VINCI

AMONG the great names of the Renaissance that of Leonardo da Vinci ranks with those of Michelangelo and Raphael, yet to ninety-nine men out of a hundred who have a general acquaintance with his painting this eminence must at times seem undeserved. Michelangelo on the Sistine ceiling and in the solemn sacristy of San Lorenzo proved himself to be one apart even among the most gifted sons of men. Raphael fixed for three hundred years the types and the illustrative formulæ of religion, mythology, and history; types which in their dignity, amenity, and consistent sympathy with the needs of humanity in general can never be quite superseded; formulæ clothed with an invention so subtle and felicitous that all subsequent use of them seems by comparison feeble or rigid. Raphael in his short life passed from strength to strength, surpassing at each step the contemporary masters with whom he came in contact, until at the last his fame equalled and in some ages eclipsed that of Michelangelo himself. When we consider what Leonardo has left us we may well ask: How does he keep company with these giants?

A ruined fresco, some half-dozen small finished pictures, and perhaps another half-dozen unfinished or touched by his hand, one noble cartoon and the memory of a still greater one—these are the most prominent assets left to those who would estimate Leonardo's genius; and even their value is discounted to some extent by the refinements of modern criticism. When we examine the mass of his drawings we feel it would be rash to assert that they are of as great artistic importance as those of Michelangelo and Raphael in point of actual achievement. Even when we approach his manuscripts we find no sustained literary effort parallel to Michelangelo's sonnets. His art, it is true, has an incomparable quality of its own which raises it at once far above the common level, but it is as inferior to that of Michelangelo and Raphael in effective creation as it is in bulk.

Viewing his case thus suspiciously, we may imagine that Leonardo's charm was largely personal, and that Vasari's famous biography was inspired more by the memory of a splendid and fascinating human being than by the works of art he actually executed. For one Englishman, however, who has read Vasari's life of him there are probably at least a dozen who have read only the exquisite essay which Walter Pater built upon it, and to that essay rather

than to any other source the current legend of Leonardo in this country must be traced. There the personal fascination of the man is analysed and insisted upon till Leonardo becomes almost the Virgil of mediæval romance; one who sought if he did not actually attain the secret of illicit knowledge, an alchemist poring over the hidden properties of metals, an astrologer musing over the track of the stars in the sky; if not a necromancer at least a mystic whose goodly gifts of mind and body were absorbed in a vast curiosity about the unseen and the spiritual forces which might control man's destiny and the material universe.

Those who happen to have read the so-called "Treatise on Painting" will have probably found some difficulty in reconciling its tone and character with this legend. The book contains little or nothing that bears on the philosophical aspects of art, it makes no attempt to arrive at any abstract idea of beauty or to analyse the secrets of harmony in composition or colour. So far, indeed, does it neglect these first principles of pictorial design that Hogarth makes a special note of the fact in the introduction to his own neglected book. Leonardo's whole and only purpose in the "Trattato" is the discovery of truth, of the anatomical structures which underlie the form and effect the movements of the human body, and of the phenomena of light as they bear upon the appearance of things. He writes less as an artist than as a teacher of anatomy or optics. That he was the first anatomist of his age is proved by his drawings. His writings prove him also to have been in theory the first Impressionist. One quotation, perhaps, will be sufficient. In one of the Paris manuscripts he writes:

If you are looking at a woman dressed in white in the midst of a landscape, the side of her that is exposed to the sun will be so dazzling in colour that parts of it, like the sun itself, will cause pain to the sight, and as for the side exposed to the atmosphere—which is luminous because of the rays of the sun being interwoven with it and penetrating it—since this atmosphere is itself blue, the side of the woman which is exposed to it will appear steeped in blue. If the surface of the ground near to her be meadows, and the woman be placed between a meadow lit by the sun and the sun itself, you will find that all the parts of the folds (of her dress) which are turned towards the meadow will be dyed by the reflected rays to the colour of the meadow, and thus she becomes changed into the colours of the objects near, both those luminous and those non-luminous.

Here and there he notes that one effect is more beautiful than another, but his attitude in general is to view art as the rendering of natural facts—as the handmaid not of beauty, but of science.

It is curious how the famous portrait of him in old age resembles Darwin in type, and it is only a certain wilfulness, a want of concentration that continually sets his curiosity to work in fresh channels, which seems to prevent him from anticipating even more definitely than he did the discoveries of later savants. We may even speculate what his achievement would have been had fate in early life forced him on to some other road than that which began in Verrocchio's workshop. The intellect which could decide rightly upon the nature of fossils three hundred years before other men, could so enlarge the bounds of anatomy, and could attain such eminence in military engineering in the intervals of making a reputation as one of the greatest artists of a supremely great artistic age, might, if directed into some single branch of scientific study, have accomplished heaven knows what! The rare qualities of fancy and imagination, the powers of eye and hand which he possessed would all have been of inestimable value in the highest walks of science; and a calm survey of his total achievement, if it robs him of some fraction of his reputation as an artist, and of much of the glamour in which legend has wrapped his name, yet leaves an impression of an intellect of almost unequalled range, insight, and logical imagination.

The scientific side of Leonardo's character is specially insisted upon in Mr. E. McCurdy's admirable book ("Leonardo da Vinci's Notebooks," Duckworth), which may be regarded as the definite edition of Leonardo's

writings for all but the few who wish to make him a subject of special study, and will therefore turn to the original manuscripts or to Dr. Richter's splendid volumes. One inference, however, the author has neglected to draw from his facts which might possibly serve as a key to the riddle of Leonardo's life. May we not see in the scientific accuracy of his observation the reason why his work as a painter so often seems to come to an abrupt stop—why he was for ever experimenting with art but so rarely produced pictures? Is it not possible that the inevitable antagonism between the facts of natural light and colour which his eye saw with the frankness of a Monet, and the great tradition of Florentine painting, consecrated by early association and by the long chronicle of great masters who had made it, constantly forced him to halt between two opinions; to make drawings, indeed, but to know at the same time that to translate them into paint implied the sacrifice either of nature or of all that he had been taught to recognise as art? May we not even guess that it was for this reason that he set his figures in a land of dreams or in twilight rooms where the traditional tones and methods he employed would not have to contend with the blazing, many-coloured sunlight? I must leave the answer to more learned students of Leonardo. Yet from a painter's point of view the inference seems plausible enough, though, with our present knowledge, it seems likely to remain an inference, for the master has kept his secret well.

C. J. HOLMES.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Literary Feeding-Bottles," by A.]

FICTION

Love in London. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Griffiths, 6s.)

MR. ADCOCK in this volume of short stories gives another instance of his intimate knowledge of London under all aspects, and of many types of Londoners. Nearly all the stories are good; and some are admirable: notably the grim stories, of which none is grimmer or better than "Jenny chooses." It is dramatic and concise and ends with just that snap that should mark the closing of a good knife or the finish of a short story. Of the pleasant stories "The Litt' Un" is the most charming; it tells of a girl who dances her way into the heart of a drunken old underwriter and his wife, and who in the end reforms the old man and softens his wife's hardness. The feature of Mr. Adcock's work is his kindness towards human nature; he is, however, without great insight; his view of things is not shaped by any one attitude towards life; and so his writing is a little lacking in originality.

The Tyranny of Faith. By CARL JOUBERT. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

CARL JOUBERT in "The Tyranny of Faith" has written a fairly interesting novel, when he might have written an extremely interesting one. His subject, the persecution of the Jews in Russia and the strife stirred up by the coming of a new Bishop—himself a renegade Jew—to a peaceful town, hitherto untroubled by religious differences, gives a writer many opportunities. The Bishop uses his power to advance his own interests and seizes the chance afforded by the riots, of which he is the cause, to attempt the seduction of a young Jewish girl. The story is well told, in so far as it keeps the reader interested; but it remains a story told, as the characters do not express themselves, or become, at any time, vital. The writing is simple, but marred by hackneyed expressions which keep it from becoming individual in style. The drawing of the character of Jacob Serkovski, in the opening chapter, leads the reader to expect more careful characterisation throughout, and the book is closed with a feeling of disappointment. The author possesses the power of making

improbable situations often appear quite possible, but he sometimes strains our powers of belief.

Little Stories of Courtship. By MARY STUART CUTTING. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

PRACTICAL, humorous, financial, or romantic are these intensely American little tales: two of them are excellent examples of the art of short-story writing. "Paying Guests" is noticeable for the delicate handling of character and situation. In a few pages, yet in a large and leisurely manner, the author tells us all about Alethea Bennett, her sheltered past, her present struggles, and her happy future. In "Henry" the local colour is rather glaring, and the humour is of the nature of a family joke, not easily understood, and rarely appreciated by an outsider. No British Henry ever "fooled round" to such irritating effect. "The Perfect Tale" is a dainty idyll—fact or illusion, as you take it, and the right kind of story wherewith to end a pleasant volume.

Running Horse Inn. By ALFRED TRESSIDER SHEPPARD. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. SHEPPARD's story opens with the return of a soldier from the Peninsular campaign to Running Horse Inn, his home at Herne Bay, on the day that his brother, believing him dead, marries the girl to whom he was engaged. It is an unoriginal incident, but out of this and equally unpromising materials the author has made a really fine historical novel. He has added another to a not very long list of heroes who are scoundrels, but we follow the adventures of his George Kennett with scarce less interest than we followed those of the famous Jonathan Wild, though, having many noble good qualities—of which imperfections Wild was free—he lacks the true greatness of Fielding's consummate scoundrel. Wild was a man who conspired against Fate; Kennett is a man against whom Fate conspires. It is environment rather than inherent vice which makes him a scoundrel; and he goes to the scaffold nobly. There is not a badly drawn character in the book—Delilah and Captain Rockett are delightful—and the workmanship maintains a very high level.

The Night Riders. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THIS is a vigorous story of cowpunchers and horse-thieves, well-written and exciting. Mr. Cullum knows the rough life he is describing well enough to give a convincing picture of the men and their manners; he makes us breathe the strong air of the Wild West. He handles his plot, too, with such skill that the mysterious leader of the cattle-stealing band remains a mystery (and an exciting mystery) until the very moment of his exposure; and the explanation is so ingenious and so possible that it is satisfying and doubly effective. "The Night-Riders" is one of the best stories of adventure which we have had the pleasure of reading for some time, and we recommend it confidently to the young of every age.

The Enemy's Camp. By HUGH T. SHERINGHAM and NEVILL MEAKIN. (Macmillan, 6s.)

A PARTY of young men are living in a houseboat on the river; they have agreed to dispense with all the barbarities of civilisation, such as collars and stiff shirts and razors and dress-coats. So that when they hear news of a rival camp, in which girls, those denizens of all that is civilised, dare to exist, they are naturally wrathful. Many adventures result, very laughable and pleasant adventures; the sun shines; the river flows by; fish are caught. Their life is charming and the authors let none of its charm escape them, as they write of it. The little comedy is delightful and amusing, and ends, as such a little comedy inevitably must, with the capitulation of the house-boat party—on the usual pleasing terms.

The Manager's Box. By JOHN RANDAL. (Nash, 6s.)

MR. RANDAL has hit upon an intricate and ingenious plot for his farce, but his treatment is not so happy as his invention. He is apt to be laboured and explanatory, where lightness and sureness of touch are demanded. His book possesses the charm of gaiety: it should also possess the charm which comes from neat workmanship. The people are so amusing and the situations in which they figure are so cleverly absurd that we cannot but resent the lack of pains taken in their presentation. The author held a really good hand and has played it carelessly.

FINE ART

PRINTS AND DRAWINGS

THE third exhibition of the Society of Twelve is fully equal to its predecessors in interest, although fewer members than before exhibit both prints and drawings, and so far there is less variety. I miss, for instance, Mr. Rothenstein's lithographs and the beautiful proofs of woodcuts by Mr. Ricketts which have been seen in former years, while there is nothing by Mr. Clausen in the inner room and nothing by Mr. Nicholson in either. To this last omission, however, I am easily reconciled by the presence of four beautiful landscape etchings by M. Alphonse Legros, the honorary member of the Society. These include *La Vallée des Dunes* and *Une Vallée en Bourgogne*, which may be called the very pick and flower of the master's late etched work; they possess all its good qualities, the clear and silvery atmosphere, the light and graceful foliage, inimitably French, the suggestion in a little space of vast tracts of gently undulating country, while they lack the tortured faces and bodies violently bent towards the ground which have become a mannerism of the veteran when the human figure is an important element in his composition.

Dry-point is all the mode with the younger generation, and here we have Mr. Conder's first experiment, if I am not mistaken, in that technique. The subject, a portrait sketch of a lady with an ill-drawn left hand, is hardly important enough to fill the plate; the print would have gained by concentration if there had been fewer inches to fill; as few, for instance, as Mr. John has allowed himself in his *Young Woman Meditating*, the best, as I venture to think, of a selection of six prints which does not show to advantage his unequal, but at its best remarkable, talent as an etcher. The largest of these, *The Hawker's Van*, is one of the least interesting and characteristic of his prints; the tilt of the cart, moreover, should surely be dark, not light, placed as it is with a glowing evening sky behind it. On the other side of the Legros landscapes is an interesting and varied group of Mr. Strang's works, old and new; they include his latest dry-points, fruits of a summer holiday spent near Coutances, *Blainville*, a landscape dark and rich in tone, and a less successful architectural plate, *Château of Pirou*, in which the building seems to crave the foreground denied to it. Opposite to these hang four new etchings by Mr. Cameron. *Berwick-on-Tweed*, a slight work in pure line, light with a high horizon, and *Still Waters*, dark and decorative, are good examples of his landscape style; of *Pluscarden* so much cannot be said. *St. Merri* is another of the florid French Gothic porches that he loves to etch and etches well, but the seated figure is a needless piece of *staffage* of which I am somewhat weary, being used to meeting her any time in the last twelve years at any latitude from Rowallan to Florence.

Of Mr. Bone's six new dry-points most are slight and airy landscapes, but there are two great architectural plates grandly planned and wrought out in all their multitudinous detail with extraordinary patience and knowledge. *Demolition, St. James's Hall*, suggests comparisons with Piranesi, but *The Great Gantry, Charing Cross Station*—

how many of us could say offhand what a gantry is?—can only be called modern and original. At the date of the opening of the Exhibition the work on the plate was still in progress, but an unfinished trial proof encouraged one to hope that Mr. Bone's unequalled mastery over such intricate problems of perspective and illumination as the carrying out of such a design involves will be shown even more triumphantly than in *Building*, which will be remembered as one of the best things of the society's first exhibition. A beautiful pencil study for the composition and effect of light is shown among this year's drawings, but the detail of *The Great Gantry* is being put in from a much larger and more elaborate drawing which will soon, I believe, be seen in public at another gallery; it was made on the spot last May during the repair of the station roof after its partial collapse.

Last among the prints we come to Mr. Sturge Moore's woodcuts and lithographs by Mr. Shannon. In the former the rich and varied "arabesque," if I may borrow the term from Mr. Moore himself, is what first strikes the eye when it encounters them on an exhibition wall; like his poems they will not yield their charm to the hasty and listless vagrant, but must be pondered over till they reveal the secrets of their quaint symbolism and imaginative interpretation of nature. Mr. Shannon shows once more *The Breakwater*, largest and most impressive of his new chiaroscuro lithographs; it is accompanied by two of his fine early portrait studies, *The Modeller* and *The Wood-Engraver*, and three new fan-shaped lithographs, light and graceful in decorative effect.

The drawings in the first room are good in many ways: I must be content with mentioning Mr. Ricketts's studies for *The Argonauts* and *Laocoon*, nervous and expressive line work, full of individuality; a reminiscence of Millet (*Fruit Hawkers*) by Mr. Strang; one of Mr. John's vivid heads in pencil with eyes full of sparkle and rippling hair; another strong drawing of a head by Mr. Clausen and a night piece by the same artist; a noble group of six London drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, and quite a little historical *resumé* of Mr. Shannon's draughtsmanship from 1890 onwards.

At Mr. Van Wisselingh's gallery may be seen a further selection of drawings by two of the Twelve, M. Legros and Mr. Strang, including portraits of either artist by the other. With them is hung a group of drawings and lithographs by a much more recent pupil of M. Legros, Miss Dorothea Landau.

Of Mr. Gutekunst's new exhibition it need only be said that it contains a few Van Dycks and Ostades, and a good collection of Rembrandts, not of the more sensational kind, but including a fine *Death of the Virgin* and good impressions of the portraits of *Anslo* and *Asselyn*. The exhibition may be recommended to wise collectors who are shy of the prices fetched nowadays by the more fashionable Rembrandts. Some amusement may be derived at the same time from a little group of etchings which may be called in the very strictest sense of the term early Victorian, being the early work of Victoria herself at the beginning of her married life, with one example by the Prince Consort. Neither of these illustrious dilettanti had any notion that an etching should differ from a facsimile of a tame pen-drawing carefully cross-hatched. The most ambitious effort of the late Queen, *The Fisherman's Wife*, represents in outline a tall distressed female weeping at sunset, with hands clasped, on a cliff about three feet high that rises sheer from the vasty deep.

C. D.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE'S "Studies in Biography," which Mr. Unwin will publish shortly, contains monographs on Peel, Gibbon, Cobden, Bismarck, Napoleon III., and the late Marquis of Dufferin.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has in the press a new novel entitled

"The Pulse of Life," which will be published by Mr. Heinemann.—Another novel which may be expected shortly is Father Benson's "The Sentimentalists," a story dealing with modern life, announced by Messrs. Pitman.—Messrs. Smith, Elder promise on October 15 Sir A. Conan Doyle's new romance, "Sir Nigel."

The folk-lore of Roumania is a subject which has been little, if at all, treated in English. A book on Roumanian country life, which Mr. Unwin will publish on November 12, is likely therefore to be interesting. In "From Carpathian to Pindus" Mlle. Tereza Stratilesco, herself a Roumanian, deals with the history, religion, economics and social and political life of her fellow countrymen; and the ideas and customs of the peasantry are illustrated by specimens of their folk-songs. These are given, with airs, both in the original and in an English translation.

A fine-art work, "Les Femmes de Versailles," says *The Book Monthly*, is being issued by Messrs. Goupil at £200 net! It is in five parts, each of which contains ten plates, in the exact colours of the original pictures. These are by artists like Nattier, Labille-Guiard, Vignè, Le Brun, Le Troy, Mignard, La Tour, Van Loo, and Boucher. The text, by M. Pierre de Nolhac, is printed on Japanese paper. There are only a hundred copies of the work.

A volume of "Sea Songs and Ballads," selected by Mr. C. R. Stone, with an introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, will be published at an early date by the Clarendon Press.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has in the press a book of verse entitled "New Poems," by Mr. William Davis, the "poet in the doss-house" whose last volume, "The Soul's Destroyer," we noticed at length in the *ACADEMY* of September 16, 1905.

Mr. H. B. Hulbert, during a residence of twenty years in Korea, has been an eye-witness of all the various phases of Korean political and social life. In "The Passing of Korea," which Mr. Heinemann will publish on Friday next, he gives a history of that country from the earliest times, with an account of the manners, customs, and characteristics of the natives, and shows how its independence, once guaranteed by the Japanese Government, has now reached the vanishing-point.

Mr. Edwin Markham, the poet of "The Man with the Hoe," is preparing a volume of selections from the writings of Thomas Lake Harris, who died in California last March. It is probable that Mr. Markham will be entrusted with the official biography of Harris, with whom he was closely associated for a time at Santa Rosa, and with whose doctrines he is to some extent in sympathy.

The inner history of the last revision of the New Testament is to be narrated in a volume entitled "A History of the Revised Version of the New Testament," by the Rev. Samuel Hemphill, Rector of Birr, promised by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will give an account of the work of revision and the personal views and expressed opinions of many of the revisers.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SUEZ CANAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I add a word to the recent correspondence about the Suez Canal? It has been shown that the idea of a waterway across the isthmus is a very ancient one. Pharaoh Necho actually had such a waterway constructed. This canal was obviously in connection with the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and it probably fell into disuse as that channel gradually silted up. But the Mediterranean and the Red Sea remained connected by water in another and a more round-about fashion long after Pharaonic times. For vessels ascending the Nile from the Mediterranean to Bubastis (Zagazig) could there enter a canal which ran eastward along what is now the Wadi Tumilat, and passing on to Heliopolis could so reach the Red Sea. Moreover there was also a direct canal from Bubastis southwards to Heliopolis and thence to a point on the main stream of the Nile opposite the Pyramids. This point is still well marked; it lies at the place called Fum at Khatig in Old Cairo.

Thus apart from the Pelusiac canal across the isthmus, all the

great cities of the Delta and of the Nile valley were connected by waterway with both the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Probably, however, the canal from the region of Memphis north to Bubastic and the Red Sea was useless at low Nile. In any case no long period of neglect was needed to allow the drift of the desert sand to choke it. So it is recorded that the channel was cleared and restored to use by Ptolemy Philadelphus II., and again at a later period by Trajan, after whom it was often known as *Amnis Trajanus*; and finally Amr, the Muslim conqueror of Egypt in the seventh century, had the canal dug out afresh and rendered navigable in a period of seven months, in order that corn ships might pass from the Nile to the Red Sea to the relief of Mecca and Medina, which were suffering from a severe famine.

But none of your correspondents noted the interesting fact that Amr was so impressed with the lesson of this waterway that he contemplated reopening the Pelusiac canal across the isthmus. The caliph Omar, however, absolutely forbade the project, remarking that with a canal across the isthmus the Roman fleets would be able to enter the Red Sea and to harry the pilgrims or even to endanger the holy places. There was some truth in the remark at a time when the Muslims had no fleet. But considering how rapidly the sea power of the Muslims developed and how long it flourished, it seems strange that the idea of piercing the isthmus was never again revived by any ruler of Islam.

A. J. BUTLER.

Oxford.

THE MODERN PICTURE-MARKET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Robert Ross writes from the dealer's point of view and misses mine. I agree with him that the seller of pictures, who has made a name, does much better "to be cheated by avowed dealers like himself" (I use his own words), than by dealers who pose as collectors, but in reality use their country houses as sale-rooms.

My proposal aims at those whose names are as yet of no marketable value, but whose pictures are, and who in consequence of their obscurity cannot get buyers to look at them.

In my scheme it would be a cardinal point that no profit or commission may accrue to the lender of wall-space apart from the privilege and profit of hanging a work of art on his walls.

Nor, I think, would the dealer suffer in the long run. When, through my scheme, a painter should have sold enough pictures to make a name, he would find it better worth his while to sell his pictures through the ordinary channels. We should discover the Beardsley or the Millais for the dealer, and he would exploit him for all he might be worth.

I have received offers of warm support, in the event of the idea crystallising into practical form, but, as I have said, I am too much engaged on my own work in a kindred art to do more than suggest what some one with more leisure might profitably undertake.

Your correspondent, Mr. F. C. Tilney, says that his artist-friends "share his views as to the niceness and nobleness of the suggestion, but have fears as to its perfect practicability."

I claim no "nobleness" in the matter. If I offer wall-space I offer it for a *quid pro quo*. I want to have a beautiful picture on my walls and I am prepared to pay rent for the privilege, besides acting as salesman without commission. There is nothing "noble" in this. It is worth my while, that is all, though I may, of course, if I like, take up the philanthropic pose as well. But that is a matter of individual taste. The thing must stand or fall as a matter of business, for artists do not, any more than others, wish to be under obligations to strangers.

And this brings me to one other point which cannot be too much insisted upon. The artist must be content, at first, to sell his pictures for what they will fetch, not for what in his opinion they are worth. This, believe me, is why pictorial art flourishes in France to an extent undreamed of in this country.

Only this year I myself bought a really important picture off the walls of the *Salon*, by a young and almost unknown artist, for a sum which need not be mentioned. Soon after returning to England I was in the studio of a struggling English artist, and, looking through some portfolios, saw a small drawing of good quality though of no outstanding merit, done as a speculative illustration to a book which may never be published. I asked its price, wishing to make a gift under the guise of a purchase, but when I was faced with an estimate which would have purchased a companion to the *Salon* picture above-mentioned I confess I mentally buttoned up my pockets and went quickly away.

Now, sir, in the past I have worked for weeks over an article which has been rewarded with no more than four pounds, and I have not grumbled, for it has helped me to earn as much as ten pounds in one day on, I confess, rare occasions since. But, had I been too proud to accept starvation wages then I should have been receiving starvation wages or no wages at all now.

Let the young artist remember that "everything is worth the money that can be got for it" and no more, and the time will probably come when he will find that the money he gets is more, much more, than his work is worth.

I need hardly say that, if Mr. Tilney, or any one else, will undertake and develop the scheme suggested in my first letter, I will gladly be the first subscriber.

G. S. LAYARD

Bulls Cliff, Felixstowe,
Nov. 4.

AGNOSTICS AND CHURCH SERVICES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are Agnostics and Agnostics. Some are in the stage which I may perhaps be allowed to call panenergism; their "Unknownable" or Unknown is strictly an "Infinite and Eternal Energy" which is only, although incomprehensibly, *become* self-consciousness in us. Their agnosticism, when they allow it to enter into their true and effective philosophy of life, must, of course, be "tinged with emotion" (to use Mr. Wallis's expression as applied to himself), because they are men; but the emotion need not be religious. If, however, they pass on into the stage where they hold with Spencer that their energy "*wells up*" in themselves as consciousness, they may slip into panlogism and dally a while, perhaps, or even come to rest, with Hegel, or else wake up to find themselves full-blown Pantheists with a corresponding change in the colour of their emotion. It is a fate against which Leslie Stephen warns them in his "Agnostic's Apology." As pantheist Agnostics, or even as panlogists, they have their chance of seeing in church, as I did, something of what other men mean by their "antiquated, meaningless ceremonies," by their outworn symbols, and by symbols neither outworn nor likely to be outworn, in a world of earth and earthliness.

Obviously no Agnostic, at any stage, is a sceptic; his Unknownable is only partially unknown. He may know just enough to call it energy and guess it to be unconscious—then he is in the panenergist stage. He may know a little more and guess it to be conscious—so he may go on, always with his Unknownable about which more and more is always coming to be known. In every stage the emotion with which his Agnosticism is tinged may or may not be religious. There are Christians who have no religious emotion and no religious practice—their Christianity is not their true philosophy of life. There are Agnostics in the same conditions. Both should stay away from church, and so, I think, should the Panenergists; the rest may learn a good deal, each from the other, there and elsewhere. So, at least, it seems to me; but no Agnostic should go to church unless he wants to learn, and he should choose his church.

WM. SCOTT PALMER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If Mr. J. B. Wallis had laid to heart Burns's lines,

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourself as others see us!"

he would know that it is not your contributor's article but his own letter which is emphatically "curious." He tells us with pompous unction that he "respects orthodox beliefs." What ineffable condescension! The colossal genius of Mr. Wallis actually deigns to "respect the beliefs" of Jesus of Nazareth, and Paul of Tarsus, and John the son of Zebedee! Hear, ye Heavens, and give ear, O Earth! Yet he is so ignorant of these beliefs that he writes, "Intellectually the Unknownable of Herbert Spencer is a higher conception than that of the theologians," which is as meaningless as it would be to say: "Intellectually the Differential Calculus is a higher conception than Shakespearean tragedy." If he really imagines that spiritual and moral truth moves on the same plane as mathematical and scientific, and that the same measure can be applied to the Law of Love and the Law of Duty as to the Law of Gravitation, he has prosecuted his studies in Religion and Philosophy to little purpose. He disclaims an "arrogant assumption of superiority," and yet scoffs at "antiquated, meaningless ceremonies and fruitless prayer," and puts forth a ridiculous parable about "men half-way up a mountain." What would he say if I were to compare his "antiquated, meaningless and fruitless" faith in the Unknownable to the negro worship of Mumbo Jumbo? And pray who are the "we" for whom Mr. Wallis claims to speak? Who is he that he should determine what "true Agnosticism" is and implies? How many thousands of Agnostics have with one voice elected him as their Coryphaeus and High Priest? I have the honour to number Agnostics among the personal friends whom I respect and love; but they are happily, like your contributor and Mr. Palmer, of a very different stamp and a very different intellectual calibre from Mr. Wallis.

I fail to understand the sneer, "now that they have grudgingly conceded our right to live." I cannot conceive that any human being would think it worth his while to burn Mr. Wallis, except in a country where fuel was a superfluous commodity.

In conclusion, Mr. Wallis need not with eager vehemence disavow any connection with "the Churches," for "the Churches" hold humility to be one of the distinctive Christian virtues; and humility is the very last virtue of which his bitterest enemy would accuse Mr. Wallis.

A GNOSTIC.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the hope of forestalling possible shafts of wit about "cobwebs in even an Agnostic's brain," and so forth, may I inform the learned persons who, I feel sure, are hastening to set me right, that profound cogitation convinces me I ought to have written "Agnostic fly" instead of "Agnostic spider." I had been reading one of Mr. Drummond's letters a few minutes before, and I think that is partly why I have thus been caught "tripping." It seems for the moment to have cast a spell over me!

J. B. WALLIS.

Nov. 3.

SALOPIAN TRANSLATORS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As an old Salopian, I must tilt a lance with Professor Tyrrell on behalf of the old school. The Professor's dictum that in Salopians' translations "we do not meet happy *tours de force*, which in neglecting the letter to some extent perfectly preserve the spirit" (a dictum not unlike something he has delivered before in the *Saturday Review*), is illustrated by "such as . . . another composer's." Unfortunately this example is from the pen of a Salopian! See "*Sabrinae Corolla*," p. 207.

S. HASWELL.

WASHINGTON AND PUBLIC OPINION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In concluding his notice of "The Letters and Recollections of George Washington," your Reviewer quotes the following sentence from one of the letters:

"I find another of the Federal Judges has by his death occasioned a vacancy in the district of Pennsylvania. As some have and others will unquestionably apply for the appointment, I wish you would use every *indirect* means in your power to ascertain the public opinion with respect to the fittest character as a successor to Hopkinson. Pursue the same mode to learn who it is thought would fill the present auditor's office (as he will be appointed comptroller) with the greatest ability and integrity."

Commenting on this your Reviewer says: "It would hardly have been thought that Washington cared twopence for public opinion, and the confession brings out an unexpected flaw in his character." This I take to be an entire misapprehension of Washington's motive.

In an earlier letter in this volume Washington, writing to the same person (his secretary) tells him, as the family was about to move to Philadelphia to reside: "As we shall have new connections to form with different tradesmen (to) find out those in each branch who stand highest for skill and fair-dealing." Washington meant no more in one case than he did in the other. He did not "care twopence" for public opinion; and had no desire to conciliate it in making an appointment. What he did desire was, in making an appointment, to take public opinion as a guide (as he could personally know nothing about the majority of the applicants) in selecting the fittest man. The same method is followed in making the majority of Presidential appointments in America to-day.

Even if the reading of the passage were not, as it seems to me, obvious, it would be absurd to base upon it the suggestion of a "flaw" in his character which everything that we know of him—every act of his public life—proves did not exist.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

October 31.

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review, on the 27th inst., of the eighteenth-century stage there occur some bewildering statements which should not pass without comment. Your Reviewer says: "The world will always contain many Tolstois, Johnsons and Stigginses—men whom either a total ignorance of the drama or a total lack of the power of making-believe renders enemies to the actor and his art." Without discussing the propriety of conjoining the name of Stiggins with those of Tolstoy and Johnson—men of eminent sincerity of character—it may be pointed out that Stiggins long and successfully made believe that he practised the virtue of temperance. The attribution to Tolstoy and Johnson of ignorance of the drama argues at least a grave defect of recollection on the part of the reviewer. Tolstoy is himself a dramatist: his comedy, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, was introduced to the English reading public by Mr. Pinero in 1891 in the following words: "This curiously close study of Russian peasant character, and satire on the fads and extravagances of modern society in the land of the Muscovite, will doubtless be eagerly examined by English readers who may be interested in the dramatic methods of a novelist so eminent as the author of 'Anna Karenina' and 'The Kreutzer Sonata.'"

The reference to Johnson is not less mistaken. Johnson's tragedy of *Irene* was one of his first essays in literature, and was produced by Garrick at Drury Lane in 1740 with the personal assistance of the author at rehearsal. Has it also been forgotten that Johnson's edition of Shakespeare was the next in order of date after that of Warburton?

Your Reviewer proceeds: "The post-Cibber 'reform' of the drama meant the substitution, by Steele and his more lachrymose followers, of the sentimental comedy that was as tearful as the tragedy."

In the first place, the Reviewer's chronology seems to be defective. Steele ceased to write for the stage in 1723, and died in 1729, while Cibber's continued activity is evidenced by his *Cæsar in Egypt* (1725), *Provoked Husband* (1727), *Love in a Riddle* (1728), *Damon and Phyllida* (1729). Cibber did not retire from the stage until 1730, did not publish his "Apology" until 1740, and did not die until 1757. In what conceivable sense, then, is Steele's work referred to as "post-Cibber"?

But what is to be said of the Reviewer's critical observation that Steele was a lachrymose writer and that his comedies were more tearful than tragedies? The author of such an observation can hardly have taken the trouble (if it be a trouble) to read *The Tender Husband*.

—that ingenious and most humorous combination of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and *L'Amour Peintre* of Molière. However, "de gustibus non est disputandum": if your Reviewer finds *The Tender Husband* or *The Merry Wives of Windsor* tearful, there is little to be said.

My purpose in troubling you with this communication is mainly to provide an illustration of the truth of the remark made in another connection by one of your correspondents, who points out that the care bestowed upon the study of writers in the dead languages is not always bestowed upon writers in the vernacular. What prospect of editorial acceptance would await a review in which it was alleged that Seneca was totally ignorant of the drama, that Cæcilius was a post-Terentian dramatist, and that the *Thesmophoriazusæ* was the work of a lachrymose writer?

GEORGE NEWALL.

[Our Reviewer writes: Is not your correspondent a little too anxious to prove the ignorance of myself and your readers? Most of us, I hope, know the plays of both Tolstoy and Johnson, though I should not select *Irene* or the Shakespeare as any proof of knowledge of the acted drama, which was under consideration in my article. Garrick's difficulties in adapting Johnson's tragedy for performance are notorious. I was referring to Johnson's many ill-natured remarks on actors and acting—his "Pooh, sir, Punch has no feelings!" and his "Well, sir, and what are you to-night?" to mention only two—and the passage in Tolstoy's "What is Art?" concerning the opera and the actor with the "fat, white hands"—a passage with which I am sure your correspondent must be well acquainted. The meaning of my sentence I still believe to be perfectly clear. Johnson (who was, indeed, too blind to see the stage well) and Tolstoy are both instances of that lack of the dramatic sense which prevents some from making-believe that the people and events on the stage are "real." For an example of the exactly opposite spirit, see the account of Sir Roger de Coverley at the play in the *Spectator*. Stiggins, on the other hand, suffers from ignorance of the drama. If your correspondent will read my sentence again, he will see that to accuse me of ignorance in the matter is as unjust as it would be for me to accuse him, in view of the last sentence of his penultimate paragraph, of believing that Steele wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

My thanks are due, however, to your correspondent for pointing out a very grave misprint which makes nonsense. The "post-Cibber reformation" should, of course, have read the "post-Collier reformation." That will explain the meaning of my remarks, and remove the stigma of false chronology. I will admit that I seem to be a little hard on Steele and that your correspondent is just in defending him. A less compressed sentence would have made it clearer that I was referring more to Steele's followers—Hugh Kelly, for instance, whom Garrick tried to play off against Goldsmith when Rich produced *The Good-natur'd Man*—than to Steele himself. Steele is not lachrymose; he is not a little mawkish and so paved the way for the comedy I criticised.

Your correspondent, by the way, is himself a little inaccurate and a little hard on Steele. *The Tender Husband* is not, surely, a "combination" of *Le Sicilien* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Dennis was, I believe, the first to point out that the episode of Clerimont disguising himself as a portrait-painter is adapted (and partly translated) from *Le Sicilien*; and Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Aitken and others have made the descent of Parthenissa (Biddy Tipkin) from *Les Précieuses Ridicules* a matter of common knowledge. But the play is not a "combination" of Molière's two, any more than a Christmas pudding is a combination of a half-sovereign and a threepenny bit.]

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED —"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—In the absence of Mr. Bennett from England, I trust that you will allow his publisher a few words of comment upon the notice of his book, "Whom God hath joined —" in your last issue.

Your Reviewer describes the story as "disgusting, sordid, utterly vile." These are strong words. But he admits "such things do happen every day." I retain the admission, and plead that it would fully justify Mr. Bennett even if your Reviewer's adjectives were strictly correct. If facts are ugly the first impulse to bettering the conditions of which they are the outcome will surely be derived from the realisation of how ugly they are. Mr. Bennett is dealing not with facts of nature against which man, it may be urged, can do nothing, and the contemplation of which can only move him to despair or morbid delectation; he is dealing with social facts, with conditions resulting from law made by man, and which can be bettered by the reform of that man-made law. Is it, or is it not, true that the existing law of divorce is capable of being worked so as to inflict upon two human beings the atrocious wrong which Mr. Bennett pictures it as inflicting upon Mrs. Fearn and Lawrence Ridware? If it is, and apparently your Reviewer admits this, the writer is justified in setting forth the wrong as unflinchingly as possible. But in so doing I claim that he has scrupulously avoided any appeal to unavowable tastes. In dealing with a painful and unlovely aspect of modern life his work is serious and honest; the facts are set forth unflinchingly, but fairly. The purpose is that of the social reformer as well as of the artist; but inasmuch as he is an artist, Mr. Bennett trusts to his picture telling its own tale, carrying with it its own lesson.

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our Reviewer replies: I am obliged for the opportunity of making it clear, immediately and emphatically, that I had no intention whatever of accusing Mr. Arnold Bennett of writing a pornographic book. He sheds no glamour on the horrors he describes and hints at; his book is not one that would incite the feeblest character to vice. More than this I cannot say without taking up a great deal of space on a discussion of morality and law which would take us too far afield. But I would record my opinion that Mr. Bennett's book does very little to point out deficiencies in the divorce law. The legal quibble which delayed the Ridware divorce for a period did not prevent Lawrence Ridware getting rid of his wife: her sneers would have been as painful to him in private or at a case heard *in camera* as in open court. Mrs. Fearn, again, had she decided to continue her suit against her husband, could have found ample evidence without calling that of her daughter. At most, if Mr. Bennett's book proves anything, it proves that the machinery of the divorce law is a little cumbrous, not that its principles subject any one to "atrocious wrong." I respect Mr. Bennett's motives; I admire, as I have said, the cleverness of his workmanship: I cannot admit that the terms in which I described his story are too strong.]

"WHITE NIGHTS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reading "Marius the Epicurean" one may almost detect in that selection of "White Nights" the keynote of the book: the hard austerity of purpose, the gem-like flame, which characterises Marius.

Pater has made quite clear what he meant to suggest by that delicate place-name. It is anything but the nocturnal *blanc* of the French phrase. "White Nights" always appeared to my mind as being invested with a moral atmosphere bringing balm and a deliberate moral tonic. That impression may be a little dimmed now, but it has found an echo in the modernity of Meredith:

"Pure from the night and splendid for the day."

MAX JUDGE.

A SUGGESTION TO SPELLING REFORMERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now that the question of spelling reform is under discussion, I would like to draw attention to the misspelling of two very common words, which have by long use obtained a firm hold in the language, though the manifest inaptitude of their moulding cannot fail to occasionally arrest the notice of the thoughtful writer and reader. The first of these is "read," the preterite tense of the verb "to read," from the M.E. *reden*. This last had originally two perfects and two past participles, *redde*, *radde*, and *rad*, *red* respectively; both of which may be found in "Piers Plowman" and in Spenser. The late Professor Whitney, I think, pointed out long ago that "red" was the correct spelling of the preterite and past participial forms; both on etymological and phonetic grounds, as well as from its analogy to "led." M.E. *leden* to lead, made also *ledde*, *ladde*, *led*, *lad*; the last-named being used as a preterite as late as the eighteenth century by Thomson in the "Castle of Indolence" (in imitation of Spenser), when referring to his patron, Lord Lyttleton:

"Aim through their walks the Muses lad."

To illustrate the unpleasant cacophony produced occasionally by the use of the above-named solecism, I will just quote a line I chanced to come across lately in a work of fiction, which ran: "'Read the letter yourself.' She *read* it through." Here the italicised word, occurring as it does after the first word of the sentence, similarly spelt, but with a different enunciation, causes the average reader to halt his perusal in order to get the author's sense. The word is abused simply from the illogical pronunciation accorded to it by constant habit. How easily, and grammatically, too, this might be set right by shortening the word to "red"!

In much the same way "heard," too, offends the eye, as a *fortiori* it certainly jars upon the sensitive ear as "heerd" when occasionally coming from the mouth of the illiterate Cockney. In this case doubtless there may be extenuating circumstances, as Mr. Avary A. Forbes demonstrated in the *Times* of October 8 in a remarkable extract from an old English prose writer, in which I noticed the very word spelt "hard." As the preterite and past principle of M.E. *heren*, to hear, were *herde* and *herd* in Chaucer's time, there would seem to be no radical cause why the word's spelling might not be altered to "herd," conformably to modern ideals.

While certainly loth to advocate changes of a merely capricious kind, and being also entirely opposed to any form of truly phonetic spelling—which in my humble opinion would only produce confusion worse confounded in those priceless treasures of English literature that have been accumulating for centuries—I cannot help thinking, in spite of the wise injunction laid down by the "judicious" Fuller: "Change is not made without inconvenience, even from bad to better"; that a few well-chosen changes in the present orthography of English, more especially in words of Saxon origin—the Romance words are comparatively speaking mere child's play to philologists—would conduce greatly to the conservation and true development of that chastened and virile tongue which has been rendered famous.

by the writings of a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Macaulay, and a Scott. That is to say, some few changes, on the principle of those made at different times in French by the Académie Française, are what I would alone propose.

Scott's orthography, by the bye, particularly in the matter of proper names, is often erratic, and occasionally, I think, abominable.

N. W. H.

Philadelphia.

"SAINT GEORGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of yesterday's date you refer to "a Scottish publication called *Saint George*." This quarterly has many claims to interest, but it cannot claim to be Scottish. It was founded in January 1898 as the organ of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, a society which has always been notable for its list of lecturers. The generous zeal of the lecturers provided a nucleus of material: the quarterly grew rapidly in size and circulation. In 1901 the *Journal of the (London) Ruskin Union* was amalgamated with it, and it has spread far beyond the limits of these societies. It owes its existence to the genius of Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, the present secretary of Toynbee Hall. Its Editorial Board has, it is true, its Scots in the persons of Mr. Lewis Paton (High Master of Manchester Grammar School) and Mr. G. McGegan. But there is, so far as I know, nothing Scottish in the Editor (except that he was the first secretary of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust!), nor in his other colleagues, Mr. T. G. Harvey, L.C.C., the Rev. J. B. Booth, and myself. The editorial office has always been at Bournville, and the London publisher is Mr. George Allen.

You were misled, I think, by the rather exaggerated patriotism with which Mr. Sinclair hails the theory (in itself convincing enough) of Ruskin's Scottish origin.

J. A. DALE.

St. George's House,
Bournville, near Birmingham,
Nov. 4.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire. Edited for the Quatercentenary of the University of Aberdeen by W. M. Ramsay. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 391. Hodder & Stoughton, 20s. net.

[See "Books Received," in the ACADEMY of October 20, p. 404.]

Rhead, G. Woodliscroft. *Chats on Costume.* With 117 illustrations, including 35 line drawings by the author. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 304. Unwin, 5s. net.

[Makes no pretension to be anything more than its title suggests. For reasons of space, neither ecclesiastical nor military costume is dealt with. Bibliography and index.]

Salaman, Malcolm C. *The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art (1540-1800).* With 48 illustrations. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 224. Cassell, 5s. net.

Hayden, Arthur. *Chats on Old Prints.* With 110 illustrations and a coloured frontispiece. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 307. Unwin, 5s. net.

[For the man or woman with a limited income. Bibliography, glossary of terms used, list of engravers, and index.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Maitland, Frederick William. *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen.* 9½ x 7. Pp. 510. Duckworth, 18s. net. (See p. 463.)

[A list of Leslie Stephen's works is given in an appendix.]

Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Letter-Bag.* Edited by George Somes Layard. With recollections of the artist by Miss Elizabeth Croft. With 22 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. xv, 296. Allen, 15s. net.

[See the ACADEMY of September 1, p. 209.]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Golden Staircase. Poems and Verses for Children. Chosen by Louey Chisholm, with pictures by M. Dibdin Spooner. 9½ x 7. Pp. 361. Jack, 7s. 6d. net.

The Enchanted Garden. Tales Told Again by Louey Chisholm, with pictures by Katharine Cameron. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 211. Jack, 7s. 6d. net.

Jameson, E. M. *Peggy Pendleton.* With 8 illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 312. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

Fenn, G. Manville. *Hunting the Skipper; or, The Cruise of the "Seafowl" Sloop.* Illustrated by Harold Piffard. 8 x 5½. Pp. 208. S.P.C.K., 5s.

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Lovell, Lucile. *The Walcott Twins.* Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 211. Turner, Ethel. *In the Mist of the Mountains.* Illustrated by J. Macfarlane. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 267. *The Wonder Book.* A Picture Annual for Boys and Girls. 1907 volume. 10 x 7½. Pp. 255. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d. each.

Saunders, Marshall. *The Story of an Eskimo Dog.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 64. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s.

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Hall, Edith King. *The Story of the Scarecrow.* Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 176. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

I Go A-Walking through the Woods and O'er the Moor. Compiled from "British Birds and their Haunts," by the Rev. C. A. Johns and other works. Illustrations from photographs by Charles Reid. 9 x 5½. Pp. 79. Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.

Simple Simon and his Friends. With illustrations by Charles Crombie. 11½ x 18. Greening, 3s. net.

[An advertisement for a certain flour, disguised as a book for children. The illustrations are admirable, and deserved a better setting. The compiler does not even give the correct version of the well-known "Georgie Porgie" rhyme, and substitutes "When the girls began to cry" for "When the boys came out to play." A reference to the illustration would have shown him his error. We should object to paying 3s. for an advertisement which should have been distributed gratis.]

Scotland's Story. A Child's History of Scotland. By H. E. Marshall. With pictures in colour by J. R. Skelton, John Hassall, and J. Shaw Crompton. 9½ x 7. Pp. 428. Jack, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Hill, Graham. *Guinevere.* A Tragedy in Three Acts. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 108. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.

Rowell, May C.; and Dilley, Joseph J. *Richard's Play.* A Comedietta in One Act. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 16. French, post free, 6d.

[French's Acting Edition. Paper covers.]

ECONOMICS.

Macgregor, D. H. *Industrial Combination.* 9 x 6. Pp. 245. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.

[An attempt to "study the problem of industrial combination from some new points of view." The book, in its original form, was submitted in 1904 to the Fellowship Electors of Trinity College, Cambridge; it has been recast for publication.]

ETHNOLOGY.

Finot, Jean. *Race Prejudice.* Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. 6. Pp. xvi, 320. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

[A plea for amity among nations.]

FICTION.

Atherton, Gertrude. *Resánov.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 345. Murray, 6s.

Tales from the Great City—*Closed Doors.* By the author of "A London Girl." 7½ x 5. Pp. 151. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.

[A feeble novel, purposeless and dull.]

Gallon, Tom. *Fortunes A-Begging.* A Romance. 8 x 5½. Pp. 316. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Douglas-Hamilton, Mrs. A. *Leone; a Tale of the Jesuits.* Edited by her Daughter, Lady Dunbar of Mochrum. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 476. Long, 6s.

Fleming, Guy. *A Voyage of Discovery, and other stories.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 308. Lane, 6s.

[Three short stories.]

Bashford, H. H. *The Trail Together: an Episode.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 233. Heinemann, 6s.

Ewes, Basil. *Empire.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 391. Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 6s.

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Gould, Nat. *The Pet of the Public.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 158. Long, 1s.

[Paper covers.]

Onions, Oliver. *Back o' the Moon, and other Stories.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 348. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

[One long and four short stories.]

Watson, Gilbert. *Skipper.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 356. Blackwood, 6s.

Mr. R. S. Warren Bell's new book, "Cox's Cough Drops" (Arrowsmith), was announced last week in error as a Children's book. We understand that it is a story for the general reader.

HISTORY.

Hume, Martin. *Queens of Old Spain.* Illustrated. 9 x 6. Pp. 550. E. Grant Richards, 15s. net.

[Isabel the Catholic; Joan the Mad; Mary of England; Isabel of Valois; Isabel of Bourbon; Mariana of Austria; Marie Louise of Orleans; Mariana of Neuburg.]

Pais, Ettore. *Ancient Legends of Roman History.* Translated by Mario E. Cosenza. 9 x 6. Pp. 336. Sonnenschein, 15s.

[The majority of the chapters were prepared as lectures for the Lowell Institute of Boston. The others were read before Columba a University, Harvard University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Chicago. We are not told from what language the book has been translated.]

Sismondi, J. C. L. *History of the Italian Republics in the Middle Ages.* Entirely re-cast and supplemented in the light of subsequent historical research, with a memoir of the author, by William Boulting. 9 x 6. Pp. 822. Routledge, 5s. net.

[In the "Library of Historical and Standard Literature." Bibliography, chronological table, and a full index.]

LITERATURE.

- Columbia University Studies in Classical Philology: *The Stress Accent in Latin Poetry*. By Elizabeth Hickman Du Bois. 7½ x 5. Pp. 96. Macmillan, \$1.25.
- Folliott, Thomas. *The Poetic Spirit*. Studies. 7 x 4½. Pp. 122. Fifield, 3s. net.
- [Contents: A Plea for Poetry—The Spirit of Poetry, The Function of Criticism, The Harmony of Thought, Poetry and the Spirit of Science; and chapters on The Philosophy of Omar Khayyám.]
- Clark, Andrew. *A Bodleian Guide for Visitors*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 128. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d. net.
- [Describes the chief things which "absolute strangers" can see for themselves within the library and without; and gives the important facts of its history and fortunes.]
- Lang, Andrew. *Homer and his Age*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 336. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Claremont, Leopold. *The Gem-Cutter's Craft*. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 296. Bell, 15s. net.
- [By a practical gem-cutter. An attempt to convey, by a few short descriptions and photographs and without technicalities, a general impression of the appearance, etc., of the different kinds of gem-stones, together with an outline of the industry and craft of gem-cutting. Bibliography and index.]
- List of Samplers in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 21. Wyman, 1d.
- [Paper covers.]
- Magelsen, A. *Norway as a Winter and Summer Health Resort*. With a preface by Yngvar Nielson. 8½ x 5½. 1p. 48. Kristiania: Nikolai Olsen, n.p.
- [A scientific account of the peculiar advantages offered by the Norwegian climate, with special reference to the inland health resorts. Rendered into English by John Sørensen. Paper covers.]
- Synge, M.B. *A Short History of Social Life in England*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 407. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- [Explains that William the Conqueror used his fingers to convey food to his mouth, that the two thousand cooks of Richard II. could not make a mince-pie or a plum-pudding, that George I. had no umbrella, and so on.]
- Morel, E. D. *Red Rubber*. With an introduction by Sir Harry H. Johnston and 2 maps. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 213. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
- [The story of the rubber slave trade flourishing on the Congo in the year of grace 1906.]
- Jeppe, Carl. *The Kaleidoscopic Transvaal*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 266. Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d. net.
- [This book," says the author, "is not an attempt to write history. It makes no pretension to minute photographic exactness, but should be looked upon rather as an impressionist sketch, giving the broad sweep of hill and valley, light and shade, as the observer sees them, without details of foliage or flower."]
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- Signs of the Times; or, The Hustler's Almanac for 1907*. By the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." Illustrated by George Morrow. 7½ x 5. Pp. 145. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.
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- Hobhouse, L. T. *Morals in Evolution*. A Study in Comparative Ethics. 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. xvii, 669. Chapman & Hall, 21s. net.
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POETRY.

- Clarke, Isabel. *A Window in Whitechapel, and other verses*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 62. Esdaile, Arundell. *Poems and Translations*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 62. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net each.
- [In the Vigo Cabinet Series. Most of the pieces have appeared in different periodicals.]
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- Fenton, K. *A Farewell to Eton, and other poems*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 85. Elliot Stock, 1s.
- [Lyrics, chiefly of a religious character.]
- Blane, William. *The Silent Land, and other poems*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 244. Elliot Stock, 5s. net.
- [About 100 pieces, mostly written on the Dian and Fields and Gold Fields of South Africa; some have appeared in different English and Colonial periodicals.]
- Κατωρόνης, Η. Σ. *Ευσεβείας Στίχοι*. 5½ x 4. Pp. vi, 118. The Anglo-Oriental Press, 2s. 6d.
- [Sacred poems in Greek.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Nordau, Max. *Paradoxes*. Translated from the fifth German edition by J. R. McIlraith. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 343. *Conventional Lies of our Civilization*. Translated from the seventh German edition. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 346. Popular editions. Heinemann, 6s. each.
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- [Portions of two chapters have already appeared in an American periodical.]

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1802

NOVEMBER 17, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

AN Anthology should always have an object; it should be directed at a certain end and should have certain strongly marked characteristics. No anthology that is intended to fit all moods is likely to fit any mood in particular. It is not meant for study: for that readers must go to the complete works of the poet in question: it is meant for recreation, edification and delight, and it must tell us clearly what we shall find within its covers and where we shall find it, so that there shall be no bad shots and no laborious or disappointed turning over of pages. These needs are being more and more recognised by anthologists and are admirably supplied by two delightful books before us, Mr. Arthur Symons's "Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry," and Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Pilgrim's Way." Both, thanks to the knowledge, taste and purpose of their compilers, are among the best anthologies in the language.

The difference between them is wide; and the difference, as it should be, is clearly marked in the many titles. Mr. Symons's is a pageant; a thing we go to see in holiday mood, leaving our cares behind us, children for the time as much as the street-urchins perched on the railings hard by, intent only on enjoying the "happy tumult," "the sunlight" and the "good marching music." A pilgrimage is undertaken in holiday mood, too; there is the same bravery, the same readiness to enjoy anything that may come; but beneath that lies how grave a mood, how sweet and serious a purpose! When I go on my pilgrimage, writes Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in another brave book, his "Hills and the Sea," "I must get myself into the frame of mind that carries an invisible burden, an eye for happiness and suffering, humour, gladness at the beauty of the world, a readiness for raising the heart and the vastness of a wide view, and especially a readiness to give multitudinous praise to God. . . . It is surely in the essence of a pilgrimage that all vain imaginations are controlled by the greatness of our object."

And that control runs through all Mr. Quiller-Couch's volume. His pilgrimage is the life of man; and his day's march this or that quality that belongs to this or that stage in the pilgrimage. And so, while Mr. Symons gives us the "shining disorder" of the procession bidding us sit still and watch, until the gorgeous music fades into the silence of the grave, leaving us feeling a little sad and lonely but full of remembered joy at the bravery we have seen, Mr. Quiller-Couch takes us by the hand and leads us in a procession of our own, sterner but no less brave, graver but no less full of joy. The difference of attitude is very characteristic of the two compilers; but so wide is the field of life and so lavish are the gifts of literature that both books (each the work of a man who has the right to choose for us) should lie by the bed-head for joy and for consolation.

A dictionary of a new kind, and an ingenious kind, is Miss Elsie M. Lang's "Literary London," which gives in alphabetical order the streets and spots of London and the suburbs where men and women of letters have lived, with brief accounts, occasionally, of what they wrote or did there. There are plenty of books on literary London, not one that we know of which gives its information in so accessible a form. It is a great pity, therefore, that the idea is carried out so baldly and incompletely. Miss Lang still believes that Margaret Roper rescued her father's head from London Bridge, and swallows all the traditions told one on pudding-day at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese." She makes no mention under Chelsea of the house of George Herbert's step-father, Sir John Danvers; insufficient details are given of the Ruskin house on Herne Hill; Lamb's residence in Colebrook Row, Islington, the house to which he brought Emma Isola, is not mentioned, nor is Beckford's house in Devonshire Place; and we should have imagined that Garrick—as one of the best epigrammatists of his day if not as playwright—was sufficiently a man of letters to justify the mention of his house in Southampton Street, Strand. The omission of all reference to living authors is perhaps wise, but a companion volume, or the second edition of this, must show much more fully the other side of the picture—the streets and houses of London in imaginative literature. Miss Lang gives "Mr. Tulkinghorne's" in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Pendennis in the Temple; but she treats of Kensington Square without mentioning the Esmond house, and actually touches Vauxhall without referring to Jos Sedley. A chaotic index, which confuses the author of "Erewhon" with the author of "Hudibras" and gives innumerable wrong references, adds nothing to the value of the book.

One of the handiest editions of Shakespeare we have seen lately is that just issued by Messrs. Dent in Everyman's Library. The whole work of the poet is contained in three little volumes, Comedies in one, Tragedies in another, Histories and Poems in a third; and each volume has its glossary, while the introductory matter is confined to a brief biographical notice at the beginning of the Comedies. What text has been followed the editor does not say, but that is a matter in which the general reader will not interest himself so closely as he should. He will doubtless be satisfied to have a truly "pocket edition," in which the type is large and clear and the paper not too thin to turn with ease.

And while we are touching on reprints, we must offer a welcome to a very admirable series just inaugurated by a firm whose reprints are deservedly valued: Messrs. Routledge's new "London Library." We have on our table six handsome red buckram volumes, well printed, well bound, and—what is more—well edited: Jowett's "Interpretation of Scripture" and other Essays, with Sir Leslie Stephen's Life of Jowett; Hogg's Life of Shelley, with an introduction by Professor Dowden; new editions (revised by the original editor) of Professor Firth's Newcastle Memoirs and Hutchinson's Memoirs; Mr. Sidney Lee's Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography, and G. H. Lewes's Life of Goethe. An excellent selection; one which the true book-lover will long to possess. The volumes are delightful to read and to handle, and portraits and indexes add to their charm and their value. The price (2s. 6d. each) seems incredibly small—even after recent statements made about the cost of book-production.

Professor Wilamowitz-Moellendorf has found the sources of "Baron Münchhausen," alias "Baron Krach," whom many of us, and the fathers and grandsires of most of us, have enjoyed in youth. After the recent taboo of Greek by a contemporary, we can only with bated breath confess that one of the Baron's prototypes is Antiphanes, of

Berge. Now "Berge is a village in the land of the Bisaltians, as thou goest up stream along the Strymon, distant from Amphipolis about 200 stades," as Strabo says. And another, whom it is perhaps wicked to mention in or out of Parliament—one Stephen of Byzantium—says that "to be a man of Berge is to speak nothing true." Pytheas and Euhemeros were good liars, but nothing to Antiphanes, who travelled in the North. It was in the Southernmost South, however, that the others found most matter for leeing. The city is anonymous in which Antiphanes "heard the sounds (in summer) which had been frozen the previous winter," in the fourth century, B.C.

Splendide mendax, is Antonius Diogenes, "father of such inventions," who flourished about—or before—Alexander of Macedon. This Antony's "True History" is so carefully compiled that it seems not "to be widowed of witnesses," while all the time its Gasconing is in the Tartarin vein. Occasionally, however, with allowance for latitude and longitude, he accidentally stumbles on *banal* truth, such as the Midnight Sun in Thule. Ctesias and Sammonicus seem to have committed the same veracity. We may, perhaps, add to the "black list" Timæus and Pytheas. It is so hard to lie artistically and continuously.

This tale of Thule became so famous that "incredible beyond Thule," was a punning description of falsehood of that "fabled" spot, of what was to the north of it, and of what exceeded the stories concerning the same. To do this last was to cap a climax. No doubt, Antiphanes could not have invented the whole of the Baron, as we now have him. Münchhausen is the father of all the flotsam and jetsam mythological, due to two millennia and upward. It was well, however, to show Antiphanes's part in building up the Baron; before the tongue of Hellas is still as Memnon; before the Classics follow Pan into the Silent Land, or quit the world for good, like Astræa.

Some time ago our contemporary *The Bookman* offered three prizes of £100 each for stories for Boys, Girls, and little Children: and the three winning stories have just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The Boy's book is "For the Admiral" by W. J. Marx, a tale of France in the days of the sixteenth-century Huguenot troubles: the Girls' Book and the Children's book are both the work of Miss Christina Gowans Whyte; the former being called "The Story Book Girls," and the latter (a most attractive quarto with lots of good pictures by M. V. Wheelhouse) "The Adventures of Merrywink." All three look fascinating and will be examined at greater length shortly. We notice in each volume a slip giving particulars of an ingenious competition for young readers. The competitors are to summarise Mr. Herbert Strang's story, "Samba," and explain what it teaches. For the winner there is a noble prize of three guineas, and five consolation prizes of half a guinea. Would this come under the head of "American methods"?

The sale of the Trentham Hall Library, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, begins on Monday, November 19, at Messrs. Sotheby's, and continues during the five following days. It comprises about one thousand eight hundred lots, and although it is of a general nature on every day books of special interest and unusual value will be brought to the hammer. Amongst the manuscripts we note an unpublished autograph manuscript by Chalonier, a connection of the "Lord Faulconberg" whom he accompanied, entitled, "His Travells in One Thousand Six Hundred and Eighty-Seven with my Ld. Kingston and Lord Fanshaw," and "A Relation of ye Embassy of his Ex^{ty} ye Earl of Faulconberg, Ambassador Extraordinary from King Charles ye 2nd in 1670 to ye Duke of Savoy, ye Republic of Genna," etc.; an heraldic

manuscript containing thirteen thousand five hundred painted coats of arms, being an armorial of English Families; "[Speculum Vitae or Mirrour of Life]," an interesting English manuscript Poem, attributed to Richard Rolle of Hampole, the author of the "Pricke of Conscience" and other works of the fourteenth century. This manuscript is on vellum. There are several Books of Hours from early presses, including one with designs by Geoffry Tory, 1549.

Rare books are pretty numerous. We have a first edition of Thomas Coryat's "Crudities hastily gobbled up in five moneths Travells in France" and "newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset," 1611, and a *Black Letter* copy of Sir Thomas Eliot's "The Boke named the Governour," printed by Thomas Berthelet in 1537; Pynson's Original Edition of Froissart's Chronicles, *Black Letter*. 1523-5; Berthelet's First Edition of Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, *Black Letter*, 1532; Higden's Polycronicon, 1527; many rare original editions and fine copies of Lutheran pamphlets and books, a large and clean copy of the First Edition, 1584, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*; and a Third Folio of Shakespeare.

Amongst fine books there are Gould's Ornithological Works, original subscriber's copies, beautifully coloured, seventeen volumes, imperial folio; large paper copies of Dibdin's *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* and other Works, a set in large paper of Francis Grose's Works, the Engraved Works of Piranesi, twenty-three vols.; and the Original Edition of Sibthorp's *Flora Graeca*, ten volumes, folio, a magnificent botanical work rarely appearing.

The Institute of Oceanography which Paris owes to the Prince of Monaco, was inaugurated last week, when a lecture was delivered by Dr. Joubin, of the Natural History Museum, to a crowded audience in the Geological Theatre of the Sorbonne, the Prince himself presiding. The Institute was formally endowed and connected with the University of Paris in the spring, and to this liberality the Prince added the gift of the laboratories and collections forming the famous Marine Museum at Monaco. These will be installed in special buildings on a site between the Rue d'Ulm and the Rue St. Jacques (behind the Pantheon) acquired by the University in virtue of a subvention from the Prince. The lectures now started are free and open to the public and they will be given four days a week; the *cours* on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the *conférences* on Saturdays. According to the terms of the statutes the scientific work will be directed by an International Committee of Experts, who have made their mark in oceanography. The total value of the gift amounts to about 10,000,000, roughly £400,000, one of the largest sums ever made over to scientific purposes by a single benefactor.

A novel suggestion, which should be welcome to the abused publishers, appears in a recent number of the *Oxford Magazine*. Referring to Messrs. Dent's new series of College Histories, the editor expresses the opinion that that it ought to be a point of honour with every member of the college described, not only to possess the book, but to know it. He even suggests that the Matriculation Examination should be stiffened by making the history of the college a compulsory subject. It is a good idea: it would lead, we believe, to increased pride in membership of an august and historical body, and might help to lessen the number of cases of such gross ingratitude and selfishness as were displayed in an unfortunate speech made not long ago by a prominent politician. And we feel sure that the publishers in question would not object.

The Italian Ministry of Public Instruction is to be congratulated if, as is credibly reported, it has decided to allow the exportation to England of Sir Henry Layard's famous collection of Old Masters. No other decision could

justly be arrived at, for not only were all Sir Henry's pictures, save one, acquired in 1868, that is before the Italian law of exportation came into force; but the collection was in that year housed in England and consequently was brought into Italy from abroad. During the life of Lady Layard it is improbable that the collection will be seen in England, but certain things will eventually come to the National Gallery. Among the most precious of the Layard paintings are Gentile Bellini's *Adoration of the Magi*, and the famous portrait of Mahomet II., painted during Bellini's stay at Constantinople. A fine Carpaccio, *St. Ursula Taking Leave of Her Parents*, and works by Montagna, Moroni, Moretto, Alvise Vivarini are all included in this collection, which is peculiarly rich in good examples of the lesser known Florentine and Venetian painters.

The Irish National Theatre Company has begun a new season at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, with the production of two new plays and an old one, by Lady Gregory and Mr. William Boyle. For *The Gaol Gate*, by Lady Gregory, the term "tragedy" used on the programme is too grandiloquent. There are but three persons and one scene; the high gate of the gaol occupies almost all the stage, and before it two women wait for news of their kinsman. When they learn that he has died rather than betray his comrade, they keen him with a lament that rises to a song of triumph. It is hardly even a "play" in the technical sense of the term, though it is none the less beautiful for its limitations. The archaic peasant dialect which Lady Gregory employs in this piece has already been used by her in *Spreading the News* and her other lighter studies of West of Ireland life.

The other new production was *The Mineral Workers* by Mr. William Boyle, a three-act comedy of modern Irish life, which contains much amusing dialogue, intimate knowledge of familiar Irish "types," and some slight psychological interest. The action centres round the familiar figures who discuss the industrial problems of modern Irish life—the Irish-American engineer, the old farmer, the professional politician. To the really fine acting of Mr. W. E. Fay as Fogarty much of the success of the play was undoubtedly due.

In *The Arrow*, the new official organ of the National Theatre Society, Mr. W. B. Yeats announces that, having developed the peasant play, the Society is now prepared to "take up the life of our drawing-rooms and see if there is something characteristic there, something which our nationality may enable us to express better than others, and so create plays of that life, and means to play them as truthful as a play of Hauptmann's or of Ibsen's upon the German or Scandinavian stage." All this . . . "if but the dramatist arrive." We echo Mr. Yeats's hope that he may.

In the course of a few days the clerical protagonists of the Education controversy each used a quotation divorced from the spirit and intention of its context. The Archbishop of Canterbury led off with a comparison of the Bill to the maid "whom there were none to praise and very few to love." Now the context of Wordsworth's poem shows that this characteristic was, in the poet's view, far from a drawback. Was there no Wordsworthian on the Government benches—say the member who later risked a laugh by describing a clause of the Bill as "one of its charms"—to retort that, if the measure, like the maid, perished, the archbishop, in order to be consistent with his quotation, should be one of its mourners. "But she is in her grave, and oh the difference to me." Dr. Clifford in exhorting his friends to "Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n"—was quoting Milton's Satan, and is supposed not to have known it. If the devils may quote Scripture for their purpose, may not an angel quote Satan? In any case, Satan and his fellows stand for the spirit of revolt.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures: 'adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.

Royal Geographical Society, the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W.—Monday, November 19: Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner, "The Seychelle Islands."

British Museum (Natural History) Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum, at 6 P.M. Swiney Lectures on Geology: Monday, November 19, Lecture VII., Scandinavia and Arctic Europe. Wednesday, November 21, Lecture VIII., European Alps. Friday, November 23, Lecture IX., Eastern Plain of Europe and Caucasus. Illustrated by Lantern Slides.

Sociological Society, 24 Buckingham Street, Strand.—Monday, November 19, 8 P.M. Paper contributed by Professor Motora (of Japan) on Japanese Character.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, November 19. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers. Wednesday, November 21: Opening address of the One Hundred and Fifty Third Session, by Sir Steuart Colvin Bayley, K.C.S.I., Chairman of the Council.

The Jewish Historical Society of England.—Session 1906-1907. Inaugural Meeting. The Presidential Address will be delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. M. Gaster (Haham), on Monday, November 19, at University College, London, at 8.30 P.M.

Royal Microscopical Society, 20 Hanover Square.—Wednesday, November 21, 8 P.M. Mr. J. W. Gordon on "The Use of a Top-Stop for Developing Latent Powers of the Microscope."

Royal Meteorological Society.—At the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Wednesday, November 21, 7.30 P.M. Papers to be read: (1) "The International Congress on Polar Exploration at Brussels, September 1906." Report by Hugh Robert Mill. (2) "The Abnormal Weather of the past Summer, and some of its Effects," by William Marriott.

Art Exhibitions.—Grafton Galleries: Works of the late Archibald Stuart Wortley.—Views of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens by Mary L. Breakell. Open to December 3.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie Cheyne Art Club: Pictures and sculpture: October 26 to November 23.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to January 1.—Graves Galleries: London Sketch Club: October 27 to end of November. Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—Messrs. Dowdeswell: The Society of Twenty-five English Painters: November 2.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—Dickinson. Contemporary Scottish Art. October 27 for three weeks.—R. Gutekunst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Friday, November 2. Exhibition of the portrait of Lord Milner, painted for the Town Council of Johannesburg, and other pictures by M. Theodore Roussel.—Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club: Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. November 10: Tinsel Pictures by Miss Birkenruth and Water-colours by C. A. C. Jeffcock.—Messrs. Graves. Nocturnes in oil by Miss Marguerite Verboeckhoven, November 10 to end of month.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens."—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: November 17. Miniatures by Miss Eulabee Dix. Landscapes in Cornwall and Devon (water-colour) by S. J. Lamorna Birch. Water-colours of Cities of Spain by Henry C. Brewer.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.

Plays: November 29 at Chester. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*. November 20. Professor Gollancz will lecture on the plays at Chester. The performance will be repeated at the Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, on December 4, 5 and 6, at 9 P.M., and December 4 and 6, at 3.30 P.M.—Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—November 16 and 17, 8.30. Scala Theatre. In aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor: *A Simple Sweep*, by F. W. Broughton, music by Father James F. Downes; *La Jalouse*, by J. A. Bleackley, and *The Minstrel*, by J. A. Bleackley, music by Father Downes.

Concerts.—Queen's Hall: November 17. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Bechstein Hall: November 17. Pachmann 3.15.—Queen's Hall: November 18. London Symphony Orchestra (Stanford), 3 P.M.—Queen's Hall: November 19. London Symphony Orchestra (Achter), 8 P.M.—Bechstein Hall: November 19. Bispham, 3 P.M.—Aeolian Hall: November 20. Bühlig, 8.30 P.M.—Queen's Hall: November 21, Joachim, 3 P.M.—Bechstein Hall: November 21. Beecham (orchestral), 8.30 P.M.—Bechstein Hall: November 22. Bauer, 3 P.M.—Bechstein Hall: November 23. Joachim, 8 P.M.

LITERATURE

PROFUNDO PINDARUS ORE

The Olympian Odes of Pindar. Translated into English verse by
CYRIL MAYNE, M.A. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.)

JUST thirty years ago teachers and learners alike welcomed the prose translation of the Odes of Victory, by Ernest Myers. It was a real work of art, and is still the only resource for Greekless readers of Pindar, and the best for students and scholars. The verse renderings, of course, cannot pretend to adhere at all as closely to the original. However, there are many who will have their poet in verse, and such will find Mr. Mayne's book a boon. It is as literal as can be reasonably expected, the metres and rhymes are excellent, and we constantly find the glowing fire flashing out from the hard quartz-rock in which it is embedded. I would especially refer our readers to the sublime passage in the second ode which glorifies the abode of the Blest in a future world, and to the story of Iamus in the sixth. The only thing in the nature of a foreword is a very pretty and spirited English sonnet, a charming substitute for the conventional Preface.

It is not long since an article in the ACADEMY treated of Bacchylides, the younger contemporary of Pindar, and touched on some striking differences in their artistic methods. It may be interesting here to consider the "Odes of Victory" as poems. In a future article it may be possible to consider specially the style and peculiar technique of Pindar's work.

Pindar is the lyric poet of Greece, the poet who is as finely touched as Sappho and touched to far finer issues, inasmuch as he has left to us not a mere handful of gold-dust, but a rich casket of shining gems. I doubt if there is a single poet in all literature to whom a formal introduction is more indispensable, and I doubt if ever a student has come to the first reading of Pindar without a sense of disappointment. Here is a poet who was an inspired sage in the eyes of Hellas, who loomed large beside Homer and Archilochus, whose casual utterances were sacred to Plato and Cicero, and whom Horace selected as the type of the inimitable. And yet nearly all of his work which has come down to us consists of what we should call occasional pieces, installation odes, just that kind of literature which seems to us incapable of rising to anything like real greatness.

The verdict accordingly of modern times has been by no means so enthusiastic as that of antiquity. Many modern critics have failed to see why poems dealing with such an apparently inconsiderable theme as (say) the victory of a boy in a wrestling match should be conceived in such a strain—a strain almost burthened with a sense of the importance and dignity of the subject. Hence Voltaire speaks of Pindar as an inflated Theban, a singer of fisticuffs, a First Violin at the court of Hiero. English critics too, though not so outspoken as the French—they never are—secretly sympathise with the Voltairean view and temper formal eulogies with apologies for turgidity and bombast. They burn incense, as it were, with one hand, and snap their fingers in the poet's face with the other. Nor ought we to be surprised at this state of mind when we consider the extraordinary character of those poems of Pindar which have come down to us in a completed state. These are the series of odes, nearly fifty in number, which commemorate victories in the four great national contests of Greece. How is it that these games and these poems kindled in the poet and in the Greeks at large an inspiration and an enthusiasm as vivid as have in other ages been awakened by love, hate, war, destiny, patriotism, religion? *

To answer this question we must briefly consider the public games of Greece. They were to the Greeks not only a test of nationality and an outward and visible sign

* In dealing with Pindar I have taken some of my illustrations from an article on the "Odes of Victory" by me, which was published nearly twenty years ago in the *Quarterly Review*.

of Greek unity, but they also gathered about them a thousand associations as social tests and proofs of cultured opulence. The Greek who aspired to be a man of fashion felt that he was nobody until he had contended in the public games. Just as an English nobleman is sent to one of the great public schools, then to one of the great Universities, and finally develops perhaps, into a Master of the Hounds, so an Athenian or Aeginetan young man of fashion entered a four-horse chariot for the race at Olympia or competed in the *pentathlon* at Nemea. It is remarkable that success in the games was not the essential condition of securing the social cachet aimed at. Pindar often tells with pride how the family which he is glorifying competed generation after generation, though without success; just as an English gentleman likes to think that his people had always gone to Eton or Harrow, to Oxford or Cambridge, though perhaps none of them ever attained any distinction either at the school or at the University. However, victory in the games had its political weight. It is a great help to a modern Prime Minister to win the Derby. It saved Alcibiades at a very critical moment when two of seven chariots entered by him won the first and second prizes on the Elean Plain. Indeed, such a distinction would have been even more valuable to a brilliant young Athenian than the Blue Ribbon of the Turf would now be to a Premier, for we must remember that the poor Greeks were heathens and had no nonconformist conscience.

There is another remarkable point of contact between the English and the Greek mind. With both the desirability of keeping up the breed of horses assumes almost the proportions of a religion. In eulogising a Sicilian prince Pindar says of him: "August he was in his converse with citizens, and he upheld the breed of horses after the Hellenic wont." Could such a sentiment have proceeded from a poet of any other nation but Hellas, save only England, and could it have been the glorification of any person or personage save an ancient Greek or a modern Englishman?

Not less important were the commercial and religious aspects of the games. During the five days which they occupied a holy truce was proclaimed through all Greece. Busy traffic went on among traders who brought their wares from all parts of the world to the great Synod of Hellas; and the moon looked down on a busy revel by night. The games were a religious rite as well as an athletic test, and to all those influences must be added what Isocrates in his *Panegyricus* especially emphasises—a kind of prevailing Christmas feeling of peace on earth, goodwill towards men, such as is awakened within us by the great festivals of the Church.

Hence it is that the Ode of Victory is a thing unique in literature, partaking of the nature of an oratorio, a ballad, and a collect. The poet is at the same time a priest, a conductor, a ballet-master, and a preacher of the word, paid, as our clergy are paid for being professional conductors of public worship. The ode was heard with a feeling compounded of that with which one listens to an anthem, and that with which one witnesses the victory of one's old school at cricket.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

(The second article will appear next week.)

THE "IMPROVERS" OF SHAKESPEARE

Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare. By FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE, Ph.D. (Boston, U.S.: The Poet Lore Company, \$1.50.)

THE author of this little book has produced a useful and convenient handbook to an interesting and somewhat neglected subject. He has given an excellent account of the alterations made by self-elected "improvers" of Shakespeare, but if he had arranged the plays, both in order of merit and in chronological order of the respective improvements, we should have learnt more that we want to know respecting the influence of Shakespeare on the

history of the Stage. It may seem unfair for a critic to complain that an author has not done what he never intended to do. At the same time we can say that, as the plays attributed to Shakespeare are unequal in merit, we mete out a larger share of condemnation to the "improvers" of the greater plays than to those who altered the lesser plays; thus those who have maimed *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *The Tempest* and *Romeo and Juliet*, we look upon as criminals, whose crime is unforgivable, while we are almost indifferent to the vagaries of the "improvers" of *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI.* The subject is a wide one, and we do not propose to do more in reviewing Mr. Kilbourne's book than to notice the effect of Shakespeare's genius on the Restoration stage, omitting generally the consideration of the alterations made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The "improvers" of Shakespeare in the seventeenth century were a strange company—there were men who greatly admired Shakespeare and yet showed themselves blind to his beauties when they came to alter his plays for the stage, such as Davenant, Dryden, Lewis Theobald and Otway, and those from whom nothing good was to be expected, such as Tom Durfey, Lacy and Nahum Tate.

The Restoration took the playwrights by surprise, and the managers of the theatres had no new plays ready to perform when they again had the ear of the public; therefore they were forced to present the old ones to their patrons. Many of these had not only been unseen during the Commonwealth, but probably had been little acted during the reign of Charles I. These old plays were divided between the managers of the King's Theatre and the Duke's House. Ben Jonson was the first favourite, then came Beaumont and Fletcher, and third in order of public favour was Shakespeare. Pepys during the nine and half years of his life recorded in the Diary saw twelve of Shakespeare's plays, both altered and unaltered. He saw thirteen if we consider the *Two Noble Kinsmen* as partly written by the great poet, for Davenant altered this play into one called *The Rivals* (Diary, September 10, 1664).

This is an excellent proportion, and can be explained by the fact that, although the men of the seventeenth century were unable to appreciate or indeed understand the higher flights of Shakespeare's genius, they were able to admire the strength of his chief characters, which exactly fitted the marvellous power of the great actors of that age headed by Betterton. It is not easy to fix the date of the earliest alterations, because the rewritten plays were often not printed until long after they were acted. The earliest of these appear to have been Davenant's *Law against Lovers* (*Measure for Measure*), James Howard's *Romeo and Juliet*, Davenant's *Macbeth*, Davenant and Dryden's *Tempest*, and Lacy's *Sawney the Scot* (*Taming of the Shrew*). The alterations of the other plays seem to have become more common about twenty years after the Restoration.

Davenant's *Macbeth* was first acted in 1663. Pepys saw it in 1664, yet it was not published until 1674, and the original play was published one year before with the names of the actors then appearing at the Duke's Theatre. Oddly enough, as *Macbeth* was first published in the first folio (1623), this edition of 1673 is the first quarto edition of the play.

Sawney the Scot, or The Taming of the Shrew, by John Lacy, was seen by Pepys in April 1667, but the play was not printed until 1698. In the old play, *Taming of a Shrew*, which was the foundation of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, the hero's servant is named Sander, and this apparently gave Lacy the absurd idea of turning Grumio into a Scotsman.

The comic and fairy portions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have been more often presented separately on the stage than as a whole. The *Fairy Queen* was brought out in 1692, and much earlier a dramatic piece was made of the *Humours of Bottom the Weaver*. During the Commonwealth this droll was acted by Robert Cox, who is supposed to have been the author. There is no record of

the acting of the complete play shortly after the Restoration, but Pepys saw it on September 29, 1662, when he expressed the heretical opinion that "it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Now, the droll of the *Humours of Bottom* was printed in 1661, and to save us from believing in Pepys's glaring want of taste we should be pleased to think that he saw this in 1662. We fear, however, that so trivial a piece was scarcely likely to have been acted at the King's Theatre, but at the same time it is improbable that the original play was acted, as serious pieces of this kind were not suited to the taste of the Restoration public.

One interesting point that is brought out by the investigation of the chronological side of the subject is that two of the greatest plays escaped mutilation, viz., *Othello* and *Hamlet*. Garrick was the first to alter the latter play. It is satisfactory to know that the *Hamlet* in the representation of which character Betterton made his most triumphant success was really the work of Shakespeare.

In order to understand to some extent the ruthless alteration of plots and language, we must remember that the strong French influence among the dominant writers after the Restoration had caused so great a change in the literary language that the men of that period were farther off from the understanding of the vocabulary of Chaucer and Shakespeare than we are to-day. They considered obsolete what we look upon as our common language. Words which are in common use with us were often supposed to need a gloss. Their taste was so vitiated by a widespread belief that theirs was a peculiarly refined age, that they considered language rude which we hold to be supreme in beauty.

We are inclined to resent the form of Voltaire's opinion on Shakespeare, but Dryden and his followers went further than Voltaire in condemnation of his "rude speech." It is strange that Davenant, who is rightly considered to be the main link with the Elizabethans, and was proud of his connection with Shakespeare, and Dryden, who wrote some of the earliest and finest criticisms on Shakespeare, should have been amongst the greatest offenders in the travesty of the poet's works. In the *Tempest* Dryden doubtless did little to the play himself, but he committed the offence of expressing approval of Davenant's desecration of Shakespeare's art.

Mr. Kilbourne is wrong in his account of the alterations of *The Tempest*. It is only the 1670 edition for which Davenant and Dryden are responsible. The 1674 edition represents Shadwell's change of the play into an opera, which contains the elaborate stage directions hitherto attributed to Davenant. All subsequent editions, although they contain Dryden's preface, are merely reprints of Shadwell's opera. There is no cause, however, for blaming Mr. Kilbourne, because attention has only lately been publicly called to this point.

It is with pain that a lover of Dryden feels bound to condemn him completely, and the only compensation is the remembrance that under the influence of Shakespeare Dryden composed *All for Love*, by far his greatest play.

Justice demands that while complaining of the way in which alteration has been carried out we should acknowledge that alteration of a kind was needed to adapt the plays of the Elizabethan age to the altered conditions of the latter half of the seventeenth century. At all times some alterations will be needed, but they should stop before the plot is spoilt and good language is changed to bad. Although the alteration of *Julius Cæsar* by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was never acted, and is therefore hardly a fair example of the others, the rearrangement of Mark Antony's splendid speech is scarcely an exaggeration of the silly alteration of language which was very general. Here is an extract from this:

Friends, countrymen and Romans, hear me gently;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
Lo here the fatal end of all his glory;
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is often bury'd in their graves;

So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Has told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If he was so, then he was much to blame;
And he has dearly paid for his offense.
I come to do my duty to dead Cæsar.

The æsthetic blindness of these "improvers" of Shakespeare is truly amazing, as when Shadwell said of his version of *Timon of Athens*: "I have made it into a play"! or when George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, allowed his friend, Bevil Higgons, to praise him so crudely in the prologue to the *Jew of Venice*, where the ghost of Shakespeare is made to say, partly in the third person:

The scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
But now improved with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new.
This play, ye critics, shall your fury stand,
Adorned and rescued by a faultless hand.

This was written of a play in which Shylock was lowered to a semi-comic character taken by the low comedian, Dogget, of whom Downes writes: "he is the only comic original now extant; witness, Ben, Solon, Nikin, the Jew of Venice, etc." Betterton acted Bassanio. Genest gives no notice of the acting of the *Merchant of Venice* before 1701, when the *Jew of Venice* was produced. Our grateful appreciation is due to Macklin, who in 1741 valiantly brought back Shakespeare to the stage, although the whole dramatic world was opposed to his bold step. He succeeded, however, and drew from Pope the exclamation: "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew." Genest (1830) says: "From this time [1741] Lansdowne's 'Jew of Venice' has been consigned to oblivion. May Tate's 'Lear' and Cibber's 'Richard the Third' soon share the same fate."

It is impossible to notice all the plays that have been altered, but something may be said of the happy endings and alterations of plots.

Lear and *Romeo and Juliet* are the two chief tragedies that have been supplied with happy endings. Nahum Tate was proud of his handiwork in *Lear*, and we must allow that he was to a certain extent justified by the egregiously bad taste of the public, for a large portion of his alterations continued to be used in the acting version as late as 1824. The clown was expunged from the list of characters, and a love episode provided for Cordelia and Edgar. As to the outrage of continuing life to Lear after all his "living martyrdom," it is enough to refer to Charles Lamb's scathing condemnation, which is known to all. Downes refers to the acting of *Lear* (probably by Betterton) as its author wrote it.

Davenant was specially unfortunate in his alterations, and, as Mr. Kilbourne says: "A characteristic feature of Davenant's alterations" is the duplication of certain characters as seen in the *Tempest* and the *Law against Lovers*. In *Macbeth* he introduces Lady Macduff in several scenes in place of the one in Shakespeare and gives her one hundred and twenty-five lines to speak. This appears to be in order to pair off Macduff and his wife with Macbeth and his wife. He strikes out the Porter's short speech, and thus spoils the marvellous effect of the knocking at the gate, which suddenly relieves the tension caused by the previous silence.

On the whole this interesting book presents a serious indictment of the bad taste of the playwrights and playgoers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

CHILDREN OF NATURE

Savage Childhood. By DUDLEY KIDD. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. DUDLEY KIDD has written a most charming and instructive book about the children whom he found in the iKafir kraals. He has observed them with the closeness of one who loves his task and he has not only described

them in admirably chosen language, but has been able to obtain some of the most delightful photographs that we have seen. He says: "The few illustrations given may be better than nothing, but they are inadequate to convey a full impression of the peculiar charm of these delightful little people." Very few would guess from this extremely modest sentence how fine the illustrations really are. But, indeed, in all respects Mr. Dudley Kidd is very unpretentious. He is much more impressed with the extent of the field he has opened, than with the magnitude of his own performance. He begins before birth and sets down the very curious superstitions that affect the woman's conduct before her baby comes into the world.

Even the food the woman eats may most profoundly affect her child. Consequently, when the woman walks about the country, she ties round her ankles small yellow flowers which have the property of undoing evil spells. She keeps in her hut special pots of medicine from which she drinks occasionally. But should any one look into one of the pots the reflection of the face would affect the mother and unborn child, so that the baby would have the likeness of the person who looked into the pot. The mother avoids eating buck lest her baby should be ugly; she does not eat the under-lip of a pig lest her baby should acquire a large under-lip; she takes care not to eat eland, or even to touch its fat, lest her baby's fontanelles should not grow firm and strong. Many women have a dread of porcupines, thinking that the eating of their flesh causes the children to be peculiarly ugly. The doctor therefore gives the woman medicated porcupine to eat, thus ensuring freedom from the danger.

The men pay very little attention to the birth of a child, regarding it purely as a woman's business. But although the folk-lore of the Kafirs is of great interest, the chief attraction of this book lies in the close observation of the children at play. We would like to quote the following, however, which is a lullaby sung by an African woman to her child:

Woye, Woye,
I'm going down South
To Mwandiemudza,
Tshibuwe's daughter,
Who has white eyes,
Like a weasel's,
The cunning weasel,
You see its whiskers,
Are fine and large,
They need a doctor.

In childhood the savage is undoubtedly seen at his best. There is more freedom, both physically and mentally, in the bringing up of a savage child, than in the education of one who has been born in civilisation. There is a tradition, too, in favour of feeding the child well, so that those shown in the pictures are models of health. The story of their play is most curious, as it proves that many of the games popular with these Kafir children are exactly the same as we ourselves have known in childhood. When very young they have dolls, mostly of their own making, and they are in the habit of making pretence that the dolls are living creatures like themselves. Playing at animals comes to a child naturally in whatever circumstances he may be born. Of course, the amusement takes a form coloured by the environment.

Boys make an instrument known as the Bull-Roarer, and whirl the piece of wood round their heads till it makes a sound which is thought to resemble the roaring of lions, and which frightens the small children very much. The natives declare that the boys use these instruments for simple pleasure, though the old women sometimes make the boys stop using them, for they think that the noise will attract the wind. The men also tell the boys not to use these things at night, for they say the noise makes people dream of lions. Whatever may have been the original function of these instruments, the people nowadays have quite forgotten it, and declare that it is simply a plaything of the boys. The game of "horses" is a favourite one, a piece of wood being placed in the mouth to represent a bit, grass string being used for reins.

The children are encouraged to perform all sorts of dexterous tricks with their bodies, as suppleness and elasticity of limb are very essential to their future well-being. The children have swings, and although hoops are unknown, they frequently roll pumpkins down a hill, kicking or hitting them to make them roll the faster.

Tops are made from roots or from broken pieces of old pots. Bangles are spun on their axis in a way similar to that in which we spin coins. Several kinds of leap-frog are played; the game of knuckle-bones, which was known in ancient Egypt, is still a pastime of the Kafir children; and, what is still more curious, cats-cradle in a modified form is played there. Even the rude snares and other contrivances with which the boys amuse themselves bear a very close resemblance to the same sort of things in England. We have given a very sketchy review of this book, but every line of it is full of interest.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

The King's English. Second Edition. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

THE authors of this book have been happy in their choice of a title. "The King's English" expresses clearly and concisely the subject and scope of the work. The subject of the book is the English language, but the English language treated not as a science but as an art. "The King's English" is not a grammar, giving systematically and exhaustively all the rules for writing the language correctly, nor is it, like Dr. Henry Bradley's work, a book on "the making of English." Its aim is purely practical—to help the King's lieges, who wish to become good writers, to avoid common blunders. The plan adopted is to pass by all rules, however important, that are seldom or never broken by Englishmen, and to warn people against certain specified blunders which are so common that they may be met with in the pages of the most exemplary writers. These blunders are illustrated by examples, taken mostly from the works of living writers—the name of the author or authority being attached to each example.

What should be accounted a blunder in writing? A blunder is made when any word or phrase or construction is used which fails to express adequately the precise meaning of the writer. A writer, in order to be understood by his reader, will take great pains to be direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid. These are the essential qualities of a good writer, which, if kept in view, will prevent a man from making serious blunders. It may be noted that a usage may not be necessarily a blunder, even though it may come into collision with some rule of the grammarian, or with some dictum of the almighty schoolmaster. Language is the instrument of living men; it cannot be bound by hard and fast rules; it does not stand still; it sometimes leaves grammar in the lurch. On the other hand a usage may be a blunder, although the writer may plead in its defence that it has the authority of the best authors in the past or of the most admired authors now living. The best authors are not always free from carelessness or affectation. The fact is, much will be forgiven a writer, if what he says is quite clear—the exact reflex of his thought.

The book under consideration is an admirable monitor on a very difficult subject. It is the work of men who are thorough scholars, and who are endowed with excellent judgment—a book free from pedantry, and abounding in good sound common sense. It is a thoroughly useful, practical book, and may be heartily recommended to every one who wishes to write good English.

The first part of the book is devoted to remarks on various common mistakes made in vocabulary and syntax. Then comes a chapter entitled "Airs and Graces," in which certain affectations to which writers are liable are treated with proper severity. We are then treated to a long chapter on Punctuation in which much valuable advice is given. The rest of the book deals with miscellaneous matters, such as euphony, quotation, tautology, ambiguity, faults of style, and various grammatical points.

I will now try to give some idea of this very interesting book by mentioning a few of the points discussed, and

indicating briefly how they are treated. Mistakes in the use of words and phrases may be mentioned first. The use of the word *individual* for *person* is gibbeted. The word was so used by Goldsmith and Scott, but of course the only correct use of the word, when applied to human beings, is to denote a single human being as opposed to Society, the State, the Family, etc. The word *mutual* is often used for *common*; it is so used in the phrase *our mutual friend*. The word *mutual* implies an action or relation between two or more persons or things, A doing or standing to B as B does or stands to A. Writers often speak of a thing as *somewhat unique* or *rather unique* or *very unique*. This is a solecism, for there are no degrees of uniqueness. *Aggravating* is often met with in Dickens in the improper sense of *annoying*, *exasperating*, *irritating*, and this use is still common in familiar speech. An *aggravating circumstance* is properly a circumstance which adds to the gravity or seriousness of an offence. *Transpire* (like *perspire*) means properly "to escape through the pores of the skin," then "to become known gradually"; to use it as a mere synonym of "to happen" is, as Stuart Mill said, "a vile specimen of bad English." Stevenson uses the verb "to demean oneself" in the sense of "to lower, degrade oneself"; its proper meaning was "to behave" in a certain manner. The word *irony* is often used as a synonym for *satire*; it is properly a figure of speech in which the intended meaning is the opposite of that expressed by the words used; the Socratic irony was the pretence of ignorance practised by Socrates and his pretended admiration as a means of confuting an adversary. *Recrudescence* means properly the breaking out afresh of a disease or epidemic, or of a wound or sore; it is becoming a fashionable journalistic word for all kinds of reappearances: the *Times* speaks of a *recrudescence* of Lord Melbourne and Lord Byron! *Wind-flower* is adduced as an instance of an affected, far-fetched synonym for *anemone*; the authors do not seem to be aware that the flower is so named in many dialects from the Firth of Forth to the English Channel; it should be noted that the Greek word has probably no connection with wind. *Meticulous* (French *méticuleux*), a favourite journalistic word employed by critics (e.g., "his almost *meticulous* analysis," "the most *meticulous* critic"), is viewed by our authors with great disfavour, with many other unhappy Gallicisms, such as *the half-world*, *it goes without saying*, *to orient*, *to the foot of the letter*, *the spirit of the staircase*. Writers often use *arrière pensée* as if it meant an after-thought; of course it can only mean in French a thought kept in the background which one does not wish to express. I am sorry that encouragement is given to write *naïveté* as *navity*, but this is perhaps a misprint for *naivty*. In the discussion on Slang the phrase to get "*the boot*" is mentioned, the *Times* being the authority; what does it mean? *Chronic* is said to be slang for *remarkable*; but this use has not been recorded yet in any Slang Dictionary; and although the word is said to be in popular use in Yorkshire and London, it does not appear in the English Dialect Dictionary.

The use of trite, worn-out phrases is discouraged, such as "it would be a slaying of the slain," "I am old-fashioned enough to think"; the formula, "It stands to reason" is treated as one of the worst offenders. This phrase is constantly used as if the premisses in an argument stand to reason; it is, of course, the conclusion drawn from certain premisses that stands to reason. The legal maxim, "Exception proves the rule" (*Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis*) is nearly always misquoted and misunderstood; the Latin *exceptio* means here the action of excepting, not something that is excepted. That familiar line of Shakespeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is nearly always misunderstood; there is nothing sentimental in the words; it merely expresses the truth that in this one respect all men are alike—they "all with one consent praise new-born gauds." A curious dovetailed quotation is cited from the *Times*: "Is there no spiritual purge to make the eye

of the camel easier for a South African millionaire?" "The eye of the camel" is good!

Some interesting points in syntax are discussed. In the Bible we find, "Let us make a covenant, *I and thou*" (Gen. xxi. 44); so in modern English people say, "*Let you and I* cry quits." Can such a construction be defended? Our authors view it as a bad blunder; Jespersen justifies it, saying that "in these cases the nominative is used in spite of grammatical rules requiring the accusative, because the word is thought of as the subject." What shall we say about "*It's me*"? Our authors say it is ungrammatical. Sweet says: "It is only the influence of ignorant grammarians that prevents such phrases as 'it is me' from being adopted into the written language, and acknowledged in the grammars." Is *than whom* permissible? Our authors say it is manifestly wrong, but convenient; Jespersen says: "This use of the acc. after *than* is now so universal as to be considered the normal construction; that is, to the general feeling *than* is a preposition as well as a conjunction." The conclusion of the matter is that man is made for grammar and not grammar for man.

A. L. MAYHEW.

FOUR BOOKS OF POETRY

The Fool of the World and other Poems. By ARTHUR SYMONS. (Heinemann, 5s. net.)

A Selection from the Verses of John B. Tabb. Made by ALICE MEYNELL. (Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d.)

Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Murray, 3s. 6d. net.)

Flood Tides and other Poems. By ALFRED B. COOPER. (Marshall Bros.)

WHEN Mr. Arthur Symons's "morality," *The Fool of the World*, was played in London in the spring, it was spoken of very highly by a few discerning critics. On reading it, we understand why. It shows, for all its slenderness, strong dramatic power. It asks a question; it leads you on, as you fancy, ever nearer to the answer, working up your eagerness in every line; and suddenly at the close, in the very last word, it flashes upon you the piteous truth. There is no answer; and the shock comes so poignantly, even to the reader, that we can imagine its effect on the stage, if properly treated, to be tremendous. The power of the little play, the amount of passion it enfolds and the force of the climax set us wondering whether, after all, the future of Mr. Symons as a poet does not lie in the poetic drama. The man who can write *The Fool of the World* needs to know no more of the stage than he knows already; Mr. Arthur Symons certainly needs to know no more than he knows already of the use and effect of language; and it would be well for the poetic drama if we had a poet who would bring to it, as Mr. Symons would, something deeper than the topics it mainly starves on at present. We have a further reason for cherishing the idea; a reason that lies in the very nature of Mr. Symons's work. He is, in essence, a dramatic poet. His very lyrics are dramatic. To read through the volume before us is to ask at the close: Where is the author? We have seen exquisitely painted pictures, with the very spirit of the scene and the hour caught and turned into words; we have shared moods of all kinds, so expressed that we almost believed a reader who knew no English would understand from the mere sound of the words: we have found underlying the many moods and scenes no one man, no one passion, no one idea; none of that unifying personality which is the permanent thing in a great poet. Mr. Symons; that is, is a self-conscious, a dramatic poet. He stands aside and studies the mood or the scene; the mood might be someone else's, the scene imaginary. He never gives the impression of having felt, not of choice but of necessity, the thing he describes; always of having the subtlest appreciation of it and a rare knowledge of the most exquisite means of expressing it. Join these qualities

to the constructive dramatic power of *The Fool of the World*, and we have a great part of the equipment of a poetic dramatist.

There is no need to dwell on the technical beauty of the lyrics in this volume. Some have appeared before; all are fine examples of the work of one who is rather a consummate "artist in words" than a poet. But we might call attention to one characteristic of Mr. Symons; the suppleness and variety of his use of stress. Take as an instance the first two stanzas of "*The Crying of the Earth*" (the last appears to us to be marred by a wilfully violent image):

I hear the melancholy crying of birds in the night
Over the long brown wrinkled fields that lie
As far along as the starless roots of the sky;
I hear them crying from the water out of sight.

A melancholy and insatiable and inexplicable noise,
A loud whimpering between two silences,
The silence of starry life and this that is
The silence of Earth in pain of travail. . . .

There are other remarkable qualities in those lines than the use of accent; but that use is well worth the study of those who lack Mr. Symons's courage, science and taste.

Those who overlook the little volume of songs collected by Mrs. Meynell from the work of Father Tabb will miss a good thing. To Mrs. Meynell the making of this selection must have been a labour of love, and she has done it admirably; we know several things of this author's which we should like to have seen included; nothing is here that we could wish away. There is, indeed, much in Mr. Tabb that reminds us of Mrs. Meynell's own poetry, and much in Mrs. Meynell's that reminds us of Mr. Tabb. "My silence," sang Mrs. Meynell years ago (we quote from memory):

My silence, life returns to thee
In all the pauses of her breath;
Hush back to rest the melody
That out of thee awakeneth,
And thou, wake ever, wake for me!

Silence, too, appeals to Mr. Tabb:

Why the warning finger-tip
Pressed for ever on my lip?

To remind the pilgrim Sound
That it moves on holy ground,
In a breathing-space to be
Hushed for all eternity.

That is the whole of the poem; and many of these poems are no longer, for Mr. Tabb is perfect *in petto*; but what an immensity it opens up! Take again a poem that comes two pages later:

Night dreams of day, and winter seems
In sleep to breathe the balm of May.
Their dreams are true anon; but they,
The dreamers, then, alas, are dreams.

Thus, while our days the dreams renew
Of some forgotten sleeper, we,
The dreamers of futurity,
Shall vanish when our own are true.

There is, surely, a touch of genius, of inspiration, in so small a poem which can thus open up by suggestion a spiritual world: a little window that looks upon the infinite. One of Mr. Tabb's leading characteristics is his power of suggesting by the lightest of touches, the most delicate of hints, some mighty truth. His is the work of a mind in which the improving spirit is so strong that its lightest thoughts, its *nugae*, may be lit by the eternal. And that is one of the reasons why Mr. Tabb is not a mere epigrammatist in verse. For the rest, the deliciously tender songs of childhood, of flowers, of lament, the delicate fancies and symbols (now and then perhaps a little strained), and the sacred poems, which in their union of individuality and universality remind us often of the best of Herbert, are the work of one who is none the less a poet, because four lines often contain his thought.

When Mr. Walter de la Mare has been careful to clarify his thought and is a little stricter with himself in matters of technique, he will be a poet sure of deserved admiration.

Wilt thou never come again
Beauteous one?

So he begins a poem which contains much beauty and nothing so distressing as that terrible accented "one." He has fancy and imagination that are genuinely strong and rich, a large vocabulary and no fear of using it, and in general a sincerity and passion that lift him well above the imitative anæmic minor poet of the common run. In vivid little blank verse portraits, he shows us his reading of some of Shakespeare's characters; and he manages blank verse well. To Mr. Meredith he owes, probably, some of the manner of his expression, but he is no mere copyist. Vividness of feeling, and vividness rather than perfect aptness of expression are his; but it is pleasing to meet with a poet who is not afraid of his language and has thoughts and visions of originality and power.

Mr. Cooper's book is instinct with a grave, devout spirit, which finds expression in grave and appropriate verse. He makes frequent use of the sonnet-form and uses it like one who knows its powers and its limitations, and his lyrics are often supple and musical. There is always room for sincere, accomplished work like this, which, if lacking the magic of great poetry, has a thousand good qualities to make it acceptable.

THE ART OF THE NEEDLE

Etching and Engraving. A Handbook for the use of Students and Print-collectors. By Dr. FR. LIPPMANN. Third edition revised by Dr. MAX LEHRS. Translated by MARTIN HARDIE. (H. Grevel & Co., 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS "Handbook of the Royal Museums, Berlin," was originally compiled by the late Dr. Friedrich Lippmann, who died in October 1903, and it has been revised and added to by Dr. Lehrs and Dr. Elfried Bock. The translator has also added some references to English engravers.

The book aims at being a history of the art of engraving in Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, France, England, and Spain to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and will naturally be of special interest to students and collectors who have access to large collections, such as that upon which it is founded. Its scope is so wide that to the ordinary reader it causes a bewildered amazement at the industry of the authors. Some six or seven hundred artists are separately named, and, as the book consists of only three hundred pages, including one hundred and thirty-one illustrations in the text, there is scarcely space to convey a distinct idea of more than a few, and sometimes two or three are dismissed in a couple of lines. It is, for instance, difficult to learn much of an engraver of whom nothing is said except that he "was as superficial in drawing as he was bungling in technique, and seems to have taken pride in distorting the originals of his prints." But these shortcomings, which are the necessary result of compression, only serve to emphasise the merits of a learned treatise, which is not only comprehensive, but so well written that we scarcely appreciate, as we read, the industry and learning necessary for such a task. It begins with a sketch of the Literature of Engraving, and a careful description of the Technique of Engraving, though the latter is not, of course, brought up to date. The modern method of aquatinting on a dust ground, for instance, is not mentioned.

The first chapter naturally deals with engraving in Germany to the time of Dürer, whose career is carefully followed from his apprenticeship in the goldsmith's shop in Nuremberg to his death in 1528. But the two remaining periods—to the end of the sixteenth century, and to the end of the eighteenth century—are left until later, so as to make the whole scheme chronological as well as ethno-

logical. The book ends with a chapter on colour-prints.

The illustrations give only a faint idea of the beauty and interest of the originals. They are all inserted in the text, which is printed upon a hard, shiny, unsympathetic paper; and in many cases only part of the original design is reproduced. The objects of this method are to show the detail of the same size as the original and to give an indication of the engraver's style, but it is a doubtful expedient, and, to take one or two instances at random, no one unacquainted with the subject could form even a fair idea of the work of Ruisdael or Claude or Rembrandt from the examples given. For purposes of reference it would have been just as well to have given the whole picture on a reduced scale. In his zeal for historical research and the literary side of his subject the author has perhaps been inclined to underestimate the vast importance of design in all original black-and-white work. Claude's *Le Bouvier* is a case in point. However, even without any illustrations the book would have been of fascinating interest to the numerous and increasing class of people who love prints and are anxious to increase their knowledge of them. As a handy volume for reference it will always be useful to those whose horizon has hitherto been limited by Dürer and Bartolozzi.

The author expresses his opinion on all points with great confidence and is not often detected in an error. He is possibly wrong in estimating Callot's work at only fifteen hundred prints, instead of sixteen hundred and fifty, and it is disappointing to find no clue to the enigma of Van Dyck's connection with the "Iconographie," or *Centum Icones*. It is scarcely correct to say that *excudit* refers to publication, and various other positive statements are generally considered open to discussion; but these are small blemishes in so complicated a work.

The description of "nielli" is especially interesting. Mr. Frederick Goulding, the well-known printer, in giving a lecture upon his art to the Art-Workers' Guild some years ago, related Vasari's story of its discovery by the Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, in the fifteenth century. The first "proof" from a metal plate was supposed to be an impression taken from an engraved "pax" used in the services of the Church of San Giovanni in Florence. It was discovered by Zani in 1737 in the Print Collection in Paris. Dr. Lippmann, however, states that the story is inaccurate, and that Zani was deceived, because the print not only came from a copy of the Florentine "pax," but the original was probably not the work of Finiguerra at all, but of another Florentine, Matteo Dei. He further states that the complete development of the process of taking impressions from engraved plates was reached in Germany at a much earlier period than the supposed discovery attributed by Vasari to Finiguerra in 1458, and also earlier than the Paris impression of the niello plate executed by Matteo Dei in 1455. He adds that in Italy the art of engraving was plainly developed quite independently of the niello.

By way of substantiating this statement, we suppose, he follows it up with a careful description of nielli and false nielli, and traces the rise of engraving in Italy in the fifteenth century, devoting considerable space to the subsequent influence of Marc-Antonio Raimondi.

The chapter on engraving in England is very brief, and not up to the standard of the rest of the work. It is not planned on the same scale. The only illustration of genuine English work is a poor "detail" of Hogarth's *Laughing Audience*. We have not seen the earlier editions, but we conclude that for some reason Dr. Lippmann did not include England in the scope of his work. It is obvious from what has been added by the translator that this leaves a considerable gap, and really makes the outline historically defective. The translator has evidently done his share of the work with great care, though it is perhaps not too much to say that the book was not originally written for English readers. It will, however, now interest many of them.

THE GRAVE

"How many guests this house receives!"

Said I, with wondering mind;

"As if in dream these children go

In by that hospitable door which leaves

Not one refused behind.

"Its windows glimmer clear and cold,

Lightless and comfortless;

Untended in its garden grow

Darnel and brier, and gnarled and old

Yew-trees and cypresses.

"But plain it is to see how full

Of joy these children are.

Did ever yet so bright a hue

Burn clear in cheeks so beautiful

Or eyes outshine a star?

"And yet what tears each mother showers!

How lamentable a cry

Breaks from the heart when each hath passed

Into those still and shadowy bowers

Whence cometh no reply!

"Yet never saw I calmer night

Than arches o'er their peace;

Starless and still the dark leaves hang

Where sings the sad bird out of sight

Beauteous in loneliness . . ."

"Dark stood that house; solitary

Rose its unechoing wall;

Faint with faint hope Love seemed to cry

Out of its vast obscurity:

Love's—else no voice at all.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

IX. RENUNCIATION

WITHOUT the desire to possess, and even to amass, there would be little interest in life, and scarcely any stimulus to work. But to the majority of men and women—at least to the wisest of them—a time is reached when the passion for accumulation has spent itself; and this is succeeded, in all normal experience, by a state of contentedness with little, and a relish rather for giving than receiving. Then it is that the significance of the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive," becomes a matter of experience. But this implies—and carries with it—the virtue of renunciation. There is a conscious surrender, the giving up of much that flesh and blood desire; but the oblation is carried on, in obedience to an inner impulse, prompted and guided by an *alter ego* in us, which is more or less consciously the Divine within the human. The agent becomes not only willing to renounce much for the sake of other lives—to serve them by giving up what might have been retained, and legitimately enjoyed—but glories in it, as

obedience to the chief, perhaps the *central*, law of the Universe.

Reference is not made here and now to the rich philanthropist giving his goods to feed the poor, parting with things external to benefit those who have need of them: but (what is much rarer) the willingness to forego the means of further intellectual or esthetic life, the pathways to culture and refinement, that others may have fuller access to them. It is a familiar fact that in the straitened circumstances of many a household all its members cannot have equal access to these; and the willingness to sacrifice self in these directions is as rare as it is noble. For—as is well known—self-culture is often pursued in very selfish ways.

But there is more than this. I have known persons extraordinarily endowed with the gift of friendship, with the power of acquiring, retaining, and blessing others by it; and I ask is it possible to renounce even that, for the sake of others? to give up a cherished friendship, that the friend in question might have a richer life with other lives? Is that utopian? and is it unknown? Something like it existed in the great monastic brotherhoods, in their founders and leaders, and the units that belonged to the fraternities. They realised the transiency of every tie, even that which bound them to their own order; and the renunciation of these "saints" was more wonderful than that of Buddha. They felt that "the place which knew them" would soon "know them no more at all for ever," that they would—one and all—be utterly forgotten as individuals; but they believed that their work would live, after they had entered into the Unseen. Friendship may be so intense, and strong, and purified that, even in the act of renunciation the tie which unites kindred souls may be exalted and rarefied. It may become a chain of purest gold, so refined that no future alchemy can alter it, and "neither life nor death nor any other creature" can effect an alteration on it.

There are other aspects of this theme, phases of Renunciation, not to be overlooked. There is, for example, the feeling—which may be not only tranquil, but joyous—that one has passed through an experience, and is done with it, *e.g.*, having possessed property but having no more use of it personally, accompanied with the genuinely serene delight of giving it away to others, and to great causes as well as to less fortunate individuals. One of the very noblest and richest experiences is the luxury of being without much that once was clung to, but has now become a burden, or

Something between a hindrance and a help.

Another phase of this almost exhaustless subject is the cheerful setting aside of things, never to be experienced, or taken up again, not because their being so taken up would (so to say) soil the hands of the workers, but because those who formerly dealt with them have other things to think of and to do, other duties to discharge. And so, even a single glance backwards might be a mistake. It might distract and enervate, more specially if the retrospect kept one halting between two opinions, or actions.

But, while there is nothing (*me judice*) like sacred friendship to uplift a character into higher realms, and make it bear fruit in the noblest ways, it is strange to find that it sometimes falls into channels in which its glory fades. There is such a thing as selfish friendship, the wish "to possess and to be possessed" by another spirit alone—that impossible longing of so many over-ardent spirits. But, *per contra*, when renunciation blends with attainment, and surrender is the twin-sister of possession, then—and perhaps then only—can the proudest experience be realised of a "peace that passeth understanding."

Many have known what it was to have the collecting mania, and to be carried away for a time by the passion to possess rarities which no one else possesses,

be they books, or pictures, or coins, or gems, or bric-a-brac. While at an auction, or in a sale-room, the collector seldom realises that the treasures he secures must themselves be dispersed by-and-by. He glories in his accumulations, as in a hobby or a fad. But how many collectors dispose of their treasures again in their own lifetime? Certainly those who give them freely away, rather than bequeath them by legacy, have a double satisfaction, first that they once possessed them, and secondly that by their renunciation others are now having a new property in them.

How often we gain, by giving away what we possess! the truth embodied in the magnificent motto which suggested to George Frederick Watts his picture *The Court of Death*, "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." But, the *Renunciation*, which gives its title to this paper, goes even deeper than that. If we give away, in the spirit embodied in the maxim of Him "who spake as never man spake" what we renounce was never our own property, only a thing committed to our keeping for a time; and we recover all our seeming loss in the very act of renunciation. Amongst the *arcana* of the inner life, however, there are many experiences which are a mystery to those unacquainted with it.

A millionaire was once told "Loss and gain are correlatives. If we gain, in one way, we lose in another, whether we know it, or know it not." "No," he replied, "I like always to gain, never to lose; always to rise, never to fall. That is my 'maxim.'" The answer was, "It is impossible. You will have to part with everything some day. Is it not wise to begin now? Surely fresh accumulation is henceforth quite useless to you." His reply need not be given. But this brief paper may conclude with the words of Abner in Robert Browning's *Saul*.

I believe it! 'tis Thou, God, that gives, 'tis we that receive;
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou!
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
And thy Love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in. . . .
He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.

Or, as as one of the saintliest of our hymn-writers put it,

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is thine.
Thy will be done.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LITERARY FEEDING-BOTTLES

ON the part of many modern authors there seems to be a feeling that our classical writers ought to be translated into the language of our own day. It is a department of literature with which one feels only a very attenuated sympathy at its best, but on a few occasions it has been accomplished with distinction. Even Pope himself was not above simplifying Chaucer, and Charles and Mary Lamb constructed tales for children out of Homer and Shakespeare. Thus good precedent may be quoted for those who set themselves to perform a similar task in our own day. Perhaps here as elsewhere the end justifies the means. I for one cannot help thinking, however, that it is much better to turn out children to graze in a library than to spoil the freshness of great writing by presenting it in the lisps of infancy. We might take the case of Sir Walter Scott as an example. Mrs. Humphry Ward in one of her critical essays years ago remarked that he had many *longueurs*, and at least two popular novelists, Miss Braddon and Mr. S. R. Crockett, have tried to retell his tales so as to fit them for children. Now, as a matter of fact, the boy or girl who is fitted to appreciate Scott would never discover the dulness to which

Mrs. Humphry Ward made allusion, and the language he uses certainly presents no difficulty to the child of to-day. How many thousands of boys and girls have had some of the most enjoyable hours of their lives following the fortunes of Wilfred of Ivanhoe or Quentin Durward! They might not in their early years enter into a full understanding of the tranquil humour of this great humanist, but we never heard any one of them complain that they could not make out the story.

A still more ridiculous venture has lately been attempted in a book of ballad stories compiled by Miss Mary Macleod. In this case the offence is extremely flagrant, because the ballads were meant for nothing if not for popular song and recitation. It would also take a writer of most exceptional ability to improve their literary merit. It is said that the fashion for old ballads has been considerably on the wane during recent years, but is it to be imagined that the treatment of, say, "Lizzie Lindsay," will send people back to them? The song is one of the prettiest in the Scottish language, and begins without introduction in the dramatic form that children and simple folk love.

Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey?

However, our authoress has given this an introduction that would be suitable to a story in the *Family Herald*.

In Edinburgh, two or three hundred years ago, there lived a lady whose name was Lizzie Lindsay.

Many other things are told about her.

She was young and wayward, and had been spoilt, perhaps, by too much flattery.

Donald Macdonald's invitation is thus Englished:

"Will you leave the south country, lassie, and go to the Highlands with me?"

and she answers quite in the style of the prim Board School girl:

"I should like to know first where I am going, and who I am going with."

Perhaps the most celebrated lines in it are those beginning:

And Lizzie's ta'en till her er stockings,
And Lizzie's ta'en till her her shoen;
And kilted up her green claitthing,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The passage is thus Englished:

Then up sprang the young lady and drew on her shoes and stockings, and kilted up her green gown, and away she went with young Donald Macdonald.

In Miss Macleod's version, then, the spirit and the humour of the song have been allowed to evaporate completely. Of course she has worked in the variants which will be found in Professor Child's monumental work on ballads, but the result is calculated to give no idea whatever of the charm of the original. This criticism would apply even more to the story which has been worked out of the celebrated John Grumlie, which surely the children of Scotland have not forgotten. In this tale too Miss Macleod does not show that power of arresting attention possessed by the song-maker. She begins:

It was very rough weather; the wind blew and the rain poured down, Jock Grumlie, a small farmer of Auchtermuchty, who could tiddle out a can of beer well enough, loved neither cold nor hunger, and as he yoked his plough in the field he was in a very bad temper. All day he toiled in the driving sleet, and it was evening before he came to the end of the land and could drive his oxen home. As he came in, wet and cold, it added to his bad temper to see his wife sitting dry and clean before a blazing fire, enjoying a bowl of good soup.

The author does not emulate Burns with his direct

John Grumlie swore by the licht of the mune
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in an hour
Than his wife could do in three.

She has only paraphrased what needed no paraphrase:

In Auchtermuchty there dwelt a man,
An husband, as I heard it tald,
Wha weel could tippie oat a can,
And neither lovit hunger nor cauld;
Till ance it fell upon a day,
He yokit his pleugh upon the plain,
Gif it be true as I heard say,
The day was foul for wind and rain.

He loosed the pleugh at the land's end,
And drave his oxen hame at e'en;
When he came in he lookit ben,
And saw the wife baith dry and clean,
And sitting at a fire beaking bauld,
With a fat soup, as I heard say,
The man being very weet and cauld,
Between thir twa it was nae play.

What a poor paraphrase of the ballad is the piece we have quoted will be evident from a perusal of the first two verses; and another point is that for modern children the adaptation is incomplete. Take a passage like the following:

He then hastened home to a distaff of tow, and sat down to try to spin; but he made a fine muddle of that, and soon gave up in despair.

It would be necessary to explain about a distaff before children could understand this. The proper translation of the passage would have been:

He then hastened home and sat down to a sewing-machine and tangled the threads.

The humour of the conclusion is completely lost in this:

With that the good-wife took up a stout stick, whereupon Jock quickly made for the door.

"Stop, stop, good-wife, I'll hold my tongue," he cried. "I know I am very much to blame. But henceforth I must mind the plough, and you must bide at home to look after the house."

The verse is:

Then up she gat a meikle rung,
And the gudeman made to the door;
Quoth he, "Dame, I shall haud my tongue,
For an we fecht I'll get the waur."
Quoth he, "When I forsook my pleugh
I trow I but forsook my skill;
Then I will to my pleugh again,
For I and this house will never do well."

It is a still more serious grievance that the poetry which makes these ballads immortal is allowed to go the way of the spirit and humour. Professor Dowden, who to our surprise writes a preface to this extraordinary mangling of old poetry, quotes the well-known saying of Philip Sidney: "I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." It is safe to say that he would have found nothing approaching to a trumpet in the story which is called here "The Hunting of the Cheviot." The death of Douglas, which is the most touching incident of the ballad, is told thus:

With that there came a swift arrow out of a mighty shower, and it struck Earl Douglas in at the breast-bone. Through lungs and liver went the sharp arrow, so that never after he spoke again but once. And this was what he said:

"Fight ye, my merry men, whilst ye may, for my life's days are gone."

But how much more of narrative charm there is in the ballad on the Battle of Otterbourne:

But Percy, with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain."

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea."

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken,
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tears in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merry men might not see.

It would be a distasteful business to go through all these stories from the ballads, and show how their splendid verses have been mutilated and desecrated. We trust that no one who has the reading of children in his charge will ever place before them this introduction to a unique and splendid body of poetry, and a very lively regret must be felt that a scholar of such world-wide fame as Professor Dowden should have lent his countenance to the performance.

A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Poetry of William Blake," by A. Clutton-Brock.]

FICTION

Rezánov. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray, 6s.)

WHEN Luis Argüello, the young Spanish colonist in California, first met Rezánov, the Russian diplomat who arrived one spring morning in 1806, Luis vowed that Rezánov was the one man who had fulfilled his ideal of the grand seigneur. And such is Rezánov. In him Mrs. Atherton has endeavoured to draw a man of far-reaching aims and noble aspirations and the qualities which comprise greatness: but for all her knowledge and good writing she has not been able to endow him with much life. With Concha, the stately Spanish girl, she has been far more successful. Her figure moves brilliantly amidst the life and rich surroundings of the colony, the atmosphere of which has been finely realised. Rezánov is not the most interesting of Mrs. Atherton's books; it is, however, in our opinion, the best written and the most carefully studied work of hers which we have had the pleasure of seeing.

Back o' the Moon, and other Stories. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

MR. ONIONS is a writer of rare power and brilliance. No one who reads "Back o' the Moon" and the few short stories which fill up the volume can miss the extraordinary vividness of the scenes he paints. The means he employs are of the simplest; all seems to flow as easily as could be, and yet it must have taken not only an almost fierce imagination but the unwearied and adroit labour of the file to build up such sharp, living, almost tangible images as the scene round the smelting-furnace on the moors or the moor-fire, in the title-story, or the life-boat episode in "The Fairway." Old Yorkshire is again Mr. Onions's scene and subject; a place of coiners, illicit miners, Bow Street "detectives" as we should call them now, blood, savagery and full, hot life. If his topics are almost brutal, his characters are nearly all good men or women and true, and he draws them in good broad strokes that show them as they were. This is fine work and holds the seeds, we believe, of even finer.

The Modern Way (eight examples). By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

SIX close little studies of the sentimentalities, the loves and the shrinkings of very ordinary people; one queer

story of a very extraordinary man which is quite out of place in this drawing-room sort of volume, and one little lecture on economics delivered by a rich man who does not know what he is talking about. The six little studies are all capital, full of minute imagination, observation and dry humour, and told with the skill of a practised author who knows the rules of the game. They present no particular view of life, and are connected by no one idea that we can discover; but they are good comedy. The queer story is very queer and haunting: we can imagine some modern Frenchman of the symbolist school making a picture of it—the thick wood and the white lilies, the corpse being lowered into the grave, the old and bibulous men raising champagne glasses to their tremulous lips, the seedily clad woman throwing on to the coffin a bunch of wax flowers. For the interpretation of the enigma, readers must turn to Mrs. Clifford's story.

Tales of Old Sicily. By ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. NELSON HOOD has already written so well of Venice that he might have been trusted to catch the spirit of Sicily. And in order to do so, he has wisely gone back to classical times, the beliefs and passions and fears of which he links up with those of the present day, believing, and rightly, that the Sicilian of to-day is greatly affected by his ancestor and the worship of which his beautiful island was a centre in its palmy days. There is nothing remarkable, there is much that is old-fashioned and simple in his plots: but in this author's work we care little for the plot. What is to be valued is his atmosphere, his realisation of the spirit of the place, and of history that haunts it; and his work has a strong and individual charm of its own.

The Sinews of War. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

WHEN two such experts as Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Arnold Bennett lay their ingenious heads together to produce a blood-curdling melodrama, we naturally expect something "perticler 'earty." And we are naturally disappointed to find a story that is at times actually dull and is never really thrilling. There is much clever invention and some charming descriptions of Nature, which are quite out of place, but the novel, as a whole, is a failure, and does not arrest the attention—the kind of failure, however, which, we surmise, took very little time to perpetrate, and paid exceedingly well. Almost the last words of the hero and heroine afford pertinent comment on the point. "Look at the reward!" replied he. "Ah!" she breathed. "Money! Is it worth—?"

A Spinner in the Sun. By MYRTLE REED. (Putnams, 6s.)

THE principal actors in this story are a veiled lady, an erratic store-keeper, a "shirk," and the "shirk's" son—a youth who, at a most inopportune moment, reminds his father that their name (Dexter) "means 'right.'" The reader (if one can be found) will meet the veiled lady returning to a lonely house after an absence of twenty-five years. She came—carrying tea and laudanum—at midnight, but she was "fearless of the night because Life had already done its worst to her!" This mysterious person was, as a young girl, extremely beautiful, and engaged to the "shirk," whom she saved from the result of an explosion at the risk of her life. Being badly burned, she was taken to a hospital, which, curiously enough, contained a similar case bearing a similar name. Owing to this coincidence a mistake arose, and Dexter was told that the genuine Evelina's face would be disfigured for life. It was then that he "shirked." Evelina, on discovering the fickleness of man, veiled her face; but after twenty-five years she threw the veil aside, finding that the erratic store-keeper possessed a heart capable of true affection. The "shirk," overcome by the result of his lack of dexterity

in managing affairs, resorted to laudanum, or rather to "the silken petals of the poppies, crushed into the peace that passeth all understanding," and the "right" man was rewarded by the "surpassing beauty" of his unveiled lady. Our description of the plot is sufficient comment.

The Iron Gates. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH. (Unwin, 6s.)

MRS. LEE HAMILTON has done, and can do, better work than "The Iron Gates." Her theme is a good one, and the opening chapters are cleverly written and show unusual observation and sympathetic understanding of the lower classes. But their promise is never fulfilled. The author, once launched upon her book, appears to have been unable to decide what course, if any, she should pursue, and the result of her decision—if she arrived at a decision at all, which we are inclined to doubt—is a feeble mixture of careful and clever work, unconvincing "realism," impossible characters, bathos, and unprofitable and unpleasant attempts at satire. Dunstane Momerie, Miss Cardrew, Malden, Lady Dartmoor, and the rest, are caricatures; and Zo, the only character who appears to have interested the author at all, is spoiled by exaggeration: her speech is as grand as that of Mr. Hardy's Tess. The Miss Cardrew sketched by Mrs. Lee Hamilton would no more have written the book which placed its writer "among the star-crowned company of the immortals" than would a *Times* reviewer have penned so inane a criticism.

A Little Brown Mouse. By MARIA E. ALBANESI. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

"THE cutest, cunningest, little creature" is what Corinthia Besant calls the Little Brown Mouse, and her graphic American phrase describes that bewitching little personality to perfection. Corinthia herself is no less fascinating, and the story of her life at the old farm and the manner in which she and the Brown Mouse, between them, manage to free their Lion, John Harland, from the meshes of the net in which he has voluntarily entangled himself is charming in itself and charmingly told. Misfortune has made the Lion surly, and he grows a good deal during the process of his liberation, but the American girl and her little friend work on undaunted. He is released, only to fall captive to Corinthia's bright eyes; what was nearly a tragedy becomes a love tale; and we leave her "crying for happiness on his heart, while upstairs the Little Brown Mouse is singing softly to her dolls."

FINE ART

SOCIETY EXHIBITIONS

No one who has a real love for the fine arts can regard exhibitions otherwise than as necessary evils. A picture, it will be admitted, looks its best in the studio of the painter or in the private apartments of his patron; but since some sort of exhibition seems to be necessary nowadays in order that paintings may find their way from the one to the other, the only point to be considered which is the lesser evil, a limited number of large exhibitions or an unlimited number of small. To compare the merits of either system is a matter of no great difficulty, for the first is as much favoured by France as the second is by England. In some respects the first system has its conveniences. To visit the four great annual exhibitions at Paris, that of the "Independents" in the Spring, the "old" and "new" salons in the summer, and the autumn salon towards the close of the year, is to be conversant practically with all contemporary French art that is worth knowing. If we select as the four most important exhibiting bodies in England the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, the International

Society, and the New English Art Club, we feel at once that by limiting our attention to these we shall be ignorant of a great deal that is worthy of study. We should know nothing of the work of Messrs. Footet, Cayley Robinson, Walter Bayes, and J. D. Fergusson, for example; nothing of the graving of Mr. T. Sturge Moore and Mr. Gordon Craig; little if anything of Sir James Guthrie, and many another distinguished Scottish artist. Even if the four English exhibitions already mentioned were conducted in less of a party spirit than now obtains, their scope would have to be greatly extended before they could claim to be fully representative, for the grand total of their combined exhibits does not at present greatly exceed the number contained in the smallest of the four Paris salons.

If the English system saves us the weariness of pacing through the endless galleries of Parisian picture-marts, it nevertheless entails a more continuous attendance of exhibitions. The dealers we have always with us, in Paris as well as London, but in the latter city they are at once more numerous and more insistent. Unholy alliances are made between dealers and societies, and the multiplication of the second appears only to increase the prosperity of the first.

These reflections have been prompted by the opening within the last few weeks of an extraordinary number of society exhibitions, and the announcement of still more to open in the immediate future. Of themselves these exhibitions would be of no great importance, were it not for the fact that among much that is bad or indifferent may be found a little good that is not to be seen elsewhere. The oldest of these societies, the Royal Society of British Artists, would in any case demand special attention this year when it opens under a new president, Mr. Alfred East. The collection of works now on view at Suffolk Street is not greatly different from the collections shown under the presidency of the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, whose painstaking but harsh church interiors are allotted a memorial side-show; and it may be questioned whether the society has not lost more by the absence of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson than it has gained by the presence of Mr. Alfred East and Professor Hubert von Herkomer. A society does not gain in strength by electing members who already possess a more widely known outlet for their best work, and a little serious thinking should have convinced the British Artists that their best hopes for the future lay without instead of within the Royal Academy. If the Suffolk Street galleries are turned into a Royal Academy annexe, as the New Gallery is in summer, they can only suffer like the New Gallery in reputation and individuality. Already the prestige of the Suffolk Street institution is about as low as it could well be, and by opening its doors to work, however feeble, that is sent by a member, and by shutting them to work, however good, that is submitted by a non-member, its prestige is unlikely to improve. If reform is desired it must be twofold; the society must rid itself of those members who bring it no honour, and must welcome work, even by non-members, which will give to its exhibitions an individual character and distinction which at present they hardly possess. Bad as things are, they might be worse, for the society still contains a nucleus of members whose work has distinction. Messrs. Fred F. Footet, W. Graham Robertson, J. D. Fergusson, Wynford Dewhurst, John Muirhead, Tom Robertson, and the new member, Mr. Louis Grier, may be named as the most conspicuous examples, and it is worthy of note that these members, whose work is artistically the mainstay of the society, exhibit seldom, if ever, elsewhere. It must not be inferred that all the remaining exhibits are negligible; there are deft water-colours by Mr. George C. Haite, a well-composed and richly painted *Temple of Concord, Girenti* (83), by Mr. Arch. H. Elphinstone, Constablesque landscapes and a Whistlerian portrait study by Mr. D. Murray Smith, and two landscapes, decorative if a little lacking in quality, by the president. But though these and a few other works may not be

without charm of one kind or another, they do not have the distinction, are not achievements so complete and personal as Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's *The Angel Bridge, Henley* (40), or Mr. Fred F. Footet's beautiful *Sunset: Rose and Gold* (142), and his impressive full-length character-study, *The Accused* (80).

The Society of Twenty-Five English Painters, who are displaying their wares at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, is of less importance to the investigator, because the work of the majority of the members may be seen at the International or other exhibitions. For fear of misunderstanding it may be well to add at once that from a broader artistic standpoint it is far more important and interesting, maintaining a much higher standard of craftsmanship than can be found at Suffolk Street. Although only in its second year the society has undergone considerable changes owing to the death of Mr. James Charles, and the retirement of Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, J. S. Hill, Harrington Mann and Miss Mary Cameron. The defection of Mr. Cameron is a heavy loss to the society, but on the whole it more than maintains its position with the help of its new members, Messrs. R. Anning Bell, J. R. K. Duff, Sydney Lee, W. W. Russell, Montague Smyth and Miss Constance Halford. The work of these painters, and of original members like Mr. Hornel, Mr. Bertram Priestman and Mr. George Houston—the last showing this year a distinct advance—is so well known that our immediate purpose will be better served by directing attention to one of the Twenty-Five who does not exhibit elsewhere. Though he enjoys the esteem of painters themselves of no mean reputation, Mr. Cecil Rea is practically unknown to the public, and therefore the unfamiliarity added to the artistic qualities of his richly coloured nude and a figure composition possessing something of the dignity of Watts and something of the luxuriance of Etty render them the most distinctive works which the society has to offer.

Two minor members of the Twenty-Five, Messrs. Dudley Hardy and H. Hughes Stanton, are more naturally classed with the London Sketch Club, for the most part a modest company of illustrators who now and again escape into colour from the bondage of black and white. The current exhibition of the club at Messrs. Graves's galleries contains a good deal that has charm, but little that shows a distinction and strong personal feeling, if we except Mr. A. J. Mavrogordato's happily caught London scenes and his dexterous impression of *Wrestling at the Olympian Games at Athens*.

Two more minor society exhibitions deserve notice as much for their promise as their actual performance, the Cheyne Art Club at Mr. Baillie's gallery (54 Baker Street), and the Essex Arts Club in the Essex Museum (Romford Road, Stratford). Saving the president (Mr. Mark Fisher) of the latter body, the contributors to these two exhibitions are artists as yet unknown, having their spurs to win. The Cheyne painters—J. Hodgson Lobley, T. F. Blaylock, and James Wallace especially—are to be praised for the good quality and restraint shown in their painting; the men of Essex, less restrained, for their preoccupation with truth to nature's lighting. Both groups are well worth watching, and in Mr. Charles Pibworth the Cheyne Art Club possess a young sculptor of considerable talent.

It is as easy to be enthusiastic about the House of Lords as about the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, whose winter exhibition opened last Monday. Both institutions demand our indulgence by reason of their age, and the docility of those members who "do nothing in particular and do it," if not very well, at all events with tolerable success. To drop the analogy, conspicuous talent is rare at Pall Mall East, and that talent, where present, seldom employed to the best advantage. No one disputes the great gifts of Mr. Walter Crane, but those gifts are not displayed to their best advantage in his semi-realistic sketches of seas and shores. The beautiful drawing, the loving carefulness with which details are expressed but kept in their place, cannot blind us to the

fact that Mr. E. R. Hughes, in his highly-wrought portrait, *The Mantilla* (113), treats water-colour as the "little masters" of Holland treated oils. Of its kind it is beautiful work, but it is done in the wrong medium, and therefore the charm of water-colour is lost without the strength of oil being attained. For sheer distinction Mr. Arthur Rackham's tinted drawings easily bear the palm. Here water-colour is used frankly as an adjunct to pen and ink, and with the mixed medium Mr. Rackham obtains results as personal, as peculiar to himself, in execution as in expression. Whether he is illustrating Mr. Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* (115, 37), or Grimm's *Valiant Little Tailor* (44), Mr. Rackham is invariably his original, whimsical self, humorously inventive, decoratively grotesque. In his water-colours, as in his cabinet oils at Dowdeswell's, Mr. Anning Bell shows his natural bent for mural decoration, packed into a portmanteau out of respect for modern demands. Here again is conspicuous talent, and if the best use is not made of it, the blame this time must not be laid on the painter. Mr. Clausen and Mr. Walter Bayes, who seems to be following the former's lead towards the light, are this year content to send moderate exhibits, interesting rather as indications of patient endeavour to interpret nature faithfully than as achievements of technical dexterity. Mr. Edwin Alexander sends some neat little studies of butterflies, far pleasanter to look upon than his larger representations of creatures of a larger growth.

MUSIC

SOME MODERN SONGS

A CLEVER writer has said that German music needs to go to sleep for a hundred years. It may be so, but the writer does not solve the problem by adding an infallible cure for insomnia in infants, and this infant shows itself very wakeful. The music of Max Reger is its latest ebullition of energy. It is as a song-writer that his work seems ripe for discussion. In other directions (his sonatas and other instrumental works) there is a good deal of vague experiment, but he handles the voice and the piano with such certainty of touch, that, whether the result be good or bad, it leaves no doubt that it is exactly what he intended. Moreover, in solo song a certain continuity is traceable through almost the whole line of German composers; Wagner is, of course, the great exception, and the fact that he made practically no contribution to the song-form shows, incidentally, that he stood apart from the general development of his country's music.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe, whose recitals of songs of one composer have been an interesting feature in a dull season of London concerts, lately took for two recitals Hugo Wolf and Max Reger. The songs, with all their modern colouring, follow the principle which German song has followed since it was first enunciated by Schubert—that it is the composer's duty to heighten the effect of the words by making his music express them more vividly, not to weaken them, by breaking the poem into fragments, or by repeating phrases until the form of the lyric is lost. Schubert achieved this by the use of every device known to his time, as regards freedom of harmony, modulation and rhythm, their use being regulated by perhaps the greatest genius for pure melody which has ever been known. We see the same process at work, though less distinctly, in the songs of Schumann, but very clearly in those of Brahms, with whom an infinitely greater power of self-criticism took the place of Schubert's wonderfully spontaneous melody. Whatever form it took, the purely musical element was always strong enough in these compositions to prevent the music sinking to a merely subordinate position while they gave to the words their due, and the result was an extraordinarily

happy blend of words with music, which has hardly been equalled in any other species of art in which both words and music have a part.

In modern German song, of which Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf, and Max Reger may be taken as representative, this principle seems no less strong. With all the resources of sound, which such composers bring to composition, it is remarkable that nothing is allowed to interfere with the continuity of the poem. Repetition of words is almost disused, and their feeling for the accent in the poem is acute. While every one will allow to them these merits, not every one will grant to them the positive sense of musical beauty, which is the other party to the agreement. Of Strauss's idiosyncrasies it is not necessary to speak here. It is, after all, by his orchestral music that he must be judged primarily, but since Wolf's career is ended it appears that his songs were his most important contribution to music, and up to the present the same may be said of Reger. If Wolf carried the art of modulation to its extreme limits, then Reger in going further has dispensed with key altogether. Obviously it is impossible to modulate unless some key is established as a starting-point, but in some of his songs, although for no very clear reason he gives them a key signature, the music never from the first chord till the last bears any definite relation to one key. Schubert experimented in this direction. A very simple case is his "Meeresstille," which, except that it begins and ends on a chord of C major, has no definite key system, but moves on from chord to chord to accompany the free vocal melody. A more extended case is his "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," a song which, starting from the note C, passes by a series of sequences at once through a number of unrelated keys, summing up with passages which make the ending quite clearly in C minor. This might form an interesting comparison with Reger's *Präludium*, beginning:

Sturm, wie lieb ich dich
Wilden Gesellen,

the wildest song in this respect which Mr. Sharpe sang. It illustrates the fact, which nowadays is becoming somewhat of a truism, that there is no combination or succession of sounds in the musical gamut which cannot be included in the resources of music. Its effect is that of powerful vocal declamation against a background of utterly chaotic musical sound. Only taken in conjunction with other songs is it recognisable as the work of a musician and not that of a madman. Songs such as "Herzensstausch" and "Beim Schneewetter" show Reger dealing with the other end of the long range of musical expression, a simple melody richly, but perfectly intelligibly harmonised by the piano accompaniment. Now, in "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint" and "Haienaacht" and others, we find the same sort of freedom which is illustrated in the songs of Schubert above mentioned, though carried rather further; an intentional vagueness of key occasioned by the rapid though smooth passage from one key to another. Thus far he is easily judged; every change of key or unconventional progression of harmony is justified where it enables him, as in Schubert's "Meeresstille," to gain a more beautiful or expressive melodic outline than the simple progression could give. Often it does this; "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint," for instance, leaves a sense of complete melody roaming freely, yet centring round the key of E major. But there are cases—the little "Sehnsucht" seemed to be one—where although the actual amount of this unconventional movement may be less, one is tempted to ask, is it worth while? There is a feeling that he must have been at some trouble to find a succession of notes which should set the harmony master at defiance, and that his tune would have been better, and his song would have made a surer appeal without such devices. With the "Präludium" there is no such feeling. Good or bad, it must have been conceived as a whole to have been written at all. It is,

in fact, a genuine thought, a piece of sound which no one could have dared to put on paper unless he had first heard it inwardly. If there is any such thing as positive ugliness where only the sounds of the chromatic scale are employed, it comes within that category; but if the defence that he meant it to be ugly and that if he had wanted to write something beautiful he could have done so can be granted to an artist, Reger certainly has a right to that defence, in view of his other songs of which specimens have been named. Another case of his use of the extreme possibilities of musical sound to produce his effect is the song with which Mr. Sharpe began his recital, "Merkspruch." Here again the spontaneity of the method of writing cannot be doubted, and the effect of the violent dissonances is indisputable. Reger must be acknowledged to have the whole range of musical sound at his command, and it must further be granted that he uses it with discretion; he does not merely like a child play with his latest acquired toys of dissonance. Is he then a great song-writer? Judged by the standards of to-day he certainly is, but there used to be and still is a quality in the greatest art, which is somewhat overlooked now. The old prophet struck water from the rock, the modern engineer conveys it by an elaborate series of aqueducts and reservoirs; and from the parched and dry harmonies of tonic and dominant the old masters caused a stream of melody to flow which even now refreshes the weary. The musical engineering of to-day is very fine, but where is the miracle?

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MODERN PICTURE-MARKET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Layard invites me "or any one else" to undertake and develop the scheme he has proposed. If any one else who has more weight and more status than I have will come along and take up the work it would be expedient that I should retire, in spite of my expressed willingness to help with clerical work. I have positively no leisure to spare. Nevertheless, rather than suffer the scheme to be stillborn, and as, after all, the article which set it afoot was my own, I will stand by. But it must not be one's responsibility alone. Would not the first step be a meeting at some room in town when next Mr. Layard is in London? His warm supporters might also be induced to attend. We could then put the affair upon a proper basis—a thing we could never do at the expense of your correspondence columns.

A word as to your contributor who somewhat disingenuously suggests that my contention of a depressed picture-market is a "mare's nest." He says that thirty pictures have been sold at the Institute in the first fortnight, and thirty at the R.B.A. in the first week. So far from this exposing the "fallacy" I should regard it as strong evidence on my side. Sixty pictures and a population of six millions! in the richest art-centre in the world, where thousands of pounds are spent daily on pure luxuries! The first week or two, it is well known, have practically all the sales in a gallery. After that period it is a question of gate-money. These sixty pictures do not form a very large proportion of, say, the six hundred works at both places (this computation includes a guess at the Institute total) not to mention the crowds of "crowded out."

The matter of the Scottish Modern Arts Association is, of course, delightful reading; but that is something to come, and may be regarded as an alleviation of a deplorable state of things.

F. C. TILNEY.

74 Pellatt Grove,
Wood Green, W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In my letter of last week I ventured to lay it down that "the artist must be content at first to sell his pictures for what they will fetch, not for what in his opinion they are worth . . . and the time will probably come when he will find that the money he gets is more, much more, than his work is worth."

I am therefore the more delighted and surprised that there is at least one distinguished artist who is now acting up to that principle, and is offering his highly individual work at public auction, *without reserve*. I know nothing of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst personally, and before this appears in print his second annual sale will have taken place at Willis's Rooms, so that there can be no suspicion that this is an artfully contrived advertisement. But he knows that sooner or later his work, from the commercial point of view, is bound to rest

upon the firm basis of public opinion as expressed under the hammer and he prefers that this expression shall come sooner than later, assured that thereby the proper relationship between it and the public will be established during his lifetime.

That is good sense. That is good business. That leaves him free from the shackles which stultify the work of "successful" artists who are in league with men of commerce. And I, for one, shall watch the result of his bold bid for proper recognition with eager interest, knowing that if the world wants his work it will say so in the unmistakable language of pounds, shillings, and pence, and that if it does not he had much better, if he wants to make a living, throw aside his brush and take to doing something that the world will pay him for.

G. S. LAYARD.

November 13.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For sure, all your readers who are possessed of the sporting instinct and who are not artists will welcome Mr. Layard's suggestion: for myself, I simply acclaim it.

Though I have not the advantage of a large or very commodious house, the long walls of my bed-sitting room are nothing if not chaste—nude though they be. This I say for the benefit of the young artist, who would, I am sure, welcome so fair an opportunity of arranging his own scheme of decoration. I would allow him entire freedom in the matter, and if obligation be considered, it is I who would be eternally under the same to him.

As to my prospective buying friends, they are numerous (and costly to me), and I have not the slightest doubt that Jones (whom your readers would best identify by his striking resemblance to Mr. Weevle of "Bleak House" fame) would buy almost anything I deigned to exhibit—always, of course, provided the young artist remembers "everything is worth the money that can be got for it," and NO MORE.

What more can I say? Only that I am thinking or writing to Messrs. Maple and Broadwood with a view to extending this admirable method of sale. The *Times* does for me all I require (and more?) in the way of books.

Trusting this generous offer will meet with a like response.

M. P.

THE NEW ART CRITICISM

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I once called your attention to the fact that as a rule the adherents of what is known as the Impressionist School of art are also the adherents of Browning, this being perhaps natural, because both artists and poets of these types produce much that is inexplicable anyhow, and much that is explicable in many different ways. The subject is not available for logical argument, because in poetry, or art, or magic, what is not easily understood, or what is not comprehended at all, is usually set down as above the horizon of the observer by whomsoever is responsible for the poem, or picture, or conjuring trick. But while impressionist pictures and poems and even novels à la Meredith, all of which being more or less creations of fancy, may properly be receptacles for personal illusions and vagaries—while these do not surprise me, I must say I am overwhelmed with astonishment when I note that this same impressionism is making its way into art criticism itself, and actually into the columns of the ACADEMY, whose very name ought to act on the Impressionists as holy water upon the devil. For Mr. Robert Ross has founded a new school of criticism, that is, if he is to be taken seriously; and if not, then he owes to the public a volume to explain his jokes. Are we to understand that his critiques are intended as skeletons which readers must clothe with flesh, as the public are expected to complete a Whistler etching, or are we to understand that Art is so trivial a thing, that its most sacred principles, hallowed by centuries of reverent recognition and tradition, and sanctified by the approval and labour of a muster-roll of great men extending back more than two thousand years, are to be set up as Aunt Sallies to be shied at by articles of flippant irony whenever opportunity arises? If a negative is to be given to these questions, then what is the meaning of his article, "The Eclectic at Large," and particularly of the last section of it, in which are implied the most amazing principles that ever emanated from the pen of a critic. Professor Holmes, who has also a critical article in the ACADEMY of November 3, is perfectly clear. He makes no bones of things. He points out that Mr. Clausen, while an admirer of the Impressionists, is "just to Raphael" (and Ingres). This is evidently not intended for irony, notwithstanding that Professor Clausen apparently "doubts the practical usefulness of any rules of design." (What are we coming to?) But Professor Holmes usually explains what he means, which is an advantage he has over Mr. Ross, who seems to cry: "God save the hundred standards of modern landscape painting, and let whoso will be 'just to Raphael.'" Let us hang a veil over the Sistine Madonna and paste thereon a view of a mist at Battersea Bridge by Whistler.

MAN IN THE STREET.

PARACLETE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your Reviewer, dealing with Mr. Howard's "Savonarola," remarks:

"It is a small point—but surely 'Paraclete' is wrongly applied to the Second Person of the Trinity?"

Some people think small points are of importance. Mr. Howard probably took his theology from the Bible—a wise course surely—where we read (1 John ii. 1): We have an *advocate* with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Paraclete is here rendered "advocate," in other passages "comforter," but apart from various renderings the fact remains that the second Person in the Holy Trinity is a Paraclete.

FRED. G. ACKERLEY.

November 13.

A MISPRINT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following misprint may divert some of your readers. Mr. Swinburne in his memoir of William Collins (Ward's "English Poets") said, to point the contrast between Collins and Gray: "The muse gave birth to Collins: she did but give suck to Gray." In Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. ii. p. 368, I found the sentence thus: "Collins had and Gray had not, the gift of lyric song. . . . The muse gave verse to Collins: she did but give luck to Gray." For fatuity this would be hard to beat.

C. R. STONE.

"LOVE IN LONDON"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your Reviewer speaks so very favourably of this book of mine in the greater part of his notice that I feel it may seem a little ungracious in me to want to question his last three lines, which practically nullify all he has said before. I am not such an ass as to resent any opinion, but he raises a point that rather interests me. He observes that my writing "is a little lacking in originality," because my view of things "is not shaped by any one attitude towards life." I quite see that this might be sound criticism of a book of social treatises or personal essays, but in short stories one deals with characters whose attitudes towards life are various, and the author is concerned to present not his own outlook but theirs. Had I introduced into every story an insistence on my own attitude towards life I think your Reviewer would have found the effect monotonous, have complained of my limited range, my lack of dramatic detachment, the lack of insight that rendered me incapable of presenting any character who was not modelled on myself and endowed with my own views and opinions. I expect he would even have considered it very bad art on my part to be continually obtruding my own private attitude where it was not wanted. Surely a writer of fiction is not lacking in originality because he looks out on life from more than one window?

I hope this does not read like ill-natured quibbling, for I am not writing in that stupid spirit, but simply because I am interested and rather puzzled. Whether I am lacking in originality or not is beside the argument; it is a fact, one way or the other, over which neither your Reviewer nor I have any control; but I should like to console myself with the benefit of the doubt. Hasn't Shakespeare more than one attitude towards life, and is he therefore lacking in originality? Of course, I am not comparable to Shakespeare, but until now I have always regarded that as my misfortune.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

[Our Reviewer writes: I feel sure that you could not spare me the space to explain to Mr. Adcock my views upon attitude and originality; upon the creative instinct and how it is inspired differently at different times, and upon other interesting points. But I should like to point out that the expression "shaped by any one attitude towards life" is not synonymous with "introduce an insistence upon my own attitude," still less so with "continually obtruding my own private attitude" or with "looking out on life from one window."]

MALVERN HILL FUNICULAR RAILWAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As an "Old Malvernian" I beg leave to thank your "Spectator" for protesting against ruining Malvern Hills, celebrated by Macaulay, by Piers Plowman, and by the "Thersytes," for whom Mulciber promised to make arms unbreakable, even by a fall of the glorious "Camp."

H. H. JOHNSON.

PISCIS IN ULMO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The mixed metaphor of Sir William Hart Dyke's which you quote from the *Cornhill* in your number of October 27 is surely allowable. When the flood-gates of innovation are opened, where would you expect fish, large or small, to be found? Of course, Sir William was thinking of that other inundation mentioned by Horace, Odes, Bk. i. 2. When:

Piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo
Nota quae sedes fuerat columbis.

Evidently if classical quotations are now unknown in the House of Commons, classical allusions are not unknown.

G. G. ATKINSON.

November 6, 1906.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Skeat seems to think I evaded his question as to whether I would rather spell *sung songue*, etc. If I did I assure him it was only because, to quote his words, I thought it "all nonsense." I would not spell *sung songue*, or *rung songue*, or *swum swom*, or *lung longue*; I don't wish to reform spelling. But though *inquire* and *enquire* are different forms of one word, I should, if reading or repeating either form, hope to indicate which. In the same way I should hope to indicate the spelling of *tongue*: without however approximating it to the singular, if there is one, of *longs*. These hopes, of course, refer principally to speaking in a large room, where it is necessary to speak clearly and avoid slipshod colloquial ways. How the *o* got into *tongue*, either according to my supposition or Professor Skeat's conviction, hardly matters; the point is that it is there, and by honourable employment has gained a value. No letters, however correct etymologically, have their full value except through use; and even the unsuccessful manufactured languages might become worthy instruments of expression if they could only be the mother-tongues of literary geniuses. Present-day orthography has acquired its excellence through excellent application.

I do not know Miss Soames's "Introduction to Phonetics," but should like to know whether or not the seventy-one spellings of the three vowel-sounds which Professor Skeat alludes to are all represented without other sound-signs than those employed in standard English; that is, by the unaided letters of our alphabet; but anyway the illustration does not affect my argument that with our present system of sound-signs a truly phonetic spelling cannot be attained. Either speech must be crippled to bring it within the bounds of orthography, or some latitude must be allowed to the individual who renders in speech the written word. So why attempt what must be either stultifying or impossible; allusive and indicative signs are surely better than so-called phonetic spelling which is not perfect.

Mr. Sandbach, in his lectures on "The Sounds of Modern English," delivered at Cambridge, after writing the words "phonetically" with letters and symbols, had occasionally to explain the more subtle distinctions by description and example; for as in different languages the same consonant (I say consonant because there is more analogy between the consonants of languages than their vowels) may be formed in a different part of the mouth, thus making a degree of that variation which in its total constitutes the foreign accent, so in one language almost identical sounds, like the hard *c* and *k*, may be differentiated. In beautiful speech the distinction between such sounds is not inaudible, though it is hardly noticeable. An accumulation of slightly mispronounced letters would thrust itself upon the ear.

Most people who have any feeling at all for words will find in reading Mr. Drummond's amusing letters that their pronunciation (or their mental pronunciation, for I hope everybody allows that in reading to oneself one both pronounces and hears mentally) is affected. *Famous* is contracted to *famus*, *become* to *becum*, *would* to *wud* (!); whilst with delightful inconsistency *spellers* becomes *spellerz* and *spelling speling*. Acknowledging some difference between hard *c* and *ch* we get *diabolic* and *shock* in all their homely familiarity; *honey* also retains the purity of its standard form (would Professor Skeat pronounce it as if written *hunny*?), whilst *own* and *known* take on a certain vernacular of *oan* and *noun*. *Weary* we are told is pronounced, and therefore I suppose written, *weery*! Shade of Mr. William Sharp, where would these idol-breakers banish the "inward music," the imaginative power of words?

The spelling arrived at by Mr. Drummond is a vehicle for humour, but for nothing else. It is not even science. And science is only the second stage of knowledge; beyond it, says Plotinus, is the third stage, illumination. It is this third stage which both in speech and literature informs true word-artists, who are the only legitimate reformers of language. They effect their reformation very simply; by influence, not by dogma.

GLADYS JONES.

"SPELLING GONE MAD"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—So long as we can hav letterz from Professor Skeat az the wun in your last issue, Mr. Wallis iz at liberty to designate "simplified speling" az "speling gon mad." It iz wonderful to lern how "simplified speling" wud not becum "simplified speling" but wud be "speling gon mad," becauz ov it being thrust upon the reading and riting wurd, i.e., the *method* turnz the simplified speling into "madness"; so that, according to Mr. Wallis's logic, it iz not now mad, only it may becum so; and even shud the present formz evolv themselvz into the sujested simplified speling, it wil be "wel and good." Mr. Wallis unwittingly aquits hiz victim ov the ugly charj ov mad'ness. "It iz not mad, Most Noble Mr. Wallis, but it speaks forth the wurdz ov truth and soberness." Not only iz it not mad, but Mr. Wallis picturez it az being "beutiful" in the eyes ov another jenerashon. If Mr. Wallis can thus bespeak a welcum for simplified speling and giv it hiz blessing, we imajin hiz bark iz wurs than hiz bite.

Mr. Wallis iz not happy in hiz defens ov the "groth" argument. I ask him if the wurdz grew, and how they grew? whether the human element woz not the chief factor, and the only reply he givz iz a reluctant confeshon that compositorz and uthertz modify speling,

and that an organism is influenced by environment. Just so. If "compositor and uthertz," why not President Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie, Professor Skeat, Dr. Murray, and "uthertz"?

"Standard spelling is the spelling of the day; ludicrous spelling is an arbitrary or ignorant departure from that standard. Chaucer's spelling was not ludicrous, and is not so now." The "spelling of the day" is Mr. Wallis's idol, ever mindful of what a compositor may bring forth to improve (?) the "standard." Professor Skeat must not offer any more "arbitrary and ignorant departures" from the standard spelling to the British Academy, nor publish pamphlets; nor must President Roosevelt decree that three hundred word-forms be the "standard" forms in government offices; and the "Simplified Spelling Board" must desist concocting departures from the "spelling of the day"!

Mr. Wallis propounds the strange proposition that thots cannot be adequately expressed to the eye in fonetic orthography. Then we may affirm, with certain exceptions, that the thots and aspirations of Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, Welsh, and fonographic riterz are not adequately expressed to the eye. Is this so, or is it not? We are driven to this pass: that the present English orthography is the only fitting medium for the representation of a riter's thots. Is it possible to imagine anything more absurd?

Will Mr. F. W. T. Lange please say what stronger proofs are required for fonetic spelling to succeed? Can he confute any of the facts or proofs proffered?

As I have already cited many authorities who were familiar with more than Latin or Greek roots yet could not spell correctly, so it does not help Mr. Lange's contention very much to suggest the learning of "roots." Further, he should not that the majority of words in use are neither of Latin nor Greek origin; those which are will be little if any changed by the adoption of fonetic spelling.

If fonetic spelling will not afford any training for the mind, does Mr. Lange mean to suggest that the present spelling was deliberately devised for that purpose? Why should fonetics feed the mind? No alphabet was ever constructed for such a purpose, any more than the numeral was, and they have a fixed value. Why not say to a hungry man; "You must not eat food; grind your teeth. This will appease your hunger. It is the 'grinding,' not the food, which strengthens your body." A riter in *La Mercurie de France* has a different idea to Mr. Lange. He says: "Lovers of fonetic spelling have been endeavoring to reform our spelling by a totally incorrect conception of the value of a written language. To reform spelling in the way they suggest would not only be destroying tradition but would cause serious injury to the brain." I shall not do Mr. Lange the injustice by thinking he would pen such silly stuff, but the idea in the French riter's mind presupposes that fonetic spelling does exercise the brain, to the point of injury. Mr. Lange contends contrariwise. How is correct?

Why should we concern ourselves about what other generations may do with our present spelling? If they want to read books printed in the spelling now current they will be obtainable, just as Professor Skeat, Professor Furnivall and others have provided us with reproductions of Chaucer's and Shakespeare's originals. Which does Mr. Lange read—the reprints or the current issues? If Mr. Lange objects to any tinkering with the written form of our language, is he in favor of permitting the spoken and written to get wider and wider apart? What then, would be the use of written speech? To represent itself?

The other day I was told of a schoolmaster, a most able man, who could not write a letter or have a dozen lines without the dictionary being by his side. His exercise book at college is remembered unto this day, although it is nearly thirty years ago.

H. DRUMMOND.

Hetton-le-Hole.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I suppose that J. B. Wallis (I will not say plain J. B. Wallis lest I should be misdeemed to wish to imply disrespect, which I do not entertain. I simply regard "Mr." as a title without meaning—the perhaps least offensive of a family of titles which in the aggregate is grossly offensive; whose existence warrants, and indeed challenges, the constant protest of intelligence and sincerity) will not forgive me for having referred to him as grannie—tho he may fortify himself within Castle Indifference. This is properly his affair since he has chosen to range himself in this connection with the species grannie. His retort, "You're another," raises a question of sum interest respecting the proper sphere and warrant of ridicule in debate. I submit that the attitude adopted by him in the earlier correspondence invited and merited the thrust of ridicule.

Care in composition and the elision of verbiage would have obviated the perpetration of such a sentence as "Mr. Drummond will soon be quite unable to read current English if he persists much longer in the way he is taking." That sentence well illustrates J. B. Wallis's inability to write English, besides indicating his mental habit of confusing the terms of ideas which require separate formulation. Briefly, he fails to distinguish between things which differ. For instance, he speaks of "our own orthodox spelling" as the "natural ancestor" of the spelling of the future, and suggests the wisdom of letting the reform movement take its "natural course." "It is but an analogy," however—with a very practical limitation.

The mud-hovel, the flint-hed and the coracle of primitive man may be described by those whose breath is analogy, as the natural ancestors of modern structures and implements of industry and commerce; but this description does not conceal the fact that (however the ideas concerning building—and mechanical—construction and concerning the

conduct of industrial and commercial processes involve and embrace a continuous dependence of part upon part—a near analogy to growth) yet in plain English the houses, and engines and ships and machinery are made, and do not grow at all in any proper sense of that term. "The natural course" of a building left without architect or craftsmen would be to crumble into decay and ruin; "in the ordinary way" the evolution of machinery without engineer or mechanics would be its conversion into rusty scrapmetal. And without the services of the fonetician the "growth" of spelling is a mischievous absurdity.

A story is told of a popular preacher who, upon his appointment to a new church, delivered the same sermon upon several successive Sundays. Being remonstrated with for having taken such an odd course he replied "I have plenty of other sermons, but I have not yet seen the teaching of this one put into practice." I am reminded of the story by the reference of F. W. T. Lange to the expression "for tutorial purposes only." Much may be said of the value of fonetic spelling after that idea has been properly noted and assimilated. The paragraph in which this reference occurs contains several statements of a speculative nature. Thus it is asserted that a child will learn orthodox spelling more quickly and intelligibly by means of receiving a little knowledge of Latin and Greek roots than by first receiving any amount of instruction in fonetics. But the assurance does not assure, since the statement breaks down under the test of experience. The marked success of the fonetic method of teaching the art of reading over all ordinary methods including that under consideration, definitely places the question beyond controversy.

The English contains many words of Latin or Greek extraction, it does not consist wholly or even chiefly of these elements. And the most commonplace words, the words which first meet the learner and the spelling of which is most illogical and intrinsically the most difficult of acquirement, are not as a rule of Latin or Greek derivation, but are more frequently related to Anglo-Saxon; from which circumstance will appear the futility of teaching Latin or Greek roots.

When we see the statement that the science of fonetics is not a training of the mind like (say) mathematics, we may reasonably ask whether the author of the statement has made a practical acquaintance with that science. As a matter of fact it is strongly claimed for the study of fonetics that it tends to develop the coordinative faculty of the mind by bringing into agreement the impressions of eye and ear, and of thus, apart from any extrinsic value, constituting an exceedingly important training for the mind.

The child who is taught that see-oh-double-you spells cow has its faculty of perception and coordination set at defiance. When the slender analogy which subsists between words of that order as *now*, *how*, *vow* is broken by the spelling of *low*, *snow*, *show*, *flow*, and the ambiguous *row*, *sow*, *bow*; with scores and hundreds of examples in the commonest words the child perforce abandons the attempt to logically master the art of spelling; and resorts to the practice of learning by rote. Education then ceases and cramming begins.

This is not a fanciful picture either of the spelling itself (see the letter of Walter W. Skeat, p. 450) or of the injurious effect upon the development of intelligence and upon education generally.

The question is an eminently practical one, and educationists who recognize that "the mere ability to read or write is not an education in itself,"—tho that stage is under existing conditions too generally where elementary education ends, cannot afford to oppose a reform of undoubted potentiality for useful service.

T. TALBOT LODGE.

November 4.

THE SUEZ CANAL

Dr. A. J. Butler writes to point out that in his letter on this subject to the ACADEMY of November 10 *Heliopolis*, in line 11, is a misprint for *Heroopolis*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Transactions of the Glasgow Archaeological Society. New Series, vol. v. Part II. 8½ x 7½. Pp. 124. Glasgow: MacLehose.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Jerrold, Maud F. *Vittoria Colonna.* With Some Account of her Friends and her Times. 6 Photogravures. 8½ x 6. Pp. 336. Dent, 10s. 6d. net. [Genealogical tables and bibliography.]

Fletcher, the Rev. J. M. J. *Mrs. Wrightman of Shrewsbury.* The Story of a Pioneer in Temperance Work. With 16 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 300. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Diverging History of John Gilpin. Showing how he went further than he intended, and came safely home again. Embellished with woodcuts drawn and engraved by Robert Searer. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 48. Constable, 1s. net.

Hohler, Mrs. Edwin. *Peter. A Christmas Story.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 197. Constable, 3s. 6d.

Brier-Patch *Philosophy.* By "Peter Rabbit." Interpreted by William J. Long, illustrated by Charles Copeland. 8 x 5½. Pp. 296. Ginn, 6s. net.

Whyte, Christina Gowans. *The Story Book Girls.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 339. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Marx, W. J. *For the Admiral.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 333. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Whyte, Christina Gowans. *The Adventures of Merrywink.* With drawings by M. V. Wheelhouse. 10 x 7½. Pp. 199. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

- Ellis, Edward S. *Deerfoot in the Forest*. Illustrated. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 366. Cassell, 2s. 6d.
- Ellis, Edward S. *A Princess of the Woods*. Illustrated. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 160. Cassell, 2s. 6d.
- Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Our Great Undertaking*. A Grandmother's Story. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 311. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
- Hamer, S. H. *The Little Folk Book of Wonders*. Illustrated. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. Pp. 191. Cassell, 2s. 6d.
- Welch, Ethel. *The Granny Growler Stories*. Illustrated. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 178. Drane, 3s. 6d.
- Hamer, S. H.; and Rountree, Harry. *The Young Gullivers*. Illustrated. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 78. Cassell, 1s. 6d.
- The Pretty Picture Book, and My Favourite*. Stories for Little People. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Cassell, 1s. each.
- Some Little Quakers in their Nursery*. Illustrated by the Author. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 112. Clifton: Baker, n.p.
- Gask, Lilian. *Through the Gates of the Moon*. 9 x 6. Pp. 126. Bumpus, n.p.

CLASSICS.

- Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. *Cornelii Taciti Annalium ab excessu Divi Augusti Libri*. Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit C. D. Fisher. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Oxon: E. Typographeo Clarendoniano, 6s.

DRAMA.

- Lee, Sidney. *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage*, with other essays. 9 x 6. Pp. xv, 251. Murray, 9s. net.
- Rappoport, A. S. *The English Drama*. 6 x 4. Pp. 130. Dent, 1s. net. [In "The Temple Primers."]

ECONOMICS.

- Kirk, William. *National Labor Federations in the United States*. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. 150. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Series xxiv. 9-10. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
- Hooper and Graham Series. Graham, James; and Oliver, George A. S. *Spanish Commercial Practice connected with the Export and Import Trade to and from Spain, the Spanish Colonies, and the countries where Spanish is the recognised language of commerce*. Part II. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. xiii, 412. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

FICTION.

- Whiting, Mary Bradford. *The Plough of Shame*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 344. Dent, 6s.
- Roberts, Charles G. D. *The Heart that Knows*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 378. Duckworth, 6s.
- O'Higgins, Harvey J. *Don-a-Dreams*. A Story of Love and Youth. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 412. Duckworth, 6s.
- Duff, Lily Grant. *Periwinkle*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 424. Murray, 6s.
- Maugham, H. Neville. *Richard Hawkwood*. A Romance. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 368. Blackwood, 6s.
- Harris-Burland, J. B. *The Broken Law*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 364. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Clifford, Mrs. W. K. *The Modern Way (Eight Examples)*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 269. Chapman & Hall, 6s. (See p. 502.) [Eight short stories; seven are published for the first time in book form.]
- Prichard, K. and Hesketh. *The New Chronicles of Don Q*. Illustrated. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 311. Unwin, 6s.
- Wilson, Rathmell. *An Exile from Fairyland*, with other writings. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 92. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net. [The book is mainly composed of imaginative, mystical stories. By the author of "Hinemoa."]
- Montgomery, K. L. *The Ark of the Curse*. 8 x $5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. viii, 344. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- Fogazarro, Antonio. *The Patriot (Piccolo Mondo Antico)*. Translated from the Italian by M. Prichard-Agnetti. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 433. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Gerard, Morice. *Check to the King*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 306. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Barnes-Grundy, Mabel. *Marguerite's Wonderful Year*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 400. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 6s.
- Haultmont, Marie. *By the Royal Road*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 411. Sands, 6s.
- Graham, Winifred. *A Miracle of the Turf*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 307. White, 6s. [Endless improbabilities and kidnapping and murder and sudden death—sufficient incidents to fill half a dozen novels—and at last four hearts that beat in unison (we believe that to be the correct phrase), two and two. "A Miracle of the Turf" is likely to be in great demand at the circulating libraries.]
- Gull, C. Ranger. *The Soul Stealer*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 312. White, 6s.
- Balfour, Frederick H. *Austin and his Friends*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 315. Greening, 6s. [There is much in Mr. Balfour's book which proves that he can, and probably will, do better work. It is clever in parts, but very unequal.]

LITERATURE.

- A Treasury of English Literature* (from the Beginning to the Eighteenth Century). Selected and arranged with Translations and Glossaries by Kate M. Warren. With an introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. lviii, 973. Constable, 7s. 6d. net. [Prose and verse. Intended as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature." The book ends with Burns. Extracts up to the middle of the fifteenth century have been printed in the original spelling; spelling modernised after that date, except in the case of Spenser. Translations into prose. Contents and Index of Authors.]
- Lounsbury, Thomas R. *The First Editors of Shakespeare (Pope and Theobald)*. The story of the first Shakespearean controversy and of the earliest attempt at establishing a critical text of Shakespeare. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xxii, 579. Nutt, 10s. 6d. net. [Mr. Lounsbury is Professor of English in Yale University.]

- Symons, Arthur. *Studies in Seven Arts*. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 394. Constable, 8s. 6d. net.
- [Rodin—The Painting of the Nineteenth Century—Moreau—Watts—Whistler—Cathedrals—The Decay of Craftsmanship in England—Beethoven—The Ideas of Richard Wagner—The Problem of Richard Strauss—Duse—A new art of the stage—A Symbolist Farce—Pantomimes and the Poetic Drama—The World as Ballet.]
- Edmonds, J. M. *An Introduction to Comparative Philology for Classical Students*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. viii, 236. Cambridge University, 4s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Machen, Arthur. *Dr. Stiggins: his views and principles*. A series of Interviews. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 141. Francis Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net. [A satire on modern Protestantism, and the combination of "religion" and business principles which prevails in certain "churches" of England and America.]
- Adams, W. A. *Two hundred and Fifty Thoughts*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 78. Moring, 2s. 6d. net. [Major Adams is known already by one or two volumes of poems. His aphoristic "thoughts" are often homely, but generally pointed and worth pondering.]
- Sinclair, Walter M. *Supplement to the Catalogue of the Library of the Law Society, 1891-1906*. 10 x 6. Pp. 632. Printed for the Society by Spottiswoode & Co., n.p. [Supplements to the fourth catalogue (1891) of books in the library of the Law Society were issued in 1894 and 1898. The present volume embodies these two supplements. It contains all additions to the library during the fifteen years from July 1891 to July 1906; but does not contain the books in the Mendham collection. The total number of volumes in the library is 47,000.]
- Paradise Row*; or, A Broken Piece of Old Chelsea: being The Curious and Diverting Annals of a Famous Village Street nearly Destroyed together with Particulars of Sundry Noble and Notable Persons who in former Times dwelt There to which are added Likenesses of the Principal of them and of their several Houses the whole Collected and Presented by Reginald Blunt. 9 x $5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 199. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net. [With a plan of Paradise Row, based on Thompson's Survey of Chelsea, 1836.]
- Berens, Lewis H. *The Digger Movement in the Days of the Commonwealth, as Revealed in the Writings of Gerrard Winstanley, the Digger, Mystic and Rationalist, Communist and Social Reformer*. 9 x 6. Pp. 259. Simpkin, Marshall, 7s. 6d. net. [Bibliography, index, and three appendices: (1) The Twelve Articles of the German Peasantry; (2) Cromwell on Toleration; (3) Winstanley's Laws for a Free Commonwealth.]
- The Quiver*. Annual volume 1906. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 1199. Cassell, 7s. 6d.
- Frankau, Gilbert. *The X Y Z of Bridge*. Illustrated by Lance Thackeray. 7 x 10. Pp. 47. King, 1s. [Intended to be humorous. The verse is not worthy of the illustrations.]
- The Pocket Thomas Hardy*. Being selections from the Wessex novels and poems of Thomas Hardy, made by Alfred H. Hyatt. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 312. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.
- "Neera." *The Soul of an Artist*. Translated from the Italian by E. L. Murison, with an introduction by L. D. Ventura. 8 x $5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 126. San Francisco and New York: Paul Elder, n.p.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Maeterlinck, Maurice. *Old-fashioned Flowers* and other open-air essays. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. With illustrations by G. S. Elgood. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. vii, 115. Allen, 3s. 6d. net. [Uniform, or very nearly so, with the recently published edition of the same author's "My Dog."]

ORIENTAL.

- The Shāhnāma of Firdausi*. Done into English by Arthur George Warner and Edmond Warner. Vol. ii. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. x, 428. Kegan Paul. Trübner's Oriental Series, 10s. 6d. net. [The first volume was published in December last.]
- Vier philosophische Texte des Mahābhārata* — Sanatsujāta - Parvan — Bhagavadgītā — Mokṣadharmā — Anugītā. In Gemeinschaft mit Dr. Otto Strauss aus dem Sankrit übersetzt von Dr. Paul Essen. 9 x $5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. viii, 1010. Leipzig: Brockhaus, m.22. and m.24.50.

POETRY.

- Tietkens, Ernest A. *Star Rays*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 256. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net. [Thoughtful and earnest poems, religious in tone, though the author disdains the churches. But his verse is too pedestrian and bald to be entitled to the name of poetry, and his frequent use of anapaestic measures is unsuited to his subjects.]
- Hacon, Henry. *John Packharness: an idyll of the field and factory*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 55. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. [The story, in blank verse, of a rich young man who worked as a hand in a factory, strove to influence his fellows towards good and married the sister of one of them. Dedicated to "Our British Workmen."]

POLITICAL.

- Ashley, Percy. *Local and Central Government*. 9 x 6. Pp. 396. Murray, 10s. 6d. net. [A comparative study of England, France, Prussia, and the United States.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- De Goncourt, Edmond. *La Faustin*. Translated by G. F. Monkshood and Ernest Tristan. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 250. Gull, C. Ranger. *When It Was Dark*. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 427. Greening, 1s. 6d. net each. [Both in "The Lotus Library"!]
- Bonchord, Wilson. *Poems*. Composed in Prison. Second edition. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 74. Ilford: The Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., 1s. net. [A selection of verse written at intervals in the course of a period of five years' penal servitude.]

Dumas, Alexander. *The Queen's Necklace*. Illustrated. 2 vols. Pp. 430, 436. *The She-Wolves of Macheoul*. Illustrated. 2 vols. Pp. 571, 580. Each 7½ x 5. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
[Printed from American plates]

Sinclair, Upton. *King Midas*. A Romance. Frontispiece by Charles M. Relyea. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 388. Heinemann, 6s.

[Mr. Sinclair's first novel, written when he was twenty-one. He was unable to find a publisher for it, and printed it himself under the title, "Spring-time and Harvest."]

Thomson, James. *The Castle of Indolence, and other poems*. Pp. 279. *The Poems of Thomas Love Peacock*. Pp. 404. Each 6 x 4. Routledge, 1s. net each.

[In "The Muses' Library."]

The Japanese Fairy-Book. Compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki. Illustrated by Kakuzo Fujiyama. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 296. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.

Classic Tales. With an introduction by C. S. Fearnside. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 497. Bell, 2s. net.

[In "The York Library." Based on a collection of classic tales published in "Bohn's Standard Library," in 1882. "Gulliver's Travels" has, however, been replaced by "The Castle of Otranto." The volume now contains Johnson's "Rasselas," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Walpole's "Castle of Otranto."]

Campbell, Lewis. *Sophocles. The Seven Plays in English Verse*. Pp. 316. *Johnson's Lives of the English Poets*. 2 vols. Pp. 478, 493. Eliot George. *Silas Marner; The Lifted Veil; and Brother Jacob*. Pp. 297. *Bacon's Advancement of Learning and The New Atlantis*. Pp. 275. *The Essays of Michael Lord of Montaigne*. Translated by John Florio. Vol. iii. Pp. 440. Each 6½ x 4. Frowde, 1s. net each.

[In "The World's Classics."]

Swift, Jonathan. *Journal to Stella*. With the notes of Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 449. Hare, A. J. and J. C. *Guesses at Truth*. Two series in 1 vol. Pp. 478. Kirchhoff, Alfred. *Man and Earth. The Reciprocal Relations and Influences of Man and his Environment*. Translated by A. Sonnenschein. Pp. 223. Browne, Sir Thomas. *Religio Medici; Hydriotaphia; The Garden of Cyrus; Christian Morals*. With a Glossary by W. S. Sonnenschein. Pp. 264. Pauli, Dr. Rheindold. *Pictures of Old England*. Translated by E. C. Otté. Pp. 387. Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*. Translated by H. R. James. Pp. 205. *The Dramatic Works of Christopher Marlowe*. Pp. 448. Church, Dean. *Dante, and St. Anselm*. Pp. 253. *Macaulay's Historical Essays*. From "The Edinburgh Review." Pp. 519. Mackenzie, Henry. *The Man of Feeling, and The Man of the World*. Pp. 424. Hunt, Leigh. *Stories from the Italian Poets*. I.—Dante and Pulci. Pp. 287. *Hitopadesa; or, The Book of Good Counsel*. Translated from the Sanskrit text by the Rev. B. Hale-Worham. Pp. 210. Bullfinch, Thomas. *The Age of Chivalry*. Pp. 277. Each 6 x 4. Routledge, 1s. net each.

[In "The New Universal Library."]

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Reprinted from the First Folio. Edited by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke. With an introduction by John Churton Collins. In 13 volumes: each 7½ x 5½. Each play pagged separately. Harrap, net the set £2 2s., 1 p. £4 4s.

[The text of the First Folio exactly reprinted, "the only variations being the substitution of modern type for the long s, the interchangeable i and j, u and v, the occasional y for th, and the abbreviated the for them." What does not appear in the First Folio is placed within brackets. Important deviations from the text of the Globe edition, which has been taken as typical of what Professor Churton Collins calls the Victorian text, are noted, with their sources, in footnotes. The Globe numbering of lines is placed at the top of the page; the First Folio numbering down the sides. Occasional explanations of obscure words in the margins: First Folio words emended, and the authority for the emendations in footnotes. Each play and poem has a separate introduction and glossary of words, grammatical usage and pronunciation, and vol. ii. contains a biography of Shakespeare. The first twelve volumes have each a reproduction of a different portrait or effigy of Shakespeare and the thirteenth has a view of the birthplace.]

The Golden Poets, edited by Oliphant Smeaton. *Poems of Coleridge, selected and with an introduction by Professor Edward Dowden*. Pp. xlvii, 275. *Poems of Sir Walter Scott, selected and with an introduction by Oliphant Smeaton*. Pp. liv, 287. Each 7½ x 5½. Jack. Each 2s. 6d. net cloth, 3s. 6d. net leather.

[The first two volumes in the new series of The Golden Poets. The appearance and get-up are certainly very attractive. A simple cover design by Paul Woodroffe, portrait frontispiece and ornamental title-pages by A. S. Hartrick, and eight illustrations in colour. The introductions are biographical and critical, and there are notes, glossary and index of first lines. Those who like selections with introductions will welcome the Golden Poets.]

Everyman's Library. *Shakespeare's Comedies*. Pp. 843. *Shakespeare's Tragedies*. Pp. 981. *Shakespeare's Histories and Poems*. Pp. 888. Each 7 x 4½. Dent. Each 1s. net cloth and 2s. net leather. (See p. 491.)

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell. With Introduction by A. W. Ward. In eight vols. Vol. vi. *Sylvia's Lovers, etc.* With illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxi, 540. Smith Elder, 4s. 6d. net.
[Contains also "An Italian Institution."]

Döllinger, John J. I. *The First Age of Christianity and the Church*. Translated by H. N. Oxenham. Fourth edition. 9 x 6. Pp. xxv, 448. Gibbings, 6s. net.

SCIENCE.

Headley, F. W. *Life and Evolution*. 8½ x 6. Pp. xvi, 272. Duckworth, 8s. net.

[A book which has "grown out of lectures delivered to the Haileybury National Science Society." Amply illustrated by plates.]

British Association Meeting in South Africa, 1905. *Discussion at Johannesburg on the Teaching of Elementary Mechanics*. Edited by John Perry. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 74. Macmillan, 2s. net.

[Contains also a paper by C. E. Ashford on the Teaching of Mechanics by Experiment, read at the York meeting, 1906.]

THEOLOGY.

Pfleiderer, Otto. *Primitive Christianity. Its Writing and Teachings in their Historical Connections*. Translated by W. Montgomery, and edited by the Rev. W. M. Morrison. Vol. i. 9 x 5½. Pp. 471. Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d. net.

[Revised and greatly extended. In the "Theological Translation Library."]

Waggett, P. N. *The Holy Eucharist, with other occasional papers*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 265. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.

[The first paper on The Holy Eucharist was printed some years ago for private circulation; fifteen other unpublished papers are included.]

Driver, the Rev. S. R. *The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 382. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[A revised translation, with introductions and short explanations. A large part of the volume appeared in *The Expositor*.]

Burkitt, F. Crawford. *The Gospel History and Its Transmission*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 360. Edinburgh: Clark, 6s. net.

[Ten lectures delivered in the spring of this year at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London as the Jowett Lectures for 1906. They were repeated, with very little change, for the author's inaugural course at Cambridge as Norrisian Professor of Divinity.]

McFadyen, John Edgar. *The Prayers of the Bible*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 388. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.

[A collection of prayers from the Old Testament and the New Testament, arranged under different headings. Except where it is manifestly wrong, the author has used the Authorised Version.]

Ramsay, W. M. *Pauline and Other Studies in Early Christian History*. 6½ x 6. Pp. 415. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s.

[Fifteen essays, of which one is entirely new; the rest consist of revised and extended articles which have appeared in different periodicals.]

Cambridge Patristic Texts. *επισημογραφία (De Sacerdotio) of St. John Chrysostom*. Edited by J. Arbutnot Nairn. 7½ x 5½. Pp. lviii, 192. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.

[Nearly 200 years ago the Cambridge University Press published a separate edition of the "De Sacerdotio." Between that and Dr. Nairn's volume there has been no separate edition in England. Introduction, critical, exegetical, bibliographical, etc.; text with footnotes. Appendix on the bearing of the Scriptural quotations in the "De Sacerdotio" on the textual criticism of the New Testament; Indices.]

Pfleiderer, Otto. *Christian Origins*. Translated by Daniel A. Huebsch. Authorised edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 295. Unwin, 5s. net.

Crosse, Gordon. *Authority in the Church of England*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xi, 283. Wells Gardner, Darton, 6s.

[A short account, for laymen, of the constitution of the Church of England. Appendix: the Report on Ecclesiastical Discipline, 1906.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Stratilesco, Tereza. *From Carpathian to Pindus. Pictures of Roumanian Country Life*. With a maps and 63 illustrations. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xii, 379. Unwin, 15s. net.

[An account by a Roumanian lady well known in England of her country, which is justly proud of its freedom, and is this year celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of its independence.]

The Guide to South Africa. Edited annually by A. S. Brown and G. G. Brown for the Union-Castle Mail S.S. Co., Ltd. 1906-1907 edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. lxiv, 477. Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.

Vincent, James Edmund. *Highways and Byways in Berkshire*. With illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. 8 x 5½. Pp. 443. Macmillan, 6s.

[In the "Highways and Byways" series.]

Kennedy, Bart. *Wander Pictures*. With 8 illustrations by Tatton Winter. 8 x 5½. Pp. 360. Cassell, 6s.

THE BOOKSHELF

THERE is much in Mr. Orde Ward's small volume of religious essays. *The Keeper of the Keys* (Francis Griffiths), which is distinctly stimulating. The ruling notion throughout is the Hegelian idea of life and progress, the clash of antagonisms transcended in a higher unity. It is a law that is capable of almost universal application. Mr. Orde Ward sees it everywhere, especially in Christianity, that religion of antinomies, in the progressing world of thought and action and in the life of the individual. To the latter he makes it the trumpet-call of action. Opposition and difficulties are a challenge to faith and effort. They present themselves in order to be overcome. If the method has its advantages, it has also its dangers. Among the latter is the temptation, which this book does not escape, to strain facts in order to bring them under the formula. Another is to imagine that in such a formula we possess a key to all the enigmas and inequalities of life. While we do not accuse the writer of being under this delusion, we cannot help remarking that such is the tendency of the book, a tendency which is more or less shared by all short essays of the kind which touch upon so many problems that they cannot probe to the bottom. The result is that the book, though written with force and fire, contains, as a whole, no solid thinking or really practical suggestions, while passages are not infrequent which might be described as "glorified clap-trap."

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Some people can draw a pig and most people think they can. The line at the head of the title-page is for the use of the owner, so that the page may read, "Mrs. Parkington's Pig Book," or "Chanticleer Hall Pig Book," so to speak, as the case may be.

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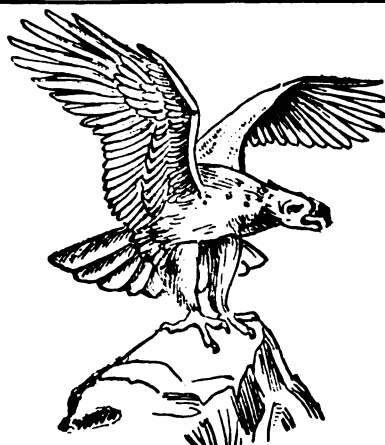
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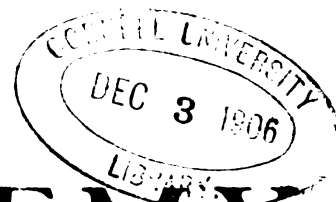
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE proposal recently set on foot to purchase for the nation the cottage at Nether Stowey, Somerset, in which Coleridge lived from December 1796 to August 1798, is meeting with the support it deserves. In this cottage Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel* (Part I.), the *Ode on France*, *Frost at Midnight*, *The Nightingale*, *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, and others of his finest poems, and here he entertained William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, John Thelwall, Joseph Cottle, Humphry Davy, William Hazlitt and others. This is the only one of Coleridge's residences that can now be secured for a memorial purpose.

It is proposed to buy the cottage and vest it with its garden in Trustees, who will either hold them for the nation or transfer them to the National Trust. The aim of the promoters is mainly to preserve the cottage, so far as possible, in the state in which it was during the poet's residence, and to replant the orchard-garden: while the annex, which was put up after Coleridge's time, is to be taken down to make way for a library for the benefit of the village and district. In the cottage itself there will be collected a small gallery of portraits of Coleridge and his friends, pictures of places associated with him (some of them, drawn by distinguished artists, have already been received for the purpose), and a few other memorial relics.

Last week, through the courtesy of Lord Crewe, a meeting of the promoters of the scheme was held in a Committee Room of the House of Lords, under the presidency of Professor William Knight, whose name is already honourably connected with the purchase of the Dove Cottage at Grasmere. A committee was formed, with Lord Lytton as chairman, Professor Knight, Holmleigh, Malvern, as honorary secretary, the Rev. William Greswell, Doddington Rectory, Bridgwater, as treasurer, and Miss Edith Burman, 6 Tedworth Gardens, as secretary; the other members being Lord Crewe, Mr. James Bryce, Sir Edward Fry, Mr. Ernest Coleridge, Canon Rawnsley, Canon Beeching, Mr. G. W. Prothero, and Mr. J. H. Etherington Smith.

A long list of those who have written approving of the scheme and agreeing to help it is already in circulation. From its two hundred and thirty-six distinguished names we can select only a few: Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Asquith, Lord Avebury, Mr. Balfour, the Bishop of Birmingham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Carlisle, Lord Courtney, Sir Martin Conway, the Principal of Brasenose, Mr. Andrew Lang, Professor Mackail, Mr. George Meredith, Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Swinburne, Sir Edward Tennant, and Dr. A. W. Ward.

Editing and annotating are so often regarded as synonymous that the proposal made by Mr. Henry Barrett Hinckley of 54 Prospect Street, Northampton,

Massachusetts, to print a series of notes on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* without hanging them on to a new edition of its text deserves encouragement. The idea that every annotator must reprint his author's text in full as an excuse for his notes is about as reasonable as the Chinese method of roasting pigs. But it is an idea which extensively prevails and it is to Mr. Hinckley's credit that he has broken away from it.

In the sample notes sent us with his prospectus Mr. Hinckley gives some information as to the cult of Thomas à Becket, discusses anew to what extent Chaucer was poking fun at his Prioress for her French of Stratford-atte-Bow, and suggests a possible identification of her with the contemporary prioress of the Stratford nunnery. He collects some instances of the varying meanings in which Chaucer uses the word *greves*, and supports the theory that Chaucer believed the *Teseide* and *Filostrato* to have been written, not by Boccaccio, but by Petrarch. Mr. Hinckley asks for subscribers for his notes at two dollars a copy.

There is at this moment in London a foreign visitor whose person and mission cannot fail to enlist our sympathy and interest. Isaac, Priest of the Samaritans, has come to England in order to sell for a price some of the most valued possessions of his people. Not the most valued; that is the "Roll of the Law of Moses," which is kept in the Samaritan Synagogue at Nablous, and for which its owners claim an antiquity of almost three thousand years. But the Priest must sell, if he can, a copy of this document made one thousand years ago, and a book containing the history of the people which was written as far back as 1150. The compelling cause is poverty. The Samaritans at the present time number only two hundred souls. Oppressed by their more powerful neighbours, they have come to great straits, and stand in need of a considerable sum of money, if their existence as a community is to be preserved. It is hoped that their treasured relics may procure them £5000. But when, in the history of the world, has nationality been brought to such a sorry plight? And as to the Priest, Isaac, to whom these things are vitally sacred, it is as though a monarch should be forced to pawn his crown. Such a sacrifice Boccaccio's hero made, who must kill his falcon, that his love might dine.

Strange are the vicissitudes of books, as of men. While the Samaritans are asking a great price for their records, some one has unwittingly parted with a Caxton for no more than Omar got in exchange for his reputation. We should perhaps say, three Caxtons, for there are three works bound in one volume. These are "The Royal Book, or Book for a King" (1488), "The Book of Good Manners" (1487), and "The Doctrinal of Sapience" (1489). The volume has been discovered by Messrs. Hodgson and Co., of Chancery Lane, among a collection of old English books sent to them from Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire. The three publications seem to have been bound together shortly after their first appearance, a fact which will, of course, enhance their value. Unhappily, all three are defective and mutilated, "The Book of Good Manners" having suffered least.

Sophus Bauditz, the popular Danish writer, has recently published a story, "A Comedy on Kronborg," the principal character in which is William Shakespeare. According to the story, in 1586, the Earl of Leicester's company of actors went to Denmark. On the voyage one of them, named Will, met with an accident, and on landing at Elsinore was nursed by Iver Kramme, a teacher, and his sister Christence. During his convalescence he read the Latin Chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus, and was greatly interested in the story of Prince Amlet. There were love passages between Will and Christence, who, learning that

he had a family in England, died, like Ophelia, by drowning. Among the characters in the story, besides the English actors, William Kemp, Thomas Bull, Thomas Pope, George Bryan, etc., are Preben Gyldenstjerne and Jørgen Rosenkrands. Kramme never suspects the identity of Will (who returns to England immediately after the death of Christence) with Shakespeare, until years afterwards, when the captain of a Danish ship presents him with a copy of the first quarto Hamlet. The story, we hear, is shortly to appear in English.

A ceremony of unusual interest in academic circles took place in the old University buildings in Edinburgh the other day, when Emeritus Professor Campbell Fraser, in the class-room in which, fifty years ago, he began his professorial work as occupant of the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in succession to Sir William Hamilton, received the congratulations of his colleagues and old pupils. Now in his eighty-eighth year, Dr. Campbell Fraser's eye remains undimmed and his physical and intellectual vigour but little abated. No fewer than sixteen pupils of Dr. Campbell Fraser have held or hold University chairs at Oxford and Cambridge, in Scotland, Australia, Canada, and the United States.

A valuable gathering of books will be sold at Messrs. Hodgson's on November 29 and 30. It consists of a collection of books in English literature ranging from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries chosen from an old County Library. First must come Shakespeare. There is a fine and perfect copy of the original edition of his Poems, 1640, with the portrait by Marshall, of which a *facsimile* is given; the first edition, 1619, of "The whole Contention betweene the Houses of Lancaster and Yorke;" the Merchant of Venice, third edition, 1637; Hamlet, a large copy of the edition of 1637, as well as those of 1676 and 1703, and Pericles, 1635. Of Spenser we have the seldom seen second edition of the Shepheardes Calender, and a copy in fine condition of his Complaints, 1591. A *facsimile* appears of the title-page of the Calender. There is a *Black Letter* Chaucer, 1598; indeed, *Black Letter* books are numerous; a first edition of Milton's Eikonoklastes, 1649, of Butler's Hudibras, 1663-78; Tennyson's Poems, 1830; Carlyle's Shooting Niagara, 1867, autograph presentation copy, and many others. Early American books form an important part of the sale.

A remarkable copy of "The Gownsmen," in the original boards, will be offered, and racing men must be interested in two such lots as the Racing Calendars, 1731 to 1854, 119 vols., and the *Sporting Magazine*, 1792-1803. The sale also includes many valuable folio fine-art books. The catalogue is well worth preserving for the knowledge and care shown in its collations of the important items. Messrs. Hodgson and Co. have also the very great luck, as book-buyers must term it, on the Friday preceding the momentous sale we have recorded, of bringing to the hammer a library of old English books, containing the three imperfect books from Caxton's press referred to in a previous note.

The new edition of Mr. Brown's Manual of Library Economy will be ready in January. The first edition was addressed in some measure to Library Committees and in that respect has met with the greatest possible success. The new edition, however, has been entirely recast and rewritten with a view to making it of use to the student. It will be the text-book for the classes at present being held at the London School of Economics (London University) as well as for the correspondence classes commencing on December 10.

It reads like a return to the fifteenth century to learn that the Port Elizabeth (S.A.) Library Committee has

sent its Sub-Librarian to Europe to search for rare books and manuscripts. Raphael Trichet (Du Fresne), who was one of these early treasure seekers, scoured the world for literary gems for his royal mistress, Christina of Sweden, and, with a laxity perhaps typical of the times, for himself. Trichet's is a little-known figure, but his story is full of romance. The Library he so laboriously gathered together ultimately found its way into what is now the Bibliothèque Nationale. The enterprise of Port Elizabeth throws the public libraries of our own country into unpleasant relief. Although the movement has made great advances during the last few years it is still very far behind that of the Colonies and America, and in some respects of European countries.

The sum of money required in order to erect a monument to Gabriele Rossetti at Vasto in the Abruzzi, where he was born, is still insufficient for the purpose although as much as six hundred pounds has been subscribed. Dante Gabriel tells us of "the lofty brown building" with "a somewhat stately though unadorned aspect" in which his father was born, and complains bitterly that a prophet has no honour in his own country: otherwise the municipality would have bought the house. This they have now done, and have called the piazza after their distinguished townsman. But the youthful student of Dante drifted from Vasto to Naples, where he became an ardent politician, and this led to his flight to "puissant Albion." What happened to him there he tells us himself in his versified autobiography, which Dante Gabriel with filial piety translated for the English reader:

Stately an University had risen
In this enormous capital of the realm
And now the Council, from whose midst emerged
Such ample learning, sacred and profane
Offered me of its own accord the chair
Allotted to Italian literature.

Gabriele Rossetti wrote a book on Dante, whom he seems to have regarded as a sort of freemason, and Arthur Hallam thought it worth his while to pen "a respectful though adverse essay on the subject." But his best claim to the admiration of posterity is that he was the father of his famous son.

Those who are interested in the question of the Modern Picture-Market recently discussed in the ACADEMY, may be glad to have a few details of the sale by auction of his paintings conducted at Willis's Rooms last week by Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, R.B.A. The sale attracted eight new buyers, who were total strangers to the artist, and "fifty-guinea" pictures, which sold for five pounds at the corresponding sale last year, fetched as much as sixteen guineas this year. So far from "offending the dealers," the plan seems to have attracted them, as no fewer than three of Mr. Dewhurst's buyers were dealers, and he has already, as a result of the sale, been offered a free exhibition in Bond Street, whereas he had previously been asked anything from eighty to four hundred guineas for an exhibition, and one dealer had asked so much as half the works exhibited and twenty per cent. on all sales, the artist paying the cost of advertising and cataloguing. The second of the ten yearly sales, therefore, which Mr. Dewhurst has resolved to hold before despairing of modern art as a means of livelihood, has met with some success, and the third will be held in June 1907.

At the last sitting of the French Academy, which numbered nineteen of the immortals, the dates were fixed for the formal admission of three new members. M. Alexandre Ribot will be received on December 20 as the successor of M. Guillaume; next, on January 17, comes M. Maurice Barrès, elected to the chair of M. José-Maria de Heredia, and on February 7 Cardinal Mathieu, who follows Cardinal Perraud. The sponsors are respectively M. Paul Deschanel, M. Melchior de Vogüé,

and le Comte d'Haussonville. On February 12 members will discuss the claims of candidates to two other chairs—those left vacant by the death of M. Albert Sorel and M. Rousse—and two days later will proceed to the election. Among the candidates for these two seats are le Marquis de Ségur, M. Maurice Donnay, and M. Marcel Prévost.

Reuter sent some particulars of the journey of Madame Cabra across the Congo State, but in view of its interest the fuller details published in the Belgian Press may be interesting. In April 1905 Madame Cabra left Naples in company with her husband for German East Africa. They reached Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of that colony, in May and proceeded thence *via* Mombasa and Uganda to Lake Victoria. They crossed the lake to Entebbe, the capital of Uganda. This easy journey, accomplished with little difficulty, reminded a Belgian officer, who covered this route in old days, that of twenty-five Belgian expeditions along the same way little more than twenty years ago only six reached the great lakes. At Entebbe again commences the caravan journey, which was the only known means of locomotion in Africa in the last generation. Madame Cabra and her husband, travelling in this way, reached the region of lake and mountain which extends from Lakes Albert and Kivu to Tanganika. This African Switzerland, in which Ruwenzori represents Mont Blanc, made a deep impression upon the travellers. Here the volcanic region impressed them in particular. The travellers, proceeding westward from Mahagi, reached the Congo River at Kassongo, and thence travelled, sometimes in canoe, sometimes in steamer, down that river to Stanley Pool. This part of the journey occupied a month, and Madame Cabra's observations of the people were not confined to notes, but included numerous photographic records of their mode of life and tribal customs. We have reason to believe that Madame Cabra proposes to publish an account of her journey across Central Africa without delay.

Mr. Tree revived on Monday night, for three weeks, his spectacular production of *Richard II.* Mr. Tree himself takes the part of the King and his portrait of that spoilt child of fortune is one of the best of his Shakespearean characters. Miss Viola Tree as the Queen, Mr. Lyn Harding as Bolingbroke and Mr. J. Fisher White as John of Gaunt are all effective. The pageantry of the play—the lists at Coventry, Bolingbroke's entry into London, the coronation of Henry IV.—is presented with such splendour that it must be appreciated even by those who pretend to like their Shakespeare unadorned. It is all correct, too, or ought to be, as the York Herald (Mr. G. Ambrose Lee) directs the heraldry and ceremonial; so it is courageous indeed to suggest that the saddlery was that of the twentieth-century yeomanry. But even if a hundred trifling anachronisms were to be detected, the public would be little the worse. The point is that they will go to see Shakespeare finely staged, and will not go to see him otherwise.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.

British Museum (Natural History) Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum, at 6 P.M. Swiney Lectures on Geology: Monday, November 26, Lecture X., Western Plain of Europe. Wednesday, November 28, Lecture XI., Eastern Mediterranean Region. Friday, November 30, Lecture XII., Western Mediterranean Region. Illustrated by Lantern Slides.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, November 26. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers. Wednesday, November 28: J. W. Gordon, on Patent Law Reform.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus.—Monday, November 26 at 5 P.M. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt on Egypt, Past and Present. Illustrated. Thursday, November 29 at 6 P.M. Rev. W. Manning on The Middle Class.

Art Exhibitions.—Grafton Galleries: Works of the late Archibald Stuart Wortley.—Views of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens by Mary L. Breakell. Open to December 3.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to January 1.—Graves Galleries: London Sketch Club: October 27 to end of November. Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—Messrs. Dowdeswell: The Society of Twenty-five English Painters: November 2.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—R. Gutekunst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Friday, November 2. Exhibition of the portrait of Lord Milner, painted for the Town Council of Johannesburg, and other pictures by M. Theodore Roussel.—Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club: Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. November 10: Tinsel Pictures by Miss Birkenruth and Water-colours by C. A. C. Jeffcock.—Messrs. Graves. Nocturnes in oil by Miss Marguerite Verboeckhoven, November 10 to end of month.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: November 17. Miniatures by Miss Eulabee Dix. Landscapes in Cornwall and Devon (water-colour) by S. J. Lamorna Birch. Water-colours of Cities of Spain by Henry C. Brewer.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11–5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon.

Plays: November 29 at Chester. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*. The performance will be repeated at the Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, on December 4, 5 and 6, at 9 P.M., and December 4 and 6, at 3.30 P.M.—Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—New Theatre, Cambridge. *The Eumenides* of Æschylus in the original Greek, acted by members of the University. November 30 and December 1, 3, 4 and 5 at 8.30 and December 1 at 2.30.—Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.

Concerts.—Saturday, November 24: Queen's Hall. Chappell Ballad Concert, 2.30. Aeolian Hall: Cherniavsky, 3.—Sunday, November 25: Royal Albert Hall, 3.30.—November 26, Royal Albert Hall: Joachim Quartet, 8.—Monday, November 26, Aeolian Hall: E. Rislen, 8.—Tuesday, November 27, Aeolian Hall: R. Buhlig, 8.30.—Wednesday, November 28, Bechstein Hall: Joachim Quartet, 3.—Wednesday, November 28, Bechstein Hall: Wessely Quartet, 8.30.—Wednesday, November 28, Queen's Hall: Albert Spalding, 3.—Thursday, November 29, Aeolian Hall: Edouard Rislen, 3.—Friday, November 30, Bechstein Hall: Plunket Greene, 3.30.—Friday, November 30, Bechstein Hall: Miss E. Mullen, 8.—Saturday, December 1, Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, 3.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: November 29 and 30. Sale of English Coins.

Messrs. Hodgson, November 23. Sale of Old English Books from Whitley Beaumont Yorks, including three Caxtons in one volume.

LITERATURE

A NEW ESSAYIST

Winged Words. (Lane, 7s. 6d. net.)

"WINGED WORDS" can scarcely be termed a modest title for this collection of essays. If the author had searched for a phrase that is at once descriptive and familiar, he might have taken Olla Podrida, Trifles, Table Talk, or something of that kind. The book is a long and rambling one, in which the author deals with a vast number of subjects briefly and disjointedly. He writes very well

and is fastidious in taste, but we have discovered nothing in the volume that would warrant the title-phrase as a correct description. Indeed, our critic is best when dealing with the infinitely little, as, for example, in his discourse concerning the peculiarities of women. The "winged words" he addresses to them may be guessed at from the following:

Coming out of a theatre one night I beckoned the driver of a hansom who caught my eye; no sooner had he made his way up to the kerb than two women in evening dress pushed violently past me, jumped into the cab and drove off, the driver no doubt imagining that I had hailed the cab for them.

This may be quite true, but it is not very Homeric. Here is another of his delightful little observations.

I overheard once a wealthy lady, who lived in a large country house, explaining to another (as well off as herself) that when it was necessary to hire a vehicle from the station it was 2s. 6d. if you took the fly direct from the station, but if you walked up the station drive and took one in the road outside it was only 2s., adding, "That's what I always do."

He sums up numerically the minor characteristics of the feminine temperament. The first is that "a woman cannot believe that it is really time to start for a dinner engagement or a train;" the second that "women cannot be content to take their own turn at a railway booking-office window;" the third is the very curious one that "a woman cannot draw houses or other buildings vertical in a picture or sketch;" the fourth that "women cannot steer a boat." After discussing the last at some length, he comes to the conclusion that it is "entirely out of the track of her instincts." Here, evidently, is a reformer of manners worth listening to! In his first chapter he makes a protest that certainly has more truth than novelty about it, against the use of slang by both sexes and particularly by young women. We seem to have heard before of the misuse of "quite" for "very," and the employment of "awfully" as an intensive. The example he gives of this is of a little fellow addressing his mother and saying: "Mother, may I introduce Tom Smith; he says you are awfully decent." The girl who says of another: "She's a great pal of mine," and who makes common use of the term "beastly," certainly deserves to be reprehended, even if she may be only following the fashion of the time, and be, in spite of all this, in her own lingo, "awfully nice." We have heard too—to follow our author's example and jump from one theme to another—that London is very provincial. There is a little essay on the saving sense of humour, but we wonder where it was when the author found a title like "Winged Words" for these minute criticisms. It is true that he sometimes approaches higher things; but his meditations on deity and our material surroundings want boldness and depth. Our critic, like a great many others, has lost the anchorage of his youth, and his consolation is that we are the manifestation of the Divine Spirit of the Universe and that:

He who can believe and act upon this conception, can feel it as a reality influencing his daily life and aspirations, has surely no need of the shackles of a formal creed binding him to the services of a personal God, the creation of his own finite imagination.

But it is in his minute criticism that our author is always most delightful. He would be even more so if he would define his terms. What does he mean, for instance, by Philistinism, as used in his discussion of the Philistinism of eminent novelists? Apparently he considers that artist Philistine who does not understand the arts he does not practise. In Jane Austen, for instance, he discovers the Philistinism of "pure and innocent ignorance." His example is the following:

Consider, for instance, the description of the singing at the party at the Westons, when it was a mark of culture and interest on the part of a gentleman to interpolate "a second, slightly but correctly taken," as an accompaniment to the lady's song; and Jane Fairfax's music that was sent to her with the piano: "and here is something quite new to me. Do you know it? Cramer. And here are a new set of

Irish melodies." "Cramer" was apparently a name Jane had heard, though she evades any attempt to define the particular composition, just as she never thinks of mentioning the authorship of that wanton play that was rehearsed in Sir Thomas's billiard-room.

Thackeray is described as a rampant Philistine, because he preferred a pantomime overture to classical music. If our essayist had reversed his engine, so to speak, it would have been easy to show that painters, whom he seems to consider the only true artists, usually take a light, airy, and altogether erroneous view of literature. In fact, one of the most amusing chapters is that devoted to misquotation of poetry, where it is shown that artists frequently misquote the bits of verse of which they make titles to their pictures. In a recent Royal Academy catalogue an artist misquoted the final line in a passage of "Paradise Lost:"

And o'er the night her silver mantle threw,

instead of "And o'er the dark." Another misquoted Tennyson's

The splendour falls on castle walls,

If we were to examine critically our own author's remarks about some translations, it would not be very difficult to fasten the charge of Philistinism upon himself, but here, again, his glory is found in the infinitely little. He crucifies the translator who translates the "Oui, monsieur" which a French lady will address to her fiancé as "Yes, sir." Miss Blind sinned abominably in translating Marie Bashkirtseff's "Aussi où diable place-t-il l'amour, M. Dumas?" as "Then where the devil does M. Dumas place love?" He points out that it would have been a more correct English equivalent to have said "Where on earth," or "where in the name of goodness," and he concludes resignedly: "But such are the tricks of translators." His comments on verse translations are truisms, only he does not seem to recognise that at the best, language, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, is but the algebraic sign of the thoughts in a man's mind, and that those symbols at the best only convey approximately his ideas. The fuller and richer a man's thought, the less easily is he translated. Thus Byron is as good in some of his continental translations as in the original, whereas Burns is untranslatable. By the bye, speaking of Byron, he appears to be one of our author's favourite poets, but though he refers to Byron's "unforgettable stanzas and unforgettable lines," the only one which he gives as being masterly, is this summing up of Voltaire, whose talents

Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
Flew where it listed, laying all things prone—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

Poor Byron! one sighs. Is this the most that can be said for you? In the pathos of intense simplicity, the examples he culls are from Rossetti and Shelley. The sentence from the former contains sixty words, which does not seem very simple at a first glance and will not compare for a moment with such an expression as that of Shakespeare:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

or the simplicity of the famous dirge in *Cymbeline*. The Shelley passage is from *The Cenci*:

And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another! Now
We shall not do it any more.

This is the best quotation in the book. One is sorely tempted to poke a little fun at this author, chiefly for the reason that he takes himself so very seriously. He is not a thinker of any great depth, but he seems to have an alert mind and plenty of sympathy. The writing, as we have already hinted, is excellently clear and good from beginning to end, so that we are seldom in doubt about his meaning. As a volume of table-talk the book will be found entertaining.

MRS. GASKELL

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell. With Introductions by A. W. WARD. 8 vols. (Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net each).

NOTHING that Mrs. Gaskell has written is perfect and eternal like "Cranford," and yet her full reputation is apt to be limited by "Cranford's" immense popularity. For it is almost as exceptional to find a man who does not know "Cranford" as it is to find a man who has read her longer and more serious work, "Mary Barton," her first novel, or "Ruth," or "Wives and Daughters," or "North and South," or those admirable short stories united under the name "Round the Sofa," containing "The Poor Clare" and "The Manchester Marriage." So it is with great pleasure that we welcome this new and comely edition of her works, which is produced under the direction of Dr. Ward. In the preface he explains that he has undertaken the task owing to the express wish of Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, Miss Gaskell and Miss Julia B. Gaskell; and there is certainly no one who could have performed it with equal grace and efficiency. The first volume contains his short but illuminating biography; and to each successive volume he has written a charming and discriminating introduction: his critical acumen only serves to heighten his devoted reverence for Mrs. Gaskell's genius, and his knowledge of the times and places which she interpreted throws new light upon the beauty of her interpretation.

In 1838, when Mrs. Gaskell was twenty-eight years old and had been married six years, she wrote to her friend Mrs. Howett about some work which she had undertaken in collaboration with her husband: it is practically her first literary work, and in her letter she expressed her aim in doing it. This is what she writes:

We once thought of *trying* to write sketches among the poor, *rather* in the manner of Crabbe (now don't think this presumptuous), but in a more seeing-beauty spirit; and one—the only one—was published in *Blackwood*, January 1837. But I suppose we spoke our plan near a dog-rose, for it never went any further.

Her first novel, "Mary Barton," was not completed until 1847, and her manner had changed and developed from the experimental poem; but her aim remained for ever the same. She wrote and wrote always—even to her last work, "Wives and Daughters," which was still unfinished at her death in 1865—in a seeing-beauty spirit. And therein lies her charm and her greatness. That spirit was so much part of her nature that there is no straining after the effect of beauty; there is nothing desperate about her attitude, nothing forced. And the circumstances of her life were beautiful.

Fortune cast no shadows across the path of her personal experiences save such as are the lot of mortality; and the fame which suddenly encircled her brow, before she had yet passed into middle age, was alike unasked and undisturbing. . . . Her husband, who had won her hand in the days of her beautiful girlhood, was the associate of the best and highest thoughts of her womanly maturity; and the honoured name that she left was safe in the care of her dearly loved daughters. On such a life who would wish to look back; to it who is not ready to look up?

Yet sympathy and love enabled her to see the evil and the ugly and the distressing things of life without shrinking: beauty never became suspect. She possessed the quiet strength and great courage which are needed to welcome the colour of beauty; for that colour often makes the dark moment or the ugly sight by contrast more poignant in its effect. A little story of hers called "Libbie Marsh's Three Eras" shows this peculiar ability with exceptional clearness. The spirit informs all her work: in the little story it seems crystallised. Her treatment is exquisite in grace and simplicity. We can think of no writer but Mrs. Gaskell who could have held the poise with such nicety: a moment's lack of grip, the slightest hesitation, and the story must inevitably fall and fall heavily: sordidness and false pathos crouch to catch her. For the story tells of a little cripple-boy, Franky, who dies, and

whose death brings a kind of sweetness to his mother, a cross-grained woman whom her neighbours dislike, and establishes a bond between her and Libbie Marsh, the sewing-girl who had come to live in the court and felt very lonely until she sent the little boy a canary as a valentine and became his friend. So after his death the two women live together and Libbie Marsh . . . but this is Mrs. Gaskell's way of moralising:

Do you ever read the moral concluding sentence of a story? I never do, but I once (in the year 1811, I think) heard of a deaf old lady, living by herself, who did; and as she may have left some descendants with the same amiable peculiarity I will put in for their benefit what I believe to be the secret of her peace of mind, the real reason why she no longer feels oppressed at her loneliness in the world—she has a purpose in life; and that purpose is a holy one.

Apparent in this sentence lies the quality which saved Mrs. Gaskell from sentiment—void abyssm!—and that quality is her sense of humour. By the side of it George Eliot's humour pales to bitterwit. It is as much part of her character as the seeing-beauty spirit. The combination of the two (how rarely they go together it is only necessary to think for a moment to realise) form Mrs. Gaskell's greatness. It gives her the breadth of view, which humour alone can give, and balanced insight into character. And so of the conflicting interests, of masters and workpeople, of rich and poor, her treatment is always masterly; and whatever character she touches, whether it be the distinguished Margaret Hale, or the unswerving John Thornton, or the Nonconformist minister Benson and his sister Faith, or Ruth, to whom the Bensons give a home, or countless others, she is always able to endow that character with the charm of loveliness. Rarely, as in the case of Bellingham, who has betrayed Ruth, does that quality desert her, and at once her touch becomes heavy and her treatment prejudiced and unconvincing.

It is to Mrs. Gaskell, of all the Victorian novelists, that we turn to find the quiet beauty of Victorian life. George Eliot was a little beyond her time, and there was bitterness in her writing. The Brontës were too individual; their novels read like prose rhapsodies on their personal griefs. Dickens paints with such a grotesque assortment of colours, laid on so heavily, that his people seem creations of his own genius rather than human beings, though they share his tremendous animal spirits. Disraeli charms and bewilders by his brilliance and display—the exact opposite of Trollope, who soothes us with his laborious care. Mrs. Gaskell was eminently of her age. She alone among them was inspired by what was highest and noblest of her day. Others were stifled by it, like the Brontës, or loved it and sneered at it, like Thackeray, or were brilliant at its expense, like Disraeli. She was kept from sinking into its placidity by her intense sympathy with what was best in it, just as the other novelists (as is more usual) were saved from its lethargy by rebelling against what was worst in it.

The old order must change; but it is delightful to look back on all that was gracious and comely in that old order. And perhaps the best thing of that Victorian life was the instinct of the family. The thief circumstance had spoiled Thackeray's vision of that—"the angry man, with the hungry look in his eyes"—and had embittered George Eliot against it without giving her the right solution to the problems which she saw. But that family instinct informed Mrs. Gaskell's life, even as it informed her work with what Dr. Ward delightfully calls "her sweet serenity of soul."

Knowledge creates new responsibilities, and problems arise quite simply from the effort to adjust these new responsibilities to the old framework. Now, in the creed of the individualist and of the socialist the family is losing its old prestige. It is the day of the young. The duty of the old to the young is more regarded than that of the young to the old. Life has become more complex; and superficially it is harder and more material than when Mrs. Gaskell wrote. So we turn to Mrs. Gaskell and read

her books for their beauty and peace and old-world kindliness and charm; such centuries are they removed from the stress of modern thought and the bustle of modern existence.

PROFUNDO PINDARUS ORE—II

The Olympian Odes of Pindar. Translated into English verse by CYRIL MAYNE, M.A. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.)

THOUGH, as I have said, the Odes, from one point of view, formed a part of a religious rite, in fact an act of worship, the poems themselves were anything but religious poems. Pindar often, like the Troubadours in the Middle Ages, speaks of his art as "the gay art"; with him to treat a theme is "to play with" it, and he calls his song "a toy of Apollo's." The effect on the poet of the apparent triviality of his theme is curious. As the event is to the unthinking commonplace, he is resolved that his style and diction shall recoil as far as possible from the commonplace. Hence the elevation of language which some critics have mistaken for bombast. He sings of a boy who defeated four competitors in the wrestling match, and thus escaped the humiliation of returning home defeated. How is this expressed? "He put off from himself on four lads' bodies the home-coming most painful, the tongue to dispraise turned, and the furtive path." When a *prosateur* would have written "immediately on emerging from boyhood" Pindar says: "when reft from the beardless ones"; a cloak is "warm physick 'gainst the winds of heaven": "he never failed at Nemea" becomes "Nemea clave unto him." The smoke of the sacrifice puffing up in quick jets "kicks the welkin"; the fields after lying fallow "clutch back their strength." When we meet expressions like these we must remember not only how essential it was to maintain elevation in treating of homely themes, but also that Greek words are not exactly conterminous with English. "Methinks a whetstone shrilleth at my lips" seems to us too daring a figure to convey the meaning "here is that which urges me to loud song." But who shall say that ἀκονά came to the Greek ear with precisely that train of associated ideas which "whetstone" bears to ours? Even in our own language words have taken on meanings which now render almost ludicrous phrases which were once sober and dignified. When Chaucer alludes to "That conceited clerk Homere" we know that he intended to describe Homer as possessed of lofty imagination and deep learning, but we cannot help thinking of an overdressed Bank or Post Office functionary, or even

That commonplace type
With a stick and a pipe
And a half-bred black and tan.

Matthew Arnold ascribes to Pindar a kind of intoxication of style. He is steeped in style in a sense which is true of no other artist in words, in which he works with the same unerring touch with which Phidias wrought in marble. That "note of distinction" which the same admirable critic bids us to look for in every work of art is never hard to hear in Pindar, or indeed in any part of Greek lyric poetry. But to hear it aright we must have ears, and educated ears. The stilted and the dignified are as near neighbours as the sublime and the ridiculous. In Pindar we find a spiritual excitement, or exaltation, ever surging up but ever bridled in, as in the acting of Salvini and Sarah Bernhardt. Proverbial philosophy and dark mythical allusion suddenly flash into a semi-epical ballad, sparkling with Homeric jewels, always reset, but always reflecting the glamour of mythland—epic perfumes charged with the sweet associations of "faery lands forlorn," shining gems of speech which are in his own phrase "hid under flowers of fire."

The most amazing quality in the odes of victory is that

while they seem to rush on with careless and impetuous might, so that Horace even called Pindar's numbers "lawless," there is good reason to believe that they are the result of the most elaborate but artfully concealed art, that these poems are constructed on a subtle principle almost peculiar to themselves. The ode radiates from a central point or "kernel" (ὀμφαλός) and expands into corresponding branches on each side. It begins with the middle. The kernel contains the myth. It is connected with the "opening" (ἀρχή) on the one side and the "seal" (σφραγίς) on the other by two "links" called the *κατατροπή*, or "fore-link" and the *μετακατατροπή*, or "after-link." It is very strange how these different joints (so to speak) of the poem seem in the immense majority of cases to stand in the same relation to each other and to the whole piece. The "opening" tells of the victor and his family. Then comes the "fore-link" which introduces the "kernel" containing the myth, from which again the "after-link" leads us on to the "seal" which recurs to the theme of the "opening." "Opening" matches "seal" and "fore-link" answers to "after-link." These two "links" are easily recognisable. They are invariably subjective, and refer to the poet and his art figuratively and nearly always by means of some nautical metaphor. The links constitute a kind of rubric. The "fore-link" says "here beginneth the myth" and the "after-link" says "here endeth the myth." The Greek mythology, it must be remembered, was in effect the Greek Bible.

When one thinks of the "kernel" thus set between the "links" like a jewel within the bevel of a ring, one is at once struck by an analogy in the sister art of architecture. In the pediment of a Greek temple the central sculpture is flanked on both sides by corresponding pairs of designs, until the whole pediment is embellished; just as the central "kernel" is flanked by the "opening" on one side and the "seal" on the other, to which in longer poems is added another corresponding pair, a "fore-opening" (ἐπαρχή) and an "exit" (ἐξόδοι). So when a stone is thrown into a lake the circles of retreating water are larger and more numerous according to its size. Now Pindar frequently refers to some invention of his as regards the structure of the ode, and there are several passages in which he speaks of this discovery in close connection with some similar device introduced into architecture. It seems then not an unwarranted inference that it was the treatment of the pediment in architecture which suggested to Pindar the peculiar structure of his ode, while to carry out his scheme he availed himself of the *technique* of the Terpantrian nome. It is very remarkable that those very pediments furnish the theme of some of his most beautiful episodes. Perhaps the finest picture in Pindar is in that Isthmian ode in which he describes the visit of Heracles to Telamon, when he came to seek Telamon's aid against Troy, when Telamon gave his guest a wine-cup rough with gold, and Heracles, as he stood there in the lion's skin, stretched forth his irresistible hands to heaven, and prayed for a son for Telamon of Eriboea's womb, "staunch as this hide which hangeth about me, the hide of the beast that I slew at Nemea: and may his heart be as stout as his hands." Now this is the very theme that embellished the eastern pediment of the temple of Athene in Aegina, which Pindar must often have admired when he conducted many a triumphal cantata in the favoured island, the home of so many victorious athletes. Hence we may well believe that when Pindar looked on the pediment of a Greek temple adorned with its central piece of sculpture and its corresponding groups of statuary on either side until the whole space was embellished, it occurred to him that this fine effect might be borrowed by the sister art of Poetry. Whether he really did borrow this device cannot be said to be ascertained for certain. If he did, it is only in the last few years that scholarship has discovered the mechanism of the wonderful toy, which is all the more beautiful since we have learned the secret.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A PERIOD OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE

The First Half of the Seventeenth Century. By HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON, M.A., Chalmers Professor of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Periods of European Literature Series. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

PROFESSOR GRIERSON'S book is chiefly valuable on two accounts. It gives one of the best summaries in English of the verse, prose and drama of Holland during the period under discussion, and it pays a more adequate tribute to the greatness of Donne than has been the custom of late in histories of English literature. The chapters on the English drama are somewhat thin, but that was to be expected in a volume which covers so much ground: it is an impossible task to do justice to the period indicated by the names of George Chapman and Shirley within the limits of fifty short pages, but Professor Grierson's chapter, short as it is, may be read without too painful a sense of breathlessness, for he has left out much detail, and wisely confined himself to general statements and a broad treatment. We cannot accept all his judgments. It is a little odd, for instance, to read that "Beaumont and Fletcher cultivated indecency." We agree with the preference given to "metaphysical" as the distinctive name for the poetry that is usually associated with the names of Donne and of his followers: to speak of them as "fantastics" has always seemed to us to be a sheer misuse of language. A sane word of warning is uttered concerning the "hazardous conjectures" of Mr. Gosse in the matter of Donne. Donne, one of the greatest in English literature, still lacks an editor. The work might very well fill a life of medium length, therefore he is likely to lack adequate attention until the study of literature is subsidised by a self-denying Trust. The ideal editor of Donne must be a patient collator, a good bibliographer, a cool critic, he must lack prejudices and be incapable of emendation.

We are glad to see that Professor Grierson has a good word to say for Herbert's poem on Aaron's dress. It is one of the most perfect in music and technique in the English language and it is one of the most neglected. He is less than just to Cowley, but that may be due to the temper of the age; and it is evident that he has never fallen under the spell of Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*.

The book would have been greatly improved by further revision. Some of the sentences need to be recast, e.g., speaking of Milton's sonnets, Professor Grierson writes: "the grand style to which he had finally attained in *Lycidas* is as evident as in *Paradise Lost* in these splendid, and in the history of English poetry so inspiring, poems." There is a reference to Balzac on p. 187 which does not seem to be indexed; the late Mr. Garnett appears minus one t on p. 193; the author of one of the best biographies in English appears as Mrs. Hutcheson on p. 242 and, on the following page, most tragic of all, Walton's Christian name appears as Isaac. We do not think Professor Grierson need have gone out of his way to cast doubts on Izaak Walton's accuracy. Later research has shown him in some things (e.g., the matter of Herbert's ordination) to be more accurate than modern editors and biographers.

But we would end as we began with an expression of thanks to Professor Grierson for his welcome addition to literary history, a work marked by much insight. It is always pleasant to see one's own thoughts set forth in happy phrase by others, and few sentences in the book have pleased us more than those which summarise what Professor Grierson has to say of Milton. "Milton's heaven," says he, "is not wanting in majesty and splendour. The poet was too deeply read in the Hebrew prophets not to have at his command magnificent images and sublime effects. Still, when we close the poem, we feel acutely that the poet has never caught a glimpse of

the Beatific Vision, in which alone could be found the meaning of the great tragedy, and which lesser men than Milton—Giles Fletcher, Crashaw, Vaughan, Vondel—descried at moments. To that vision there is no access 'nisi per charitatem,' and some want of love was Milton's misfortune."

THE GREAT RIDDLE

Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism. God, Freedom, and Immortality in view of Monistic Evolution. By the Rev. W. L. WALKER. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 9s.)

THE object of this book is to show how, apart from Idealistic philosophy properly so-called, the very argument of mechanical Monism can be turned against itself, and that, in fact, even on its own premisses, the universal supremacy of mind and reason accounts far better for the universe as it is than that of a material "substance."

This, of course, is no new idea: it has been pointed out before how, on the theory that the human brain is the result of a long course of evolution due to the interaction of subject and object from their lower to their higher manifestations, it follows inevitably that the external order, from which mind is thus derived, is itself rational. Nowhere, however, have we seen this thesis more lucidly and convincingly handled than by this able writer.

The first real difficulty he experiences in the course of his argument is when he seeks to pass from the merely immanent God of Nature to the immanent and transcendent God of Christianity.

And it is here, in the first place, that we are inclined to think he does not quite hit the mark. He seems to imagine that there is some danger in the increased emphasis which modern theology lays on the divine immanence. So there would be, from the Theistic standpoint, if the transcendent element were neglected. This, however, is by no means the case. But theologians are beginning to realise the significance of the truth that the idea of transcendence, the thought of the Absolute, itself is immanent in man, in the same way that the sense of externality, on which he rightly insists as that which makes purely subjective idealism impossible, is as much a part of the mental constitution as the idea of self. In fact, the crude notions of the material object and of the transcendence of Deity which belong to the unphilosophic mind stand on exactly the same footing. Mr. Walker so aims at maintaining an empirical position that he seems, if not to support these popular illusions, at least to condone them. And this, perhaps, exemplifies the weakness of this line of reasoning when once the purely phenomenal has been transcended. For, however we may seek to ignore it, we are then at once brought face to face with what is, to all appearance at least, a dualism of ideas which stand one over against the other in correlative opposition, of which the transcendent and immanent, the relative and absolute, are but a few of the terms of the whole series. The transcendence of God leads to another opposition, that between the Christian idea of God and the "cruelty of nature." It is useful, no doubt, to point out that this cruelty has been exaggerated, that we have no right to interpret the sufferings of the lower creation in the light of human consciousness. But, though such a plea may mitigate, it does not solve a problem that extends itself into the world of humanity, in which, for ages, man has inflicted indescribable sufferings upon his fellow man, often in the name of religion, in the name of God Himself. Before this problem can be met, it is necessary that it should be stated in unequivocal and unbiassed terms. This Mr. Walker fails to do. He is doubtless right in insisting that the doctrine of the struggle for existence has been too exclusively emphasised by the older school of evolutionists, and in following Prince Kropotkin and others by giving due prominence to the opposite factors of love and altruism,

equally present throughout the whole process. But this serves only to make more evident the dualism that runs through the very core of things. Modern scientific method has shown that the older dualistic notion of two warring principles is untenable, but it has only made more apparent the presence throughout the whole of nature of the opposing forces of love and hatred, which, though complementary in the sense that they work together for a common end, in a common system, are yet, as principles, seemingly irreconcilable. The difficulty is to imagine how the Christian idea of a loving God can be reconciled with the creation of a world, in which every creature devours some other. And his repeated assertion that no other method of creation was possible, in itself a large and unproved assumption, only creates another difficulty in the Theistic concept by imposing upon God a necessity superior to His own will and goodness. Mr. Walker's statement of the difficulty gives but an inadequate idea of its real strength. Of course he would answer, and practically does answer—the whole trend of his reasoning is in that direction—that we must look to the moral results of the development for the real meaning of the process. This is the strength of the evolutionary argument for Theism. But here again he fails to realise the strength of the dualism which is but made the clearer and the more apparently irreconcilable, the further the moral element in man leads him away from the callousness of nature and forces him to criticise the very process of which himself and his moral ideas are the outcome. There is, of course, considerable truth in the view that what is good in a lower stage becomes evil in a higher. But though this may hold true in many cases, it certainly finds no echo in that deep and common sentiment of humanity which recognises the eternal and absolute difference between right and wrong, and therefore the explanation but brings to light one opposition the more. It would certainly seem as if, in the statement of the world-problem, some form of the Hegelian method were the right one, the positing of opposites in their hard abstraction in order that they may be transcended in a higher unity. But here the danger supervenes, in dealing with such very real and vital problems, of falling into mere abstractions and mistaking words for things. Mr. Walker is so far right: the philosophy of the future cannot be mere abstract idealism; it must come into touch with living, concrete facts. And over-generalising leads to looseness of statement and haziness as to facts and details.

Once more, the dualism that exists between phenomenal necessity and the interior sense of freedom receives here no adequate recognition, though the writer has no difficulty in refuting much of the rash and paradoxical reasoning of Mr. Mallock.

One more point must be noticed in this connection. The chief problem he sets himself to solve is the reconciliation of mind and matter, of subject and object. But, though he rightly insists, against Haeckel and his school, that the lower must be subsumed under the higher, the known under the knowing mind, here again he thinks to reconcile apparent dualism by denying its existence. It may be true enough to say that mind and matter are different, but complementary, aspects of the same reality, yet the difference remains, it is not resolved by this admission. Here the philosophy of the man in the street is at one with that of the idealist. The sense of the opposition between mind and matter is profound and radical. And the first analysis only serves to emphasise it, to make broader and deeper the gulf between the ego and phenomena, between the unextended and the extended. It is only by further consideration that the gulf is bridged. Hegellians have bridged it in their own way and have finally reconciled all minor oppositions in the Subject. Mr. Walker is right when he says that the method does not appeal to the ordinary man, but, though his conclusions are identical, his manner of reaching them ever evades the real crux of the problem.

As for the theological structure which he builds on this philosophy, its connections with the previous argument are of the loosest, and this fact is, after the manner of theologians, slurred over and concealed, instead of being made, as it ought to be, perfectly clear. The book is, however, well worth perusal, especially the earlier chapters.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY—AND FOR EVER?

Some Irish Yesterdays. By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. (Longmans, 6s.)

THESE sketches of Irish life and character are as charming and as amusing as anything that the authors of "The Experiences of an Irish R.M." have ever done. Take the following account of how ordering meat from the butcher is managed in "a wild western place in Cork:"

When they goes to kill a cow there, they dhrove her out through the sthreet, and a man in front of her ringing a bell, and another man with her, and he having a bit o' chalk (and it *should* be a black cow). Every one then can tell what bit of her they want, and the man dhraws it out on her with the chalk. But it *should* be a black cow.

A better example of *meiosis* could scarcely be given than that in Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting which says:

C is for Check.
If ye go any faster
Ye'll be apt to be dhrawn into chat
With the Master.

It needs an Irishman to cope with the ways of Irish servants in a manner that is at all adequate to the occasion. To an Englishman the humour of the situation is not at the particular moment so apt to appeal. Could any one but an Irish mistress have preserved reticence on the abstraction of a pair of her shoes for use at a village festival?

"Himself's" remark, too, must be given, on finding that his boat had not survived the winter, owing to the pressing demands of the laundresses for wood to heat their coppers. "Begad," he said, regarding the culprits through his spectacles, "I believe you'd burn myself if I'd light"; and Rickeen's description on Mulvaney's dog: "Ye couldn't know what kind of a breed was in him, but ye'd *have* to like him, he was that spotted." Such touches are strewn thicker than ever through the pages of this book. And yet, when the last one is turned, it is not the humour and the frolic and the fun that linger in the mind, but rather a sense of sadness unrelieved by hope of the future. In the chapter "In Sickness and in Health" is brought out that perpetual wonder, the Irish marriage; the grossest commercial bargain that ever was haggled over, which yet, as years go by, in spite of the poverty and sordidness of its surroundings, becomes a very poem of faithfulness and affection, as in the case of the aged couple here described, of whom it was truly said: "Their hearts were within in each other."

In the last chapter the closing sentence runs:

The very wind that blows softly over brown acres of bog carries perfumes and sounds that England does not know: the women digging the potato-land are talking of things that England does not understand. The question that remains is whether England will ever understand.

And the beauty of the language and sentiments in which this appeal is couched by Irishman and Irishwoman on behalf of their people makes the answer which must be made on behalf of England seem yet more unsympathetic and prosaic. Still, it must be given, and it is this: in this workaday world neither England nor any other country where the *men* are honestly working out their own salvation by the sweat of their brow can or ever will understand a nation who, living ever in the past, dwelling ever on ancient wrongs, refuse when at home to do a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. In England the *women* would not be "digging the potato-land."

THE ODE OF SAPPHO "TO ANACTORIA"

[This fanciful completion of Sappho's ode (which breaks off after the first line of the fifth stanza) by adding three stanzas suggested by piecing some of the fragments together, is of course not offered as a serious critical attempt at restoration. The fragments are numbered as in Wharton's 2nd edition, the words in brackets being the connections supplied by the translator.]

BLEST as Gods immortal is he, meseemeth,
Who, when thou dost witchingly speak, may hear thee,
Darling, while his gaze upon thine eyes dreameth,
Sitting anear thee,

Hear thy laugh love-thrilling! In thy net tangled
Then my breast's bird wildly his wings must flutter!
One, one furtive glance—and my breath is strangled;
Nought can I utter:

Palsied fails my tongue; and a wildfire subtle
'Neath my skin is suddenly coursing, searing
These mine eyes blind: throbbeth my pulses' shuttle,
Stunning mine hearing.

Drops of anguish slip from my forehead: quivers
Every limb: parched grass by the sickle laid is
Not so pale: my frame in a death-swoon shivers
Close unto Hades.

Yet I blench not!—ev'n to the beggar [gleaming
Treasure shines in dreams, that his sleep is golden:]
So my love hopes ever: in happy dreaming
Still am I holden.*

[Yet my dream is troubled,] as yearning, straining,†
[Empty arms I stretch,] and I wake with weeping.‡
Let the dawn-wind scatter my heart-sick paining
Swiftly down-sweeping!

Aphrodite, crownèd with gold, O give me
Love for my lot,§ [even my heart's dream-treasure!]
This, whereof my rival would fain bereave me,||
[Grant of thy pleasure!]

* . . . ἔγω δ' εὐμαῦτα
τοῦτο σύννομα (Frag. 15).

† καὶ ποθῶ καὶ μάμαι . . . (Frag. 25).

‡ . . . κατ' ἔμον στάλα-γμον·
τὸν δ' ἐπιπλάζοντες αἱμοὶ φέροιεν
καὶ μελεδῶνας (Frag. 17).

§ αἶθ' ἔγω, χρυσοστήφαν' Ἀφροδίτα,
τόνδε τὸν πάλον λαχόν . . . (Frag. 9).

|| . . . ἔγω δὲ κῆν' δτ-
τω τις ἔραται (Frag. 13).

ARTHUR S. WAY.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

X—TRUTH IN ERROR

Is there truth in error? Does it hide in obscurity there? and can it be traced in its lurking-places? Most assuredly it is so; or the latter—the error—could not possibly live one hour. It was Bossuet, a Catholic prelate, who said: "Every error is a truth abused." Whether this applies to every one, or only to the majority, it is certain that it is the truth within it that enables each error to live. Every one knows that it is impossible for the most sincere lover of truth to be wholly free from

error, that each opinion formed is a mixed product, that we all see through a glass darkly, and that no finite intellect can discover truth absolutely. It may startle some persons, who imagine they have found it, to be told that to reach "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is a visionary dream; but it will no longer startle them if they realise that absolute truth is of necessity universal, not many-sided but all-sided. It is truth applicable to every object, in all conditions of existence, and in every possible world; while the small domain to which we are confined is that of the relative, the partial, the one-sided, and the contingent.

But even in this minor sphere of the contingent which we daily traverse, we cannot attain to infallibility. It is only an approximation that can ever be ours. We gather its tiny fragments together and laboriously save them up; but, like the flowers we pluck, they begin to decay as soon as they are gathered. We are subject to scores of illusions in reference to each of them, and even when we attain to a knowledge of what is true, the meaning of it rapidly fades, and we are unable to bring it back to consciousness as it was. Our knowledge becomes entangled in knots which we cannot unravel; and the result is sooner or later a hieroglyphic to ourselves as well as to others. But it is sometimes forgotten that a sadder fate than this would be ours were we able to attain to infallibility. Our symmetrical dogmas, placed as in a cabinet within us, would become fossils, dead petrifications. Nay more, it is the error, or fragmentary view that mingles with our vision of the real, that often makes the latter vital to us. They are a living possession, and they vitalise us, while we are striving to escape from the error and get nearer to the truth itself.

Grant that truth is not that which each man or any man troweth; that it is not a matter of fashion, custom or caprice; in other words that there is a standard of the true, and that the aim of each should be to separate the kernel from the shell in which it is contained. We know that our most firmly held beliefs contain some errors within them, else they would never be outgrown; and that our most erroneous ones possess some truth, else they would not be clung to so persistently. But then no error is ever understood until we discover how it arose. We are not in a position to reject it until we know from what it sprang, and we are bound to search for the root whence it arose; remembering the finite nature of the knower, and the bounded territory of the known. We find that errors often spring out of the exaggeration of a truth, from its being pushed to an extreme, or from our looking only at one of its aspects, forgetting that it has many. We therefore proceed to think it all over again. We place ourselves mentally at the place where it arose; and the very effort to do so gives us a new vision of its nature. If we think a predecessor has failed we put ourselves in his place and try the experiment over again. This almost invariably leads to a kindliness and a tolerance of which the world stands much in need. We come to see how the errors of the wise are more instructive than the truths which the foolish hold. It is because by their repeated cross-examination of received belief the wise are travelling towards the truths which are greater than any that a fool may chance to stumble upon. The question "What is Truth?" is as old as is the history of man; as old as the kindred question, "What is Duty?" And very many of our duties arise out of our answers to the question, "What is 'true'?" This vast inquiry cannot be entered upon here and now; but the question may be asked, "What are the common causes of error?" In answer, we are all of us less or more the dupes of custom. "Convention beats us down." *Nolens volens* we are influenced and often controlled by the opinions of our fellow men; and they frequently deceive us. What is our remedy, then? Unquestionably it is the exercise of doubt, the practice of a wise, reverent, courageous, honest doubt. Most of us instinctively cling to what we have been taught of old, because it is painful to

be in suspense as to the validity of past conviction, or to run counter to the *dicta* of those who taught us; and thus it is that so many legends pass for history. We have personal, and family (or household) traditions, which we feel we cannot renounce; for,

In deep and awful channels runs
The sympathy of sire and sons.

And while the young reverence the aged, the aged as a rule remain fixed to what they learned in youth. They say "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and the thing that shall be, is now."

But if admiration for what is old, and has stood the test of time, is one source of error; fondness for what is new is another one equally great. It is worthy of note, however, that both spring from a healthy root. Regard for what is old may be due to reverence, and fondness for what is new may arise from sympathy with the ever developing spirit of the race, that evolution which brings out of its treasures things new and old. It might be useful to draw out a list of the common sources of error, but only a few need be mentioned: Rashness, precipitation, prejudice, a morbid imagination, jealousy, fear, vanity and conceit, false associations, lack of memory, illusions of the senses or of the fancy, diseased self-consciousness, and others too numerous to mention.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. We know that error exists, but every error springs from some root of truth: and if the truth is sought for persistently through all illusion it will be found lying perhaps in the crypts of consciousness, or in the far recesses of our ignorance, but found it will be in the end. Its discovery will bring wonder, achievement, and rest. On an old Egyptian papyrus the following is written, "Let not him that seeketh cease till he find, and he that findeth shall marvel, and he that marvelleth shall reign, and he that reigneth shall rest."

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE

THE publishers and the enthusiasts will soon have done their duty by Blake. Mr. Binyon's and Mr. Russell's books about his art are still to appear, but now we have an excellent reprint of Gilchrist's life,* a collection of the letters as complete as it can be made at present and very carefully annotated by Mr. Russell,† and a complete edition of the poetical works containing all the Prophetic Books, Jerusalem, the Nights of Vala, and the rest of them.‡ Tatham's Life, never printed before, does not tell us much about Blake that is not in Gilchrist, but it is worth printing, since Tatham in his youth was intimate with Blake, and he gives an account of Blake's character which confirms that of Linnell and others. Mr. Ellis is an enthusiast indeed, and would like to found a Blake society. His enthusiasm exults even in the Prophetic Books. "To understand Vala," he says, "is to understand all Blake," and no doubt he understands Vala almost as well as Blake understood it himself. But if he thinks that there are any deep secrets of life to be discovered in the Prophetic Books, I beg leave to differ from him with all possible deference. There is some disposition now to regard the Prophetic Books as having a kind of magic in them

beyond what we find in the works of the great poets, who have said what they meant as plainly as they could. It is quite clear that Blake did not say what he meant as plainly as he could in them; and therefore the question whether they are to be admired as great works of art is one of some importance, since it involves some of the first principles of literature and of all art. It may be laid down as a first principle that one aim of all great literature is to make things as plain as words can make them; and further that the beauties of great poetry are the result of the effort to express things which cannot be completely expressed in words. Thus there is often obscurity in great poetry, as in Shelley's poem, "Light of life thy lips enkindle," but it is an unwilling obscurity, the obscurity of darkness pierced by a bright light; and we wonder, not at the darkness, but at the light that can reach so far into it. The obscurity of the Prophetic Books is of a different kind, it is systematic and often wilful, partly a matter of arbitrary names and catchwords, partly of imperfect allegory, partly of weak construction. In fact, Blake, though the most honest of men, played tricks with himself when he wrote these works. No doubt the indifference of the world discouraged him in the effort to express himself, so that he came to write for himself alone and satisfied his instinct for creation with catchwords and formulæ, which meant something to him through their associations, and which may mean something to us if we can get to understand those associations. But these catchwords and formulæ are really only devices by means of which Blake concealed from himself the fact that what he wrote was not poetry but the rough material for poetry. He always had a strong desire to be definite in every art which he practised. We know how he admired the Florentines for their clearness of outline and hated the Venetians for their vagueness. Nearly all his own pictures and drawings have very definite outlines. But in the inferior ones the definite outline does not express an equally definite invention; and in the same way the names of the Prophetic Books often have the mere definiteness of terms covering a vagueness of idea. They remind one of the strange words which metaphysicians invent when they try to think clearly of the unthinkable.

That the Prophetic Books are only the rough material of poetry we can tell from their form as much as from their matter. Form is produced by a successful effort to express great things. Such efforts have made all the forms of poetry. It is the struggle to make words do more than they can do in ordinary speech that has differentiated poetry from prose; and when that struggle grows weak in poets, their poetry tends to lose its form. When the effort of expression grew weak in Wordsworth he was apt to write formless blank verse. Blake, in the same case, produced the half rhythmical prose of the Prophetic Books. We may be sure that an English poet, when he is inspired, will write verse, since verse is the instrument which the ages have made for his inspiration. We may be sure that Blake, when he wrote the Prophetic Books, was only half inspired. He feared and hated prose like the Devil. Therefore he did not write prosaic blank verse like Wordsworth; but he wrote something which we cannot call poetry because it is too vague for poetry; and poetry, though it deals with difficult matters, is the clearest of all forms of speech. These are plain truths, and there ought to be no need to state them. But unfortunately many writers and readers now seem to be weary of the great ways of literature and to hope that in byways they may find some secrets unknown to the great masters of sense and language. There are no such secrets. It is not symbols or catchwords but the noble use of words that gives to them a sense beyond their plain meaning. That noble use is a sign of the effort to express great things; whereas symbols and catchwords are a sign that the effort is declined. We may be pretty sure that in the long run the Prophetic Books will weigh nothing in the world's estimate of Blake's poetry. If he had

* *The Life of William Blake*. By ALEXANDER GILCHRIST. Edited with an Introduction by W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.)

† *The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life*. By FREDERICK TATHAM. Edited by ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

‡ *The Poetical Works of William Blake*. Edited by EDWIN J. ELLIS. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus, 12s. net.)

written nothing else they might give him a certain curious reputation, but since he has written the Poetical Sketches, the Songs of Innocence and Experience and certain other poems, his fame will be established upon these and it will be established very surely. Indeed, I make bold to say that Blake's finest poems are more sure of that long life which we call immortality than any other poems of his time except some of Shelley's. On second thoughts, they are more sure even than any of Shelley's; for, though Shelley's poetry compared with Blake's is like all instruments beside a lonely flute, yet the general mind of man has passed through many states, and may pass through them again, in which the best of Shelley's poetry would be incomprehensible; whereas no state of mind, short of absolute brutishness, can be imagined that would not take pleasure in *Infant Joy*, or *The Tiger*, or *The Land of Dreams*. These are nursery rhymes that should survive all nurseries and might be sung to wild children in a forest; perhaps will be sung to them when the descendants of the elm trees in Kensington Gardens harbour wild beasts on Notting Hill. When all our litter of bad tunes and bad verses has been cleared away with the fall of our civilisation, it may be that one of the immemorial tunes of the world, one of those that were sung in Babylon, will find the little poem called *Infant Joy* and will live with it for some hundreds of years, until that poem dies with the English language and the tune must wander about seeking a new mate.

At first sight, perhaps, *Infant Joy* looks as if it were an easy thing to write. Some might say that there was nothing in it; and if it were read aloud by some one with no sense of its beauty there would seem to be nothing in it; for no poem exists in which the sense depends more upon the right stress and the right phrasing:

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

It will be noticed that it is a kind of dramatic lyric, a dialogue with the baby's part in it imagined and spoken, as it often is by those who talk to babies; and one seems to see the baby being danced up and down all the while. Besides this the metre insists upon certain stresses just like those laid by people who talk to babies. In the second verse, for instance, there is a strong stress on "pretty," none on the first "sweet," which comes in a rush of tenderness, but a very strong one on the second "sweet," when the word is repeated so naturally that one can almost see the speaker making a sudden rush at the baby's face after the manner of mothers and other fond persons. It is a poem, therefore, which expresses in the most exact manner something which happens every day all the world over. It expresses the most natural and wholesome kind of happiness known to mankind; and does this in twelve short lines without any parade or self-criticism or air of unbending. When Wordsworth writes a simple poem you often feel that he is trying to be simple for your good or his own; and there is too much reason in the Wordsworthian's way of regarding some of his poetry as a kind of purge to be taken for intellectual repletion. There is a Wordsworth Cure; but there is never likely to be a Blake Cure. His finest poems were written in the fulness of delight or sorrow or wonder about simple things; and it is such poems that endure through all changes of mind. We do not know how he came to write them. There is nothing in Gilchrist to tell us that. The Poetical Sketches were first published in 1783, when Blake was about twenty-six years old, about

the time when Cowper's first poems were published, and three years before the first of Burns's appeared. Blake is said to have written "How Sweet I roamed from field to field" before he was fourteen, that is to say before 1771, and so about the time when Chatterton's poems appeared. Chatterton and Blake were the very first of the true romantics, but Blake is far the greater of the two, judging him only by the Poetical Sketches. Romantic poetry had been written before; but, except for a phrase or a line here and there, it had been romantic only in subject. The novelty of Blake's poetry was that it was romantic in sound as well as in sense; that the words were so used as to seem to have more power and meaning than was in their literal sense. The poetry of the eighteenth century, speaking generally, relied or tried to rely for its effect upon its sense alone. The romantic poets saw that prose may do that, but that poetry, to justify its existence, must have other means of expression; and in certain pieces in the Poetical Sketches we find these means employed with perfect understanding for the first time for nearly a hundred years.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the Chambers of the East,
The Chambers of the Sun that now
From ancient melody have ceased.

Here, indeed, the words have as much power in their sound as in their sense. Here once again poetry is justified by its form, and the poet is no longer content to be merely more concise than the prose writer. One would give a good deal to know more about the early years of a man who thus rediscovered the glory of a great art in his youth; but there are some significant facts told by Gilchrist. When a pupil of Basire, Blake was sent out to make drawings in Westminster Abbey, particularly of the tombs. Thus he certainly got a remarkable understanding of Gothic architecture and sculpture, and, indeed, of the true principles of all architecture. In a letter written in 1800 he says of his cottage at Felpham:

It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging, not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seeks to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man.

In these words there is a clear anticipation of the doctrines of Ruskin and William Morris; and they were written at a time when no one else had a glimmering of these doctrines, when no one but Blake saw the difference between living and dead architecture, or the importance of architecture as an expression of the life of man. In the same way, no doubt, he saw the difference between living and dead poetry. He preferred the Elizabethans to the poets of his own time just as he preferred Gothic to the architecture of his own time. But he was not a mere romantic revivalist who loved past things because they belonged to the past. When he revived the art of poetry he did so to express his own thoughts and emotions. One or two pieces in the Poetical Sketches are like fine Elizabethan songs; but even in that book many of the poems seem more modern to us now than the great works of his successors; and afterwards he wrote poetry that seems newer than anything of our own time, as new, indeed, as some of the choruses of Euripides in Mr. Murray's translation:

Though thou art worshipped by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

Mr. Swinburne has explained this wonderful verse and given it a narrower meaning than it seems to bear, a meaning which, no doubt, Blake intended it to have; and yet the words with their sound and cadence seem to convey more than that meaning and to have a power beyond what Blake was conscious of when he wrote them. And so the great poem at the end of the preface to Milton seems to

have a significance which may not have been present to Blake's mind when he wrote it:

And did the Countenance divine
Shine forth upon these clouded hills,
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

To us that seems the first utterance of Ruskinism, as one must call it for want of the clearer name which no doubt will come in time to a faith that is still too young to have been baptized.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The other great poets of that age seem to have been scarcely aware of the dark Satanic mills that were then growing up to be the tyrants of the future and already were destroying all the beauty of men's handiwork; nor were they much concerned to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. Wordsworth and Coleridge at this time (1804) were giving up Jerusalem as a bad job. Shelley was to build his city of God in the clouds, and, though eager to better the world by changes in political machinery, even he, the inspired visionary, had no foresight of the real dangers that were beginning to threaten the life of man. We cannot be sure that Blake had as much foresight as this poem seems to imply. His mind worked so strangely and so much by means of images with a peculiar meaning of their own that it is often difficult to tell how much or how little he meant. But whatever it meant to the man who wrote it, this poem seems to us to be more full of the new faith and passion of our own time than any poem of that age, and this cannot be an accident. We may be sure that in the depths of Blake's vast and brooding mind were ideas half formed and prophetic that sometimes forced their way to the light without his knowing all their significance. He was accustomed to express himself with an audacity that shows he had an extreme confidence in the workings of what we should now call his subconsciousness; and sometimes, as in this case, that confidence was wonderfully justified.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Pleiad," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

Periwinkle. By LILY GRANT DUFF. (Murray, 6s.)

MANY writers have depicted fascinating, irresponsible girls who passed through life over the hearts of men and women by some sort of unhuman charm. *Periwinkle* belongs to this order: but Miss Grant Duff makes her excel all the Pams and the Irresponsible Kitties of whom we have ever heard or read, because she has endowed *Periwinkle* with deep feeling and an uncommon understanding of what is beautiful. There is nothing fragile or flimsy about her. Her fairy origin only makes her imperiously vital and human. She utters truths which are startlingly profound, and not only utters them; she moulds her life upon them. The character of *Periwinkle* is a really great conception. The excellence of the treatment lies in its delicacy and amazing freshness—its reckless glad sincerity; and naturally its defects are those of inexperience. The introduction is whimsical and dreary; it has no apparent reason for its existence except perhaps as a sop to the Cerberus of convention, who is afterwards properly ignored. But the faults are trivial—chiefly this tendency to whimsical diffuseness—compared with the many qualities; and we are delighted that such a book should have been written.

Round our Square. By HENRIETTE CORKRAN. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"CELEBRITIES" and "Oddities" seem to blossom beneath Miss Corkran's pen. A more motley collection of Bohemians than the one she gathers together in the old Bloomsbury square can hardly be imagined. Eight of these genial, but eccentric, souls are authors, two are artists, the rest critics who have been authors or artists in their day. There are also three important cats, Sultan, Tom and Palmyra; a fat white terrier and a black pug. The story is told by a young lady who, judging by her success among the art critics of "the Square," wields her brush with greater skill than her pen. We could wish that she would not hurl her information at the reader's head in short, sharp sentences, which are both irritating and difficult to follow. We are whirled from one subject to another with bewildering rapidity. In one brief, dry sentence we are told that "I promised in a year's time to be his wife." In the next that "Caroline went to stay with her aunt in Paris"; and so on, with a curtness which is almost Ollendorffian in its breathless incoherence.

The Hearth of Hutton. By W. J. ECCOTT. (Blackwood, 6s.)

PRINCE CHARLIE again! All novel-readers love the Stuarts, which is a good reason why novel-writers should love them too. And after all, although historians cry "Fie!" and history-books lament for England's sake, we owe a debt too deep for repayment to these men, weak, vacillating, unadmirable and passionately beloved as they were. We owe to them Jacobite music and Jacobite poetry, and these exert over us the same fascination that inspired the loyalty and devotion of which they tell. Queen Victoria, following as she did the Puritan—the Roundhead—ideal, was proud of her drop of Stuart blood, and listened with joy to the songs that breathe of hatred to her much closer kindred, the Georges. It is in the name of this Stuart cause that we read with interest stories that have not much intrinsic merit; and although "The House of Hutton" is neither a good history nor a good romance, each purpose spoiling the other, yet for the sake of the Stuart *motif* we read gladly to the end.

Nedra. By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a young couple of rich Americans who, in order to escape from the fuss attendant on the publication of their engagement, arrange to elope on the day following the announcement. But this elopement has to be made to extend over a period of two months owing to the girl being unable, under the terms of a will, to marry until she has completed her twenty-third year. They write down the names of far-off lands and she draws one. Manila is thus chosen, and it is with the events of their lengthy journey, a journey long enough to allow of a change of partners, that the story deals. So farcical a plot demands a very light and humorous touch, and here the author fails, for though he gets amusing situations, the treatment of them is poor, and the dialogue is conspicuously without humour. Moreover, he falls back on pathos here and there to help the story through. We are told of one of the couple who were wrecked on an island, that "the feeble sprout of Christianity was planted by the good British girl;" she also planted a far from feeble sprout of another nature in the heart of the young American, and they waited with some anxiety to hear whether her husband—a wicked peer—had been drowned in the wreck.

Growth. By GRAHAM TRAVERS (MARGARET TODD, M.D.). (Constable, 6s.)

WE can always rely upon finding good work in any novel by the author of "Mona Maclean" and "Windyhaugh." She has generally something to say that is worth hearing, a keen eye for character, and a literary gift. The present volume contains a record of the mental and spiritual growth of a group of students and others; but

particularly of Dugald Dalgleish and his friend Thatcher, both sons of Nonconformist ministers. After struggles, doubts and wanderings in worldly byways, Thatcher finds peace in the Roman Catholic priesthood, and Dalgleish becomes a popular preacher. The book repays careful reading, and, if we sometimes feel that we are studying a treatise on "Religion in relation to temperament" rather than diverting our minds with fiction, we honestly admire the author's thoroughness and all-round fairness of view. The tone is dignified and sincere, the story gravely interesting: it is also, though we say it with regret, many pages too long.

Don-a-Dreams. By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THE structure of this novel is simple, and the characters are pleasing types, but for the most part types we have met before. At first, when we were introduced to the dreamy poetical boy misunderstood by his father and his governess, we thought we were going to be bored. Dreamy poetical boys are usually tiresome. But *Don-a-Dreams* is lovable, and as soon as he gets to New York he is amusing. In his early youth he had a fight with an unpoetical cousin that astonishes us because we believe on good authority that when boys of Anglo-Saxon blood come to blows they do not bite and scratch, whimper hysterically, whine like criminals, and cry. These boys were English Canadians, and when the author described their fight we think he must have drawn on his imagination. In fact, all the earlier part of the book is shadowy, and hardly prepares us for the vivid, admirable picture of life in New York that comes later. It is not life amongst millionaires, but amongst unhappy men on the verge of starvation, who take to strange trades and accept strange associates in their hunt for their meagre daily bread.

DRAMA

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA" AT THE COURT THEATRE

MR. BERNARD SHAW needs a course of the phosphorus pills prescribed by his John Broadbent. His nerves are out of order; he has lost some of his pluck and high spirits. And like people whose nerves are out of order, his individuality asserts itself (in *The Doctor's Dilemma*), not with the steady pressure of a man in health, but with the vicious little kicks we all deal when our nerves are out of order. We like him to be whimsical, uncertain, self-contradictory, discursive, shocking, and all the rest of it; to be, in fact, as "Shavian" (the world cannot but make free with that excellent word) as he can be. It is what he is "there for." But we like him to be all this consistently and fundamentally, we like to find himself in the stuff, the very gist and soul of his play.

The gist of *The Doctor's Dilemma* is no more Shavian than is the gist of *The Two Roses* or *Sweet Lavender*. It is an ordinary, old-fashioned, sentimental business dating from Sir Patrick Cullen's youth—no more than one of the old ideas which that dear old doctor found cropping up at regular intervals under new names. If new Nietzscheism is only old Calvinism writ large, and inoculation an old, old tale, Sir Patrick would certainly have been able to "place" the new "tragedy." Sir Colenso Ridgion (M.D., etc. etc.) can choose which of two consumptive patients he will cure: a virtuous, middle-aged, inefficient doctor, or a thorough young scoundrel of an artist, with whose legal wife (he had others) Sir Colenso happens to have fallen in love. To save her from discovering her husband's true nature (for that is his chief motive) he decides to let the artist die. And the artist dies. But his wife has seen through Sir Colenso's little scheme; and when the artist is dead, she will not accept "the hand that killed her Louis."

Those words are not a quotation from *The Doctor's Dilemma*; they come from the play as it would have been written by the dramatist of Sir Patrick's youth. We can

all see that play in imagination: the temptation of Sir Colenso, his "better nature" succumbing; the death of Louis Dubedat; all leading up to the "great scene" in Act IV. when the secret will come out and Mrs. Dubedat will refuse with loathing the hand that killed her Louis. Of course, that is not how Mr. Shaw writes it. Sir Colenso's motives are mixed. The great scene is kept for a little epilogue, and is not great at all. Mrs. Dubedat refuses Sir Colenso not because he is a murderer, but because he is middle-aged, and because she happens to have taken a second husband already. But the atmosphere created by the plot is quite as old-fashioned, and to see it treated by Mr. Shaw is to see not Ayesha rejuvenated by the flames, but an old woman in a young hat.

The worst, the very worst, of it is that when the substance of the thing is not true Shaw, some of the decoration—which is true Shaw—looks ugly, and some of the substance looks foolish. The romantic devotion of Mrs. Dubedat to her husband's memory looked very foolish—strained and exaggerated. The death of Dubedat (which will surely make Mr. Archer cautious about challenging dramatists in future), with its antiquated rodomontade about the Creed of Beauty and Mrs. Dubedat's bosom, pointed with the poor humours of a farcical doctor, was mainly tiresome and troublesome, because Dubedat's morals, not his art, are the point at issue, and the world is too old to be taught that infidels and scoundrels can die very comfortably. Dubedat's exposition of his moral code, again, is too feeble and imitative to be interesting: and never before has Mr. Shaw committed so glaring a mistake in construction as to keep Mr. Eric Lewis (as the farcical doctor) babbling misquotations from Shakespeare about death so as to give Miss Lillah McCarthy (as Mrs. Dubedat) time to change her dress. If Mr. Shaw had taken Broadbent's prescription, he would never have allowed himself in his last two acts and his epilogue to fall into the old play-maker's jog-trot, and pretended he was going his own gait by cutting every now and then a higher caper than usual and crying: "It's Shaw after all!" It is not Shaw: it is a poor imitation.

There is, nevertheless, some genuine Shaw in the play. The second act, in which a whole dinner-party of doctors, great and small, with the exception of one Jew, find that Dubedat has privately borrowed money of each in turn, besides stealing a cigarette-case, is one of the best acts ever written. The first act, to an audience expecting what Mr. Shaw's audiences always expect of good things to come, seemed a little long. Half way through Act IV. they were sighing for it back again. For in that first act we had the doctors set working for our delight. The play is no attack on the profession. Of the six doctors, only two are fools—Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, physician to a certain Household which he always calls "The Family," and the instrument chosen by Sir Colenso for the murder of Dubedat; and Cutler Walpole, an incorrigible surgeon. One, Sir Colenso, is a man of real ability; and another, Sir Patrick Cullen, is a very wise old man indeed. But the characterisation of all is admirable; and (with the exception of Sir Ralph, who has appeared in a hundred plays these last ten years, and generally, as now, with Mr. Eric Lewis to portray him) they are all seen freshly through Mr. Shaw's eyes. Mr. Granville Barker did nearly his best with that pale reflex Dubedat, Miss Lillah McCarthy all hers with the mid-Victorian ghost called Mrs. Dubedat. Mr. William Farren, junior, was really excellent as Sir Patrick, and Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Edmund Gurney, and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke were all good.

FINE ART

THE JEW IN ART

THE exhibition of Jewish Art and Antiquities at the Whitechapel Gallery should not be missed, either by Jew or Gentile. One of the greatest bores on earth is the

Anti-Semite, and for him, at least, the show should be a liberal education. He will be disappointed to find no examples of those peculiar knives used in the ritual murders of young boys—that annual festival which is celebrated with becoming pomp in the brain of M. Edouard Drumont at the time of the Passover; and there is no refreshment stall at which you can purchase cakes leavened with the blood of the victims. On the other hand, the fine specimens of Kiddush Cups, Halla Cloths, and Hanuca Lamps, delightful objects from an archaeological point of view, will more than compensate for the thoughtless oversight of omitting more sensational utensils. And there is a piece of lead which, though catalogued as belonging to something else, I easily recognised as coming from the well in which St. Hugh of Lincoln was drowned. I will confess to a little disappointment myself at the exhibition, but for entirely different reasons. The art is inadequate. History, controversy, and archaeology predominate. No one expects the Jews to forget their wrongs, even in England; but Mr. Zangwill is always here to jog their memories; and hideous news arrives from Russia at regular intervals to remind us that the Jewish question is still a political and economical problem of which we may be sure that social quacks of the Nordau type have not found the solution. For next to the Anti-Semite among bores the Zionist bears the palm.

I should have preferred an exhibition confined to the art and ecclesiology of a great and ancient people to whom we owe our religion, indirectly our modern literature, and the motives of our inspired mediæval art. Europe put away her own sagas for good or ill, and accepted that of the persecuted people for whom the burden of obligation seems to have precluded all idea of forgiveness. Instead of murdering the Jews, England and America consoled them by vulgarising their scriptures, evolving therefrom more grotesque beliefs and abominable prejudices than were ever conceived by the children of Israel. As it would have been impossible to give an adequate survey of the Jewish art throughout the world within the confines of the Whitechapel Gallery, it would have been more harmonious to have limited the pictures, at all events, to those of Jewish artists who have worked or are working in England. Why import that dealers' favourite, Josef Israels, the Hebrew analogue of the Gentile Meissonnier? False sentiment with him takes the place of false atmosphere with the Frenchman. The "*values*" of both are said to be considerable, but it would be affectation to praise a veteran painter simply because he happens to be a Hebrew.

Had a principle of selection been exercised, we might have been able to gauge the effect of racial genius submitting to alien influence. All art is hybrid in its beginning, but we are seldom in a position to estimate its evolution resulting from the necessary intellectual coition between one nation and another of which art and literature are the natural offspring. Of all invaders the Normans, with the possible exception of the Greeks, have artistically been the most significant: and we find the love-children of these superb Don Juans far north in Durham and in the Palatine chapel at Palermo: just as from similar causes some of the Buddhas of the Hindu Koosh are carved with Greek features though fashioned long after the incursion of Alexander the Great. Since Cromwell's edict of tolerance there has been a steady invasion of England by the Hebrews, and we probably owe a great deal more to them intellectually and artistically than they are themselves aware or than we are ever willing to admit. One of the terrible and debasing qualities of the English is a Puritanism which, needless to say, has nothing in common with the noble Puritanism either of the cloister or the Eastern desert. Cromwell, who invited the Jews to England entirely for financial reasons (he was our greatest economist), had no conception that he was introducing a wholesome antidote to the detestable movement in which he and Milton

are the atoning spirits. Where there are Hebrews there is no Puritanism. They have always been the *brocanteurs of vertu* because of their Oriental love of precious and splendid objects, quite apart from the exaggerated monetary value which has been placed on such things, it should be remembered, by Christian critics and Christian connoisseurs. Too much has been made, I think, of the second commandment. Moses, realising that among the chief defects of his own people was a certain lack of taste (the English have far too much) prohibited the use of human figures in art, except for purely decorative purposes, as the cherubims on the Mercy Seat. Great stress, however, is laid in Genesis on the achievements of Jabal, Jubal, and Tubalcain; and you can see the artistic sense asserting itself in the mysterious story of Micah's mother, the earliest instance of an art theft, resembling that of Gainborough's lost Duchess from Agnew's. In the instance of Rachel and the Laban collection, I think it may fairly be held that she had a sort of lien on the statues, though I do not know what a modern solicitor would have thought of the charge or whether he would have taken up what would be regarded as a fighting case. The elaborate directions given to Aholiab and Bezaleel for the decorations and design of the Tabernacle go to prove that, as in mediæval Italy, artists were kept in their place. It is not very hard to reconstruct in our imagination the exquisite results of their labours. Experts are divided as to how much we can really ascribe to Bezaleel, whom modern critics, in spite of Vasari (I mean Exodus), insist on relegating to the position of a sort of *amico* or *alunno d'Aholiabo*. I do not think it is unreasonable to conjecture that after the manner of the Van Eycks and the Limbourg brothers one of them supplied the cartoons and the other actually carried out the work. In this question of attributions and other inexact sciences such as folklore, where there are no facts, you may with perfect propriety invent them. Quite frankly, I do not see the hand of Bezaleel in any of the vestments now at Whitechapel, or that of Aholiab in the sacred vessels used in the beautiful ritual of the Jews.

Among the pictures by deceased artists only those by Solomon Solomon interest me very much, but so many of them are my own that I can praise them unreservedly. Solomon is an excellent instance of what I suggested about foreign racial qualities affecting autochthonous art. The Pre-Raphaelites owed far more to him than any of them, except Burne-Jones, admitted. There was that magic of the Orient in his art, so dismally absent from the West Kensington Hebrews you see in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the Temple. Solomon's father, it is interesting to remember, was the first Jew admitted to the *freedom* of the City, a privilege of which his son took perhaps undue advantage.

In the upper Room of the Gallery are the Modern Works, and here are several pictures by Mr. William Rothenstein—alone worth going to Whitechapel to study; they are not only interesting items of Hebrew ethnology, but superb examples of contemporary English painting. Mr. Rothenstein is one of the dominating factors in the new English Art Club, and it is obvious to every one how much he has influenced the younger men—Mr. Orpen, Mr. John, Mr. McEvoy—all of whom are now weaned and asserting their own vivid individualities; but how much they owe to Mr. Rothenstein only future Berensons will appreciate. Though Mr. Rothenstein is more of a painter than ever poor Solomon was, he stands in the same relation to his young Christian contemporaries as Solomon did to Rossetti and his circle. I wish it had been possible to have all his pictures brought together in the small single room, where, however, you observe a beautiful binding by Miss Josephine Birkenruth and admirable work by her brother Adolph.

English Art is too effeminate; and this, of course, is due to our unfortunate geographical position which has rendered us immune from military invasion for so many

years. English artistic sensibilities are the wall-flowers in the European dance. They have lost their programmes, and you cannot reach them except through a chaperon. Henry VIII., Charles I., or Cromwell, as the case may be, have introduced Holbein, Vandyke or the Jews on different occasions; while in a later age Whistler and Sargent, without any preliminary introduction, have arrived from America with tomahawk and assegai. But the Jews in their capacity of orientals have corrected our primness and prepared us for these shocks. Their genius for music and acting as well as for the finer arts has been an important element in the slow civilisation of the English people and we can hardly be too grateful to them.

ROBERT ROSS.

MUSIC

ELGAR'S NEW ORATORIO

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S most ardent disciples generally admit that *The Apostles* is a less successful work than *The Dream of Gerontius*, speaking of course of artistic, not merely popular, success; but they would add that its more comprehensive aim accounts for this. To some extent it is true; *The Dream of Gerontius* aims only at depicting certain vivid but limited human experiences as seen through the imagination of another man, while *The Apostles* tries to build by a series of pictures not only an impression of the human personality of Christ and the more prominent among the first disciples, but also, by reference to the events of the Gospels, to illustrate the founding of the Church with all its theological significance. It is not wonderful if the theme was too big for him, and it is an open question whether a great deal of such subject-matter is fit material for artistic representation of any kind, but to some degree he succeeded, because the qualities which in addition to his great musical gifts made him successful with *The Dream of Gerontius* come into prominence in *The Apostles*. Human interest is strong in the conversion of Mary Magdalene, the denial and repentance of St. Peter and the remorse of Judas, and above all these there is the religious element, another thing from the theological one, the devotional beauty with which he surrounds the figure of Christ and which makes the best moments in *The Apostles* almost an act of worship.

It has been followed by *The Kingdom*, the recent introduction of which to London by an excellent performance at the Alexandra Palace, with the fact that it is shortly to be heard again at Queen's Hall, makes the present a good opportunity to discuss it. Its scheme is by this time pretty well known to most people; after an orchestral prelude comes the first scene, which purports to be a meditative conversation among the disciples and is really abstract in character, then follows the choosing of Matthias and another chorus, again of the contemplative kind, which ends the scene. In the subsequent scenes the events of the feast of Pentecost, the healing of the blind man at the gate of the Temple, are fully treated, and finally there is one called "In fellowship," in which St. Peter and St. John return to the disciples and tell them of their arrest because of the miracle, after which the sacrament of "breaking of bread" is partaken of, and prayers, including a setting of the Lord's Prayer, are said. This bare statement shows that there is here even less selection than in *The Apostles*. In the earlier work the fact alone that Elgar passed over the Crucifixion itself shows how carefully he exercised his judgment in choosing his subjects, but here the uninspired incident of the lot falling on Matthias is treated as fully as the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost. The incidents seem to be set to music merely because they are recorded in the early chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and since not one of them, except perhaps the healing of the blind man, calls for much human

sympathy, and as scarcely any can inspire such personal devotion as do the events of the life and death of our Lord, *The Kingdom* is at the outset robbed of the highest qualities which *The Apostles* contains. The fact that the composer's own feeling is no less sincere than before does not completely atone for this; no amount of devotional music can remove this lack of interest in the work.

There may, however, be compensations; a badly constructed libretto which throws a composer upon his own resources may compel him to greater beauty of musical utterance, to more careful construction and to more perfectly conceived movements of abstract or contemplative music. In *The Apostles* the fragmentary nature of the music is its worst fault. Hurried on by the interest of the subject one fragment succeeds another without thought for any kind of musical construction or cohesion, the *leit motif* principle is made absurd by its indiscriminating use, and when, as in the finale to Part i., the composer tries to sum up what has gone before by a movement of abstract music to the words, "Turn you to the stronghold," his musicianship fails him and he has to fall back upon a few feeble musical platitudes. In the case of *The Kingdom* we are encouraged at the outset to hope that it will contain improvement in this direction by an orchestral prelude of some importance. It begins with a new theme, which presumably is associated with "the kingdom," and which is combined with the noble bit of plain-song melody which represents the mission of the Apostles. In the course of the prelude several themes appear which are of importance in the work later, and one or two of which are of distinguished beauty; moreover, they are dealt with at some length and used with a feeling for musical contrast which was absent from the prelude to Part ii. of *The Apostles*; it is, in fact, an effective piece of orchestral music such as Elgar understands well how to write, and no mere catalogue of representative themes. The chorus enters with the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and at once the spell which his orchestral music had skilfully woven is broken by the weakness of the choral melody and harmony. Here may be noticed a curious idiosyncrasy frequently indulged in; Elgar here and elsewhere makes his solo voices sing in unison with the several chorus parts, with, of course, no result except that of tiring the singers. In this chorus many ideas are suggested (while none are developed) in a way which would be beautiful could we trust that we should find their fuller development later. One or two other points of workmanship characteristic of the whole work must be mentioned. One is the repetition of the same words to totally different melodic phrases with different accentuation. Thus we have "so He was their Saviour" and "so He was their Saviour," and many other instances which cannot be made clear without music type. Another is the scrappy use of *leit motiven* so often complained of in *The Apostles*. Sometimes, when two or three important nouns occur in a sentence, the orchestra can scarcely get through the number of the fragments, which must be suggested by the accompaniment. So in this first scene we find the faults of the composer's earlier work perpetuated, while we are more able to criticise them because they are applied to no powerful theme, at any rate in the episode of casting lots for the new apostle. A fine point is reached where the chorus bursts out with the words:

O ye priests! seemeth it a small thing that God hath separated you to bring you near to himself.

The idea, both in words and in music, is a moment of inspiration and the composer treats it at length, fortunately always using the same melodic phrase at each repetition of the first exclamation. In spite of the fact that this is the only bit of musical material which is made permanent in a fairly long chorus, it is sufficiently powerful to give some feeling of unity to the movement, which no other, except perhaps the chorus, "Men and brethren, what shall we do," possesses. The duet called "At

the beautiful gate" is full of the thoughtful beauty which redeems much of Elgar's loosely written music and the continued presence of the "dawn" theme in the orchestra gives it cohesion, but it is an instance of another peculiarity. The names "Mary" and "Mary Magdalene" are added to the soprano and contralto parts, but there is nothing which distinctively belongs to these characters; the only character who is really made clear is that of St. Peter, whose sermon on the Day of Pentecost is treated with dignity in the next scene. Through all the pentecostal music there is a great deal of meaningless complexity; vocal parts which have no identity but which make a brave show on paper, all of which culminate in one of those dreadfully commonplace sequences, to the words "The firstfruits of his creatures," into which Elgar sometimes relapses when his inventive power fails him. Against this must be set the dignified phrase to the words, "In the Name of Jesus Christ," which rescues the ending of this most important section.

In the latter part of the oratorio the same characteristics prevail, save that as the work continues its weaknesses become more wearisome and it is with difficulty that one can do justice to such things as the beautiful meditation at night, sung by the soprano soloist, called Mary, or the reverent treatment of the celebration of the Sacrament. The ending is most impressive, and as we listen to its simple and solemn utterance we realise, as in the ending of *The Dream of Gerontius*, that this has been the work of a truly lofty spirit in whom there is genius. The thought almost compels one to put criticism aside, and to trust that this latest member of the series of oratorios which Elgar has undertaken is after all a link in a scheme greater than is yet revealed, but it is not quite possible to believe this. The workmanship throughout it and *The Apostles* shows otherwise. The small points which have been mentioned would be indeed carping criticism did they not point to a more fatal weakness than that of a momentarily inadequate technique. They show that, so far from working on a large scale, the composer writes from phrase to phrase, often without regard for the joining places, and further that he is quite unaware that he is engaged upon a subject of which the interest must decline the further he gets from vital incidents which belong to the first number—*The Apostles*. It is for this reason that *The Kingdom* leaves one with a feeling of disaster; it is indeed tragedy to watch such great gifts as Elgar possesses used to less and less good purpose as each new work appears.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to issue a "Study of Blake," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, who has devoted many years to the study of Blake's career and influence. It contains a complete set of the illustrations of the Book of Job, reproduced in photogravure in the exact size of the originals. Mr. Binyon's introduction consists of three essays—on Blake the Man, Blake the Poet, and Blake the Artist—followed by a brief introduction to the "Job," and descriptive notes on the several plates.

Mr. A. W. Sijthoff, of Leyden, will publish very shortly as vol. xi. of his "Codices Graeci et Latini photographice depicti" the Codex Vindobonensis Lat. 15 of Livy in the Imperial and Royal Library of Vienna. The price will be £11 5s.; and Professor C. Wessely, of Vienna, will contribute a Latin introduction. The "Codex Lucretii Oblongus," which was promised for the spring of this year, will appear in the spring of 1907.

Mr. Austin Dobson has edited, with introduction and notes, the complete poetical works of Oliver Goldsmith, for Mr. Henry Frowde's series of "Oxford Poets." This volume is based on Goldsmith's "Selected Poems" issued in 1887 by the Clarendon Press; but it contains, besides

the supplementary text, making the book complete, new editorial material, the bulk of which has been collected by Mr. Dobson at odd times during the last twenty years. A special feature has been made of the illustrations.

On Tuesday Mr. John Lane will publish a novel entitled "A Boy's Marriage," by Mr. Hugh de Selincourt.

Mr. John Lane announces for publication on November 28 "The Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe," by his daughter, Laura E. Richards, with notes and an introduction by F. B. Sanborn, and a preface by Mrs. John Lane. Like Byron, Howe volunteered his services to the Greeks, then fighting for their independence. Inspired by a love of freedom, a hatred of cruelty, and an eagerness to relieve suffering, the young American physician willingly sacrificed a remunerative practice to link his destiny with the patriots of a foreign country. His journals give a continuous account of this period.

A very handsome edition of Browning's "Last Ride Together" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Putnam. It will be very fully illustrated and decorated with photogravures and coloured wood-cuts from the designs of Frederick Simpson Coburn.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are about to commence the issue of "The Menpes Series of Great Masters," which are facsimile colour productions in picture form of some of the famous paintings in our own and foreign Galleries. The first ten pictures, which will be exhibited in London during December, will include reproductions from paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Bellini, Botticelli, Greuze, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck.

An extra number of the *Connoisseur* will be published on November 28 devoted to the life and works of George Morland, with upwards of one hundred illustrations in colour and monochrome and a complete catalogue of the published engravings.

Mr. John Long is adding the following volumes to his Carlton Classics series: Sonnets and Poems by Edmund Spenser; Essays (Selected) by Joseph Addison; His Book, by Artemus Ward; The Dunciad and Other Poems by Alexander Pope; English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, by W. M. Thackeray; The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches by Mark Twain; Songs by Robert Burns; Essays (Selected) by Leigh Hunt; Letters of Junius (Anonymous); Confessions of an English Opium Eater, by Thomas de Quincey; Humorous Poems by Thomas Hood; and A Voyage to Lilliput, by Dean Swift.

CORRESPONDENCE

MALVERN FUNICULAR RAILWAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your readers may, I think, be quite easy about the proposed railway up Malvern Hills. I have good authority for stating that neither the Lord of the Manor nor the Board of Conservators of the Hills would for a moment sanction or even entertain any scheme of the kind.

A. J. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me, as an "Old Malvernian" who knows and loves the Malvern Hills throughout their entire range, to endorse the remarks of H. H. Johnson in your last issue on the proposed funicular railway to the crest of the hills. The erection of such a railway could only benefit two parties. Invalids who are anxious to obtain the purest air. Trippers who want amusement. The former can drive to the top along well-kept paths. The latter can climb, which would benefit them far more than being carried up.

It is to be hoped for the sake of all those who love beautiful scenery that this act of vandalism will never be allowed to be carried out. If it is, it will be enough to make the ancient Druids from Midsummer Camp, Caractacus from the British Camp, and Jenny Lind from the Wynds Point, all rise in their graves in angry protest against such a scheme. I will sign these remarks with the motto of my old school, as the words may induce the present authorities at Malvern to look into the future, and to pause ere they allow the Hills to be defiled for the comfort of the few, which are now the joy of the many.

SAPIENS QUI PROSPICIT.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The first line of the quotation from Browning in your issue for November 17, p. 501, offers an interesting little grammatical problem for such of your readers as are not wholly engrossed in the reform of spelling. The poet writes: "Tis Thou, God, that gives, 'tis we that receive." If the construction here can possibly be twisted into "It is that Thou, God, gives, it is that we receive," the Verb "gives" is still out of agreement with its Subject in Person. If, on the other hand, the construction be "It that gives is Thou, God, it that receive is we," the Verb "receive" does not agree with the Relative "that." Is this sentence of Browning's grammatically justifiable, or are we to regard it as an example of poetic licence such as Burns's "O thou pale orb, that silent shines" and "O thou . . . Wha . . . Spairges about the brustane cootie"?

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

November 20.

THE SOURCE OF BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to your notes on this subject last week Rabelais (iv., chap. 55) on *Antiphanes of Bergé* is as follows:

"Daduantage, Antiphanes disoyt la doctrine de Platon es parolles estre semblable, lesquelles, en quelque contree ou temps du fort huyet, lors que sont proferees, gelent et glassent a la froideur de l'aer et ne sont ouyes. Semblablement ce que Platon enseignoyt es ieunes enfans, a poine estre d'ceulx entendu, lors qu'estoyent vieux deuenuz."

H. H. JOHNSON.

"SPELLING GONE MAD"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read Mr. Drummond's letter under this heading, and I feel impelled to ask him whether he can seriously and sincerely maintain that the spelling used in his letter is an improvement on the standard English spelling. May it with truth be called "simplified spelling"? It seems to me that it may be more properly designated "spelling gone mad." There are inconsistencies in our standard spelling, but those inconsistencies are justified in some measure by the past history of the language. But what shall we say of Mr. Drummond's spelling? Why, it can be easily seen from his short letter that his system (if "system" it can be called) teems with inconsistencies which deprive it of any scientific value, and render absurd any claim it may put forward of being a system of phonetic spelling. There is hardly a symbol he uses which is not made to have two or more phonetic values. There is hardly a sound which is not represented in Mr. Drummond's spelling by two or more symbols. And yet he claims that his brand-new "simplified spelling" should supersede the spelling which has been the gradual product of literary work for ages. Let us take his symbols for vowel-sounds. We will begin with *i*. In the word *simplified* the *i* has three distinct values; in *ring* one *i* has the sound in *side* the other the sound in *fill*. The symbol *a* represents distinct sounds in *man*, *any*, *last*, *want*, *able*. The symbol *u* represents the vowel in *full* and the vowel in *but*, compare *wud*, *shud*, *cud* with *just*, *thrust*, *wun*, *wunder*. The symbol *o* has four distinct sounds in *from*, *told*, *government*, *thots*. On the other hand the same sound is represented by more than one symbol. For instance: (1) *side*, *by*, *eye*; (2) *may*, *they*, *training*, *generation*; (3) *cauz*, *thots*; (4) *truth*, *grew*, *hoo*; (5) *pleez*, *medium*; (6) *long*, *want*; (7) *lern*, *wurd*, *thirty*; (8) *yet*, *already*, *any*; (9) *use*, *beutiful*; (10) *wud*, *coud*, *book*; (11) *last*, *haaf*.

In the treatment of consonants the same inconsistency is found, for instance: (1) *shud*, *isuez*; (2) *charj*, *speech*, *picture*, *departure*; (3) *cile*, *serlain*; (4) *designate*, *dezist*, *hiz*; (5) *yeur*, *use*.

I cannot for the life of me see what would be gained by adopting Mr. Drummond's "simplified spelling."

A. L. MAYHEW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is humour in the fact—which I have but lately noted—that Messrs. H. Drummond and T. Talbot Lodge live in the same Durham village. Can we not imagine their meetings and discussions upon this topic of ours? Do we not hear Mr. Drummond, at the close of one such interview, rising into poetry and exclaiming in the impassioned words of Omar Khayyám (slightly altered):

Ah Lodge! could thou and I with Skeat conspire
To grasp the modern Spelling Scheme entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

To which Friend Lodge, mournfully: "But what shall we do with this fellow Wallis? I fear he says too truly that our idea would mean a 'mechanical language'—a scheme sorrier than ever."

"Oh, as to that," rejoins the optimistic Mr. Drummond, "I'll talk boldly about Professor Skeat, and pretend that our opponent has, Balaam-like, blessed our scheme instead of cursing it; while you can make capital of that godsend, Wallis's slight grammatical blunder."

"Of course," now exclaims the other, "you do think of things, Mr. Drummond! I am doubtful which to admire most, your spelling or your logic!" And so the November evening conspiracy closes.

A truce to banter, however: let us now to business. To a large degree my objection to spelling reform in general, and to Mr. Drummond's ludicrous scheme in particular, is an æsthetic one. To most of those who have become familiar with the current spelling, any change therein—even to the dropping of "u" in such words as "honour"—must of necessity be repugnant. ("What," exclaimed the fond swain, "would 'parlour' be without 'u' in it!") But I see, as any one with half an eye can see, that the orthodox spelling is not scientific. A truly scientific scheme must have a sign for every sound, and here it is that Mr. Drummond's idea fails utterly. He thinks we can "get along with the old letters"; but that is a Laodicean notion which would sacrifice literary beauty while falling far short of scientific perfection. A sounder policy would be to do away with the "old letters" altogether and substitute Phonography (Pitman's shorthand). Let all our printing and writing be done in shorthand, and then we shall be as near perfection (of a sort) as fanatic—tut! tut! I mean phonetic—heart could wish. We might then effect that saving of school-time about which Dr. Macnamara and others are so greatly exercised in mind; and we should make every writer an expert penman, for shorthand does not of course lend itself to scrawling. Yet it affords great opportunities of cultivating variety in style, with its upward and downward signs for the same consonant, its contractions, grammalogues, and vocalised and unvocalised outlines. Unlike Mr. Drummond's new spelling with the "old letters," shorthand does not shock the eye. Imagine, for example, the first line of Keats's *Endymion* in phonographic characters, and compare it with the same in Mr. Drummond's style:

A thing ov buti iz a joi for ever;

or as some of us will have it if we spell "according to our own whim," as Mr. T. Talbot Lodge not quite scientifically proposes:

A thin ov booty iz a ji fer eva,

which is somehow suggestive of a smuggler's present to his sweetheart.

Not only is Mr. Drummond's attempt to work with the "old letters" a futile one, but there seems to be no method in it at all. It is correct, I suppose, that his idea is to use the existing letters phonetically? Then why does he not do so? Why does he not drop the second "e" in "departez," why not spell "offises" "ofisez," "thots" "thawts," "driven" "drivun," etc.? Why not drop the aspirated aitches altogether? There is no economy in throwing away a letter oft what Huxley called "a sort of incipient cough." The Greek "spiritus asper" would suffice, and add to the absurdity of the effect, besides pleasing the pedants.

What, we may now ask, do the moderate reformers suggest? If I read them aright, they propose to alter the spelling by surreptitious instalments, popping in a phonetic form here and there when nobody is looking! But who is to give authoritative weight to these innovations? One gentleman talks of an editorial committee "to enforce a gradual change"; but he seems to overlook the difficulty of securing editorial unanimity in the first place; and, in the second place, of getting the great body of the people to accept the new spellings. He may depend upon it that the fighting spirit, if not the literary taste, of Britons would revolt against enforced reform; and the precious committee would break up in less than a month under a hot fire of letters from indignant subscribers of the affected journals. They would regard the innovators as seeking to constitute themselves a literary priesthood to transmit orthographical laws from an academical Sinai, and would, I am sure, resent the idea.

It is one thing for phonetic theorists ideally to construct a new spelling scheme, and quite another practically to apply it. They must not forget that they have to deal with persons; not with machines of one pattern. They must remember that school-life is at best only a fleeting incident in men's lives; that few of the things one learns there survive; and that education proper is obtained in the greater school of life and by one's own effort and experience. They must remember that pedants and reformers are in an insignificant minority and unpopular; and that generations of heredity are against them. They must, in short, remember that, ideally defective as our current spelling may be, it is a distinct evolutionary product which has developed with the growth of the race: and it seems to me they might as profitably essay to alter the character of the race as materially to affect its spelling.

J. B. WALLIS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In order to save any misapprehension, I should like to state that I, for one, do not associate *simplified* spelling with "spelling gone mad," but am solely concerned with the pros. and cons. of *phonetic* spelling, which latter is, well! still in *nubibus*.

Mr. Drummond thinks sufficiently strong proofs of the superiority of phonetic spelling have been furnished, but I regret I have failed to perceive them as, likewise, he has to reply to my arguments for the other side.

The one point, to my mind, on which the "whole hoggers" (phoneticians) might have had anything of a case is concerning the terrible hardships—supposed or real—a poor wretched infant has to undergo in learning to read its own English (or Anglo-Saxon) tongue! (?) Our reformers spoil it, however, by the undoubted exaggeration to which in their ardour they so frequently give way.

Mr. T. Talbot Lodge, as an instance, says that the marked success of the phonetic method of teaching to read definitely places the

question beyond controversy (!) Really I utterly fail, on logical grounds, to comprehend how the learning to spell, say, "write" "rite," "phthisis" "tisis," "colonel" "kernel" or "philosophy" "filosofi," can be of such great help to school-children or to any one else. Certainly I have had no opportunity of examining these clever children and so comparing their knowledge of difficult spellings with that possessed by others taught on an ordinary or a derivative principle. I have, though, been given to understand that phonetic shorthand-writers frequently experience difficulty in recollecting the current orthography, and so often make curious errors when transcribing. As regards the school-children, exceptional aptitude must have been evoked thanks, I suppose, to the "science" of phonetics. By the way, since when has *phonetics* become a science apart from language? I might, also, remind Mr. Talbot Lodge that language is not *logic*—hence, not alone for English but for the acquirement of any language, it is memory that has to play the great rôle. In fact, it is not at all injurious for a child to have to exercise that most useful of all faculties—memory. Logic and phonetic science a child can dispense with it till grows up, and, presumably, thinks everything ludicrous that has not been fashioned in its day!

To Mr. Drummond I would remark that I consider a study of language and literature more useful than phonetics, and I assert that when in doubt as to the spelling of any out-of-the-way word I always find it helpful to think of the derivation. Any one who has a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, etc., will be more likely to spell English words correctly than one who has not. English of to-day is not Anglo-Saxon only by a long way, but is largely made up of Norman, French, and other tongues. The difficult spellings from Anglo-Saxon source (some few hundred, perhaps) can be learnt off easily enough by a person of average capacity in spite of "the most able scholar who could not write half a dozen lines without the aid of a dictionary."

To instance the impossibility of an entirely phonetic spelling, we have of late years adopted a goodly number of modern French terms, also words from various other tongues, many of them most difficult of articulation to the ordinary Englishman. I should like advocates of phonetic spelling to say, each separately, how they would propose to indicate phonetically ordinary words like, say, *boulevard*, *cheffonier*, *équiper*, *hors d'œuvre*, *voûte*, and, then, a few proper names such as *Champs Elysées*, *Tuilleries*, *Versailles*, etc. Much of the difficulty and inconsistency in English spelling has arisen from the continual adoption of foreign words, and it is perfectly useless altering our spelling if we are going to allow any more foreign element to slip into the language. Really, as it is, no two persons ever pronounce even common words exactly alike—so that if we all started writing tomorrow according to our conceptions of the right sounds, English spelling in less than no time would only become "confusion worse confounded."

F. W. T. LANGR.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It needs a singularly delicate tympanum to distinguish between the vowel-sound in tongue and lung. I fail to find dictionary authority for the view of your correspondent. Tongue is more likely to be the invention of some mediæval pedant, desirous of an "ink-horn" setting of a homely English word, than of an endeavour to render the sound of long o. There are many words of Latin origin having the sound of the "dull" vowel, where the substitution of u for o would be a blemish, but the good old Teutonic tongue (tung) is no one of them. The present setting of the word is a masquerade.

While on the subject of spelling reform and before it is crowded out of the press, it may be opportune to inquire as to the opinion of constituted authority at home on the new departure in America. There may be many Britishers who would gladly help on the reform by complying with the request of the Simplified Spelling Board to use the three hundred revised spellings in their private affairs. But it is a daring proceeding and the boldest quails at the suggestion without the sanction of some recognised British authority. The Minister of Education is probably not yet available. But the British Academy whose charter confers a sort of custody of the English language is a tribunal eminently fit to adjudicate. That body has set its imprimatur on the pamphlet of Professor Skeat which repeats the proposals of twenty-five years ago and therewith the proposals of the American reformers and may be suspected of some sympathy for the movement. But a clear expression of opinion on the desirability of spelling reform in general and of the three hundred words in particular would greatly clarify the situation in the British Empire.

INQUIRER.

IN PETTO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is it not time to protest against a journalistic blunder, which I was sorry to see reproduced in last week's ACADEMY? In an article on "Four Books of Poetry" the reviewer, after quoting a short poem, comments thus: "That is the whole of the poem; and many of these poems are no longer, for Mr. Tabb is perfect in *petto*." But *in petto* does not mean "in little." *Petto* is the Latin *pectus*; *in petto* is *in pectore*, and means "within the breast," "in reserve," "secretly." That is the only meaning, and it will not fit the sentence quoted.

C.

November 18.

LITERARY FEEDING-BOTTLES

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last issue you appear to convey a wrong impression to your readers, which perhaps you will allow me to point out as it is a point of real interest.

The story in the "Book of Ballad Stories" which, as you express it, "is called here 'The Hunting of the Cheviot'" happens to be taken straight from a ballad of precisely that name, the most ancient of the Chevy Chase group, but of which your critic is apparently quite ignorant. He commits the usual blunder of confusing it with "The Battle of Otterbourne," an entirely different poem, which does not even refer to the same event, as a careful study of the two ballads will show. Otterbourne lies many miles south of the Border, while the whole point of "Chevy Chase" lies in the fact that the Percy went over into the Scottish territory of Earl Douglas to hunt. Why then, should the writer of the "Ballad Stories" drag in details from an absolutely different poem from the one under discussion? The death of the Douglas as recorded in the "Ballad Stories" is exactly as described in the ancient "Hunting of the Cheviot"; the only words spoken by the dying warrior were:

Fight ye my merry men, while ye may;
For my life-days ben gane;

and however beautiful the words spoken by his kinsman Douglas at Otterbourne there is certainly no reason why they should be taken from their rightful source and inserted here.

Your criticism conveys a wrong impression that a feeble paraphrase has been given of "The Battle of Otterbourne" instead of comparing it with the real original, "The Hunting of the Cheviot."

The impossibility of these two ballads referring to the same event is ably shown by Professor Hales, in the paper entitled "Chevy Chase" in his volume "Folia Litteraria," where the fundamental points of difference, too many to mention here, are clearly pointed out.

J. W. D.

[Our correspondent assumes that each story in the book mentioned is a paraphrase of a single ballad. But how far this is from being the case may be proved by a single reference. The story called "The Friar of Orders Grey" is in the beginning an expansion of Ophelia's verses in *Hamlet*.

"And how should I know your true love from many another one?" asked the friar.

"By his hat with a cockle-shell, and his staff, and his sandals, for he, too, is a pilgrim," answered the lady.

When Ophelia is played out, another Shakespearean song is brought in.

"Sigh no more, lady," urged the Friar, "sigh no more. Men were always deceivers, never constant to one thing. Hadst thou been fond to him, he would have been false to thee, and left thee sad and desolate, for since leaves first grew on trees young men were always found to be fickle."

Our critic's point was that in these Ballad Stories the poetry is nearly always left out, as was certainly the case in the death of Douglas.—Ed.]

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I ask your courteous help in making a literary appeal I have been asked to write the biography of G. J. Holyoake, and should be glad to see any letters of interest that some of your readers may have. They will be copied and returned as quickly as possible. The chief documents are already promised to me.

JOSEPH MCCABE.

16, Elm Grove,
Cricklewood, N.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari. Arranged and translated by E. L. Seeley. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 325. Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.

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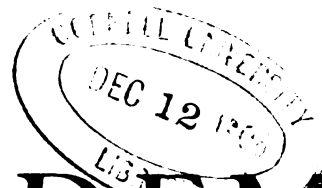
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have received from a correspondent at Oxford some remarks which we find interesting as testifying to three things: a generous enthusiasm, almost mediæval in its tone, which our correspondent shares, we hope, with his fellow students; efficiency and interest in teachers, replacing the languid condescension which many older men remember as characteristic of their lecturers; and a general approximation of teacher and taught which is one of the best results of the modern movement that has made charming youth the most prominent feature of the University of to-day.

"Those who pretend to know," writes our correspondent "deplore that men of great inspiration like Jowett or Sidgwick are no longer to be found in our Universities. This is certainly not true with regard to the teachers of Literature at Oxford. Professor Raleigh has disciples, not pupils. A few weeks ago he was speaking of the relationship of Shakespeare to his age, and was saying that the Elizabethans, when they went to the theatre, wanted two things—murder and madness. He continued: 'They asked for murder—and Shakespeare gave them *Hamlet*: they asked for madness and he gave them *King Lear*.' A thrill swept over his audience, half awe, half admiration for a sentence, which contains so much. In the same way Mr. Mackail, the Professor of Poetry, has broken away from the usual disconnected lectures, and, although his lectures are given at irregular intervals, a unifying theme is apparent. Several months ago he spoke of the Progress of Poesy. Last term Homer was his subject. This term he has delivered two addresses full of suggestive reflections on Chaucer. Not only have frequent and delightful illustrations from Homer served to bridge the gulf, but an eloquent *coda* on Poetry of the higher order provides the thread, thin but not invisible, that attaches these lectures to the inaugural discourse." We are given to understand, too, from another source, that the lectures of the Slade Professor of Fine Arts are devoid neither of vigour nor interest.

The movement in favour of more humanity in the study of the classics, has had some influence even on that staid periodical, the *Classical Review*. Next year advanced scholars are to have the *Classical Quarterly*, and the original title is to represent a Review, which will pay more attention to the literary and educational sides of the classics. The names on the Advisory Board show clearly the new tendency. Professor Mackail and Dr. S. H. Butcher, M.P., have each written books, which are read as a joy, not a toil: and M. J. E. Page of Charterhouse is well known as a writer on classical subjects in one of the weekly reviews. It seems clear that, owing to the advent of a more utilitarian education,

the standard of classical knowledge among journalists and men of letters is not so high as in former years. Not counting the Laureate's slip which was pointed out by a contemporary, two delicious examples have lately reached us. Mr. Hilaire Belloc recently allowed Dionysius to figure as the god of wine, and in a popular magazine Lucian, by a fine Malapropism, was made to figure as a (presumably) Japanese lady—Lucia of Samosaka.

A number of prominent Irishmen assembled on Saturday last at the grave of Thomas Moore, in Bromham Churchyard, Wilts, when a Celtic cross of Irish limestone, twenty-four feet in height, was unveiled in his honour. This tribute, which his countrymen have paid him, comes, indeed, to borrow his own words:

like a smile from the West,
From his own loved island of sorrow.

Sloperton Cottage, near Bromham, whither he migrated at Lord Lansdowne's invitation, was the home of his later years, and the tradition of his residence has survived among the people of the neighbourhood, who testified their genuine interest in last week's ceremony. Mr. Dillon expressed himself as deeply moved by the kindly welcome which he and his friends received. He dwelt upon Moore's excellence as a political satirist, while Lord Fitzmaurice emphasised his gift of melody.

Few but special students of the period will trouble their heads, nowadays, about Moore's satire; it is by his melody that Moore survives, chiefly in such ballads as "Oft in the stilly night" or "The young May Moon is shining, love," which once heard are not easy to forget. These things are "simple, sensuous," and (perhaps) "sincere." They can only perish when all mankind are more critical than sentimental. It is not long ago that that very able critic, M. René Huchon, raised a little feeling by contrasting, in a speech at Bath, Thomas Moore unfavourably with Crabbe and Bowles; but M. Huchon was undoubtedly giving voice to the best critical opinion of to-day. But no one could grudge Moore his little celebration. He was an Irishman, and a very clever one, and his verse has probably given more pleasure to readers in all walks of life than that of any poet of these last two hundred years. The days when young gentlemen coming to dine "brought their flutes in their pockets" are over. The flute and Thomas Moore have had their days as things of fashion. Nevertheless, there is Mr. Albert Fransella playing divinely on the flute at Queen's Hall, and Thomas Moore still bringing the tear to young and beautiful eyes.

We hope there is nothing offensive in pointing out that the shadow of the national bull was apparent at one part of the Wiltshire celebration. A paper of Mr. Justin McCarthy's was read, in which it was noted that in the works of Dickens there was only one quotation from a poem, and that poem was Moore's. This was mentioned (according to the reporters) as impressive evidence of the popularity attained by an intensely Irish poet among intensely English readers. An extraordinary inference to draw! A single quotation from an author does not go far towards proving that author's popularity, nor do we allege Shakespeare's two citations from (and one parody of) Marlowe as proof of Marlowe's wide acceptance. The most that a Saxon head would deduce from Mr. McCarthy's data is, that Dickens, unlike his own Silas Wegg, was not in the habit "of dropping into poetry."

Duff House, of which the Duke of Fife has recently made a public gift, is not without literary associations. In 1773, on his journey to the Hebrides, Dr. Johnson visited Banff. "I sent Joseph on to Duff House," it is recorded in his "Journal," "but Earl Fife was not at home." At Banff, Boswell tells us, "Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale . . . He verified his own doctrine," remarks, the faithful chronicler, "that a man

may always write when he will set himself doggedly to it." Fourteen years later Robert Burns was more fortunate on the occasion of his visit to Banff, for on being conducted through Duff House he was so struck with the paintings of some of the Stuarts in the great drawing-room that he went over the mansion a second time. Southey, with his friend, Telford, the famous engineer, was in Banff in 1819, and in his diary makes interesting allusion to Duff House.

Giosué Carducci, who has won the Nobel prize, ranks with Gabriele d'Annunzio as one of the great poets of modern Italy. His literary bias is said to be due to an incident in his youth. He had a pet falcon and a tame wolf, but his father wrung the neck of the one and gave away the other. Hence the young Carducci took a violent dislike—not to his father, but to Manzoni, his father's favourite author. The submissive spirit of Manzoni had suited the age of despotism in Italy, but Carducci, who was born in 1836, felt the renovating breath of a new political era, and sought to express new ideas in a new form. His "Hymn to Satan," in which he glorified the spirit that revolts against ecclesiastical authority, produced as great a sensation as the poet wished, but his fame will rest perhaps on his "Barbaric Odes," in which he revives the forms of classical antiquity, and sings as did Horace, but in a modern spirit, of patriotism and the pleasures of wine and love.

Carducci, though he talks oftenest of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and classic personages, has evidently taken interest in English literature. In his "Hymn to Satan," he introduces Wiclif, and in a poem that he wrote to the urn that contained the ashes of Shelley, he alone of the moderns is given a place in "the sacred isle" of poets. In "Brindisi," Carducci alludes to a story about Cromwell. Some "saints" found him drinking. Said Oliver, looking at his boon companions: "They think we're seeking for the Lord, whereas really we're seeking for the corkscrew." Most characteristic of all is the poem in which Carducci represents himself as driving through the Maremma, reading Marlowe. His matter seemed to the reader like the dream of a man who had drunk too much beer. Under its influence the landscape darkened: the forest filled with phantoms; trees took the form of the witches of Macbeth; when suddenly there appeared Argentaro, bathed in sunshine, and the waves of the blue sea breaking into foam at its feet. The nightmare vanished, and the works of Marlowe went circling through the air into a wayside pool.

The coming Basque Conference at Bilbao must be an extremely interesting event to the veteran Basque scholar, Mr. Wentworth Webster of Sare, and would have delighted Mr. Gladstone with his particularist and Basque sympathies. On his last visit to Biarritz Mr. Gladstone devoted much time to the study of the pre-Aryan language under Mr. Webster's guidance. Mr. Butler Clarke also would have followed its proceedings with special knowledge; and so, judging from his literary study of another ancient people—the Calabrians—might Mr. George Gissing, who died within the Basque borders. There seems no doubt that the meeting has some political intentions, but on the Spanish, not on the French side. The French Basques are contented, although their racial peculiarities are completely ignored by their Government; the Spanish Basques on the other hand are so anxious for the full recovery of their local customs, or *fueros*, that, failing the compliance of the Spanish Government, they might aspire to a Republic, which on racial lines should take a slice out of the Basses Pyrénées. Thus France would be threatened at both ends of the Spanish Frontier, for the Catalan ideal Republic, as sketched at Barcelona, includes those of Catalan race in the Pyrénées-Orientales, whose ancestors once lived under the

Spanish flag. But for the world generally and probably for the majority of the Basques themselves, the interest of this gathering will be literary and historical, and, if strangers are admitted, it is to be hoped that some of our English Basque scholars will make a point of attending.

Politicians for their own purposes insist on the exclusive and separatist character of these racial movements; and it is, indeed, possible to turn them into engines of hate and disruption. But their *raison d'être*—the study by a people of themselves—if faithfully pursued, leads in an opposite direction. The investigations of the anthropologist, the philologist, and the archaeologist make for a wider brotherhood, and no narrow federation. It would be folly, for instance, to affirm that there was no Celtic blood in the English counties outside Cornwall. Many a native of Somerset and Dorset might claim admission to a Brythonic Confederation on the ground of remote Celtic ancestry. Even between the Briton and Basque there is a tie of blood. The Basques are the descendants of the neolithic people—the Iberians—who inhabited the whole of Western Europe before the Aryan invasion; and, in Mr. S. R. Gardiner's words, "they are the only Iberians who preserve anything like purity of descent." But the parent stock survived elsewhere. They were not wiped out, they were absorbed by their Celtic conquerors. They formed, therefore, the original stuff of that mixed race from which the inhabitants of these islands spring, and though here their language perished, many of their characteristics, as Mr. Anwyl has lately pointed out in his suggestive sketch of "Celtic Religion," remained "with marvellous persistence." Research into characteristics on both sides might yield a common denominator between Briton and Basque.

The same question in a slightly different form will be raised at the Congress of the Sociétés Savantes at Montpellier next year, the programme of which has been sent us by our correspondent, Mr. H. H. Johnson. Among the subjects of communication proposed are the areas of Catalan-speaking and Basque-speaking people, as against Langue d'Oc, Gascon and Béarnais. Among the other subjects, which include History and Philology, and pre-Roman, Roman, Mediæval and Musulman Archaeology, there occurs one of topical interest to English people—the political vote of women. "Le vote politique et communal conféré aux femmes en Languedoc . . . au XIV siècle. Examiner dans quelles conditions ce droit s'est exercé, ou a pu s'exercer, dans les cessions de villes ou de villages de la même époque, et notamment lors de . . . 1252."

On Saturday, December 1, Messrs. Sotheby have an interesting sale of autograph letters and historical documents, sign manuals of sovereigns, rare letters of actors and actresses, documents relating to the Civil Wars, and important State papers. Amongst the sovereigns represented are Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Francis I. of France, Queen Anne, George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. There are also letters from Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., Napoleon I., Napoleon III., and Louis Philippe; and from Dr. Johnson, Locke, Moore, Horace Walpole, Shelley, Racine, George Morland, and J. M. W. Turner, and Garrick and Kitty Clive. On Thursday, December 6, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of the late Dr. Richard Garnett. The collection naturally includes a good deal of poetry—mainly modern. Bibliography, biography, and history are strongly represented, there are a large number of presentation copies. Perhaps the most notable feature of the sale will be the three Note-books of autograph manuscript matter kept by Shelley, a considerable portion of which has not been published. Many of Dr. Garnett's own books are, of course, in the sale.

On December 3 commences a three days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of ancient manuscripts and valuable and rare printed books, the property of Mr. L. W. Hodson, of Compton Hall, Wolverhampton. The manuscripts are of the twelfth to the fifteenth century and are mostly on religious subjects. Some are from the Library of the late William Morris. There is a large number of fifteenth-century books from the same Library, some of them very fine examples of early printing. On the second day will be sold first editions of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* and other works and no less than twenty-five of the Kelmscott Press Publications *Printed on vellum*. Very few copies—only five to ten—as a rule were printed on vellum. There will also be put up for sale the Original Autograph Manuscripts of twenty-four of Morris's Poems, including the *The Earthly Paradise* and the *Life and Death of Jason*.

Yesterday (November 30) the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus was performed in the original Greek by members of Cambridge University, at the New Theatre, Cambridge; and we have received from Mr. John Willis Clark, the secretary to the committee, a copy of the volume prepared for the performance of the same play in December 1885, containing the text of the acting version, with an English translation by the late Dr. Verrall on the opposite pages, and a brief introduction by the same scholar. Mr. Clark is responsible for the dress, properties, and scenery, the last being the work of Mr. Hemsley, partly repainted from that made by Mr. John O'Connor for the previous performance, and partly new. The tragedy will be played also on December 1, 3, 4 and 5 at 8.30 P.M., with a matinee at 2.30 on December 1. The prices of seats range from 1s. to £2, and are to be procured at the box office of the theatre. Except for Mr. F. R. Benson's abbreviated version in English, when the play took its place as a member of the great trilogy, the *Eumenides*, or *Furies*, has never been seen, we believe, on the stage in England since its production in 1815 at Cambridge.

The Heritage of Art in English Book-binding was the subject, although not the exact title of a lecture by Mr. Cyril Davenport at the first monthly meeting of the session of the Library Association at Hanover Square. Mr. Davenport is justly famed for his lantern slides. The colourings of the slides are by his own brush, and all the examples are superb. The work of women binders, and the "style" founded by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson show that a great revival of the art of book-binding, quite distinct from the improvement of the processes from a commercial point of view, has taken place in England within recent times. A new preservative for book-bindings was submitted to the meeting. The "medium" of "Vishnu" is benzine, and it is claimed that cloth and leather treated with it are rendered waterproof, besides being greatly improved, and the life of the material lengthened.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.—General Monthly Meeting. Monday, December 3, at 5 P.M.

Royal Geographical Society.—The Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, December 10, at 8.30 P.M., "Irrigation in the United States: its Geographical and Economical Results," by Major John H. Beacom, U.S. Army.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, December 3. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers. Wednesday, December 5: Third Ordinary Meeting. Colonel Sir Charles Watson on the Metric System.—At 4.30 P.M., Tuesday, December 4. The Hon. Sir Lewis Mitchell on The Cape to Cairo Railway.

Linnean Society.—General Meeting, at 8 P.M. on Thursday, December 6. Papers: (1) Professor A. J. Ewart, "A Contribution to the

Physiology of the Museum Beetle, *Anthrenus museorum* (Linn.)"; (2) Mr. E. R. Burdon, "Note on the Origin of the name *Chermes* or *Kermes*." Exhibitions: (1) Dr. A. T. Masterman, An abnormal specimen of a Dab with three eyes; (2) Rev. H. Purefoy FitzGerald, A Note on *Siegesbeckia orientalis*, Linn.

Aristotelian Society, 22 Albemarle Street, W.—Monday, December 3, at 8 P.M. Hon. Bertrand Russell on The Nature of Truth.

Philological Society.—University College, Friday, December 5, at 8 P.M. A paper by Dr. H. Oelsner.

Elizabethan Literary Society, Toynbee Hall.—Wednesday, December 5, Mr. John Masefield on An Elizabethan Pirate.

South Place Ethical Society.—Wednesday, December 5, Public Conference. Mr. Robb Lawson on The Shavian Drama.

Art Exhibitions.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to January 1.—Graves Galleries: Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—R. Gutekunst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours: Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club: Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. December 3. Sculpture and Drawings by Countess Feodora Gleichen. Medals and Decorative Work by Miss Elinor Hallé. Paintings by Countess Helena Gleichen.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: November 17. Landscapes in Cornwall and Devon (water-colour) by S. J. Lamorna Birch. Water-colours of Cities of Spain by Henry C. Brewer.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon. Water-colours by Miss H. Donald-Smith till December 22.—Manchester Art Gallery. Exhibition of Works of Mr. Holman Hunt, including some not on view at the Leicester Galleries.

Plays: English Drama Society. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*, at the Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, on December 4, 5 and 6, at 9 P.M., and December 4 and 6, at 3.30 P.M.—Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—New Theatre, Cambridge. The *Eumenides* of Aeschylus in the original Greek, acted by members of the University. November 30 and December 1, 3, 4 and 5 at 8.30 and December 1 at 2.30.—Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.—Garrick Theatre. December 11 and 13. Matinées of *Macbeth*. *Macbeth*, Mr. Bouchier. Lady *Macbeth*, Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

Concerts.—Saturday, December 1, Albert Hall: Madame Patti, 3. Saturday, December 1, Queen's Hall: Symphony Concert, 3. Saturday, December 1, Aeolian Hall: Mr. Hugo Heinz, 3.—Saturday, December 1, Royal Opera (last night), *La Bohème*, 8.30. Sunday, December 2, Queen's Hall: Sunday Concert, 3.—Monday, December 3, Queen's Hall: London Symphony Orchestra, 8.—Monday, December 3, Aeolian Hall: Edouard Risler, 8.—Monday, December 3, Bechstein Hall: Joachim Quartet, 8.—Tuesday, December 4, Aeolian Hall: Chamber Music Concerts, 12 noon.—Tuesday, December 4, Aeolian Hall: R. Buhlig, 3.—Tuesday, December 4, Bechstein Hall: Herr Sandor Raab, 3.—Wednesday, December 5, Queen's Hall: Joachim Quartet, 3.—Wednesday, December 5, Aeolian Hall: Mr. Dalton Baker, 3.15.—Thursday, December 6, Aeolian Hall: Broadwood Concert, 8.30.—Thursday, December 6, Aeolian Hall: Edouard Risler, 3.—Friday, December 7, Bechstein Hall: Joachim Quartet, 3.—Friday, December 7, Bechstein Hall: Mme. C. Cahier, 8.30.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: December 1. Sale of Autograph Letters. December 3-5. Sale of the Library of L. O. Hodson, Esq.

LITERATURE

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

George Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life.
Edited by EDGAR SHEPPARD, C.V.O., D.D. 2 vols.
(Longmans, 24s. net.)

It was inevitable that the Life of the Duke of Cambridge should carry us into an atmosphere which may be said to

have been partly of the Court and partly of the camp. He lived a long and interesting life in the very centre of movement, so to speak, and we might almost say that for generations his figure was nearly essential to official pageants. The part he played in national history rendered him eminently worthy of a biography, although at the same time Dr. Edgar Sheppard might have done well to condense the "memoirs of his private life" into one volume instead of filling two. Of things that might have been left out we may instance those early diaries. They contain entries such as the following:

January 7.—To-day I am sorry to say I do not feel I have acted well in many respects. I showed some signs of cowardice on horseback. I had a very bad Latin lesson and made many careless mistakes in it. I mean to try all in my power to be better for the future. I shot through the bull's eye in shooting at the Target. Finished a drawing for my Aunt Gloucester.

April 11.—I fear I have got a very bad habit of going into the drawing-room not straight to the Queen, which is very vulgar and ill-behaved. I likewise, when I have saluted, have gone away and not returned sometimes till I have gone away. These faults must be avoided.

Remarks such as these excite some astonishment in our mind, because the Duke of Cambridge was nothing of a prig, as any one might know who caught the most casual glimpse of his face. But the explanation follows in due course, and here it is:

Mr. Wood appears to have exercised the very closest supervision over his pupil's diary. After looking over the later entries for 1834, he pronounced them "very childish and bad." "In consequence of this," writes Prince George, "he gave me some good advice about the manner of writing it, and said he was very anxious that I should continue to do it well, as it would be of great use to me to store up my thoughts upon any particular subject . . ."

A boy's diary written under the supervision of a tutor who seems to have thought childishness a vice was certainly not worth reprinting, still less reproducing in facsimile, as is done opposite page 11. It affords no aid whatever to any true understanding of the Duke's life, yet his history was sufficiently full of incident to have made the employment of such devices superfluous.

He was born on March 26, 1819, and baptized with great pomp on May 11. One of the most amusing incidents connected with his childhood occurred when he nearly fell a victim to scarlet fever. The doctors had begun to despair of his life, and a message was sent to his father, who at the time was dining, to the effect that he was sinking:

The Duke was drinking a Rhine wine named Steinberger, and, unable to think of any other means of reviving the boy, he hurried to the sick-room with a glass of this wine and forced the child to drink it. The effect was extraordinary. From that hour the Prince began to mend, and the fever abated, but the effects of the illness left him delicate for some years. Until 1837 Steinberger was always drunk on His Royal Highness's birthday to commemorate his marvellous recovery.

The career of the Duke of Cambridge was dealt with in a full and satisfactory manner in Colonel Willoughby Verner's "Military life of H.R.H. George Duke of Cambridge," so that the interest of the present book lies chiefly in the detail it gives. In the midst of much grave writing we occasionally come across a paragraph that to our day and generation must sound amusing. Take for example this letter from the Queen sent from Windsor Castle on February 6, 1857:

In the midst of so much that is so important, I forgot a trifle, but still which I think ought not to be any longer overlooked. It is the *moustaches*, as regards the *men and officers serving* (I don't mean any of the old Generals, etc. etc.) should no longer be *optional*, but ordered to be worn. The effect in the Ranks altogether is bad, when you see some with and some without them. I think this should *now* be done without delay . . .

The boy who wrote such very nice diaries proved quite capable of thinking for himself when he grew older. On the subject of marriage, for instance, he had formed very decided opinions by the time he was twenty-one. They were that:

In the choice of a wife no considerations of expediency would be allowed by him to weigh in the balance against the dictates of affection. He was ready and eager to devote to the service of his country unselfishly and unsparingly all his energies and all his abilities, but he claimed that his private life was his own, to be disposed of by him as he might think fit and proper.

Statesmen could not be forgetful of how near he was to the British throne, and politicians put forward, tentatively, the names of many ladies with whom it would be desirable to form an alliance, but:

He had met and fallen in love with Miss Louisa Fairbrother, a actress of great beauty, and he determined to make her his wife. The marriage was, of course,morganatic, and as the Royal consent was neither sought nor granted it followed that there was of necessity a sharp line of demarcation between the Duke's public and private life. Mrs. FitzGeorge, as she became on her marriage, took up her residence in Queen Street, Mayfair, where the Duke devoted to his wife all the hours he could spare from his public duties and private engagements.

The union was a long and happy one, and when she died in 1890 her husband of seventy was as grieved as a young lover could have been. "How I miss her!" he wrote from Cannes. "It is indescribable and nothing more so at this moment when absent than not hearing from or writing to her daily as has always been our habit since we first met."

She bore three sons to him, all of whom adopted the profession of arms. Of course much interest will be directed to the way in which the Duke met his compulsory retirement. He thus records the first intimation in his diary:

May 19.—Had a lengthened conversation with Campbell-Bannerman on a wish expressed that I should, before the end of this year, retire from my command of the Army with a view to great changes being made at the War Office. This decision has filled me with the very deepest sorrow, as I still feel quite equal to the performance of my duties, and never anticipated such a decision being come to without my willing consent, but I must submit as best I can to the inevitable, but I own that I am disgusted with this, to my mind, most unjustifiable proceeding, though Mr. C.-B. was most amiable in all he said.

But complications arose:

After announcement of changes at the War Office and Horse Guards involving my retirement, the Government were defeated by 7 on a War Office Estimate Grant, a censure being cast on Mr. C.-Bannerman, who immediately tendered his resignation. The complication thus created becomes very curious. 22nd.—On reaching home found numerous letters of sympathy and condolence on last night's announcement of my retirement from Commander-in-Chief of the Army, made by Mr. C.-Bannerman. 24th.—The feeling in the Army and indeed in all quarters on the subject of my relinquishing, or being called upon to retire from my post is intense, and a very beautiful amount of sympathy is shown.

And this entry, dated October 31, 1895, marks a pathetic ending to his military career:

31st.—My last day of office! Too sad! Drove to the Old Horse Guards, where a Deputation of the Lieutenancy of London came to present me with an address of regret on my withdrawal from office. From there went to the Pall Mall Office, and at 4.30 took leave of all the Officers of my own Department, and leading Clerks, as also of the Civil side, where a very large number attended and I made them a farewell address, which I believe was good, though extremely painful and distressing to me. In the evening I had a dinner at home, a farewell to all my Horse Guards Staff, Prince Edward and Dolly being the only exceptions. The rest of the party were Buller, Gipps, Evelyn Wood, Grenfell, Duncan, Lowe, Gordon, Grant, Maitland, Lloyd, Augustus, Downe, Algy Lennox, Davidson, Ardagh, MacKiunon, Wilson, Chapman, Luck, Markham, Albert Williams. I made another farewell speech and thus my official duties came to a close. It is a sad moment to me and I feel it intensely, the general feeling of regret at my departure and sympathy with me, as well as appreciation of my long services, being my only consolation. November 1.—So now I am out of Official life, though I have my hands still full of matters connected with my withdrawal from office, dinners, letters of regret, etc.; of course I have ceased to go to the Office.

In reviewing the Life, it is impossible not to recognise that the Duke of Cambridge was a strong, patriotic and self-sacrificing servant of the Crown. At the end of his days, when he looked back on his long career, he must have seen less to regret than most of us, and much cause for thankfulness and pride.

HOMER AND HIS AGE

Homer and his Age. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

WE welcome another powerful counterblast from the graceful and vigorous pen of Mr. Andrew Lang against the disintegrators of the poems of Homer. The knife which Wolf put into the hands of critics more than a hundred years ago has been very rashly used by his successors, who have slashed at not only Homer but even Thucydides and Xenophon. In the case of Homer the Wolfian knife has been blunted by the fact that no one now believes in an Iliad and Odyssey orally transmitted from generation to generation. The main position of Wolf was that the poems could not have been committed to writing. It is certain now that they might have been written, and it is therefore presumable that they were. In a previous work, "Homer and the Epic," Mr. Lang has examined the literary objections to Homeric unity, based chiefly on alleged discrepancies in the narrative. But such discrepancies would justify a school of "Chorizontes" impugning the unity of Goethe, and of Sir Walter Scott, who in "The Antiquary" makes the sun set in the east. In the present volume little is said about consistency; the aim is to show that the poet depicts the life of a single brief age of culture, that the poems are the product of a single age, not a mosaic of the work of several (at least four) changeful centuries:

This must be the case—if the life drawn is harmonious, the picture must be the work of a single epoch—for it is not in the nature of early uncritical times that later poets should adhere, or even try to adhere, to the minute details of law, custom, opinion, dress, weapons, houses, as presented in earlier lays or sagas on the same set of subjects.

Poets in uncritical times do not "archaise," they are not careful to give to their heroes the accoutrements of ages long gone by. Even the literary and self-conscious Virgil did not take on his shoulders the burden, under which very late poetasters like Quintus Smyrnaeus "sweat and grunt" to little purpose or effect. And those who postulate archaising poets are not consistent. Even Helbig admits that they sometimes allowed themselves to be influenced by their own environment; they were bad archaisers; as though a modern novelist laying his scene in ancient Rome should refrain indeed from introducing motor-cars, but should make his *personæ* sit up side by side at table, as we do now, instead of reclining on couches after the manner of the ancient Romans.

Quintus Smyrnaeus consciously archaïses in a critical age with Homer as his model. Any one who believes that in an uncritical age the rhapsodists archaïsed with such success as the presumed late poets of the Iliad must have done, may try his hand in our critical age on a ballad in the style of the Border Ballads. If he succeeds in introducing nothing that will at once mark his work as modern, he will be more successful than any poet who has made the experiment, and more successful than the most ingenious modern forgers of gems, jewels and terra cottas. They seldom deceive experts, and when they do other experts detect the deceit.

It is in archæological discoveries that Mr. Lang finds his most convincing proofs that the Iliad is, speaking broadly, the production of a single age. The argument turns mainly on the Homeric armour.

Dr. Wolfgang Reichel in a remarkable monograph which appeared in 1894, pointed out that the views held hitherto on the subject of Homeric armour are quite erroneous because they contradict the Mycenaean discoveries. The poet speaks of round shields, of shields which are equal on every side. Now those found at Mycenæ are long, and shaped like a figure 8, not circular: and so large as to be hardly portable—hence the chariot, which according to Reichel was useful mainly for carrying the warrior encumbered with his "enveloping shield" from one part of the field of battle to another. But Homer calls the shield *κυκλος* and *παρρός* *είση*, which would seem to mean "circular." Accordingly Reichel, finding the words against him, adopts the attitude of the French theoriser who said

"tant pis pour les faits." He says "tant pis pour les mots," which he proceeds to mishandle violently. The first epithet does not mean "circular" but "made of circular plates," while the second denotes "well balanced on every side." Here one may remark that Dr. Reichel and his followers might, in repudiating the meaning "circular," have given a far more natural sense to *είση*, which might denote "effective, equal to the purpose which it was designed to serve," just as *δαυδς* *είσης* means a meal "adequate, equal to the appetites it was meant to satisfy." "Equally divided" is impossible on linguistic as well as archæological grounds. The epithets *ἀμφιβρότη* and *τερμύεσσα* may well describe a buckler which shields the unprotected parts of the whole body. Mr. Lang remarks in a passage introducing one of his characteristic quips, too rare in the present volume for his admirers:

Some scholars, then, believe that the old original poet always described Mycenaean shields, which are of various shapes but never circular in Mycenaean art. If there are any circular shields in the poems, these, they say, must have been introduced by poets accustomed in a much later age to seeing circular bucklers. Therefore Homeric words hitherto understood as meaning "circular" must now mean something else—even if the reasoning seems circular.

It must be noted, however, that the poet seems to recognise some shields which were as large as the Mycenaean (the shape is not mentioned). As Hector walked, the rim of his shield knocked against his neck and his ankles. Either, then, the poet gave to his hero, as a special distinction, the antique shield of which a tradition survived, or the buckler was of the usual size and shape, but was secured by a long strap which galled his neck, while it allowed the buckler to flap against his legs, when not in action. At all events it was not so large as to prevent him from walking under it from the field of battle into Troy.

As regards the *θώραξ*, the position of the Reichelians is still more difficult. No breastplate, corslet, hauberk, or anything of the kind has been found in the Mycenaean graves. But the corslet pervades the Homeric poems. The Reichelians take a bold course. They declare that *θώραξ* means not "corslet" in particular but "armour" in general. The verb *θωρήσσεσθαι* meant "to put on one's armour," though the Mycenaean warriors would appear to have fought practically naked, or in something like bathing-drawers, with a very long shield shaped like the figure 8:

Surely we might as well argue that "waistcoat" might come to mean "body clothing in general," as that a word for the male breast became first a synonym for the covering of the male buttocks, then for apparel in general, then for a bronze breastplate.

The Zoma, Mitre, Zoster are similarly dealt with. The Zoma is the loin-cloth or drawers shown on Mycenaean intaglios, the Mitre is a band of metal worn round the waist under the Chiton, the Zoster a similar belt worn over the tunic—a strange arrangement. Bronze greaves are not found in Mycenaean tombs, therefore the passage in which they are mentioned (Il. vii. 41) is spurious. Against the Procrustean method of Dr. Reichel, Mr. Lang sets a reasonable statement that Homer describes a state of military equipment in advance of that of the most famous Mycenaean graves, but other than that of the late "warrior vase"; and that the words he uses in describing the weapons of his warriors must be understood in their natural sense.

The account in the Iliad and Odyssey of the use of iron and bronze is harmonious, and points to poems composed in a single age, not in five successive centuries. The Homeric house is not the Hellenic house of classical times, and resembles closely the dwellings of Icelandic chiefs, but the account of it is consistent throughout the poems. The chapters on the notes of change in the Odyssey, the linguistic proofs of various dates for the poems, the "Doloneia" and the interpolated speeches of Nestor (supposed to be due to a tradition that Nestor was an ancestor of Pisistratus) are very pleasant and relieve

the reader, now somewhat exhausted by the tension of the main theme. The general conclusion is that the Iliad at all events is the work of one age and was a whole—with some interpolations—centuries before Pisistratus.

We welcome so able a champion on the conservative side of the Homeric controversy, and find in his book a new proof of that amazing versatility so well set forth in the charming "Oxford Echoes." Here are the first two verses, with apologies for violating the unity of a *ballade*:

You ask me, Fresher, who it is
Who rhymes, researches, and reviews,
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,
And sometimes for the *Daily News*;
Who jests in words that angels use
And is most solemn with most slang:
Who's who, who's which, and which is whose?
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Quips, Quirks are his, and Quiddities,
The Epic and the teacup Muse,
Bookbindings, Aborigines,
Ballads that banish all the Blues,
Young married life among Yahoos,
An Iliad, an Orang-outang,
Triolets, Totems, and Tattoos—
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE FUTURE IN AMERICA

The Future in America. A Search after Realities. By H. G. WELLS. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the eighteenth century the English middle classes were the most enlightened order of men of their age. Their intelligence was not, perhaps, so acute as that of the French, but their minds were more comprehensive. Their knowledge was obtained more by experience than by study, and in their novel and extensive experience in matters of trade, manufacture, and politics there were implicit all the principles of modern industrial civilisation. They instituted, as a matter of practice, the movement of illumination which the French bourgeoisie adopted and elaborated as a matter of theory.

Of this movement the present civilisation of America is the most complete monument. The colonial branch of the English middle classes was the only community which was able to break away entirely from ancient custom and build up a new form of government on a strong and fixed framework of eighteenth-century thought. Their work, however, does not appear so glorious a thing in its achievement as it did in its inception. The founders of the American Republic had an inclination towards the political philosophy of their age, and this philosophy was analytical in method and destructive in operation. In an extreme reaction against the mediæval tradition of the restraint and subordination of trade, the writers of the new school resolved society into its individual elements, removed everything that impeded the play of the forces of industrialism, and left those forces to develop and overwhelm the state. Possessed of the resources of a continent and bent wholly on material expansion, the American people embodied the ideas of these writers in their constitution. The result was that they rapidly attained their immediate object, but lost the notion of a commonwealth in the pursuit of private ends, and became subject to the most powerful plutocracy in the world.

In England, on the other hand, where society was more stable and complex, and the controlling power of the state less impaired, the individualistic spirit of the middle classes has been gradually restrained by law, while the movement of enlightenment, spreading from the merchants and manufacturers to the artisans and labourers, has prevented the lower orders from turning to socialism with the blind enthusiasm of the proletariat of the continent. The English race, fortunately, is able to conduct its experiments in its colonies. For instance, it is now as busily engaged in New Zealand in working

out the socialistic ideas of the nineteenth century as it was in America in working out the individualistic ideas of the eighteenth century. In the meantime there has been founded in the motherland another movement of enlightenment which threatens to undermine in its progress both the fabric of individualism and the fabric of socialism, and to frame out of the ruin a new form of political thought, of which the structure, however, has not yet been clearly designed. For the men of the new school seem to be more remarkable for critical talent than for constructive genius. Even the inventive mind of Mr. H. G. Wells is unequal to the task of reducing the insubstantial vision of a "New Utopia" to a matter of practical politics. His gift for building up picturesque and grandiose generalisations on a slight ground of fact, makes him more trustworthy as a critic than as a thinker. He has, however, the satirist's trick of suppression and exaggeration, and he employs it admirably. His most striking works are those in which he singles out one of the many streams of tendency in modern life, and depicts a civilisation in which it has become the omnipotent force. "When the Sleeper Wakes," for example, is an astonishing caricature of the inordinate individualism of the American sort. "The Future in America," a sober study of the same subject, is, we think, below it in insight as well as in effectiveness. In his "search after realities" Mr. Wells has discovered some potent and salutary influences which he did not divine in the composition of his romance, but he seems to have overlooked the very matter to which in his work of fiction he attached most importance—the political aims of the plutocracy. America is being rapidly transformed from an indefinite state of republicanism into a definite state of industrial feudalism. In some respects this is a progress. No doubt, if the American people were the most enlightened race in the history of mankind they would be guided more by the logic of ideas than by the logic of facts. As, however, they respond, like most masses of men, more readily to material coercion than to intellectual suasion, they have had to evolve a governing class wielding a force that rests on wealth. They have now arrived at the position which the English people attained in the eighteenth century. Of course, the immediate purpose of American oligarchy is to augment its power at the expense of the populace. But, after all, a strong oligarchy is a good defence against Cæsarism. If this peril be averted, and it is one which is foreshadowed in the present socialistic agitation, it will not be difficult for so spirited a race as the Americans to recover from their plutocracy a large measure of self-government when the political organisation of their immense country has been completed and regulated.

Mr. Wells's book is written rather in a mood of despondency. Energy, initiative, and unintermittent growth—these things he expected to find in America, and these things he has found. But it was not in search of them that he travelled. He wanted to trace some suggestion of a strong and definite national purpose directing the general life of the country, and moulding it into a new kind of State, neither individualistic nor socialistic, about which his own vague ideas of progress might form and play. In the reaction of disappointment he has turned to socialism as the weary agnostic turns to spiritualism. There, he is inclined to think, the confusion of purposes, traditions, and habits is at any rate resolved into a common, ordered intention. But that is true also of Cæsarism, and Cæsarism, unfortunately, is the only effective instrument of destruction which an unthinking populace with little political instinct can employ against an oligarchy. Mr. Wells seldom examines the means to the end which he has in view. The study of science has excited only his imaginative faculty. Science in the making is partly a thing of facts; science in the learning is wholly a thing of generalisations. Mr. Wells was nourished so long at the Royal College of Science on the pap of pre-digested ideas, that he has never been able to acquire a taste for the hard realities

of life. He has a mind too impatient of facts to become a sound thinker, and an imagination too high and versatile to become a *vulgarisateur*. He is a brilliant, suggestive, but one-sided critic of ideas: a novelist with a genius that he has never yet fully displayed ("Kipps," his finest essay in fiction falls to pieces in the middle), and the most powerful satirist of the day. We are afraid, however, that his best work in the satiric vein is accomplished. There was a time when he could have painted a companion picture to "When the Sleeper Wakes" and depicted with equal vividness a civilisation of which the ideas of modern socialism had become the omnipotent force. But that time is gone. Openness and plasticity of mind are qualities of youth that few writers retain in middle age.

COURT LIFE IN THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

Court Life in the Dutch Republic. By Baroness SUZETTE VAN ZUYLEN VAN NYEVELT. (Dent, 16s.)

"*Qui veut une place forte voir prendre, Près du Prince d'Orange doit se rendre,*" was a current saying among Dutchmen in the time of the "Stadtholder," Frederick Henry. A wise and tactful ruler and a fine general, under whom such brilliant soldiers as Turenne, Charles Gustavus of Sweden, Prince Rupert and Monk were not ashamed to fight, his name is associated with the most brilliant period in the history of the pugnacious bundle of provinces known as the Dutch Republic.

What the Elizabethan era was to England, the first half of the seventeenth century was to Holland. . . . A reflection of this glory shone on the Stadtholder's chair, which seemed likely in time to become a throne.

Though this likelihood was never realised, the rôle of Stadtholder became more and more that of a constitutional king, and exiled monarchs did not disdain to accept the support and protection of the occupant of the "chair." First among these was the King of Bohemia, and with his Queen, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., begins the history of the Stuarts in Holland. Four times, between the dates 1623 and 1688, did "the largest village in the world," as Guiccardini termed the Hague, turn out with feasting and rejoicing to welcome royal guests, and no less than three of these triumphal entries were made by Stuarts. The fourth was that of the arch-intriguer, Marie de Medicis, who, weary of exile, had resolved to practise her wiles on the young and rising Republic. It was largely at the instigation of this interfering lady that the idea of a marriage between William, son of Frederick Henry, and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. of England, was mooted; an alliance which led to the second triumphal entry (the "glad entry," as it was called) into the Hague; this time of Henrietta Maria and the Princess Mary. The marriage took place at Whitehall on May 12, 1641, the bridegroom being a precocious boy of fifteen and the bride a child of ten. William's feelings on the subject may be gathered from a quaint letter to his father, in which he says that:

At first they (he and his bride) were very serious together, but now quite at home with each other; that she is more beautiful than her picture, that he loves her and thinks she loves him.

It was but natural that Henrietta Maria should turn to Holland in her hour of distress, and her next entry into that hospitable country was of a much less dignified character. Nevertheless her visit was successful, and she sailed away under the escort of the redoubtable Van Tromp, of broomstick fame, the richer by £3,000,000; leaving Princess Mary with her mother-in-law, Princess Amelia, a lady for whom the little princess conceived a violent dislike, which was cordially returned and which lasted until the death of Mary in 1661. After this the Hague became the gathering-place of needy Stuarts. James, Duke of York, was the next to appear, disguised as a girl, his sudden arrival causing much discussion

among the worthy burghers as to the amount of ceremony necessary for his reception, the States General eventually deciding that two deputies were enough for the welcome of so young a prince. After him, some ten years, came Charles, Prince of Wales. This amorous prince made hot court to Sophia, daughter of the King of Bohemia, to the joy of that lady's mother and the chagrin of Princess Amelia, who had views for Charles not unconnected with her own rather plain offspring. He assured Sophia that she was "more beautiful than Mrs. Barlow" (Lucy Walters), a delicate compliment which that astute damsel took for what it was worth. She kept her fickle admirer at arm's length, and eventually married the Elector of Hanover and became the mother of George I. of England. Her graphic and often ruthless memoirs are amusing, and give admirable portraits of the various actors in the drama of the day.

In 1650 a new figure appeared upon the stage, Princess Mary giving birth to a boy, William III., afterwards King of England, a land for which he was to feel as much hatred as his mother for her husband's country. Then came a third triumphal entry; this time that of Charles II., who was lodged in the "Mauritshuis," where he received the twelve peers and six commoners sent to invite him to claim his throne. At the sight of him Princess Amelia's match-making instincts revived and she manoeuvred in vain on behalf of a plain daughter Mary. In 1677 there was again a pealing of bells and firing of cannon, this time to welcome another Mary, the daughter of James, Duke of York, and the bride of William III. of Orange. It was not until the latter's acceptance of the unstable throne of his father-in-law and the departure of the young couple for England, that the chain which had bound the Stuarts to Holland for many years was broken. Baroness van Zuylen van Nyevelt pilots the reader ably through the complicated genealogy of the house of Nassau. Her grasp of her subject and her wide sympathy both for the ill-fated and lovable Stuarts and the harder-headed and somewhat uncompromising Princes of Orange, would make a less dramatic period interesting.

THE LIGHT STUDY OF CONCHOLOGY

A Treatise on Zoology. Edited by E. RAY LANKESTER. Part v. *Mollusca.* (Black, 12s, 6d, and 15s. net.)

WHEN Mr. Brooke, in "Middlemarch" remarked, "Why you might take to some light study; conchology now," he was perfectly serious: and his advice was good. But since the day when conchology was regarded as a "light study," many things have happened and conchology itself has not stood still. Time was, indeed, when its devotees could speak of "the shell and its animal" without incurring any suspicion of "giving themselves away." For in those days the collection of shells, molluscan and otherwise, was followed with the same enthusiasm, and the same lack of intelligence and sense of proportion, as are exhibited to-day in the collection of picture post-cards. It would not be easy, however, to determine what factors brought about the change of method and point of view, in the pursuit of this study. But we may be certain that the present day conchologist is a product of the Darwinian theory. No longer does he speak of the "shell and its animal," but, on the contrary, of "the animal and its shell." Those of the old school were "shell-collectors" pure and simple, in a double sense: they regarded the shell as the prize, the animal by which it was built up as so much "matter in the wrong place." Those of the new school, on the other hand, for the most part prize the animal, no less than the shell.

One of the founders of this new school was Professor E. Ray Lankester, who, in a brilliant treatise on the "mollusca" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia

Britannica," just a quarter of a century ago, laid the foundation of our present knowledge and methods of investigation. For many years this article remained the only serious work of reference on this subject; and for all time it will continue to permeate the literature dealing with this theme.

Necessarily, since this was written, much has been added to our knowledge; and these new things and much of minor importance that could not well be included within the limits of an *Encyclopædia* article, are now presented in the volume before us—Part V. of the great "*Treatise on Zoology*" published by Messrs. Black. This work was initiated, and is edited, by Professor Lankester; but the present volume has been written by Dr. Paul Pelseneer, and revised and translated by Dr. Gilbert Bourne, the Linacre Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the University of Oxford.

In so far as literary merit goes this book is not the equal of its precursor: but it has the merit of being up to date, and presenting us with the last word on a very difficult theme. It is essentially a book for the advanced student, who will find in it a kind of biological extract, very stimulating, and absolutely indispensable. It is a book of desiccated facts, which, under the hands of an expert, can be made to expand into wonders as great as any ever conjured up by the magician's wand.

Here will be found awful examples of the consequences of parasitism: and instances of fertility that would gladden the hearts of those who are bemoaning the decline in the birth-rate. The provisions, indeed, for securing the continuation of the race are, among the mollusca, extremely varied. Where eggs are laid singly they are deposited on rocks or stones: embedded in masses of jelly, or in long ribbons. Some are so disguised, as to shape, that they bear not the remotest resemblance to the conventional egg; while in other cases they so closely resemble the eggs of birds in size and shape, that none but an expert would distinguish them. As to numbers they may range from one to sixty millions, according to the species, and the risks to which they are exposed. If but few eggs are laid, then the most jealous care is taken to ensure their safety: the parent not seldom carrying them about upon her own person—on the shell, between the shell and the body, embedded within the foot, in a brood-pouch in the back, and so on. The egg cases of the common whelk, those yellow masses of horny bladders so common on our beaches, have a strange history. Each little bladder contains a number of eggs, but at the end of the incubation period only one little whelk will be found within, and this because it represents the sole survivor, the rest having been eaten. The inmates of each little cell have, according to whelk tradition, passed their first period of existence in devouring one another till only the strongest survives.

Though the product of a hen's egg is very obviously a chicken, the result is by no means so immediately apparent in the case of the eggs of many molluscs. Where the egg is relatively large, there the young emerges in the form of its parent, or at least as a shell-bearing animal; but where, on the contrary, the egg is relatively small, there will emerge therefrom a little body which bears no sort of likeness to the parent which gave it birth. The sluggish, headless and helpless oyster, for example, when she finally casts abroad her family of some sixty millions—which she has contrived to conceal about her person until a favourable opportunity presented itself for their expulsion—sends adrift a cloud of tiny transparent creatures which swim away propelled by the vigorous movements of a fringe of thread-like outgrowths of the body. Settling down, they speedily develop shells, and henceforth wander no more.

But such young are subjected to a vigorous scourging by Dame Nature. Thousands fall in unfavourable ground and die straightway; thousands more fall victims to adverse currents, or settle so thickly together as to crowd one another out of existence. Hence, of the

millions of each brood, but few come to maturity. In our fresh-water mussel the young remain longer within the egg, and emerge in the form of larvæ with a pair of toothed shell-valves; though when expelled from the sheltering mantle of the mother the young float at the surface of the stream, buoyed up by a long rope-like "byssus." Here for a few hours they drift, depending for continued existence on the chance of catching hold of a passing fish by means of a snapping motion of the toothed-shell valves. This done they become encysted in the skin of the fish, and undergo a further phase of growth, when, becoming too large for the cyst, they burst its walls and drop to the bottom of the stream, to complete their normal course of life. But only a few of each brood have the luck to find a fish: the rest perish.

Such is a sample of the early-life history of mollusca; but a book could be filled with descriptions of the various forms of larvæ and their subsequent history. Some of the more remarkable will be found figured and tersely described in the pages of this book.

Similarly, the adult animals present a bewildering series of developmental phases: Adaptations to secure a hold on Life. Among these adaptations are to be reckoned modifications of the shell. Thus, it is obvious that conchology is no longer a "light study." Shells are no longer regarded as so many counters: they have a history; but this history is intimately bound up with a host of other phenomena, all of which must be investigated by the present-day "malacologist." The magnitude of his task will be the more readily grasped when we reflect that there are some thirty or forty thousand distinct species of living mollusca known to science, all of which, at some phase or other of their life-history, bear a shell of some sort. So that, if he confine himself to the shell alone, conscientiously, he has an appalling array of facts to deal with.

Finally, as the author remarks, "*The Mollusca* . . . afford a very good instance of the progressive modification of organic structure. It would be difficult to name another group of the animal kingdom in which relationships can be more clearly determined, and the pedigrees of the sub-groups more certainly traced: and for this reason no phylum, with the possible exception of the echinodermata, has, in recent years, yielded such fruitful results to the investigator."

W. P. P.

THAT NINETEENTH CENTURY

Progress of Art in the Century. By WILLIAM SHARP; *Discoveries and Explorations in the Century.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS; *Progress of Science in the Century.* By ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A. The Nineteenth Century Series. (London: W. R. Chambers; Toronto and Philadelphia: The Linscott Publishing Co., each 5s. net.)

In this little pile of books American enterprise already sets its seal on the dead century. In this slower country there will probably be less enthusiasm over attempts like these to generalise, classify, and generally "size up" the nineteenth century than exists in Toronto and Philadelphia. America is a land of globules, and a continent which has digested shiploads of *Encyclopædia Britannicas* is quite ready to take as its next meal any number of summaries and inventories of a century which is scarcely far enough off to fall into a profitable perspective. Still, surveys are always suggestive, and these particular surveys have been performed with industry and thoroughness according to their kind. The writers are first-class men, but the best man when he attacks a subject of this immensity is inclined to shut his eyes and to go blindly forward.

A rapid perusal suggests the idea that the nineteenth century will, perhaps, after all, come to be known to

posterity as the imaginative age. In its material achievements, in its self-expression and in its expectations an imaginative element emerges everywhere. More than any of its predecessors—except, perhaps, the sixteenth century—it was a time of dreams. In the rush of discovery, invention, and wide sweep of change—in the very rapidity and extent of material advancement—men felt themselves on the incoming tide of some vague but high destiny. The tide never came to the full. But in the story of the century's doings we see the power and effect of kindled imagination. In Art the supreme figure is that of a painter who in imaginative qualities has never been excelled. Mr. Sharp in his record of the "Progress of Art in the Nineteenth Century" rightly calls Turner the Shakespeare of painting. Turner's art was the very antithesis of that of the eighteenth century, the era of conventionalism. But the way for the coming of Turner and the imaginative school was being paved even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Sharp takes as the keynote of modern British art the dictum of Hogarth and of Reynolds. "There is only one school, that of Nature." "Truth to Nature" was the axiom which bound together the great artists of the century, however divergent in other respects their aims and methods may have been. Of this movement in art Gainsborough and Constable were the leaders in England, Manet and Delacroix in France.

But by "Truth to Nature" nineteenth-century artists came to understand no mere laboured exactitude of imitative detail. The painful accuracy of the Pre-Raphaelites was, it must be remembered, not one of their articles of faith. It was recognised that Nature must be seen from within, not merely from without the individual: that imaginative power may wrest her meaning from Nature as Realism never can. And Turner wrote this lesson in letters of fire. The art of the nineteenth century achieved a freedom in expression, which the twentieth century may develop—or abuse. We can only be sure that never again will a fashionable painter and connoisseur, in appraising the landscape study of a young artist, inquire "where Mr. Constable meant to put his brown tree."

Mr. Sharp brings out very clearly the great part played by English painters in the art revolution. He will have none of the theory that it is to Paris we must look for all that is noteworthy in modern art. "It is Gainsborough who is to be traced through the whole development of contemporary art." Gainsborough went to Nature and painted what he saw as he saw it. His trees were impressionistic, but they were the living trees, not conventional accessories, nor botanical specimens. He excelled Wilson as Constable excelled him. French artists and critics have generously recognised the influence on modern art of the English masters of the early nineteenth century. But the matter is best summed up by the unknown artist, whom Mr. Sharp quotes: "The Barbizon school is the offspring of Father Millet and Mother Corot, and neither of these would be here had they not been begot by Grandfather Constable."

The nineteenth century discovered no continents, but not even the age of Christopher Columbus was more active in exploration. War, religion, and politics are less and less potent in driving mankind into the remote places of the earth. The needs of commerce are now, as ever, a spur to discovery. But the field of exploration, wherein the nineteenth century stands first, was one which had no rewards of trade, liberty, or dominion to offer its invaders. The quest of the Poles is made in the name of science, but science is here, as often, only another name for Romance. Nothing else is to be won from the lone Arctic regions. They are the last and most awful stronghold of the Unknown on this earth, and the story of the heroic, persistent, and never successful assaults made upon it is some index to the imaginative quality of the nineteenth century. In the volume on "Discoveries and Explorations" in the series before us Mr. Charles

Roberts devotes a large part of his space to Arctic and Antarctic Exploration, although the records of the last six years are not included. The external history of the nineteenth century holds no more thrilling story than is related of this wonderful series of Polar expeditions. The actual amount of discovery in Polar seas was enormous, and yet, despite Parrys and Franklins, and all the gallant host of explorers, Nature still keeps intact her ice-bound fastnesses. "It is safe to say," writes Mr. Roberts, "that an unknown continent waits with all its secrets behind the southern ice-packs, whilst in the unmapped area of the North Pole room might yet be found for more than a dozen countries the size of England." In other and less implacable quarters of the globe there is still much to be discovered. In Africa, vast tracts of the Sahara, of the centre and of the East, are unexplored. In South America, an immense district of the North-West is virgin forest land, the old El Dorado still unpenetrated. In Asia, there is darkness still in Arabia and Tibet.

Science in the nineteenth century has been treated by Mr. Arthur Thomson as an introduction to the study of any branch of science. The volume will be of great value. There is an admirable expression of the point of view of the most liberal minds in science at the close of the nineteenth century. Science has become less assertive, more fruitfully suggestive. "Everywhere there is a widening outlook, a more and more intensive analysis, but never a hint of finality." A sense of inter-relations is one of the characteristics of the modern outlook, and "the word ultimate does not appear in the scientific dictionary." The change that has come over the scientific point of view may be gathered from the following passage concerning the unity of science:

Science for its own sake requires to be continually moralised and socialised, oriented, that is to say, in relation to other ideals of human life than its own immediate one of working with an intellectual cosmos. Our science requires at once to be kept in touch with our life and with our dreams; with our doing and with our feeling; with our practice and with our poetry. Synergy and sympathy are needed to complete a synthesis.

Again, there is emphatic recognition of the fact that science is concerned only with "how." It cannot tell us "why." As Professor Poynting says: "a law of nature explains nothing . . . it is but a descriptive formula." But, in finding a descriptive formula which applies to any event, science "improves our account of it by likening it to what we already know." There is the function of science as it is understood to-day.

As to the progress in science, there is the warning against exaggerated impressions. In spite of the enormous and rapid accumulation of natural knowledge, the number of scientific generalisations is small. For form only is such importance claimed—the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the formula of gravitation, or the theory of organic evolution.

In the world that belongs to science it may be said that its greatest continents are yet unmapped. The pioneers of fifty years ago stood on the peaks and surveyed their discoveries with confident eyes. But the horizon of those new-found countries still widens and recedes.

To take an instance. The theory of organic evolution firmly stands, but the factors in its process are a labyrinth of perplexing uncertainties. The discovery of radium—made since Mr. Thomson's volume was written—has destroyed or suspended generalisations which were written largest on the chart of science. In astronomy it seemed, a hundred years ago, that some star, possibly Sirius, or some point in the Pleiades, would "turn out to be" the hub of the universe, the centre to which all heavenly bodies related. But to-day "the system or goal of the grandest of all movements is unknown." In science, one would say, there was, more than in any other department of human thought, room for the imaginative worker.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BOOKS FOR BOYS—I

EVERY year as autumn nears its end the number of boys' books upon our table shows an increase upon that of the preceding season. There is—perhaps necessarily, since the writer of a boys' book has no other object in view than to supply goods for which there is an assured sale in the market—a distressing lack of variety, but increase in quantity has not resulted in a falling away in quality. Mr. Herbert Strang and Captain F. S. Brereton—both writers of considerable ability—have fought their way to the front rank of spinners of tales of adventure and bid fair to make good the loss which Young Britain sustained in the death of Henty; but we look in vain for another "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Of Mr. Strang's "Brown of Moukden" and "The Adventures of Harry Rochester," we spoke last year in terms of high praise. His "One of Clive's Heroes" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is, if anything, better than either—better than "Kobo," his first successful story. Desmond Burke, the hero, trying to escape from a brutal brother, falls into the hands of a scoundrel who sells him as a slave to an Indian Prince. The boy—a fine character—escapes with some of his fellow captives, and they seize a vessel and make for Calcutta, where Desmond enters the Company's service. Thenceforward adventure follows adventure, and the narration of his hero's escapades gives Mr. Strang an opening for a graphic account of the siege of Calcutta and the tragedy of the Black Hole. The characters are well drawn, and the conversations natural. "One of Clive's Heroes" is a brave book—the best thing Mr. Strang has done. In it he writes of a country he knows; in "Samba" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), he writes of a country which we fancy he does not know. It is "a story of the rubber slaves of the Congo," and is based on information which may—or may not—be correct; but we think that the good taste which Mr. Strang has shown in his other works should have suggested to him that it is a subject which would have been much better left alone. It is not in good taste, and it is not worthy of its author. We should hesitate before putting it into the hands of the boys for whom it is apparently intended.—From Captain Brereton, as from Mr. Strang, come two new books. "With Roberts to Candahar," a tale of the third Afghan War (Blackie, 5s.), opens at Cabul, when the British mission under Sir Louis Cavagnari is being attacked by the mutinous troops of the Ameer. Alec Dennison, on his way to Cabul to meet his father, is attacked in a gorge, but escapes. He is appointed aide-de-camp and interpreter to General Sir Frederick Roberts, and joins the punitive expedition. All trace of Major Dennison disappears after the massacre at Cabul, but the youthful Alec sets to work to find and rescue him, as every hero would, and his many adventures and perilous situations, out of which his indomitable courage and resource bring him triumphantly, make up a book which many boys, we fear, after a long day's reading, will smuggle beneath their jackets and finish in bed. In "Roger the Bold," a tale of the Conquest of Mexico (Blackie, 6s.), Captain Brereton takes us into a country which will be new to the majority of his readers. Shortly after the discovery of Mexico Roger joins an exploration party, is taken prisoner, and has a narrow escape from death on the altar of the god of war. His bravery, however, saves him, and the Mexicans offer him the post of cacique and endless treasure—we never knew Mexicans so recklessly generous—if he will aid them in their fight against the Spaniards. Needless to say he accepts, and Captain Brereton, with the reader by his side, follows him—fighting as only a born fighter could—as he dashes from adventure to adventure, at a pace which leaves us breathless but filled with admiration and intensely proud of our country. "Roger the Bold" is a fine piece of

work. There is a strong, manly, healthy tone in all Captain Brereton's books, and his military knowledge gives him a grip of his subject which few other authors of boys' books possess.—"Gerald the Sheriff," by Charles W. Whistler (Warne, 6s.), is a historical romance which is likely to find its way into the hands of parents after—but not before—it has been read and possibly re-read by their sons. The story is placed in the reign of William Rufus, and deals with the adventures of Gerald, the Sheriff of Camelford, and Edmund, son of the Thane of Crowcombe, who, outlawed for alleged offences against the Forest Laws, steal Gerald's own ship and begin a series of hazardous enterprises off our western coast. As in his former books, Mr. Whistler has caught the atmosphere of the period; and Mr. Speed's illustrations are admirable.

"Across the Spanish Main," by Harry Collingwood (Blackie, 5s.), is a stirring story of adventures on sea in the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. Two youths, friends from childhood, sail with Cavendish for the Indies. Early in the voyage their three small ships capture or destroy five Spanish frigates. After exciting adventures in Hispaniola one of the heroes is left by accident on a lonely island, but is rescued in time to take part in the capture of a notorious pirate. Further captures of richly laden galleons, attacks on Spanish settlements, and endless minor escapades, follow. "Across the Spanish Main" is a capital sea-story—one that boys of all ages and all dispositions will enjoy. We expect to see it reprinted before long.—"Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," by Frank Bullen (Nisbet, 6s.), though to some extent marred by a suggestion of patronage, is a book that will serve a double purpose: that of restraining physically weak boys who hanker after sea-life because they believe there is nothing to do on board save fight and conquer bold bad pirates, and that of encouraging physically strong boys possessed of the genuine sea-fever, and making sailors and potential heroes of them. The story of Frank Brown is well told, and it was a story worth telling.—"The Adventures of Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), which deals chiefly with the fisheries off the coast of Labrador, is the sort of book which wins popularity, we imagine, among the youth of America, though the British schoolboy is likely to find it tiresome. Billy Topsail is too great a hero.—In "Hunting the Skipper" (S.P.C.K., 5s.) Mr. George Manville Fenn gives a very readable and exciting account of the cruise of the *Seafowl* sloop. Mr. Fenn is a practised hand, and his book is never dull. The story of the outwitting of Captain Kingsberry by an American trader and the captain's determined chase till he runs his man to earth (metaphorically), and takes his revenge, is well told, and the characterisation is good. "Dick Leslie's Luck," by Harry Collingwood (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), is an excellent story of shipwreck and adventure. Mr. Collingwood writes of the sea with a sympathy and understanding which are all too rare in writers of boys' books, and his hero is a fine character, well drawn.

To Messrs. Seeley both givers and recipients of boys' books have reason to be grateful for their Library of Romance. The volumes are well illustrated, handsomely bound—an ornament on table or bookshelf—and uniformly good. On our desk are four additions to the series. "The Romance of Early Exploration" (5s.), by Archibald Williams, is a companion volume to the same author's "Romance of Modern Exploration," reviewed in these columns last year, and, like it, is an epitome of the best books on the subject, well written and full of good matter. Equally exciting is Mr. J. C. Lambert's "The Romance of Missionary Heroism" (5s.), true stories of the adventures of missionaries with uncivilised man, wild beasts, and the forces of nature in all parts of the world. To young nature-lovers "The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts" (5s.), by H. Coupin and J. Lea, and "The Romance of Plant Life" (5s.), by G. F. Scott Elliot, will prove enthralling—a welcome relief from the meretricious trash usually served up at this season as "nature-books." The

illustrations in the former are much above the average, and both are written in a simple, natural, straightforward style that will appeal to readers young and old. Similar in design and scope to Messrs. Seeley's Library of Romance is their Library of Adventure, the first two volumes of which are "Adventures in the Great Deserts" (5s.), by H. W. G. Hearst, and "Adventures on the Great Rivers," (5s.), by Richard Stead: succinct accounts of adventures that have made history.—Of "The Children's Odyssey, Told from Homer in Simple Language," by the Rev. Alfred Church (Seeley, 5s.), it would be difficult to speak too highly. Mr. Church is a scholar to whom children of all ages owe a heavy debt of gratitude, and it is sufficient to say that the book before us is in no way inferior to any of its long list of predecessors. We should like to see the whole series in the library of every boy and girl with the best inclination to combine serious study with entertainment.

FROM ROSAMOR DEAD TO FAVONIUS FOR WHOM SHE DIED

You loved my rounded cheeks !
They have grown thin and white.
You loved my carmine lips !
They give no more delight.

You loved my flame-bright hair !
Quenched now its gleaming gold.
You loved my fragrant flesh !
'Tis waxen stark and cold.

But ah ! the one thing, Dear,
You did not love in me,
Blooms soft, and red, and gold,
Fragrant immortally.

Not you, nor Time, nor Death,
Have any power to move
One crimson petal from
My perfect rose of Love.

Yet when death calls to you
The breath of Love shall part
The petals of my Rose
And bare its burning heart.

ALTHEA GYLES.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XI.—ACTION AND REACTION ; WHENCE ?

How strange are the swingings of the pendulum of human life, and how full of mystery the reactions of experience ! Oftentimes evil seems to come out of good, arising from it directly. "The woman, that Thou gavest to be with me, she tempted me, and I did eat." From the poppy that soothes comes the opium that stupefies ; and from barley—which is a staff of life—the means of intoxication and death. Out of a radiant and apparently sinless infancy a querulous youth and selfish manhood have arisen, and from many a marriage untold misery. Out of the richest, purest and most disinterested love the greatest tribulation has sometimes issued. Observing these things

the student of human nature very naturally asks, "Are they only the accidents of life, the chance conjunctions of experience ? or are they its component parts ?"

But as he continues his survey he sees, on the other hand, that

Out of evil so much good more.

From the wasting inroads of disease there sometimes issues a new development of strength, out of sickness patience, from strife and tribulation peace, out of discord harmony, from physical disaster moral renovation, from outward losses human spirits refined as by a furnace-fire. This double set of facts seems at first to be contradictory. They appear to point in different directions, and the conclusion drawn from them may be wholly pessimistic or altogether the reverse. But the question of supreme moment is, Are they a mere series of occurrences brought about by the ever working law of action and reaction ? To revert to the illustration already used, are they due to a mere swing of the pendulum of life to right and to left through a succession of cosmic changes ? or, must we go beneath these, below their mere occurrence, for an explanation of how they come about, of how they are produced ?

It seems to some observers that they point to an unseen Power, working in and through our human nature to its ultimate well-being ; not a blind haphazard fate, but an Intelligence guiding the race, what the religious know and describe as Providence. Perhaps one ray of light as to the existence, and the working, of that Providence may come out of the very strife itself, and the way in which it is carried on.

Human beings do not construct the world in which they live, as the sea-polypes do in a bed of coral. They find it constructed for them hour by hour. And so it comes to pass that we do not entirely build or rebuild our characters, but find them built and rebuilt for us continually. Is it not the work of a transcendent Power, which operates on us while we are scarcely conscious of it, or wholly unconscious ? We seldom know the nature, and can scarcely ever trace the source, of those influences that sway us most. If we did, it might interfere with the simplicity, and lessen the directness of our life. But when its drag-weights are temporarily lifted, we make fresh acquaintance with its inner springs, and obtain a new knowledge of that world of which usually we have only broken glimpses. We all know how the rush of trivial interests, and the deceptive glamour of achievement, hide some things from us ; which are the more real, because they have kept so long in lurking-places. But now and then—and usually all of a sudden—they come out, disclosing new possibilities within our reach. Without such disclosures of influence operating on us, and guidance of which we are seldom directly conscious, we could not make much headway against the forces which break our life into fragments. And it is for this reason that, to so many persons, Morality needs the underpropping of Religion.

Take the following as a definition of Morality, in and by itself. "Observation has shown, and experience proved that the happiness, elevation, and prosperity of the race depend upon the recognition of certain laws, and the voluntary fulfilment of them. That acknowledgment and obedience constitute morality." So far, well. But is it not a vague definition ? too *weilläufig* ? Do we not need something more precise ? something not beyond, but within the law ? Many of us at any rate do not find a lever that can move the will till we transcend the ethical sphere, and discern not a "stream of tendency," but a Power that operates within us. When that comes into living force, the "law" is at once transfigured, the dead "imperative" becomes "a commandment that has life," as Frederick Denison Maurice once put it to the writer. And then, as that distinguished metaphysician Father Dalgairns wrote (the quotation is from memory)—"When God is identified with moral Order the veil is at its very thinnest.

We have but to make allowance for the tremulousness and the idiosyncrasies of the organ by which we apprehend Him, but we have passed beyond phenomena."

Of the Power that works in human nature to upbuild it we do not presume to speak familiarly, or over-confidently. It is at once known, and unknown; felt as an influence or emanation, but usually undiscovered in its mode of action, and incomprehensible in its essence. Like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth." Its comings and its goings are full of mystery. But if recognised, many of the bewildering discords of our life are lessened; and although enigmas remain by the score, they do not perplex. We realise that they might be greater than they are, and we ourselves can always say "Oremus."

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

THE TEXT OF MARMION

SIXTEEN years ago I collated the doubtful readings of seven early editions of "Marmion" and added the result of my collation to my edition of the poem published by Macmillan and Co. The readings of the editions collated were as follows:

	1st Ed. (1808)	2nd Ed. (1808)	7th Ed. (1811)	Duo- decimo (1820)	10th Ed. (1821)	12th Ed. (1825)	Lock- hart's Edition
2. xxiv. 15	and	and	and	and	nor	nor	nor
xxviii. 3	faith	faith	faith	faith	faith	fate	fate
3 Int. 28	loftier	loftier	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty
194	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	slights	slights
228	from	from	from	from	from	for	for
xiv. 17	vail	vail	veil	vail	vail	vail	vail
4 Int. 56	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dark
xi. 10	hath	hath	hath	hath	hath	had	had
xi. 13	knots	knots	knots	notes	notes	notes	knots
5 viii. 9	were	were	were	were	was	was	was
xiii. 23	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vassals	vassals
6 Int. 215	review	review	review	review	review	renew	renew
xx. 11	vails	vails	vails	vails	vails	'vails	'vails
xxi. 9	fair	fair	fair	fair	fair	far	far

The original manuscript, of the existence of which I could not then get any information, is now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh and by the courtesy of the librarian I have been allowed to consult it. On the fly leaf of the manuscript there is the following note signed by Archibald Constable: "This is the original manuscript of 'Marmion' by Walter Scott, Esq., which I requested the Printer might preserve. It is nearly perfect there being only wanting in canto II. stanzas v. vi. vii. viii. and part of iv. and ix., in canto III., stanzas ii. iii. xxxii. and xxxiii." On Constable's failure the manuscripts of "Marmion," "Don Roderick," "The Field of Waterloo," and "The Lord of the Isles" were all bought for £60 by Cadell in 1833. In July 1867 at Cadell's sale at Christie's, Mr. Francis Harvey of 4 St. James's Street, London, bought the manuscript of "Marmion" alone for Sir William Augustus Fraser of Ledecune and Morar for £200 11s. In June 1897 he was commissioned to offer £1500 for the manuscript. Sir William Fraser declined the offer and on his death in 1898 bequeathed it to the Advocates' Library where it has secured an appropriate permanent resting-place.

In all the doubtful readings considered in my collation except one the manuscript agrees with the first edition.

The exception is in 5, viii. 9 where the manuscript agrees with the tenth, twelfth and Lockhart's edition in reading:

For royal was his garb and mien

although the earlier editions read:

For royal were his garb and mien.

It is amusing to find that Dr. Rolfe, who has done more than any other editor to rectify the text of Scott's poems, remarks on this passage that Scott could not have written "was" here. However, he did write "was," although probably he substituted "were" for "was" when correcting the proofs.

In 2, i. v. an important emendation, the correctness of which has, I think, never been disputed, was made independently in an American edition by Dr. Rolfe, and by me in an Indian edition. The full stop, which we removed from the end of the line, is found in the manuscript, but this fact will hardly be worth consideration as an argument against the emendation. All through the manuscript Scott's careless punctuation is manifested. He continually omits full stops that are required, and sometimes puts them in where they spoil the sense, as, for instance, in this passage and at the end of 2, xxii. 5, and 5, xxx. 39.

Dr. Rolfe also condemns the full stop at the end of 2, xxxiii. 9 as "evidently a misprint, though retained (as a colon) in all the more recent editions," and, as we may now add, present in the original manuscript. This is, no doubt, a very plausible emendation. If the full stop is retained, "as tottering" means "while tottering." The use of "as" in a temporal sense with a participle is a rare construction. I find no instance of it in Murray's dictionary. Nevertheless it is to be found in the "Lady of the Lake," 2, xxi. 5:

And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim
And chorus wild the chieftain's name,

where "as" cannot mean "as if." The construction also occurs in one of Scott's novels, but I have forgotten the reference. Further, although the passage, as it is worded now, would do without the full stop, in the wording of the original manuscript the full stop seems necessary on account of the words that follow, namely:

That night amid the vesper's swell
They thought they heard Constantia's yell,

where the words "that night" indicate an interval of time between the hurried flight to upper air and the sounding of the vesper bell, and are evidently intended to begin a new sentence.

In 6, xxxiii., in my edition the comma, inserted after "this" in all the printed editions, is omitted, as it seems clear that "by this" was intended to belong not to the principal sentence but to the subordinate concessive clause. This emendation is supported by the manuscript, which has no comma after "this."

The prophetic reference to the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Cathcart in 3, xxiv. is found in the manuscript, and was not added by Scott while correcting the proofs. Copenhagen was bombarded in the first week of September 1807. Therefore this part of the poem must have been written after that date. The lines were probably composed at the very time when the poet first heard the news of the event.

Before leaving the subject of Marmion, I may perhaps be allowed to refer to a phrase which has, I think, been wrongly interpreted by all annotated editions including my own. In 5, ii. we read that the young knights and squires practised "to pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain and high curvett." Scott in his note quotes a passage from the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury illustrating the meaning of "high curvett." He does not go on to quote the explanation of what is meant by gaining the croupe. "The manner of fighting a duel on horseback," Lord Herbert informs his readers, "I was taught thus.

We had each of us a reasonable stiff riding rod in our hands, about the length of a sword and so rid one against the other; he, as the more expert, sat still to pass me and then get behind me, and after to turn with his right hand upon my left side with his rod, that so he might hit me with the point thereof in the body; and he that can do this handsomely is sure to overcome his adversary, it being impossible to bring his sword about enough to defend himself or offend the assailant: and to get this advantage; which they call in French, *gagner la crouppe*, nothing is so useful as to make a horse go only sideward until his adversary be past him, since he will by this means avoid his adversary's blow and thrust, and on a sudden get on the left hand of his adversary." It would thus appear that to gain the croupe in a combat on horseback was a manœuvre giving much the same advantage as gaining the weather-gage in a sea-fight.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE PLEIAD

THE sixteenth century was a period of revolution in French arts and letters. In the sculpture of Sluter and the work of Beauneveu, in the poetry of Villon and the craft of her master-masons, France then possessed a fund of living traditions sufficient for the development of a distinct Northern culture. By combining Gothic idealism and Flemish realism she had founded an art as different from that of the thirteenth century as it was from that of the neo-classic school. It was informed neither by a mediæval spirituality nor by a pagan passion for earthly loveliness, but by a lively and catholic interest in the common things of life. The note of the art of the French Renaissance of the fifteenth century was a fine and keen expressiveness, an expressiveness which still endows the verses of Villon and the sketches of Beauneveu with a strangely modern quality. Poet and painter both disregarded a certain conventional beauty in order to achieve a greater fidelity in characterisation, and discovered thereby a novel and admirable kind of natural beauty. They were, in fact, the forerunners of the romantic movement in modern art and literature; and, if the younger generations of French artists and writers had resumed and consummated their work, France might have regained in the sixteenth century the position which she attained in the thirteenth. To her, and not to England, it might then have been given to open up that new world of imagination in which the genius of the Northern races of Europe finally expressed itself.

Unfortunately, at the beginning of the sixteenth century the French mind was so dazzled by the brilliant neo-classic art of Italy that it destroyed its glorious heritage of romance traditions and adopted Italian models in architecture and sculpture as well as in poetry. But, although the neo-classic movement of revolution was more thorough than the romantic movement of reaction which long afterwards ensued, it was more gradual in its operation. In the age of the Pleiad, for instance, French verse had not lost all its wild, native beauty.

"J'aime fort les jardins qui sentent le sauvage," said Ronsard, and the poetry of his school has somewhat of the charm of the gardens that he loved. It is the most delightful thing in French literature, full of art, yet racy of the soil, and incomparable in freshness, delicacy and sweetness. Like the verse of Campion and Herrick, it lacks the poignancy and the passion of the highest sort of lyrical poetry, but in its union of Latin clarity and romantic colour it is perfect of its kind. It is informed only by a light flow of fancies, but the fancies are true and exquisite, and drawn from a lovely source. They are touched with the hues and odours of spring. Ronsard and his companions had a quicker sense of natural beauty

than any other French poets. Their finest lyrics seem to have been composed in that delicious moment when upon the air of spring there is wafted the fragrance of summer flowers. There was nothing even in English literature in 1550 of so vernal a grace as Ronsard's verses to *Cassandre*:

O little maid more tender
Than any bud in May
That rose-bushes engender
To hail the break of day,
In one part green, in one
Flushing vermillion . . .

Nor time nor the misgiving
That other lips may please,
Shall lure my lips, while living,
From living upon these:
And so clasped we will lie
Till in that kiss we die.

You, love, and I your lover,
Both in the self-same breath,
Shall fare out to discover
The pallid house of Death,
And fields assigned by Fate
To lovers fortunate . . .

Along the grassy meadows
Below the shelving dunes,
The river shores and shadows
Re-echo many tunes.
One plays and to him one
Dances in unison . . .

The winds are ever chanting
Soft songs of fitful sound,
And laurels ever slanting
Cool shadows on the ground:
The flowers there never lose
The glory of their hues.

Somewhere in the deep spaces
That happy orchard screens,
We two shall find our places
Where lovers and their queens
Live on without a care
And like them we shall fare.

"The White Thorn" and "The Skylark" of Ronsard are still more redolent of Spring. And how delightful is the "April" of Rémi Belleau!

April, glory of the wood's
Solitudes;
April, gentle hope of fruits
Nursed within the downy womb
Of the bloom
Budding on the younger shoots . . .

April, glory of the song
Winds prolong,
Who, with motions of their wing,
Stretch again between the trees
Nets to seize
Flora for her ravishing . . .

Thou it is, whose gracious mouth
From the South
Lures again the swallows' wing:
Wanderers that ever are
Near and far
Hailed for heralds of the spring.

Hawthorn-bush and eglantine,
Celandine,
Pink and rose and lily too,
Ravished by thy lovely weather
All together
Show us that their gowns are new.

And the minion nightingale,
Sweet and frail,
In the shade with nimble tongue
Sets the tune he loves to sing,
Quivering
To the music of his song . . .

May shall boast of breezes sweet,
Fruits to eat,
The abundance of her dew,
Manna, honey too, that swells
Ruddy cells,
Sweetening her grace anew.

But, for me, I give to fame
 One whose name
 Tells of her that from the sea
 Rising through the wreathing foam,
 Saw the home
 Of her new nativity.

The feeling for natural beauty was the one strain of true sentiment in the poetry of the Pleiad. Their shows of passion were scarcely real; their relish for refinements was little more than make-believe; their interest in the general movements of their time was somewhat feeble: but their love of a country life was genuine and deep. Living in a wild age of dissension, tumult, and bloodshed, they averted their eyes from the tragic pageantry of human existence, and sought to forget it in the amenity and quietness of nature. Their delight in the open country is a trait which distinguishes them from Villon, who was essentially a poet of the town, and connects them with the English poets of the Elizabethan period. By the fresh emotion which they infused into it, they transformed the rather formal pastoralism of mediæval and classic tradition, into a vivid and lightsome kind of literature, and from them Spenser and other Elizabethans learned to sing of country ways and country pleasures. And they learned not only the matter but the art of pastoral verse. As Mr. George Wyndham remarks in an introduction to his admirable anthology of the poetry of the Pleiad ("*Ronsard and La Pléiade*," Macmillan), the music of Spenser's earlier poems was of French origin:

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine
 With gelliflowers;
 Bring sweet carnations and sops-in-wine,
 Worn of paramours;
 Strew me the ground with daffadowndillies,
 With cowslips, and king-cups and loved lilies.
 The pretty paunce
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall watch with the fair fleur-de-lice.

That is written to an air of Ronsard's devising. The leader of the Pleiad won his position in French literature more by art than by inspiration. *Materiem superabat opus* might truly be said of all his poems. Possessing an exquisite sense of style and an extraordinary fertility in metrical invention, he perfected the orchestration of French poetry and created a hundred new forms of verse. The value of his work resides in its subtle simplicity of diction and its elaborate delicacy of rhythm. He is much more of a poet than Spenser. In him the general reader will find less of the stuff of poetry, and the fellow craftsman more of the manner. And happily for his fame he failed to accomplish that which he intended. He tried to found a new movement of neo-classicism in agreement with the taste of the Court: he succeeded in rallying together the last group of writers of the old romantic school in agreement with the taste of the nation. Neo-classicism was not really established in France until the reign of Louis XIV. Even then it was so opposed to the veritable genius of the French people that, as soon as they were able to express themselves freely, their art and literature again became romantic, and Ronsard was at once recognised by Hugo and Sainte-Beuve as a glorious ancestor.

It is a difficult thing to convey into modern English the peculiar charm of the verses of Ronsard and his associates. Each musical array of sweet syllables and interlacing rhymes is not merely beautiful in itself, but it has acquired an indefinable antique grace from the touch of time. Mr. Wyndham, however, has been uncommonly happy in the series of translations which he has added to his anthology. In some of them he recovers the choiceness, freshness and harmony of phrase which English lyrical poets long since learned from the Pleiad and out of which they fashioned a style with qualities that even Donne and Crashaw and Marvell were never able to sacrifice for others, without losing more than was gained.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "*The Story of a Poem*," by C. R. Stone.]

FICTION

Richard Hawkwood. By H. NEVILLE MAUGHAM. (Blackwood, 6s.)

RICHARD HAWKWOOD, like his famous ancestor Sir John, seeks his fortune in Italy, and by good luck enters the service of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose character dominates the book. The typical British youth is commendably truthful, and of bull-dog courage; he does the right thing, and commits the right blunder, and Lorenzo is generous. Life is not dull at the Florentine Court, and Richard's adventures and his wooing are all in accordance with the liveliest expectations and the best traditions. Of Lorenzo the Magnificent we see many sides and many moods, and find warrant for half a dozen views of his private character. The story moves rapidly through conspiracies, historic scenes and daring deeds; it is pleasantly told with a simplicity, almost a bluntness, that imparts a reality to Richard Hawkwood's interesting autobiography.

Behind the Veil. By ETHEL WHEELER. (Nutt, 6s. net.)

THESE stories will not bear the pomp with which they are presented. Mr. Spare's designs and drawings, though they lack originality, possess sometimes a kind of incisive cleverness, which seems in odd contrast to Miss Wheeler's gentle, flowery prose and mildly mysterious thought. Her best story (and it is not as good as it might be) is in the series, *Through the Mystic Doors*, and is called "The Curl." The idea of an old man giving a life's devotion to a lock of hair which he has found in a bird's nest, and round which he weaves his romance, is delicately imagined; and the swift change of his romance when his friend tells him it must be a young child's hair is delightful. The tale is slight, but it has charm. To this is prefixed the picture of a fat woman floating in mid-air, which suggests an obscene caricature of a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley. If it were not so out of place it might be shocking: as it is, it is only ridiculous.

The Heart that Knows. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. (Duckworth, 6s.)

IN Westcock Village the finest, strongest, best-beloved man is the rector. That is, of course, as it should be, and is exactly typical of Mr. Roberts's story, which is as robust and genial as his pre-eminent rector; and the story treats probability with the same swift scorn and deft vigour, as the rector treated the loutish miner when he pitched him into the deep lake and rescued him, angry that he could not swim. The air is fresh with much muscular virtue, of the kind which appeals especially to American novelists; but Mr. Roberts has the skill to strip that virtue of its usual dreariness, and his people have much simple human feeling in them, although chance helps them to exploits and situations which are as exceptional in life as they are common in fiction.

At the Sign of the Peacock. By K. C. RYVES. (Unwin, 6s.)

THIS book belongs to the First Novel Library, and its merit, therefore, deserves double emphasis. It is a clever study of an unusual character, and the circumstances chosen to develop this character are both interesting and natural. The other persons are incisive sketches—it is a book full of real people. The style is terse and amusing, and there are no meaningless interpolations of well-worn adjectives and phrases. The central figure, the cold girl who takes an austere pleasure in sensuous beauties, and is only saved from being "a cat" by a certain aloofness, is well traced through the changes that result from her horrified discovery that she has a heart after all, and has given it away like any other girl.

Leone. A Tale of the Jesuits. By the late Mrs. A. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON. (Long, 6s.)

THIS book has been edited by the author's daughter, Lady Dunbar of Mochrum, and the fact of Mrs. Douglas-

Hamilton's death rather disarms criticism. The story traces the adventures of Lionel Sackville, whose life was certainly full, inasmuch as matter enough for a whole book is hurried over in a paragraph or two. The influence of the Jesuits and the extraordinary means through which they exert it are interestingly exposed, but the book fails in character-drawing, or rather, in expression. If the manner had been as good as the matter it would have been an engrossing story; and it remains an unusual and unhackneyed novel, with a wide knowledge of men and manners behind it.

The Dangerville Inheritance. By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. (Lane, 6s.)

THIS differs from most other detective tales in being the story of a mystery rather than the glorification of a detective. It also differs from them in keeping the solution from even the reader until the last page. Lord and Lady Dangerville seem to have been magnetised to attract mysteries, and mysteries of no mean radius. There is so much action that there is little time for character, but the reader has little time to miss it. Above all, there is an admirable absence of bluster and bustle; although the story moves rapidly, it does so with the swiftness of a well-bred person who is never flurried. It is characteristic of the author of "Armorial Families" that one important clue should rest in a crest: and there is something about the unusual opening circumstances and the magnificent surprise which he reserves for the last paragraph, that leads one to scent a good deal of romance in the calling of an armorial expert. For the lovers of Sherlock Holmes "The Dangerville Inheritance" will be a fine detective story; but as an unusual drama of human life, and as an excellently told history it will have a more discriminating audience.

Her Faith Against the World. By WILFRED WILBERFORCE and A. R. GILBERT. (Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.)

THE authors of "Her Faith Against the World" deal boldly with subjects usually eschewed by modern novelists. Without being, in any sense, a "novel with a purpose," the book is one in which both religious and political opinions play an important part, and they are treated, as such subjects should be treated, seriously and conscientiously. The political novel is usually either dull or flippant, the religious novel is frequently both; and it is pleasant to meet with writers who deal with such subjects brightly and at the same time sincerely. They are not ashamed to equip their characters with that unpopular attribute, a conscience, for the sake of which they suffer many things. The book is written from the point of view of a Roman Catholic, but without bitterness and intolerance.

A Voyage of Discovery and Other Stories. By GUY FLEMING. (Lane, 6s.)

MR. FLEMING tells us, in the beginning of his second tale, that he merely aspires "to tell the story of one who, in character, was an amalgam of good and evil." This, we imagine, has been the aim of most workers in the world of fiction. That Mr. Fleming should prosecute his task with a prolixity which even a certain dry humour cannot render anything but wearisome is to be deplored. Long digressions after the manner of Sterne, combined with pages of conscientious and wordy description, are apt to make rather heavy reading. The author writes well and carefully, with much quiet humour, and the book is full of touches which show both knowledge and appreciation of human nature. Judicious pruning would have made entertaining sketches of what are now but wearisome essays. Of the three stories in the book, the last, "The Hero of Horndean," is the best. It is an interesting character-study.

Montlivet. By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH. (Constable, 6s.)

THE end of the seventeenth century in Canada, English and French rivalries, Indian friends and foes, and a

prisoner—such are the old materials for a new story into which Miss Smith infuses life and freshness. "Montlivet" is quite a charming romance. The English prisoner (Mary Starling in manly guise) is rescued from torture and death by the chivalrous M. de Montlivet, and carried into the wilderness as a comrade. Montlivet possesses all the qualities demanded of a hero of many adventures and of an honourable romantic lover, while Mary Starling is singularly attractive—a girl of courage, with a mind of fine texture, braced and tempered in a masculine school, a woman of "great and gracious ways," essentially feminine and lovable. The story of these adventurous lovers is more than merely exciting, it is fascinating, and delightfully told.

The Trail Together. An Episode. By H. H. BASHFORD. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE impression left by this story is that the moral focus is somehow wrong, or at least that Hilary's crime, punishment and regeneration are presented from a point of view that does not satisfy the reader as true or even probable. Hilary is the usual ne'er-do-weel younger son, who drifts to the colonies and loafs through life on a remittance from home. By nature ignoble and base, he is not of the stuff that is purified or elevated by adversity. He robs a dying man, and marries his daughter from reasons of convenience and silence: a girl of such doubtful reputation that even the outcasts of the neighbourhood cut her and despise her husband. This unattractive couple follow the trail together, first to increased prosperity and increased hardness of heart, then to sudden failure, and according to Hilary, to freedom of soul, and "more than liberty." It is an unexpected conclusion and to one reader entirely unconvincing. The Canadian scenes are interesting and have an atmosphere of their own, and the story is well written in a uniformly serious vein.

FINE ART PORTRAITS

WITHOUT going quite so far as Mr. James, whose Gabriel Nash, it will be remembered, held that portrait-painting was "the strongest dose of art that life could give," we can endorse that worthy's insistence on the great peculiarity of portraiture: that it is a revelation of two realities, the man whom it is the artist's conscious effort to reveal, and the man (the interpreter) expressed in the very quality and temper of that effort. The success of our eighteenth-century portrait-painters was very largely due to the happy balance they maintained between these two realities; the failure of so many contemporary portrait-painters, able and technically well-equipped in other respects, is brought about by their neglect of one or other of the two. Which of these two realities is of greater importance depends on the point of view, for portraits are historical documents as well as works of art. By the historian it may be argued that to present the personality of the sitter—especially if he be well known—is the more important matter; but the artist will retort that it is the revelation of the painter's personality which gives the more enduring fame, that it is Velasquez and not Pulido Pareja who is the dominating personality in the portrait of the admiral at the National Gallery. However this may be, both artist and historian will concede that it is by a judicious blending of the two personalities, those of the sitter and of the painter, that masterpieces of portraiture have been produced.

Notwithstanding the absence of some of our ablest portrait-painters—notably Sir James Guthrie, Mr. W. Rothenstein and Mr. Steer—and the imperfect representation of several distinguished contributors, the sixteenth exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters at the New Gallery gives the visitor a fair idea of what

contemporary British painters are producing in this branch of art. Viewed as a whole, the collection suggests that our painters find it harder to achieve a good portrait than a good likeness, though on this point it is difficult to speak with authority without acquaintance with all the sitters. But if the many exhibits unsatisfactory as portraits are also bad likenesses, then little indeed can be said in their defence, and it seems more charitable to assume that failure has resulted from a preponderant attention to the objective. There are painters, like the Hon. John Collier, who have reduced the stern recording of features in line heightened with colour to so impersonal, if accurate, a science, that no trace of art is left. Such portraits may or may not reveal the reality of the sitter, but of the painter they convey nothing save a dim suggestion of tame respectability, neatness and methodical habits; and, however estimable these may be in a citizen, they are not qualities which give any great distinction to a painter. Indeed, they are qualities more admirable in a machine than in a human being, and for this reason we term any work of art in which they obtrusively occur, *mechanical*.

To catch a likeness is a part, an important part, of the portrait-painter's trade, but it is not the whole; and to give satisfaction in this respect to a sitter and to his or her family is no sure passport to the favour of posterity. In nine cases out of ten posterity cares far less for the person painted than for the manner of the painting, and therefore there is little cause for wonderment that some of the most famous portrait-pictures of the old masters, as Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, gave intense dissatisfaction to the persons painted. If report be true, there is to-day a painter, by no means undistinguished, whose portraits are apt to give greater pleasure to his critics than his sitters.

In judging contemporary work, then, it is safer to pay less regard to question of likeness and more to the manner of the painting. There is the more reason to adopt this procedure at the New Gallery since few of the exhibits save M. J. E. Blanche's *Thomas Hardy, Esq.* (7) and the equestrian portrait of *The King of Spain* (87), by Senor Ramon Casas, have considerable historic interest, and in these two cases, notwithstanding the sketchiness of the first, the manner of presentation is hardly inferior in interest to the person presented. Conversely, in a few works to which we are first attracted by the dexterity of the painting, we find an unexpected revelation of a sitter's reality. Notably is this the case in Mr. George Henry's *Helen, Daughter of W. Stirling Stuart, Esq., M.D.* (93), the cleverest and cruellest child-portrait that has been shown for many a year. This perfect presentation of precocious self-sufficiency and self-consciousness should be a revelation to any child—not to mention its parents. Mr. George Henry was commonly admitted to have shown the best portrait at this year's Royal Academy, and his contributions to the Portrait-Painters, which include a fine full-length of that gifted draughtswoman, *Miss Dorothea Landau* (39), ably maintain his reputation. Another child-portrait, *Miss Lamb* (120), by Mr. William Orpen, is chiefly interesting as an interior with figure beautifully painted; in the revelation of a personality he has done better things. Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, president of the society, sends two portraits: *Mrs. Joseph* (31), *Humphry Roberts, Esq.* (64); Mr. Sargent a single bust portrait of *General Leonard Wood, U.S. Army* (8); and these, with Mr. Lavery's *Mrs. R. B. Cunningham-Graham* (11), Signor Mancini's *The Marquis del Grillo* (76), and Mr. E. A. Walton's *J. W. Cruikshank, Esq.* (14), are all soundly painted: good if not remarkable examples of the art of their respective painters. Mr. C. H. Shannon's portrait of the landscape painter, *Robert Gregory, Esq.* (35), working at his easel with coat and waistcoat off, deserves still warmer praise. Simple and natural in conception, it is at the same time decorative in arrangement and the harmony of its subdued colour. No work in the gallery is more successful. Some portraits by Fantin and Carrière, and

some sculpture by Rodin—including a bronze mask of his earliest effort, *L'Homme au Nez Cassé* (227), are imports certain to attract the shillings of the public.

Though it includes two notable landscapes, Crome's *Return of the Flock*, and Constable's *Hampstead Heath*, shown at the Paris Salon of 1824, together with *The Hay Wain*, now at the National Gallery, Messrs. Agnew's annual exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund is practically a portrait collection. Its chief feature is a pair of portraits by Hals, *De Heer Bodolphe* and *Me Vrouw Bodolphe*, painted in 1843, that is to say when the artist was over sixty years of age, a fact which may have some bearing on the reticent handling and sober colour scheme which are the leading characteristics of these works. It is an open secret that these fine examples of Hals's art at its suavest, if not at its most brilliant, are the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and will eventually go to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Another exhibit at Agnew's, Gainsborough's full-length portrait group of *Henry and Edward Tomkinson*, will also, it is reported, go to the United States at the conclusion of the exhibition. It is a graceful piece of grouping, and it is interesting to be able to compare this child-group with one of Reynolds, *William and George* (afterwards "Beau") *Brummell*, and a third of Vandyck's, *Children of the Balbi Family*, also at Agnew's. The last group, of three young boys, is said to have been at Genoa in 1621; and, if so, as seems probable, it must be considered a wonderful achievement for a boy under twenty-three years of age. The deep, rich colouring may recall Rubens, but already there is a daintiness in the handling and arrangement which is entirely Vandyck's own. In connection with what has been said above it will not be irrelevant to note that of these groups the Vandyck, which is the most eloquent expression of the painter's personality, is at the same time the most profound in its reading of child-character. The remaining exhibits are what we have learnt to expect from these exhibitions—more or less good, but never bad, examples of Raeburn, Romney, Hoppner, Morland, and Lawrence, the last represented by a good early portrait, *Harriet, Lady Aberdeen*, painted when this boy-prodigy was just of age. It is better than most of the works he painted, but to see the full strength of Lawrence we must go to another gallery.

At Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery (27 King Street) there is now on view a bust portrait by Lawrence of *The Rev. W. Pennicott*, which for vigour of handling and intense expression of character that painter probably never equalled. Certainly he never surpassed this effort, which must make his severest critic hesitate to dismiss Lawrence as a pretty painter of pretty women. Had he more often shown the power and insight into character displayed in this remarkable work, Lawrence could not justly be accused of failing, like Mil-lais, to fulfil the promise of his youth. Another interesting portrait at Shepherd's is a half-length of *Charles I.*, by William Dobson, the brilliant pupil of Vandyck, whose brief career and unsuspected genius are only just emerging from the obscurity in which they have too long been hid. But for the civil war Dobson might have succeeded Vandyck as Court painter; but after a brief success at Oxford, where probably he painted this picture, he was overwhelmed by the tide of circumstance and died in want and neglect at the early age of thirty-five. Messrs. Shepherd have a reputation for bringing to light forgotten painters, and it is interesting to compare the flowing planes of colour in Dobson's portrait with the severely drawn Holbeinesque *Portrait of a Lady* by his Scottish contemporary, C. Jameson. Of its kind Jameson's work is good, but it unmistakably shows that in those days Scotland was behind and not, as many think it is now, before England in the matter of painting. The *Lady in Straw Bonnet*, which some critics last year were inclined to attribute to Raeburn, has now been given to Andrew Geddes, another Scottish painter of parts whom Messrs. Shepherd may claim to have rediscovered. A fine example of one of De Wint's rare landscapes in oils is a conspicuous

feature of this exhibition, whilst among many interesting portraits which we lack space to enumerate is the *Mrs Allen*, a splendidly preserved, non-bituminous example of Reynolds, that great master of the two realities of portraiture.

MUSIC

TWO BIOGRAPHIES

THE numberless small volumes upon musical subjects, chiefly biographies of musicians and summaries of their work, which are constantly poured forth, may be taken as one indication of widespread interest in matters musical; it may, however, be very easily made to prove too much, for in this age of little books on great subjects music is naturally bound to come in for a share of attention of this kind. It is doubtful whether there are not quite as many little books on painters and their pictures, while if poets come in for less personal attention, the number of small anthologies of English verse can scarce be counted. It is easy to criticise a short book but very difficult to write one; at any rate when the effort to compress the outline of a large subject into a small space is sincere: since the scope of each of these books on music is generally the whole life-work of a great man, this difficulty of compression has constantly to be grappled with, and, be it said, most of these efforts bear the stamp of sincerity, whatever their shortcomings. Two examples are here to be considered: "Tchaikovsky" by Edwin Evans (J. M. Dent and Co.), and "Giacomo Puccini" by Wakeling Dry (John Lane). Where, as in the latter case, the writer deals with a living composer and one who has confined himself to a single branch of the art, the task is very much lightened; but on the other hand the author is breaking new ground and cannot avail himself of the efforts of other writers to any great extent. Mr. Wakeling Dry has one great advantage, that of some personal acquaintance with his subject. He has met and talked with Puccini, and has the art of recording his impressions in such a way as to give a pleasant picture of the man, and one which rings true. This is the chief justification of the "Living Masters of Music" series, of which Mr. Wakeling Dry's book is the latest volume. The illustrated interview has its attractions, and many people will enjoy the book for its illustrations alone. We have Puccini in his motor-car and in his motor-boat, "Butterfly," Puccini shooting, wrestling, snowballing, descending Etna on a mule—in fact, Puccini in every conceivable pose and many inconceivable costumes; all of which is very entertaining until we remember that after all it is only as a musician that he is an object of interest. In this capacity Mr. Wakeling Dry does not bring his readers very near to his subject. The chapters on the individual operas sketch the plot of each fairly fully, and show, by the way, how sordid tragedy invariably seems to Puccini the fittest subject for the exercise of his art, but we know very little more about the music after reading the book than before. A reader who had heard no opera by Puccini would learn nothing of the texture of the music; of those operas which are known a recollection is sometimes brought to mind by a word of description recalling some characteristic of Puccini's colouring, or some mannerism of the melody, such as his favourite one of beginning with a reiterated note. This does not, however, amount to much; it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey by words alone to people wholly ignorant of any piece of music an idea of its content, but with the aid of a few quotations something more helpful to the large number of people, who have heard one or two of the operas once or twice, might be written.

Mr. Edwin Evans's little book on Tchaikovsky takes a very different line, as indeed the different circumstances under which it appears demand that it should. He is

treading upon well-worn ground; the subject has been treated exhaustively, and he has but to sift the researches of others and to include in his work their most salient features, with the addition of some personal contribution to the criticism of Tchaikovsky's individual works. Mr. Evans's book is much more carefully written than that of Mr. Wakeling Dry. In the latter the signs of haste are too evident and sometimes deplorable. Mr. Evans's English grammar, however, is quite irreproachable, if his style is sometimes a trifle pompous. When we have read his account of Tchaikovsky's life we have none of that comfortable feeling of having hobbled on equal terms with a great man, but we have a clear impression of the course of an interesting life and some idea of Tchaikovsky's curiously blended character. One is grateful, too, for the reticence with which he touches on the tragedy of the composer's marriage, and for the fact that he does not dwell upon the morbid side of his nature except as it helps to explain the works. This much is gleaned from the first part called "Tchaikovsky: the man"; in the second, "Tchaikovsky: the musician," the author discusses the works classified according to their various types. While dealing with the operas he is occupied by the dramatic scheme almost as entirely as is Mr. Wakeling Dry, and with less excuse since, Tchaikovsky's operatic music is of the formal and positive kind, whereas Puccini's merely decorates the dramatic situation. When, however, he comes to the symphonies, concertos and other orchestral works, Mr. Evans makes more definite musical comments, and some of his descriptions, as in the case of the second symphony, are enlightening. His point of view is rather that of the conventional admirer who does not look very deep. For instance, the following comment on the second subject of the last movement of the fourth symphony shows his limit of boldness as a critic. Every one will remember the halting character which the minim rests at the end of each phrase give to the theme. Those rests are the only part which Tchaikovsky invented, the notes are those of a Russian folksong. Mr. Evans says:

There is a characteristic vigour about the original which is impaired by the redundant beats. That may be a trifling blemish in a great work, and it is perhaps ungracious to mention it, but in the opinion of many the finale does not reach the level of the rest of the symphony, and therefore one is to some extent justified in doing so.

The rests are in reality a striking instance of that *banalité* which over and over again makes some gorgeous piece of orchestral display sound absurd. In this movement most people feel that a great fuss is made about a very commonplace tune, and the tune is not commonplace if its phrases remain unbroken. The writer here and elsewhere does not distinguish the composer's strength from his weakness.

A more critical attitude in both these authors would be helpful, whereas their powers of description would still make their writings pleasant. The average reader wants criticism, not because he wants to be told what to think, but because it forms a starting-point for his thought. A criticism of the "Pathetic" symphony, one which tries according to the writer's point of view to show what is beautiful and what morbid, is not likely to be completely endorsed by any one reader, but it may send many a one back to listen more closely to the next performance of it, to form for himself an individual standpoint, whereas a eulogy has no such stimulating effect. Interest in music is to-day fairly general, but discrimination is limited: these small books might do something more to widen it.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—According to J. W. D. in your issue of November 24, the ballads of the "Hunting of the Cheviot" and of "Otterburne" are

"entirely different poems," and "do not even refer to the same event." Professor Hales is quoted as the authority for the opinion. But on the other hand the late Professor Child held that the two ballads are "founded on the same occurrence," "The Hunting of the Cheviot" being the later of the two, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad. This quotation is from the single volume edition of Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" (Sargent and Kittredge. Nutt, 1905). Child's version of "Otterburne" is from a Cottonian manuscript "of about 1550." He regards the grammatical forms of his version of "The Hunting of the Cheviot" as earlier than those in his "Otterburne," but believes the Otterburne ballad itself to be the earlier. "The Hunting of the Cheviot" describes the battle which it celebrates as that of Otterburne. Verse 56 of "The Hunting" is verse 61 of Otterburne. The same persons are present, and are slain or taken, in both ballads. How, then, can we deny that both ballads "refer to the same event"? The traditions used by the balladists in each case varied considerably, but Hume of Godscroft, in the reign of James VI. and I., seems to have been justified in regarding "Otterburne" as the less remote from the facts of history. I am unable, at this moment, to consult the "Folia Litteraria" of Professor Hales, but it seems hasty to rely on his opinion as decisive.

A. LANG.

"WINGED WORDS" AND WOMEN'S STEERING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You state in your number of November 24, p. 518, col. 1, that the writer of "Winged Words" says that the fourth minor characteristic of women is that they "cannot steer a boat." To me this is like saying that women cannot ride. Last Sunday afternoon a pretty, blue-eyed Lancashire girl—who is reading for the B.Sc. exam.—steered a single-streak sculling-eight for the first time, and did it capitally, keeping us out of the tide better than one of our best men-coxes did in the morning. Girls frequently steer our light outrigger fours and other boats in the Furnivall Sculling Club; and in the summer my big three-sculler is almost always steered by a girl. In Skiff Club races, girls continually steer, and steer well too. Any girl who can cut out her own blouses and skirts, or play croquet or lawn-tennis, is pretty sure to be able to keep the right line on a river. If the women with whom the writer of "Winged Words" sculls cannot steer properly, he must be to blame for teaching them badly.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

PARACLETE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to my review of Mr. Newman Howard's "Savonrola," in which I questioned his application of "Paraclete" to the second Person of the Holy Trinity, Mr. Fred. G. Ackerley writes: "The fact remains that the second Person in the Holy Trinity is a Paraclete."

True; also, for example, St. Agnes was a Blessed Virgin; but the title "The Blessed Virgin" is generally reserved for a special application.

YOUR REVIEWER.

PALGRAVE'S "GOLDEN TREASURY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," as a work of art, as "a thing of beauty," is so near perfection, that the presence of the least, most superficial, blemish is especially to be regretted. In the presentation of some half-score of the pieces there appears—and persists down to the latest editions—an unpleasant dislocation and breach of symmetry in the alignment of corresponding stanzas, which ought certainly to be corrected on the earliest opportunity. I hope you will think it worth while to allow me through your columns to draw attention to the corrections required. To save space, I use the sign = to express "should align with"; i, ii, . . . for number of stanza, or strophe; 1, 2, . . . for number of line.

xxii. i. 8=i. 5: ii. 5=i. 5: i. 9=ii. 9: where the lines in question stand at present thus:

- | | |
|-------|----------------------------------|
| i. 5 | But my Sun's heavenly eyes |
| | View not your weeping, |
| | That now lies sleeping |
| 8 | Softly, now softly lies, |
| 9 | Sleeping. |
| ii. 5 | —Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes! |
| | Melt not in weeping! |
| | While She lies sleeping |
| 8 | Softly, now softly lies, |
| | Sleeping! |

xxv. i. 10, 11=ii. 10, 11; and should (surely) be divided thus:

Hearts with a thought, rosy lips
With a kiss still entertaining.

LXXIII. ii. 2, 4, 6, 8=i. 2, 4, 6, 8: ii. 9, 10=i. 9, 10.

xcvii. i. 1, 5, ii. 1, 5=iii. 1, 5, iv. 1, 5: or *vice versa*.

cxxxiii. i. 5=i. 4: or, perhaps better, i. ii. iii. 5=i. ii. iii. 6.

clix. (The Bard) This is the worst case of all.

(A) i. ii. iv. v. vii. viii. should agree. i. 1=i. 3: ii. 1-4, 9, 10=i. 1-4, 9, 10: iv. 1-4, move *en bloc* to margin: iv. 9-12=i. (v.) 9-12: vii. 12=vii. 10: viii. 1-4=vii. 1-4.

(B) iii. vi. ix. should agree. vi. 2, 4, 7, 10, 12, 14=vi. i.: vi. 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13=vi. 15: ix. 1, 5, 7, 10=ix. 2: ix. 8, 9=ix. 3.

ccxxxvi. ii. 5=ii. 3: iii. 4=iii. 2: iv. 7=iv. 5.

cclxix. ii. *en bloc* to left, so that ii. 1=i. 1.

ccxc. ii. 9=ii. 6: ii. 10=ii. 7.

ccciv. i. 5, 7=i. 4: i. 6, 8=i. 10: iii. 10, 11=iii. 8.

The edition dealt with is the shilling edition, 1905, reprinted 1906.

A. C. AUCHMUTY.

Edgbaston, November 22.

IN PETTO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent "C." is no doubt right in his derivation of the expression "in petto." It is an Italian word and comes through the Latin "pectus," and, in our English use of it, means "in reserve."

May I illustrate this meaning by a quotation from Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," chapter eleven. Mr. Oldbuck says: "Well, what shall we set about? My essay on Castramentation—but I have that in *petto* for our afternoon cordial."

RANDALL VICKERS.

IRISH YESTERDAYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the notice of "Some Irish Yesterdays" in your last issue, I see that the Reviewer speaks of the appeal, contained in the last chapter, "by Irishman and Irishwoman" on behalf of their people.

May I point out, what is well known here, that the gifted members of this literary partnership are both women.

Dublin.

L.

[We acknowledge also the receipt of a letter from "Eothen," pointing out that "Martin Ross" is the pseudonym of a woman.—ED.]

APPLAUSE AT CONCERTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An eccentric writer in a musical paper has just given it as his opinion that "great works, whether sacred or secular, should be listened to in silence," and thinks that "interruptions of any kind are disturbing and, it may be added, inartistic," to which another extraordinary gentleman, after reproducing this astounding dictum, cries "Hear, hear!" Is it, then, actually possible that there are human beings in the world who gravely advocate the abolition of applause after the performance of any great musical composition? No one detests indiscriminate handclapping more than I do, and it is chiefly for this reason that I now very rarely attend concerts, as I cannot stand the encore nuisance, an evil which seems to be growing instead of diminishing. But to argue that no applause is necessary after listening to the movements of a great chamber work or symphony, and to wish that they should be received in silence, is, of course, the very height of absurdity, for how else is one to know whether a composition has met with success or not? In the British Parliament legislators express their approval of a statement or speech by crying "Hear, hear!"; in the concert-room the audience, if they admire anything, clap their hands, and so it will ever continue to be. Things would indeed come to a pretty pass if any kind of applause were abolished. It is, in fact, an utter impossibility.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

November 25.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no hesitation in saying that 'Tis we that receive is right and that the common method of analysing such sentences is wrong. In the English language the pronoun *it* never is an antecedent. The relative *that* is plural and agrees with *we*. Consequently, *It is thou that gives* is wrong, though it can be plausibly analysed to give sense. Compare *He it is that loveth me*, in German, *Der ist es, der mich liebet*. Again, "It was thou that leddest out and broughtest in Israel," the French version of which is noteworthy—*Tu étais celui qui menais et qui ramenait Israël*. It is plain that such sentences as *It is we*, etc., do not logically contain the principal assertion, but merely serve to emphasise the subject and the relative clause contains the main predicate. The examples quoted from Burns are not instances of poetical licence, but are the correct idiom of the dialect in which he writes.

May I be allowed to suggest here that spelling reformers may very properly begin by setting right the spelling of geographical names. The exigencies of the French and Italian languages demand that foreign names undergo a change. English makes no such demand, yet we mutilate Greek proper names, for example, in the same manner as Frenchmen and Italians do.

WM. BURD.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—A real interest and importance attaches to the objection which has been raised against a reform of English spelling by Gladys Jones. The ability to speak well is a valuable personal asset, a possession as delightful as rare. And any circumstance which threatens to restrict this ability and lessen our opportunity of listening to effective speech asks from us as listeners at least careful consideration if not reprehension. The burden of the plea against reform is, I take it, this: that we shall not suffer the best characteristics of good speech to be subordinated to considerations of commercial or scientific expediency. With certain reservations I endorse the plea. But I as cordially disagree with the proposition that the adoption of fonetic spelling would tend to render more difficult of acquirement the art of reading well, or to rob the written or printed page of any of its helpfulness to such an attainment.

On the contrary it will be fairly easy to show that fonetic spelling is theoretically calculated to promote efficiency of speech and that experience has established the theory as sound.

A vein of sophistry runs, unconsciously I suppose, thru the arguments adduced, respecting, for instance, the value of silent letters which are held to be suggestive of mentally audible shades of sounds. The "gh" in "light" is a case in point. A little reflection, however, will show that the ghost (or ghost) of this sound is not in residence in the combination "gh"; but like most other shades is prone to "walk" elsewhere—is, in fact, purely traditional. Of the many values possessed by "gh" tradition decides which is correct. Compare "light," "tough," "hiccough," "cough," "lough," "though," "through." "Allusive" signs are apt to prove elusive, illusive or even delusive, rather than indicative.

Repeated references have been made to music. Think what the effect upon the study of music would be if the musical notation were as inconsistent as the representation of English speech!

Let the lines of a staff of written music run parallel for the space of half a bar; then let the lines occupy the position usually assigned to the spaces; interweave them and introduce occasionally an additional line or two; sometimes use the treble clef to represent the bass; call the note in the bottom space of the staff F in this bar, A in the next; once in a while let it be indicative of "inward music" only; let "rests" be "notes," semibreves be crochets, "sharps" be played as "naturals"; and you will have a fair idea of the service "allusive and indicative signs" will perform for music.

Speech is undoubtedly an art. Spelling is the science of its representation. And in the interests of the art it is most highly desirable that the science be as perfect—that is as simple and consistent, not necessarily as elaborate—as possible. Science may be but the second stage of knowledge; but it is not on that account a hindrance to the attainment of the stage of illumination. The stage of illumination is likely to be more comprehensible if supported upon the basis of science.

T. TALBOT LODGE.

November 20.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Roth, H. Ling. *The Yorkshire Coiners, 1767-1783*, and notes on Old and Prehistoric Halifax. With numerous beautiful original illustrations by H. R. Oddy, Thomas Binns, C. Praetorius, and others, and chapters on The Making of Halifax, etc., by John Lister, and on the Blackheath Prehistoric Circle, by J. Lawson Russell. 10x8. Pp. xxvii, 322. Halifax: King, 21s. net.

Evelyn's Sculptura. Edited by C. F. Bell. 7½x5½. Pp. lxiv, 183. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library." Contains the hitherto unpublished second part. The volume before us is divided and numbered in two parts, with separate introductions. The text of the first is, in the main, a reprint of the first edition ("Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper, with an ample enumeration of the most renowned Masters, and their Works. To which is annexed A new manner of Engraving, or *Messa Tinto*, communicated by his Highness Prince Rupert to the Author of this Treatise," printed in 1662), with some corrections and additions "taken from the Margin of the Author's printed copy," which were incorporated in the second edition (1755). The three plates which appeared in the first edition are reproduced here. The MS. of the second part was discovered by Professor Church in the Library of the Royal Society. The advertisement to Book II. suggests that Evelyn meant to offer nothing more than a translation of the Appendix to Bosse's "Traicté des Manières de Graver en Taille Douce sur l'airain," and Professor Church has compared the two. "The six plates [they are reproduced in the volume before us] with their lettering are exactly described by Evelyn," he says, "while the bulk of the French text is reproduced in the translation. But Evelyn . . . rearranged the original material," and added, altered and omitted.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

George Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life, based on the journals and correspondence of His Royal Highness. Edited by Edgar Sheppard, D.D. With illustrations. Vol. I. 1819-1871; Vol. II. 1871-1904. Pp. xx, 667. Longmans, 24s. net. (See p. 542.)

Orage, A. R. *Friedrich Nietzsche; the Dionysian Spirit of the Age*. 7½x4½. Pp. 83. Foulis, 1s. net.

[In the "Spirit of the Age" series.]

Fyvie, John. *Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era*. Illustrated. 9½x6. Pp. 445. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.
[Biographical sketches of Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton; Charlotte Clarke; Catherine Clive; Margaret Woffington; George Ann Bellamy; Frances Abington; Sophia Baddeley; Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby; Mary Robinson—"Perdita"; Mary Sumbel—"Becky" Wells; Dora Jordan; and Harriot Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans.]

FICTION.

Whistler, Chas. W. *Gerald the Sheriff*. Illustrated by Lancelot Speed. 7½x5½. Pp. 294. Warne, 6s. (See p. 548.)

Love's Trilogy: Julie's Diary, Marie, God's Peace. From the Danish of Peter Nansen by Julia le Gallienne. 7½x5. Pp. 377. Heinemann, 6s.

Tighe, Harry. *The Caloré Girl*. A Spanish Story of a Gipsy with a Faithful Heart. 7½x5. Pp. 277. Routledge, 6s.

The Simple Plan. The Story of a Primitive Girl. 7½x5½. Pp. 267. Sherratt & Hughes, 6s.

Fox, John, Jr. *A Knight of the Cumberland*. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. 7½x5. Pp. 158. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

de Sélinecourt, Hugh. *A Boy's Marriage*. 7½x5½. Pp. 307. Lane, 6s.

Turner, Reginald. *Davray's Affairs*. 7½x5½. Pp. 374. Greening, 6s.

Blackwood, Algernon. *The Empty House, and other ghost stories*. 7½x5. Pp. 316. Nash, 6s.

[Ten short stories.]
Chesson, Nora. *Father Felix's Chronicles*. Edited by W. H. Chesson. 8x5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.

West, Nicholson. *The Mysterious Millionaire*. 7½x5½. Pp. 352. Greening, 6s.

Cornish, Ernest. *Basin's Gold*. A romance, 7½x5½. Pp. 253. Greening, 3s. 6d.

Sherard, Robert H. *After the Fault*. 7½x5. Pp. 272. Sisley's, 6s.

HISTORY.

Stirling, Amelia Hutchison. *A Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social History in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*. 8½x6. Pp. 225. Blackie, 6s. net.

[An attempt to trace the social and industrial progress made by Scotland during the two hundred years since the union of her Parliament with that of England.]

Lanciani, Rodolfo. *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome*, from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paulus III. Profusely illustrated. 9½x6½. Pp. 340. Constable, 21s. net.

[The early chapters describe the city before the election of Pope Paul III. Then follows an account of the change brought about under him, and a study of the four men who, above all others, fostered or perfected the reform movement: Agostino Chigi in the financial development; Raphael and Michelangelo in the artistic; and Vittoria Colonna in the religious and moral. In dealing with their lives the author has endeavoured to confine himself to particulars either unpublished or little known. In developing the subject one principal aim has been kept in view: to illustrate the few monuments of the period left standing in Rome, mostly concealed under modern superstructures.]

Fyfe, W. T. *Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott*. With an introduction by R. S. Rait. 9x6. Pp. xxi, 314. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

[A "picture" of the social life of Edinburgh at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.]

Knyvett, Sir Henry. *The Defence of the Realm*. 1596. With an introduction by Charles Hughes. 7½x5½. Pp. xxxvi, 75. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart" Library. This pamphlet, "scribed in haste and finished the 19th of April 1596"—eight years after the Spanish Armada—is now printed for the first time, from a MS. in the Chetham Library, Manchester.]

LITERATURE.

Crawford, Charles. *Collectanea*. First Series, 7½x5½. Pp. 136. Stratford-on-Avon: at the Shakespeare Head Press, 3s. 6d. net.

[Papers on: "Richard Barnfield, Marlowe and Shakespeare"; "Ben Jonson's Method of Composing Verse"; "John Webster and Sir Philip Sidney"; "Edmund Spenser, 'Selimus', and 'Locrine'"; and "The Authorship of 'Arden of Feversham'." All save the last, which was published in the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1903, have appeared in *Notes and Queries*.]

Brunot, Ferdinand. *Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900*. Tome II.—La Seizième Siècle. 10x6½. Pp. 504. Paris: Armand Colin, 15fr.

Carroll, the Rev. John S. *Prisoners of Hope*. An exposition of Dante's *Purgatorio*. 9½x6½. Pp. xxvii, 511. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.

[Follows the general plan and method of the author's previous book on the *Inferno*, "Exiles of Eternity." It is an exposition, canto by canto, "with the special purpose of bringing out the ethical significance of what many Dante students regard as the most interesting, because the most human, part of the *Commedia*."]

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[Papers on The Hygiene of School Life, Normal Growth in School Ages, Medical Examination and the Supervision of Schools and School Children, The School Doctor in Germany; and notes on the Revaccination of School Children in Germany and on the Plan of a German Elementary School.]

Moncrieff, A. R. Hope. *The World of To-day*. Vol. vi. 10½x7½. Pp. 380. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[A survey of the lands and peoples of the globe as seen in travel and commerce.]

McSpadden, J. Walker. *Stories from Dickens*. 7½x5½. Pp. 245. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.

The World's Work and Play. An Illustrated Magazine of National Efficiency and Social Progress. Edited by Henry Norman. Vol. viii.—June to November 1906. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 640. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Robinson, Alonso Clark. *The Poet's Parables.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 48. Appleton, 1s. net.

Glasgow Corporation Public Libraries: *Index Catalogue of the Dennistoun District Library*; and *Index Catalogue of the Maryhill District Library*. Each 7½ x 5. Pp. 434 and 418. Glasgow: Printed for the Corporation Committee on Libraries at the University Press by Robert MacLehose, n.p.

Reich, Emil. *Success in Life.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 324. Nash, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

Proceedings of the Musical Association. Thirty-third session, 1905-1906. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 184. Novello, 21s. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

Waite, Arthur Edward. *Studies in Mysticism and Certain Aspects of the Secret Tradition.* 9½ x 6½. Pp. 348. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

Pope, Jessie. *Paper Pellets.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 88. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net. [Humorous pieces, reprinted from *Punch*, *Vanity Fair*, and other periodicals.]

POLITICS.

Worsfold, W. Basil. *Lord Milner's Work in South Africa*, from its Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902. With portraits and map. 9 x 5½. Pp. 620. Murray, 15s. net. [Contains hitherto unpublished information.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Edited, with an introduction and textual notes, by H. Buxton Forman. 9 x 5½. Pp. lxi, 491. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.

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Sea Songs and Ballads. Selected by Christopher Stone. With an introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. 7 x 4½. Pp. 213. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.

The Works of Shakespeare. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Edited by H. C. Hart. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 184. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net. [In "The Arden Shakespeare."]

Measure for Measure and King Henry IV., part ii. Edited by E. K. Chambers. Each 6½ x 3½. Pp. 125 and 141. Blackie, leather 1s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. net. [In "The Red-Letter Shakespeare."]

Kirkup, Thomas. *A History of Socialism.* 17½ x 5½. Pp. 406. Black, 7s. 6d. net. [Third edition, revised and enlarged.]

The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Austin Dobson. Illustrated. 8 x 5½. Pp. xxxvi, 278. *The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood.* Edited, with notes by Walter Jerrold. 8 x 5½. Pp. xv, 773. Froude, 3s. 6d. net.

[In "The Oxford Poets" series. Chronology of Goldsmith's Life and Poems, and Chronological Table of the Life of Hood. In the appendices a large number of notes are given and there is an index of first lines in the "Poetical Works of Hood." Both volumes are also issued in saten cloth, India paper at 5s. each, and in various leather bindings at 6s. and upwards.]

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Dolling, Robert R. *Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum.* With 18 full-page illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 272. Masters, 3s. 6d. [Seventh edition.]

Pepys's Memoires of the Royal Navy 1679-1688. Edited, with an introduction by J. R. Tanner. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xvii, 144. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library," Published by Pepys in June 1690, as a defence of the naval administration of himself and his "unhappy master" during the ten years ending 1688. It was intended as a forerunner of his projected work "Navalia," which was never completed.]

Howell's Devises. 1581. With an introduction by Walter Raleigh. 7½ x 6½. Pp. xviii, 104. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library." An exact reprint of the Bodleian copy of "His Devises for his owne exercise, and his Friends pleasure." About a dozen obvious and trivial misprints have been corrected. Others, to avoid the intrusion of anything like conjectural emendation, have been left standing.]

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THE LITERARY WEEK

At this season of the year, when kindly uncles and aunts are forcibly reminded of the rapid increase in the number of their present-expecting nephews and nieces, any one who will come forward (as Messrs. Waring's have done in the matter of presents for adults) with a guide to a right and easy choice, is a benefactor. Mrs. Clement Parsons and the Parents' National Educational Union between them have issued such a guide to children's books, old and new. It is divided into sections according to age, sex, subject, and so forth. Books to be read aloud to children are distinguished from books that children read to themselves, and the lists are clear, comprehensive and sensible. Incidentally we may note that Mrs. Clement Parsons has omitted nearly all "snippet" books. The whole book or none of it is her ideal; "a dislike of snippets is my idiosyncrasy [*sic*] à moi," as she remarks in her Introduction in that characteristic style which adorned her recently published book on Garrick and his circle.

For there is an Introduction, and it is full of good sense and observation. Someone seems to have remarked that they considered Jane Austen too grown-up for a girl of fourteen. In a sense, of course, she is, just as Plato is too grown-up for a schoolboy of thirteen; but the schoolboy can enjoy what he can grasp of the Plato, and the girl will enjoy what she can grasp of the Jane Austen. And it is, in our opinion, much better for a child to read Jane Austen or some other book above his intelligence and understand a little, than to read a book below his intelligence and understand it all. At any rate, here is Mrs. Parsons's rejoinder. "I should like to show [the objectors] a record in the handwriting of a child of twelve, which I happen to possess"—we imagine it, under correction, to be the record, not the child, which Mrs. Parsons happens to possess—"of forty-eight books devoured within three months." Of the forty-eight, eight are "Ginx's Baby," "Thomson's Seasons," Jevons's "Political Economy," "Ecce Homo," "Daniel Deronda," "The Wooing O't," "The Art of Furnishing," and "Athalie." This beats Bridget Elia herself.

Time was, before he became a popular playwright, when "G. B. S." used to bestow his attention weekly upon the dramatists in the *Saturday Review*, and among them none came in for harder knocks than Shakespeare. Upon the conventionality and middle-class ideals of the Bard "G. B. S." loved to dwell, with that engaging insolence of which he is a master. Those who could not understand his criticism used to console themselves with the quotation from Lamb which will dog Mr. Shaw all his life—that it

was "only his fun." But there is no possibility of questioning the serious intention of the writer who attacks Shakespeare in the current *Fortnightly* and intends, it appears, to return to the attack in future numbers.

"For any man of our time," he writes, "if he were not under the hypnotic suggestion that this drama [*King Lear*] is the height of perfection, it would be enough to read it to its end (were he to have sufficient patience for this) in order to be convinced that, far from being the height of perfection, it is a very bad, carelessly composed production, which, if it could have been of interest to a certain public at a certain time, cannot evoke among us anything but aversion and weariness." Only "suggestion," the indictment proceeds, can make us receive any other impression "from all the other extolled dramas of Shakespeare, not to mention the senseless dramatised tales, *Pericles*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Troilus and Cressida*." There has been nothing like this since Voltaire's "drunken savage." Statements such as these naturally fill one with amazement, but amazement sinks to rest when those who have followed Count Tolstoy's development or decadence discover that the name at the foot of the article is his.

What the attack comes to is a complaint of the lack of realism in Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear*. Tolstoy cannot understand it. He finds it all unnatural: he thinks the people do not behave as they would in 800 B.C., and the relations of the people do not flow from their characters, nor from the natural course of events. And yet a correspondent, not long ago, was indignant with one of our reviewers who ventured to question Tolstoy's dramatic sense. The man who would complain of Botticelli for not making his Madonna a Hebrew maiden in the accurate costume and surroundings (in the manner of Mr. Holman Hunt) of her date and place cannot judge fairly of Italian art.

The news of the death of Charlotte Brontë's husband the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, came this week as a surprise to many people who were not aware he had survived his first wife so long. The courtship was a fine instance of "dogged does it." Mr. Nicholls, a strict, decorous, taciturn man, and a poor curate, made up his mind to marry "Curren Bell," and proposed to her at the height of her fame. The lady seems to have been indifferent, her father, the vicar, was furious; Mr. Nicholls had to leave the parish. But he held to his point, corresponding privately with Charlotte Brontë until her father's opposition was sufficiently worn down to admit of the curate being recalled and the marriage taking place, though without the final sanction of the Rev. Patrick Brontë's presence. The simple curate and the lady of genius lived very happily together for something less than a year, when death severed the union. For more than fifty years Mr. Nicholls lived, mainly upon a farm in Ireland, honouring the memory of his wife and—what is more—respecting her family secrets.

Without going minutely into the circumstances that led to the decision, we cannot help thinking it was a desirable thing that the *Times* should have changed itself into a Limited Liability Company. Presumably this will be done in the same manner as in the cases of such papers as the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator*. The advantages of a Limited Liability Company lie chiefly in the accuracy with which interests can be defined, and bequests and so forth made. As Mr. Walter is to be the governing director, it may be assumed that, for some time to come at least, no change will take place in the conduct of the paper. The matter, in fact, is one affecting the proprietors of the *Times* exclusively and will have no effect whatever on its literary character.

An event of very considerable interest took place at Cambridge on November 30, when the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus was performed in the original Greek by members of the University. Sir Charles Stanford's music, written for the performance held at Cambridge in 1885, was revived and conducted by the composer, and the play was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The acting throughout was of a very high order, the principal honours being shared between Mr. Carey (Athena) and Mr. Scholfield (Orestes). Mr. Carey's Athena was almost perfect; he spoke his lines with absolute clearness and great beauty of expression, while his dignified and commanding attitude, especially during the long Trial scene, was beyond praise. The Orestes of Mr. Scholfield was an admirable piece of acting, and he triumphed successfully over the difficulties of the part. As Apollo Mr. La Fontaine scarcely gave a sufficient impression of majesty and strength. The Chorus, most ably led by Mr. Young, sang with vigour and expression; but we looked in vain for the mysterious horror which we are led to understand pervaded them. Of the smaller parts, Mr. J. Brooke made the small part of the Pythian Prophetess very convincing, while the others were in competent hands. As a spectacle the revival was most striking. It would be difficult to overpraise the beautiful scene painted for the Prologue, or the scene on the Areopagus with which the play closes. The dresses, too, were, on the whole, most successful, while the play was admirable stage-managed, especially in the last scene.

Nether Stowey, where stands the Coleridge cottage we mentioned a fortnight ago, is a village in Somerset, lying near the sea. It is associated with the happiest period of the poet's life, before he took to opium or went to Germany to study metaphysics. His lectures in Bristol had brought him into contact with Poole, who, struck with his brilliant conversation, offered him the cottage. It was worth seven pounds a year, but it had "a stately kitchen garden." That meant much to Coleridge, who hoped to keep himself partly by manual labour. Here he planned a gigantic epic, which required ten years study of mathematics, psychology, natural history, and other subjects, five years for composition, and five years for correction. Here, too, besides several of his best known poems, he wrote a tragedy, *Remorse*, which was declined—whether with or without thanks seems doubtful. His main sources of income at this time were a guinea that he received once a week from the *Morning Post*, and the contributions of his friends. Coleridge continued to live at Stowey till the Wedgwood offer of £150 a year for life which was fully examined by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson in two articles in the *ACADEMY* of March 24 and 31, 1906.

The tenth of December is consecrated to our Lady of Loreto, a fact that is of more than ordinary interest at the present moment. For an Italian priest has just published a book, in which he endeavours to show with much documentary evidence that the story of the transportation of the Holy House from Nazareth to Loreto is an invention of the sixteenth century. The book has caused much excitement in Italy, especially at Loreto, and the Pope has been asked to consider the matter. The Santa Casa had fallen into the power of the Saracens to the great grief of Christendom, when on December 10, 1294, some shepherds saw it being carried across the Adriatic through the air by angels, who set it down at Loreto. It soon became a famous place of resort for pilgrims. Montaigne has left an account of it: Raphael's uncle carved the ivory on its outer wall. Parallels are not unknown, for at Kieff, one of the holy cities of Russia, there is an imposing ruin, named "The Golden Gate," which is said to have been brought in the same fashion from Byzantium.

The St. James's Dramatic Society, an ambitious little club to whose excellent performances we have referred before, presented last week at the Passmore Edwards Settlement a version of *Much Ado about Nothing*. This is one of the most difficult of all Shakespearean comedies, but the members of the Club, being undaunted Jacobites, do not shrink from difficulties which might well give professionals pause. Miss Amy Rooker's "Beatrice" was a delightful and intelligent rendering of the part, based on the Ellen Terry tradition; but the defective acoustic properties of the Hall quite defeated her elocution. Mr. F. Stanley Smith, though a little too young for the rôle of Don Pedro, acted with great vivacity, and was ably supported by Mr. C. J. Denny Bower (Don John) and Mr. Gilbert Clarke (Claudio), whose stage presence and fine voice suggest experience on a larger stage. Mr. George Hayes as Dogberry was the great success of the evening, and some of the other dramatic critics must have already turned the young man's head with acknowledging his unusual precocity by exceptional praise which is certainly well deserved. Mr. Charles Gee (Balthazar) carried through the song with great skill, his accompanist playing an entirely different tune. The admirable stage management and the production were due to Mr. Alexander Clifton, a pupil of the Academy of Dramatic Art.

Among Christmas numbers that of *Country Life* (published to-day) stands out, surely, as exceptional in quantity as well as quality. To begin with, there are no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two pages of advertisements which make in themselves a magazine of the greatest interest. And in the literary portion of the paper we find poems by Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer and Mr. Alfred Noyes, besides a little string of poems by Mr. Henry Newbolt, called, "A Child's Summer Day." Then there is Mr. Charles Marriott writing on the sea, his article being illustrated by wonderful pictures; Mr. Oliver Onions contributes a story; and the pictures of the French château of Vaux le Vicomte do justice to a house of superb beauty and historic dignity.

The Hon. Alfred E. Gathorne-Hardy has arranged with Messrs. Longman and Co. to publish a biography of his father, the late Earl of Cranbrook. The family papers and journal have been placed in his hands for that purpose. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy will be much obliged if friends and correspondents will forward to him at 77 Cadogan Square, S.W., any letters of interest they may have, written by the late Earl. Such letters will be returned in due course.

Mr. Martin Harvey's experiment in producing a new Irish play in Dublin was not altogether successful. *The Spell* met with a mixed reception, the fall of the curtain being greeted with hisses and groans. The play is the work of Miss Rosamond Langbridge, whose father, the Rev. Canon Langbridge, of Limerick, is part author of *The Only Way*. The head and front of the young author's offence is not that she has written a bad play, but that she has chosen to use as material for her drama some of the superstitions that still linger in remote West of Ireland districts. Instead of the typical Irish peasant she has taken the abnormal and exceptional; hence the hisses and sheafs of letters to the papers from indignant sentimentalists.

Much the same outcry was raised when Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Countess Kathleen* was produced a few years ago in Dublin, and more recently by Mr. Synge's *Shadow of Glen*. The ultra-sensitiveness of some Irish play-goers is one of the chief barriers to the success of literary drama in Dublin. Irish people are inclined to lose the universal in the personal, and in denouncing fancied "insults" in literary and dramatic work they frequently employ a very heavy wheel to break a very small butterfly.

It is more than twenty-five years since the famous Company of the Court Theatre of the Duke of Meiningen visited London. A Committee has now been formed for the purpose of arranging a short season of modern and classical plays in April next. Mr. Otho Stuart will place the Adelphi Theatre at the disposal of the Meiningers Company, if his arrangements permit; otherwise a prominent West-End theatre will be provided. The report will be announced in due course.

It is not generally known that the late F. G. Kitton left the manuscript of a topographical dictionary of the works of Charles Dickens. It is doubtful whether it will ever be published. Dickens, more than any author, except, perhaps, Mr. Hardy, wrote in a biographical atmosphere. He revelled in what Mr. Chesterton calls "the street;" and his books have not received the attention from this point of view which has been bestowed upon them from other standpoints. It is difficult to understand why a subject so interesting has been neglected so long. Changes are constantly taking place in the Dickens country; and it would be safe to say that the ghost of Dickens himself would be lost in the streets of London. Not only are alterations in "permanent progress," but new discoveries are being made in regard to many of the places both in London and in the provinces, mentioned in the novels and the "Pickwick Papers."

Kitton himself, unfortunately, accepts some popular theories in "The Dickens Country," which with a little personal investigation he could have proved to be erroneous. We have mentioned several of the current fallacies in these pages during the past few months. In the early novels, and particularly in the early chapters of "Pickwick," Dickens was careful to hide, in a disguise more or less real, the identity of any of the places he introduced. A work which would elucidate these mysteries and form a guide to the topography of Dickens would be of the greatest interest, and of much more value than the innumerable but incomplete accounts in the many literary geographies that have appeared since first this form of literary study became fashionable.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.—General Monthly Meeting. Monday, December 3, at 5 P.M.

Royal Geographical Society.—The Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, December 10, at 8.30 P.M., "Irrigation in the United States: its Geographical and Economical Results," by Major John H. Beacom, U.S. Army.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, December 10. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers. Wednesday, December 12: Fourth Ordinary Meeting, 8 P.M. Mr. Cecil H. Hooper on Fruit Growing and the Protection of Birds.—At 4.30 P.M., Thursday, December 13. A. Yusuf Ali on The Indian Mahomedans. Their Past, Present, and Future.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus.—Monday, December 10, at 5 P.M. Rev. J. Stephen Barras on The Churches of the City (Illustrated). Thursday, December 13, at 6 P.M. Mr. J. W. Jenkinson on Tadpoles (Illustrated).

Royal Colonial Institute, Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.—Tuesday, December 11, 8 P.M. Mr. Arthur W. a'Beckett on The Colonial Press.

Viking Club, King's Weigh House Rooms, Thomas Street, W.—Friday, December 14, at 8.15 P.M. Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson on Northern Folk-Songs, with vocal illustrations.

Art Exhibitions.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds; Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc. October 22 to January 1.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures

by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. Closes December 8.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—November 7. Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club; Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. December 3. Sculpture and Drawings by Countess Feodora Gleichen. Medals and Decorative Work by Miss Elinor Hallé. Paintings by Countess Helena Gleichen.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: November 17. Landscapes in Cornwall and Devon (water-colour) by S. J. Lamorna Birch. Water-colours of Cities of Spain by Henry C. Brewer. Close December 8. Etchings by Axel Haig.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon. Water-colours by Miss H. Donald-Smith till December 22.—Manchester Art Gallery. Exhibition of Works of Mr. Holman Hunt, including some not on view at the Leicester Galleries.—Grafton Galleries. Women's International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including copies of Velasquez, by Blanche Williams (Mrs. P. Somers-Cocks). December 12 to December 22.—Messrs. Dowdeswell. Water-colours of Brittany by C. G. Kennaway, December 8.—International Art Gallery, 14 King William Street, Trafalgar Square. First Exhibition, consisting of works by Modern British, French and Dutch Artists. December 12 till January 5.

Royal Academy of Arts.—Monday, December 10, 9 P.M. Distribution of Prizes to the Students. Galleries containing competition works open at 8 P.M.; and on December 11 from 11 to 4.

Plays: Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.—Garrick Theatre. December 11 and 13. *Matinées of Macbeth*. *Macbeth*, Mr. Bouchier. *Lady Macbeth*, Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

Concerts.—December 8, Queen's Hall: Chappell's Ballad Concert, 2.30. December 8, Queen's Hall: Miss Rolda and Mr. Antoinetti, 8. December 9, Queen's Hall: Sunday Concert, 3.30. December 10, Queen's Hall: London Choral Society, 8.—December 10, Bechstein Hall: West London Männerchor, 8. December 11, Bechstein Hall: Mr. Darbshire Jones, 8.30.—December 11, Aeolian Hall: R. von Wahrlich and R. Zwintscher, 3. Aeolian Hall: Mr. Edouard Risler, 8.—December 12, Bechstein Hall: Miss G. Peppercorn, 3. December 12, Bechstein Hall: Mr. Beecham's Orchestral Concert, 8.30.—December 13, Aeolian Hall: The London Trio, afternoon. Aeolian Hall: Broadwood Concert, 8.30.—Bechstein Hall: Mr. Dressell, 8.15.—December 14, Aeolian Hall: Chamber Music Concert, 12 noon. Aeolian Hall: Mr. York Bowen, 8.30.—December 15, Queen's Hall: Symphony Concert, 3.

The Musical Association.—Second Meeting at Messrs. Broadwood's, Conduit Street, Tuesday, December 11, at 5.15 P.M. Rev. Henry Cart on Spanish Music, with illustrations by Senor Arbos.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: December 7 and 8. Sale of the English and Irish silver and copper coins of the late Richard A. Hoblyn. December 10. Sale of a portion of the Library of Samuel T. Fisher. December 11. Sale of the Library of the late Clement Scott. December 12 and 13. Sale of the Books and MSS., including the Library of the late J. Edward Gilmore. December 14 and 15. Sale of Books and Ancient Illuminated MSS.

LITERATURE

JOHN EVELYN

The Diary of John Evelyn. With an Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3 vols. (Macmillan, 31s. 6d. net.)

It is John Evelyn's misfortune to have been a contemporary of Samuel Pepys. Had he lived in the eighteenth century, he would have been judged simply on his merits. Living and writing in the seventeenth, he challenges a most disastrous comparison. It is impossible to think of his Diary without remembering the diary of Samuel Pepys, the best work of its kind that ever was written. The two men lived on terms of friendship. Each keenly appreciated the other's good qualities. In Evelyn's Diary you may find many amiable references to the Secretary of the Admiralty, and when that "very worthy industrious and curious person" died, no one paid him a higher tribute than John Evelyn. "He was universally beloved," he wrote, "hospitable, generous, learned in

many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men, of whom he had the conversation." Pepys's estimate of Evelyn is at once more picturesque and more finely critical. He describes Evelyn's gaiety, when he was in a good humour, with characteristic zest. The two met, when Lord Sandwich had taken some East India prizes. "The receipt of this news," writes Pepys, "did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir John Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was." Another time Pepys took a less favourable view of his friend. He paid Evelyn a long visit at Deptford, and returned home not a little bored. Evelyn not only showed him his paintings, and revealed to him the whole secret of mezzotinto, but he read to his visitor much of his discourse about "Gardenage," and much also besides. But Pepys shall tell the story in his own words:

He read me part of a play or two of his making [writes Pepys]: very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus Hyemalis*; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, and look very fine, better than any herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent.

It is easy to read between these lines that Pepys was bored. He would have been far happier sitting in a tavern with the companions of his choice. Though he doubtless loved literature as much as Evelyn, he was not of those who cared to talk about it, and one is sure that the little poems that were not transcendent tried his patience to the utmost.

The truth is that Pepys and Evelyn had very little in common save the age in which they lived. They frequented the same Court, they sat in the same theatres, they knew the same men and women. But they regarded everything with very different eyes. By the side of Pepys Evelyn appears something of a prig. He writes pompously, and without the gusto which he brought to the reading of his poems. The style of his diary is not unlike the style of his books—dry and unimpressive. Too often he is content to make a bare statement without hazarding an opinion. "I saw *Volpone*," he says on one occasion, "acted at Court before their majesties." That is all. Pepys saw the same drama and could not suppress his enthusiasm. "Thence with my wife to the king's house," writes he, "there to see *Volpone*, a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted." There you see an essential difference between the two men. Pepys, greedy for sensation, could look upon nothing coldly. Evelyn, after his demurer method, thought it enough to record that he went here or there, and that he met this one or that, without marking his approval or giving us any impression of what he saw and heard. But there was a still deeper difference between the two men. While both delighted in pictures, and "curiosities," and gardens, Pepys obeyed the master-passion of life, which held small sway over the mind of Evelyn. The interest of Pepys was universal. He cared not whether he ruffled it at Court or took refuge in a blind ale-house. Wherever he was he knew that he would happen upon a fresh experience, and though he loved to get on himself, he did not judge others by the hard standard of social advancement. Evelyn's respectability, on the other hand, is a little oppressive. He was a good, kind, worthy man, and we cannot help thinking that Pepys was very fortunate when he encountered him in the high spirits which silenced the uproarious Sir J. Minnes himself.

However, it is not given to every one to have the genius of Samuel Pepys, and if we regard Evelyn in forgetfulness of his rival, we shall find a good scholar, a sincere patriot, and an amiable man. He understood all the sciences, he appreciated all the arts of the time. He helped to establish the Royal Society, and he was a connoisseur of taste and judgment. While he could appreciate the masterpieces

of Vandyck and Mantegna, he had the sense of discovery and the courage to express and defend his own opinion. Few episodes in his career gave him greater pleasure than the finding of Grinling Gibbons. He came upon him, in poverty and unknown, and his pleasure in the discovery is evident from the circumstance with which he describes it:

This day [he writes] I first acquainted His Majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbons, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house in a field in our parish near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon, or crucifix, of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me that it was because he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out.

But Evelyn did not only find him out; he also made his fortune; and Gibbons's successful career began on the day when Evelyn came upon him by a mere accident in that obscure and lonely place.

Though Evelyn was somewhat narrow in his outlook upon life, he was not a man of unamiable judgments. He lived in a Court given over to dissipations, of which he bitterly disapproved, yet his loyalty was unshaken. While he deplores the manners of his contemporaries, condemning their love of deep play, and the extravagance of the "ladies of pleasure, the curses of our nation," he did not rush into retirement or soothe his scruples with noisy demonstrations. He was wise enough to make the best of his world, and his world, no doubt, benefited by his presence. Though so violent a man as Judge Jeffreys must have daunted his gentle nature, he lived on terms of familiarity with him, and has left us the pleasantest picture we have of the man who held the Bloody Assize in the West. In 1683 Evelyn was present at the wedding of one Mrs. Castle to her fifth husband. And there at the wedding, besides the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, and several aldermen, were Sir George Jeffreys, newly made Lord Chief Justice of England, and Mr. Justice Wythens, who danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry. "These great men," says Evelyn, "spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges, who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney." He even looked with a kindly eye upon buccaneers. He spoke well of Sir Henry Morgan, and he dined with Dampier at Pepys's house soon after that famous filibuster returned from his voyage round the world. Dampier, indeed, did not come up to his expectation. "He seemed a more modest man," wrote Evelyn with a tinge of sadness, "than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with."

Thus it is that Evelyn throws a steady light upon the history of his time. It is only incidentally that he reveals himself, and here again he presents a striking contrast to his rival. But the historical value of Evelyn's Diary is indisputable, and he writes best, when the greatest call is made upon him. His account of the fire, though infinitely less moving and dramatic than Pepys's, is not merely a document of value; it is also a dignified piece of literature. Wise and just also are his estimates of character, and his account of his daughter Mary shows him a master of pathos. Such a book as his Diary, then, cannot be too often reprinted, nor do we know a better edition than this, skilfully edited by Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson's Introduction is marked by the urbanity characteristic of his work. He praises John Evelyn's "silences." We may pay the same tribute to Mr. Dobson's notes. He gives his readers credit for some knowledge of history, and does not attempt to make his annotations perform the duty of a biographical dictionary.

ADONIS—ATTIS—OSIRIS

Adonis, Attis, Osiris. Studies in the history of Oriental Religion. By J. G. FRAZER, Litt.D. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

By issuing a series of monographs as forerunners of the third edition of the "Golden Bough," Dr. Frazer is doing his readers a great service and at the same time advancing his own interests. He picks out one or at most a few of the many threads which run through that work and thus makes the argument easier to follow, and he offers his conclusions to the searching criticism of specialists before incorporating them in the huge fabric which threatens to become encyclopædic in dimensions as well as in learning. The present volume is practically concerned solely with three deities of agriculture or vegetation who bear a close family resemblance. Adonis, also called Tammuz, was worshipped at Babylon and in Cyprus, Attis was the Phrygian counterpart of Adonis, and the Egyptians practised the cult of Osiris. To each of these gods Dr. Frazer devotes a separate section of the work and the sections are divided into a number of chapters varying from seven to fourteen. The result is that the work is infinitely easier to follow than one planned in the somewhat massive form of the "Golden Bough." In connection with Adonis are studied a certain number of deities of unexplained or uncertain character, but this causes no complications in the argument of the work. Put briefly, the myth of Adonis was that he wedded Ishtar, the great mother goddess, but that every year he passed away, leaving the cheerful earth for the gloomy subterranean world; he was followed to the shades by his divine mistress, in whose absence vegetation ceased to flourish and the passion of love was stilled; the queen of the infernal regions allowed the goddess, probably in company with her lover, to return to the upper world and with her reappearance all nature revived. The death of Adonis or Tammuz was mourned about midsummer to the shrill music of flutes, and Ezekiel saw the women of Jerusalem weeping for him at the north gate of the temple. This myth is found in many other forms, but the recurring theme is the death of the god and the lamentation of his goddess-mistress is a common feature.

Readers of the "Golden Bough" know how Dr. Frazer explains this myth, which bears a striking resemblance to the Greek story of Proserpine. Tammuz or Adonis is, together with the Asiatic mother-goddess, a personification of the fruits of the earth; mother and son, they correspond closely to Demeter and Kore in Greek religion, but an erotic motif runs through the Adonis cycle. This part of the story seems to be due to another mythical concept—that the earth goddess and the water god must be conjoined in order that the soil may be fruitful; this mythical marriage of deities, was, Dr. Frazer holds, represented on earth by the marriage of a king, as human representative of the god, sometimes with his own daughter, sometimes with one of the women assigned to the service of the temple. The children which sprang from such unions were their father's successors, when there was a vacant throne, or his substitutes, when the common weal demanded the sacrifice of a royal victim. This hypothesis is an ingenious evasion of the objection which has been brought against Dr. Frazer's well-known theory of the sacrifice of the king: but the success seems to be bought at the price of the theory; for in Dr. Frazer's original view the king was sacrificed, not in order to appease some offended power or to diffuse his magical influence over the land but in order to protect the divine life, incarnate in the king, against the inroads of old age; and no sacrifice of a member of his family could avail if the king were growing decrepit.

No less ingenious is the theory suggested by Dr. Frazer to explain the marriage of fathers and daughters. It seems to be an accepted fact that in Egypt these marriages, familiar to us from the historical examples of the Ptolemies, were no less common in ordinary life; property

descended in the female line, and if a son wished to inherit a share of the family property he could do so only by allying himself with his sister. In his work on the origin of kingship, Dr. Frazer has already suggested that a king in ancient Rome succeeded by virtue of his marriage with a daughter of the royal house; following up this train of ideas, he now goes a step further, and sees in father-daughter marriages the logical outcome of inheritance through females. We know that the sacred king at Rome—the Flamen Dialis—was compelled to resign if his wife died; if this was due to the fact that he gained his position by his marriage with her and not in his own right, it may well have been that secular kings were likewise dispossessed of the crown at the death of their queens; if the heiress to the throne was a daughter, not a son, the crown could be regained by wedding her; hence, Dr. Frazer suggests, the many stories of such unions on the part of kings in classical times. The theory is ingenious, but a single example of abdication hardly suffices to establish this novel view; was it not perhaps for reasons of ceremonial purity that the Flamen had to retire? No one knows better than Dr. Frazer the many tabus which superstition imposes upon mourners.

In connection with the myth and rites of Adonis Dr. Frazer considers the position of many other West Asiatic deities—Melcarth of Tyre and Gades, Baal and Sandan of Tarsus, the gods represented by the rock sculptures of the old Hittite kingdom of Boghaz-Keui, the priestly kings of Olba and the gods of Cilicia. Then he deals with Sardanapalus and Hercules, Croesus and Tylon. Of deities and kings alike it is related that they were burnt, and this custom is brought into connection with the volcanic nature of Cappadocia; this is followed by an account of rites connected with earthquakes, of the worship of mephitic vapours and of hot springs. Finally, we return to Adonis, the results of the inquiry are summed up, and the book closes with an account of the "gardens of Adonis"—pots of herbs or flowers tended with care so that they spring up rapidly, which were originally intended as vegetation charms, and are found to this day in Bohemia, Sicily, and other parts of Europe.

The second book is less elaborate; after describing the myth and rites of Attis, the author sets forth the influence of Oriental religions in Europe and traces the celebration and date of Christmas to the source in the cult of Mithra. The third book deals with Osiris; an account of the myth is followed by details as to the Egyptian calendar and the Egyptian farmer's year. The official festivals of Osiris supply Dr. Frazer with an opportunity of considering festivals of the dead; and with the exception of a summary of results the remainder of the book is taken up with a discussion of Osiris in his character as god of vegetation, in his relation to the sun, and in his relation to the moon, an association due in both cases, as Dr. Frazer believes, to secondary causes. Much of this work is, as the author recognises, highly conjectural, but in speaking of "primitive promiscuity" as if it were a proved fact Dr. Frazer is building on the sand; an hypothesis, however many times it may be put forward, remains an hypothesis; it never becomes an axiom by reason of repetitions, vain or otherwise. Dr. Frazer is read no less for his learning than for his style, and his latest book will not be found wanting in any of the qualities which lent charm to his former work.

THE KING OF COURT POETS

The King of Court Poets. A Study of the Work, Life and Times of Lodovico Ariosto. By EDMUND G. GARDNER. (Constable, 16s. net.)

To this work Mr. Gardner has somewhat fantastically given a title suggesting that it is a biography. Its true

scope, however, is explained in the preface, namely, to combine a sequel to the author's "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," with "a somewhat full study of the life and works of Messer Lodovico Ariosto." That is kindly and honestly written, for it warns us at the outset of what lies before us. Mr. Gardner does not wish his reader to be in the position of the countryman who purchased the famous work on sheep-folds: he does not attempt to conceal from us that this work is mainly a chronicle of local history such as he revels in—facts and facts and more facts about politics and princes, a wilderness of events of greater or less importance, through which he invites us to follow him. And when we say that we had expected to sail down the river of the Life of Ariosto, Mr. Gardner smilingly explains that for a considerable part of its course it is a buried river, and that the only way to follow it is to traverse the wilderness called the Times of Ariosto. The forest is by no means unexplored, and it is not on the whole of any great interest, but the journey through its undergrowth is good hard work and beneficial to the brain. He will explain to us before we start the sources of the Ariosto, and on our way he will let us sit and rest now and again, at points where the river emerges momentarily into the daylight. Towards the end of our journey we shall be by the river for a whole mile, and on the farther edge of the forest there is a great lake called the Works of Ariosto, across which we can have a delightful sail.

The book, then, begins by tracing the pedigree of the Ariosti from about the year 400 and passes on to describe briefly the surroundings in which Lodovico's childhood was passed. Then comes a fairly full summary of Italian history from the invasion of Ferrarese territory by the Venetians in 1481 down to the formation of the League of Cambrai. From this point onward the treatment becomes much more detailed and minute. Indeed, the main course of history, though never quite lost to sight, seems at times to be almost forgotten, so absorbing is the author's preoccupation with the ins and outs of Estensian diplomacy and intrigue. Into this complicated recital the name of Ariosto is introduced not infrequently and with considerable adroitness, while for one golden chapter we read an extremely interesting account of his daily life while he was in a position of prominence as ducal commissary in the Garfagnana. The fact is that, excepting the evidence of the Satires, almost the only data for a study of a great part of his life are afforded by a number of references to him, often very slight, in the diplomatic and private correspondence of the time. These references, while they throw but a little glooming light on the personality of Ariosto, need themselves a great deal of historical explanation to make them intelligible. But in the three years during which he held this difficult post, Ariosto stands revealed to us, by his enactments and proclamations, his letters to Duke Alfonso and neighbouring States, and by the Satires referable to this period. We see him here, parted from everything that he held most dear, acting an uncongenial part, brave and faithful, honest beyond the standard of his time, over-sensitive, and, as Mr. Gardner says, "struggling against insurmountable difficulties of a kind to which he was totally unaccustomed, failing nobly, almost heroically, in an impossible undertaking."

Next in interest are the later chapters of the book, devoted to a study of the poems. It would probably be difficult to find anything particularly new to say about the "Orlando," and to judge from Mr. Gardner's tone that is not the work which interests him most. The chapter which he devotes to it reads in many places more like an apology than an appreciation. His sympathy is evidently much stronger with those works which reveal the conditions of contemporary court and city life. He has a just admiration for the Satires, from which he gives many interesting quotations, chiefly to illustrate points in the poet's life; and the chapter on the Comedies is a piece of scholarly and genial criticism. Overshadowed as they

are by the "Orlando," the comedies and satires have been much neglected by general readers. Yet not only are they necessary to complete our understanding of Ariosto, but in them he appears in a particularly pleasant mood. He satirises so freely the manners of the courts and cities of his day that, remembering that his comedies were performed before Popes and princes, we marvel how it could come about that the same man who wrote these prologues could stoop to the gross adulation which disfigures his epic. Then again his sense of humour, which was the only influence to restrain the exuberance of the "Orlando," has naturally a free play in these minor works. That sixth sense is intensely characteristic both of the poet and of his countrymen. Ready perception of the ridiculous and hatred of sentimentality—eminently Italian qualities—saved many a situation in the "Orlando" while they lift the comedies and satires into the first rank among works of their kind. It seems strange that there should have been so many different opinions about the metre which Ariosto used in his comedies, the *verso sobrucciolo*, his own invention. We are glad to see that Mr. Gardner is among those who think that in this verse the poet

had found the ideal golden mean between poetry and prose, by his masterly use and variation of it at once lifting the language of his comedies above the obviousness of the latter and saving it from the unreality, for purpose of the dialogue, of the former.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON HOMER

Pour mieux connaître Homère. Par MICHEL BRÉAL. (Paris: Hachette, 3f.50.)

CICERO tells us that there is no hypothesis so baseless but that some philosopher has held and maintained it. Critics in different ages have put forward every conceivable theory about the genesis of the Iliad, from that of Voltaire, who believed that Homer might have actually had himself a part in the siege of Troy and might have been personally acquainted with Achilles, Diomedes and Hector, to that of Max Müller, who thought that the kernel of the Iliad is the daily struggle between the darkness and the dawn. We have recently dealt with the work of Mr. Andrew Lang, who jousts against the theory that the poem is the work of five centuries. We have now to consider an elegantly written *brochure* on the same ever-fascinating subject by a continental scholar, who brings to his work the characteristic finish of style which marks the French *savant*.

M. Bréal distinguishes between the Homer who amuses his readers—for the idea that he had only hearers not readers must be banished to the limbo of obsolete and outworn hypotheses—with horses that can speak and weep or Athena suddenly coming down the chimney or perching on a tree in the form of a bird, and the Homer who depicts the diplomacy of Odysseus and is capable of the sublime pathos of the scene wherein Priam pleads for the body of his son. But the whole poem, in spite of marked contrasts in handling and method, belongs to a period when the world has outlived its childhood, and when its civilisation is no longer in embryo. We must not suppose that things not mentioned in the epopee did not exist at the time of its composition. Shakespeare does not mention tobacco, with the use of which he must have been familiar. He may have deemed it inartistic; and this may have been the reason why the epopee does not mention writing—though fifteen centuries before Christ there were two separate scripts in Crete—nor statues, nor pictures, nor any circulating medium. A cauldron in good condition is worth an ox, a brazen tripod is value for twelve oxen, a good suit of armour for nine, and a female slave with the usual accomplishments for four.

M. Bréal believes in rhapsodes who archaised. They got their ideas of warriors in chariots from Egypt and Assyria, and ascribed to their heroes that method of fighting,

though it harmonises ill with that fleetness of foot which is the salient characteristic of the mightiest of the epical warriors, Achilles. Homer would not so carefully have described the armour of his heroes were he not conscious that he was dealing with antique lore to which his readers were strangers. The traditional epithets, like "solid-hoofed" horses, "fishteeming," or "unvintageable" sea, "perfect" knight, are all "sédiment déposé par un long passé d'essais poétiques"—so traditional that even Aegisthus is called "a parfait knight" (ἀμύμων). So in our ballad poetry every lady is fair, every knight is gentle, and England is merrie even when she is in the throes of defeat. M. Bréal, thus, refuses his assent to those who ascribe the Iliad to the Mycænean age, but denies that the poem is the work of a single age, as Mr. Lang believes. The poems have grown like a mediæval cathedral, and its heroes have developed from outstanding duellists, semi-divine paladins, who decide the battle by their individual prowess, gazed at in awe by the incapable herd of common soldiers (λαοί), into generals who marshal the rank and file and carry out a preconceived plan of campaign. He assigns for the period of its growth about one hundred and fifty years from about 700 to 550 before Christ.

If it be asked how it was that the Iliad and Odyssey had no successors worthy of the name, the answer is to be found in the history of Asia Minor, which in the sixth century before Christ became little better than a Persian satrapy. When she recovered her personality, times were changed. A broken tradition does not revive. In the meantime the genius of continental Greece had grown to maturity. Continental Greece was now the heir of Asia Minor. It is remarkable that among "les inconsistencies et les contradictions" which are detected by M. Bréal in the gradual development of the poem, and which betray the latest hands, are the most exquisite scenes in the Iliad and those which have been most admired in all ages—Helen on the walls of Troy, the embassy to Achilles, the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, the ἀριστεία of the different chieftains, the exquisite dirges of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen over the dead Hector, and above all the scene in which Priam comes to beg Achilles for the corse of his son, which Gottfried Hermann called the finest thing in the literature of any period or people.

Such, then, is the contribution of M. Bréal "to the better knowledge of Homer." It is marked by very little technical knowledge of the subject, and lacks both the learning and the definiteness of aim which mark the work of Mr. Lang. More than half of the book consists of a *Lexilogus*, on the basis of the work of Buttmann, for whom M. Bréal claims a French origin as Boudemont. The *Lexilogus* does not seem to us to be of much value. He does not seem to be in the van of Homeric criticism. If he were, he would not have written ἐπιδημίου ἀκρυβέντος instead of the now generally received reading, ἐπιδημίου κρυβέντος, failing to see that ἀκρυβέντος is an impossible epithet for πόλεμος. He translates νυκτὸς ἀμολγῆ "au fort de la nuit"—literally "à la traite de la nuit"—a metaphor taken from cattle and their milking-time, like βουλνύς, "the evening":

What time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow comes.

He takes ἰάων in the phrase δώτηρες (he writes δοτήρες, which would not scan), ἰάων from εὔς, accounting for the fem. termination, which he calls an æolic form, by the suggestion that it is a religious phrase, "locution sacrée." Ἡρίον could hardly be a form of ἥρώιον. He thinks μέρπος refers to the "human face divine," μερ- being connected with βροτός, and the latter part of the word coming from the root found in ὄψομαι. He rejects the view that περπικέρανος is a metathetic form of τρεπικέρανος (*qui fulmen torquet*) which could not come into a hexameter verse; and says that "delighting in thunder" is quite conformable to Homeric mythology. But the word could only mean "delighting (giving delight to) the thunder,"

not "delighting in thunder." The metathesis is like that of *tarpassita* for *trapezita* (τραπεζίτης) in Plautus. Homer often thus treats words do not come into the hexameter. In τηλύγετος M. Bréal finds the meaning "latest born"; but are the youngest children necessarily the most tenderly loved? Virgil apparently so understood the word, in the line

Care puer, mea sola et sera voluptas:

but it is far more likely that the word means "fine, braw, bouncing," τηλυ- being connected with the root of θάλλω.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE ARMY

A History of the British Army. By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE.
Vol. iv. (Macmillan, 42s. net.)

MOST historians have an unduly large share of original sin, for, though they may, if they will, copy the methods of the great, they generally follow some false god of their own. Military history in particular has always been a pitfall, in spite of the fact that most people read, at any rate in their youth, some portion of Thucydides. The turn of the tide may be said to have begun in England when Hamley wrote his book to teach something of the philosophy of the business of war, and, after a long interval, with Captain Mahan. There had been before those days excellent departmental histories such as Napier's, and since then works of great value like those by Colonel Clifford Walton and Mr. C. H. Firth, but it remained for a civilian—Mr. Fortescue—to write what has become a classic, and show the place which the army has occupied in regard to the nation since the days when the standing army first originated. Whether we belong to the Blue-water school, the Blue-funk school, or to any other school, the problem of the army has to be faced, and it is better to face it with a knowledge of the past. Burke's dictum that "history is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles," is peculiarly applicable here, for in Mr. Fortescue's work we may at any rate learn prudence, even if we do not find a solution to the army questions of to-day. If the story which he unfolds were known to all, we might indeed learn from it "to look with remorse upon the past, and to the future with assured hope of better things."

The present volume, published in two parts with the useful maps in a separate cover, covers the period 1789-1801. It is a period for which there is a vast amount of material, and during which the army was set to do a vast amount of work. There were, for instance, the many and complicated operations in the Netherlands, as well as operations in Cape Colony, the West and East Indies, Ireland, Egypt, the Mediterranean, Southern India, Holland, and in fact almost every quarter of the globe. Wellington's European operations were yet to come, but there were several illustrious men such as Abercromby and Moore in the army at home as well as the giants in the navy. Unhappily, there was no Minister during that period able to conduct a war. Pitt was a Minister of peace, and there were two important matters of which he had no knowledge, namely, war and the world. To supplement these defects there appeared Henry Dundas, who was, as Mr. Fortescue says, so ignorant of war that he was not aware of his ignorance. Dundas became in 1794 the first Secretary of State for War, "the very worst man that could possibly have been chosen to found the traditions of such an office. His methods have found faithful imitation by all too many of his successors." With a man of this nature to conduct affairs it is no wonder that this volume affords melancholy reading: its effect may be all the better for that reason, because Mr. Fortescue's aim has been throughout to endeavour to formulate our military experience of the past in all its branches, so as to give warning against repetition of old mistakes in the future. But the failure of our military

operations was not wholly due to Dundas, for there were two other civilians at the War Office, the Secretary of State at War and the Under Secretary. They were, it is said:

nominally working together to promote a common military policy, yet each at the same time contending for particular attention to some extraneous operation which exclusively interested himself. Practically, therefore, there were three Ministers of War, instead of one, and there would have been a fourth but for Grenville's firm refusal to be saddled with the military direction of the Royalists in France, which Dundas endeavoured by stealth to foist upon him.

Nothing has been said so far of the histories contained in this work of the several campaigns. It is really superfluous to say anything, since the skill and style with which Mr. Fortescue describes this important branch of the subject are well known. Incidentally, we can trace in this volume the gradual improvement in the efficiency of the army, and especially of the officers, largely due to the good administrative work done by the Duke of York while he was Commander-in-Chief. And what an extraordinary army it was! There was the regular army, varying in strength during the period under review from 100,000 to 140,000, there were all kinds of foreign levies and regiments, the militia, and an infinity of volunteer corps of all arms. Of the last-named class of troops we should have liked a fuller account because so little is known about them, chiefly on account of the haste with which they were raised and of the consequent lack of official records on the subject. They flourished under various names and conditions, and

the rapidity with which these Volunteers were raised would be flattering to the national vanity were it not susceptible of a commonplace explanation. By a certain clause in the Act Volunteers were exempted from service in the Militia, upon producing a certificate that they had attended exercise punctually during six weeks previously to the hearing of appeals against the Militia list. This dissociation of the Volunteers from the Militia was a great and disastrous blunder, which has never yet been thoroughly repaired.

There were also the Fencibles to compete with the regular army as well as with the militia and volunteers, so that the task of writing this history becomes all the more difficult. The short and clear exposition, however, which we get of this confused state of affairs is particularly valuable at a time when the Territorial Army is once again in the melting-pot.

Lord Acton, in his inaugural lecture on the study of history, said that the strongest and most impressive characters, like Macaulay, Thiers, Mommsen, and Treitschke, project their own broad shadow upon their pages: he added that it was a practice proper to great men, "and a great man may be worth several immaculate historians." Mr. Fortescue certainly projects his own shadow very often, and we are glad of it, because he has so much knowledge with which to back his opinions, and he shows himself so capable of taking a broad view, that we always feel the shadow to be cast in the right place. His comments are as opportune as his appearance. That there should be good historians at the present time is well, but it is still more comforting to think that a first-rate historian of the army should be at hand to show the lessons and application of history at a time when the army is once more receiving the attention which is only its due.

AMERICANS IN PROCESSION

American Literary Masters. By LEON H. VINCENT. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)

It would be a little ungracious—"too bad" as the Americans themselves are fond of saying—to lay any but the lightest of stresses upon our feeling of disappointment over this in many ways good and useful little book. Perhaps the secret of the feeling lies in that unconsidered "little." The volume runs to some five hundred pages, yet after turning the last of them we are left with an impression of slowness, and, though it is freely admitted

that the large number of poets and prose writers considered (nineteen in all) precludes a very full treatment of any of them, many of these studies fall something short, as it seems to us, of their possible radius of illumination and suggestiveness. It may be that Mr. Vincent's method of treatment has something to do with it. Following the plan pursued by Emile Faguet in his "*Dix-Septième Siècle*," he has subdivided his studies into short sections, a method which imposes a severe test upon an author, tying him down as it does to a somewhat monotonous *régime*. Thus, to take Oliver Wendell Holmes for example, we get I. His Life, p. 337; II. The Man, 341; III. The Writer, 344; IV. The Autocrat and its Companions, etc., 345; V. The Poet, 349; VI. Fiction and Biography, 352. From a certain point of view this might seem to be quite exhaustive, and indeed, if this book is intended for those whose study in American Literature has been but little, we have not a word to say against it. All who seek a convenient synopsis of American literary achievement during the nineteenth century (by the way, no one is mentioned whose reputation does not partially rest upon some notable book published before 1860) certainly owe their thanks to Mr. Vincent. We all fancy we know something of Prescott, Motley, Thoreau, Lowell, Whittier, and Walt Whitman—to say nothing of Washington Irving, Longfellow, Fenimore Cooper, Emerson, Poe, and Hawthorne; yet to buttonhole, say, an average Literary Society with a *viva voce* upon the works and days of almost any of these writers would be to raise many a blush of ignorance. And if it came to Bryant or Parkman! But with this book in hand any one may acquire a sound working knowledge of all their works and nearly all their days, besides picking up as much wayside information as he pleases. He may note that Hawthorne wrote many of his early tales in the room (overlooking the battlefield) at Concord in which Emerson had written his essay on Nature six years before; that Longfellow once described Hawthorne as "a strange owl, a very peculiar individual with a dash of originality about him very pleasant to behold"; that Prescott, blind of one eye from boyhood through an accident which seriously affected the other, lived to be proud of having confuted Johnson's dictum that no one could write history unless he had good eyes; that Emerson after an unfortunate trip to the Highlands thought that "the scenery of a shower bath must always be much the same." Or he may tabulate, compare, and make lists of dates with the least possible trouble. All the lives are well sketched, the personal characteristics fairly and impartially represented, the scope and intention of each man's work clearly defined. But the essays in criticism, adequate though they are, will scarcely do all that the best critical work should to stimulate the reader's own critical faculty or to leave him impatient to read and judge for himself. Success in begetting that kind of impatience should, we think, be an aim of all criticism, it is the very touchstone of compressed criticism. It is conspicuously attained, to illustrate our meaning, in Mr. Saintsbury's wonderful "*Handbook of English Literature*," a book which, we should guess, has sent more students of English to the pages of authors previously unknown to them than any other half-dozen similar compilations. That is because Mr. Saintsbury's critical trunks are invariably packed to the brim with knowledge: indeed you will generally find every little interstice stuffed with parenthetical addenda! In unpacking Mr. Vincent on the contrary we sometimes light upon valuable space filled, as it were, with crumpled newspaper, which may or may not conceal something worth having. Take these passages for instance from the commentary on Fenimore Cooper's *European Romances*:

That the story [The Bravo] contains anachronisms admits of no doubt. It may be that the arraignment of the oligarchy is too unrelieved. On the other hand the virtues of the narrative are many.

That one does not sit down to a table spread with an intellectual feast like that served in the Monastery or The Abbot, is no reason for disdaining the fare served in The Heidenmauer.

Or again:

None of these three romances [*The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, and *The Headsman*] is, strictly speaking, a novel of purpose, and (*sic*) the least attractive deserves friendlier critical treatment than is commonly accorded to it.

Sentences such as these in short essays where there is so much to be said contribute, no doubt, to a certain sense of prevalent colourlessness as the procession of authors passes by. There are but few quotations. Each "master" carries a list of all the books he ever wrote, but he is not often allowed to open one of his own books himself, unless, indeed, he is a poet, and even then Mr. Vincent sometimes proves a little wilful in the selection of passages. On the whole he is least happy with the poets. Of Longfellow's "ethical lesson" he says: "There is no need of impatience. Longfellow does not invariably preach. Besides all tastes must be taken into account. *Many prefer the ethical lesson, unmistakably put.*" (The italics are ours. Many prefer the worst written hymns in the hymn-book to Shakespeare's sonnets.) On the other hand, the historians are invariably well treated, the essays on Prescott and Bancroft in particular forming capital little introductions to American and Spanish-American history.

PLUCKING THE GOOSE

Principles and Methods of Taxation. By G. ARMITAGE-SMITH, M.A., Principal of the Birkbeck College. (Murray, 4s.)

MR. ARMITAGE-SMITH has produced an admirable book upon a difficult and admittedly unattractive subject. His conclusions are plainly attained and incisively stated, and he is to be congratulated upon the moment of publication, which is peculiarly opportune. Within the past few weeks a political party confessedly pledged to Socialism of the crudest sort has taken definite shape among us as a force which, for a time at least, will exercise its influence upon Imperial taxation; and in the early part of 1907, municipal elections will take place, in which, for the first time, we may expect to see a real trial of strength between combatants where warfare is determined solely by the question of public expenditure in local affairs.

In Colbert's view the art and science of taxation consisted in "so plucking the goose as to obtain the greatest amount of feathers with the least possible squealing," but, as we are reminded throughout Mr. Armitage-Smith's book, it behoves the student of taxation to fasten his gaze primarily and constantly upon expenditure—and here his test must surely be efficiency.

Such service as the State can supply more efficiently than the individual is all that the State should undertake, since "the invigorating stimulus of competition and personal interest is essential for progress"; but we must, in deciding upon any extension of the functions of Government, also balance the increased efficiency against the effect of increased taxation upon the community, for over-taxation must inevitably sap the economic forces of the nation. Our Socialist friend will, we fear, ignore the one, the municipalising enthusiast will dismiss the other of these considerations, each of them inseparable from the true study of the science of Government, whose main duty is to find revenue whether for defence, for education or for social reform.

Great Britain to-day needs for national purposes some one hundred and forty millions per annum, to meet which our Government provides a revenue 84 per cent. of which is raised by taxation. Side by side with this Imperial charge our local rates are being annually absorbed at a slightly lower figure—one hundred and thirty millions. How these huge sums are raised and the effect of the means employed for raising them, are questions which are fully answered in Mr. Smith's treatise. It is, however, interesting to observe that in his view fairness

to all classes is the main characteristic of our present system of raising revenue. We have the principle of graduation at work in death duties and income tax—to the latter the contribution of the spending classes is large—while the existence of indirect taxes—imposed for revenue—allows of recourse being had to the poorer classes, who would otherwise contribute little or nothing.

Fresh sources of taxation are, of course, the daily search of Chancellors of the Exchequer, and if the need for them be not of immediate urgency the revelation of them would be regarded as a pleasant discovery, save by the newly taxed; but to those who are full of expedients for taxing the obnoxious rich, Mr. Smith has some pregnant advice. He reminds them that wealth is being constantly consumed and recreated, and that by an excessive burden of taxation we "impair the motives for its reproduction," we "check production and entail widespread poverty."

The author has small mercy for the Fiscal Reformer who proclaims his ability to procure revenue and provide protection for industry by a single system. "The two aims," we read, "are incompatible: in so far as a tax protects it yields no revenue, and in so far as it yields revenue it does not protect the industry."

So long as societies and conditions are liable to change, neither absolute equity nor perfect economic working can be assured, and for the present we can perhaps put the matter no better than Colbert—but it is as well to keep our ears open for the squeal or the growl which we can always faintly hear and to endeavour in the days of peace not to multiply our claims for feathers.

An interesting contribution to the history of British taxation was made by Lord St. Aldwyn when, in a Budget speech some ten years ago, he drew attention to the tendency exhibited by the classes in power to shift the burden of taxation from their own to other shoulders. The contrast between 1841 and 1895 is most instructive in this respect. The Government of this country in the former year was oligarchical in fact, and out of every sovereign then raised by taxation nearly fifteen shillings was paid by the consuming classes and little more than five shillings was contributed by the propertied classes. To-day the burden is borne in almost equal proportions—a change undoubtedly effected by the transference of political power to the working, wage-earning section of the community.

Incidentally we should mention that the historical survey of British taxation contained in Mr. Armitage-Smith's treatise is excellent, and we heartily commend this part of it, and indeed the whole book, to every man who desires to obtain an intelligent view of a question that concerns most closely the well-being of a progressive and a thriving community.

Ordered opinion upon a subject so important is a valuable possession, the power to assert it an incalculable influence for good; and this modest volume of less than two hundred pages will, we are convinced, enable every reader to command the one and stimulate him to exercise the other.

FOR HEARTH AND HOME

The Family. By HELEN BOSANQUET. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

MRS. BOSANQUET'S book may be described as a garden without a gateway. There is no index of any sort; and the Table of Contents gives no detailed analysis of what is within, but only the bare headings of the two parts and the fifteen chapters. The one entry is to climb through the fence; but this once done our pains are rewarded. For the great thesis we find upheld is the permanent importance of the family for sane human life. No doubt this brings the author into immediate conflict with the bulk of the socialist school, who, backed by rather belated anthropology, attribute to the family a very low ancestry, allow it only a transitory importance, and await its disso-

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lution as a consequence of our industrial transformation. It is indeed a characteristic of socialists to reap for their profit the harvest of wild oats sown by sciences in their unregenerate days; and just as Ricardo and Mill, to the embarrassment of their economic successors, have provided grist for the socialist mill, so Bachofen, Herbert Spencer and Morgan have been equally beneficent purveyors. They taught the nightmare doctrine that mankind all passed through a stage of primitive bestial promiscuity, out of which the family somehow evolved, leaving as survivals of the former condition the worst customs of the most degraded savages of modern times. Then the family, having become an economic necessity, was fortunately propped up through many ages by divers superstitions, notably the worship of ancestors, till the time has come when, its economic functions having been removed by the new methods of production, and its religious props removed by the dissipation of superstition, its old form can be dissolved, and marriage can be transformed into the free union of two independent units stripped of economic or religious swaddling-clothes.

This doctrine of the family is tripartite: it gives a theory of origins, it proclaims the supersession of the economic functions, and it eliminates the religious element. It is thus an anthropological, a sociological, a theological doctrine; and our current socialist literature is full of it. Mrs. Bosanquet, in all but the last point, has shaken herself free from its domination. She wisely follows on the anthropological question of origins Dr. G. E. Howard's work on "Matrimonial Institutions," Dr. E. Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," and Professor Ernst Grosse's "Die Formen der Familie." Under such guidance she reduces the "matriarchal" myth to its proper dimensions, and reaches securely the following conclusion:

One of the earliest ways which man devised of expressing his superior wealth or strength was to appropriate, by means of purchase or conquest, more wives than his neighbours. But throughout all changes one husband and one wife has been the constant type, all other forms mere aberrations . . . throughout all changes, again, the characteristic feature has persisted that father, mother and children have formed one group, of which the father has been the head in the sense not only of being the master, but also of being responsible for its protection and maintenance. P. 39.

Here, as elsewhere, Mrs. Bosanquet shows she understands how the great function of the historian is to separate constants from variables. No wonder, then, she is in no way misled by the "economic interpretation of history," which makes man's whole course, social and moral, through the centuries, depend on his material conditions: *man ist was er isst*—man is what he eats. It is charmingly simple, only it suffers from a defect once claimed as a merit of political economy, "it is independent of facts." And thus, as facts occupy the bench in our Court of Intellectual Appeal, the theory must be dismissed with costs, and we must accept our author's tamer though truer conclusion:

We find that the family in its ultimate form persists through all economic conditions without exception. So far, therefore, there is no justification for the view that, being dependent upon certain economic conditions, it will disappear if those particular conditions disappear. . . . It would seem to be quite as descriptive of the facts to say that the family, by the form it takes, creates its own economic conditions, as that its form depends upon economic conditions. P. 67.

Exactly. Mrs. Bosanquet sees the habitual interweaving of cause and effect, the complications of real life, and the folly of extremists. Take for example her interesting juxtaposition (in ch. vi.) of an extract from Adam Smith on large estates with another just a century later from Froude's "Uses of a Landed Gentry," and her impartial comments on their contradictory judgments; or, again, her temperate criticisms on the "pseudo-domestic" school that would reduce the rôle of woman to that of an efficient but unintellectual cook-housekeeper (ch. xii.). Our good "suffragettes" are a natural and pardonable reaction against such a school.

Nevertheless, there is a great gap in this volume. Mrs. Bosanquet gives us a rich collection of truths; but they are not the whole truth; and without the whole truth the whole picture of the family becomes distorted. For the term Christian Family is not to be found in these pages; the revolution in the world caused by its introduction is wholly ignored; there is no attempt to describe its precepts, though at least a quarter of the actual human race is subjected to them; there is no attempt to describe the effects of abandoning them, though so grave an issue is involved; and if the effect of religion on the family is not altogether passed by, it is confined to ancestor-worship in the patriarchal family, as though religion were a thing of the past. These are amazing omissions; and amazing that, having got so far as to ask pertinently (p. 25) what will happen in Japan, now that ancestor worship is imperilled, she never pauses to ask what *did* happen when, in the old Greek and old Roman world, the old beliefs passed away that had kept the family sacred. Or has she forgotten so signal a lapse of family life, the all-pervading immorality, the dismal decline of population, and then the restoration by the austere doctrines and practices of the Christian family? In a word, the whole of classical antiquity, the Greece of Plato and of Polybius, the Rome of Cicero and of Juvenal, and the centuries of Christianity, are all boycotted in this book, and virtually boycotted are the modern analogues of antiquity. In their place we have a fancy portrait of "the typical modern family," for which the fruits of eighteen centuries of Christianity are appropriated, though their root is cut away, while the typical fruits of modern life are repudiated, namely the love of luxury, the triumph of individualism, the passion for independence described so graphically from life in Mrs. Van Vorst's "The Woman Who Toils." They are the American version of the French and English "gospel of comfort," and the common fruit is the sterile family, the antecedent of race-suicide—witness the tell-tale statistics alike of Massachusetts, of central France and of the West Riding. We may admire the *bushido* of the Japanese: we cannot attain to it without centuries of self-subordination in ancestor-worshipping families. We may admire the spirit of the Christian family: we cannot attain to it without years of submission to Christian teaching. Or is the typical factory girl described by Mrs. Van Vorst as "living . . . not to save but to give herself pleasure; not to spare others but to exercise her will in spite of them"—is she to be changed into a good wife and mother by mere phrases such as "higher influences," "true spiritual forces," or even Dr. Howard's "higher altruism" his proffered cure for the American divorce plague? If we want back a solid family life, we must pay the price. We must replace religion as an integral part of the family, or the latter will be maimed and imperfect; we must return to the integral family of historical mankind.

If indeed the gap in Mrs. Bosanquet's presentment of the family be once filled up, then the rest will be seen in right focus, and we can profit by her emphasis on the family as the principal motive for work:

. . . the majority of mankind are saved from mental and physical stagnation by the claims of their children . . . "They must hinder your work very much," I said the other day to a mother busy about the kitchen with a two-year-old clinging to her skirt. "I'd never get through my work without them," was the instant rejoinder. Pp. 312, 313.

And let us apply, not to "the modern family" but to the integral family, whether ancient or modern, Mrs. Bosanquet's inspiring words:

It is the great storehouse in which the hardly earned treasures of the past, the inheritance of spirit and character from our ancestors, are guarded and preserved for our descendants. And it is the great discipline through which each generation learns anew the lesson of citizenship that no man can live for himself alone. P. 342.

C. S. DEVAS.

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THERE are certain gestures we associate with the Opera and consider as absurdly untrue. Yet these attitudes, over emphasised as they are upon the stage, have their origin in reality. You may see them in the actions of children, slenderly indicated, but recognisably there. Blynken, for instance,

will speak to you with flying eyebrow, hands apart and fingers spread, an epitome of explanatory verve. Or, when he comes to the frightening part of his story, he will crouch forward lowering his voice. A child will supplicate with hands held passionately together, never thinking of the attitude it adopts. And it will shrink, seeking to hide its face against its shoulder, raised to hide its shame.

These gestures of the stage and nursery, widely dissimilar though they be, have a common origin; just as the thick over-scented pot hyacinth is derived from the bluebell of the woods. It loses its beauty, somehow, on the way.

One day Blynken awoke early and began asking questions. "We'll talk when it's eight o'clock," said his mother. "May I sing?"

So he sings cheerfully on the adjoining pillow for a little, while he thinks his mother sleeps. But how can this be seeing that Blynken when in bed and awake rustles like a rat in a rick. "I think I'll get a pencil and paper and write a little," he whispers as he climbs out of bed. Later in the day his mother finds this writing. It is on a half sheet and is headed *Wisdom for Fools*:

- (1) Never try to make a frog into a lioness.
- (2) Don't fish for grouse.
- (3) Hunt the slug if you will, but don't lose your cart-ridge.

And finally this arresting axiom innocently misspelt.

- (4) Photograph the devel, but don't often look at it.

Blynken had been wide awake that morning.

There is no context to children's conversation. This explains at once the charm and the fatigue of their companionship. For fatiguing it is. The mere adult mind is whisked about as it might be a well-filled fir-cone among a company of irresponsible squirrels.

"You know Nanny has got an uncle who's a chimney-sweep."

"What's the San Graal?"

"But it's a cup, isn't it? It always frightens me, because I feel, somehow, it's got something to do with the Holy Ghost."

But this is said at bedtime, when Blynken is very sensible of the black Night overhead.

"I don't like those statues." He speaks of some marble busts.

"They can do you no harm."

"I know. But if they were to fall down and break in two suddenly, wouldn't something white fly out, shaped rather like a bird?"

In the morning it is quite different. He pelts into the room, with shining morning face, his eyes dancing jigs at you.

"Mademoiselle asked us some sum. O, some big sum; how much is thirty-four times sixty-two—you know the kind—and we asked the housemaid when Mademoiselle went out of the room to fetch something, and the housemaid told us, and we told her and so then, of course, there was a joyful revolution."

One day he went to tea at the Manse and the minister

asked him to say grace. "Not now, if you don't mind. I generally say it at the end."

"Certainly, my dear, if you prefer it so."

"Well, one must stand up for one's religion, you know."

Patter-Foot, at three, began to watch things to some purpose. As the drops splashed large upon the surface of the water: "But look at the rain coming out of the Pond!"

And he has noticed certain similarities in design and effect among Nature's handiwork.

"Why are frogs toads?" he will ask thoughtfully, and "Do you know what nettles are? This'les"—with a bow.

Nod has discovered the hollowness of dreams. "I dreamt Ellen was reading to me and I thought I was outside having a good time, but of course I wasn't. I was inside the book all the time, and going to be cooked with half my clothes on."

"If anybody comes to the house, a carpenter, Moth' or somebody, Nanny gives very up-right orders, you know."

"Isn't it like grandmama to have these large, lovely passages in her house? Not the crouched paths most people have in their home."

"Do you think there are really thousands and millions and trillions of gods, only all really one large God? Like as if we were lots of little white china people with a bit of God inside us, and all these little bits of God making really God?"

"I had such an unhappy dream last night, I dreamt you loved another woman's baby, and better than all of us."



"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" (BLACKIE).

But sometimes his dreams are radiant, he awakes with the joy of them in his voice.

"I thought we were all of us in the orchard you know, Moth', and suddenly in the green meadows some shining soldiers came striding by. O! they looked so lovely with great wooden spears held against their chests.

"I began by chucking apples at them. After that we got friends, and they told us where they came from and I can remember it now. They said: 'We come from Little-Dark-Hole-Land, but the name of our regiment is Kingdom.'"

Patter-Foot has provided a phrase for those who suffer the tedium of a social world. If detained in a room beyond his inclination he swings on a listless foot; and while the conversation goes on around him, says in a consolatory undertone, "That's the door . . . isn't it . . . that's the door . . ."

Blynken one day helped his cousin to unpack her things.

"And here's your brush and here's your comb, and here's your shoe-horn and here's your button-hook and" . . . (coming upon the methylated spirits in metal flask) "and here's Mister God-knows-who, with little head."

One night the children's mother heard a voice from a pillow not far off. The voice seemed to grow out of the darkness, small yet perfect, an attenuated thread of sound.

"I see a wood with a green path in it."

"What a nice thing to see."

"Yes. But horrid animals. It's jungle." His mother lies still, for a conversation from a cot in the middle of the night generally means something enjoyable; nurses, now, might hear gems, but they always say Sssh.

"Horrid animals . . . Owls galloping towards me, with little stings in them . . ."

"Wolves, coming like pug-dogs, at me . . . Foxes too."

A pause, and gentle breathing, so light that you may hardly hear it. Then the voice comes again.



PUCK OF POOK'S HILL (MACMILLAN)

"How would a cow walk if it's an iron leg? . . ."

"No, but *how*?"

"Now I see a house with wild animals running into it. God sent a great punishment on those animals. He never sent any little cubs to them at all. Then it rained and it rained and it rained, and never stopped off. And it only stopped off raining at forty years . . . Even God was soaking.

"O! now my dreams are nasty. They've got horrid faces. I don't like them. They keep looking at me. And shall I tell you how they make their mouths? They make their mouths long and narrow.

"I've turned myself into a rattlesnake now."

"But I don't like to have a rattlesnake in bed with me."

"Well, a kind lion then, and a tiger with your name on it.

"We'll go along way, Mummie. I've got a lot of animals. Camels to carry, and an elephant, and a j'affe; 'cos he can do the high things.

"I've got a long rope now, and I'm going up to God. . . . I got my rope, and I went up, but I didn't go high enough and I only found a witch . . ."

"She was *horrid*, but she couldn't do nothing to me. Only a untrue God made her. She was only a toy."

His mother thinks he is sleeping now, for there is a long pause. But soon that voice is out upon the darkness again.

"I'm sitting beside an earthquake now, a terrible earthquake.

"Do you feel my knee here, Mummie? Well, everything outside my knee is walls, tumbling walls . . ."

"Now I'm going into the wood again and I'm sitting beside the water. And deep down, deep down so lovely you can't think, I see a little—boat—made of—moss—"

The voice trails and ceases. His mother listens, but the silence is prolonged. There is nothing but the quiet breathing of a perfect repose.

PAMELA TENNANT.



"MERRYWINK" (HODDER & STOUGHTON)

A CHILD'S PHILOSOPHY

THE
ORANGE
FAIRY BOOK

BY
ANDREW LANG
AND
ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY FORD



"THE ORANGE FAIRY BOOK"
(LONGMANS)



MOTHER, do you know

I seem

Living always in a
dream?

All the world is one
big bed

Where we sleep till we
are dead.

You and I and all the
rest

Sleep near those we
love the best.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Do not wake before me, mother:
Let us wake with one another.

STAR AND SONG

WHITHER do ye ride, O Kings,
Through the starry night and cold,
Bearing gifts of precious things—
Myrrh and frankincense and gold?

We have come from very far,
Following a newborn Star.
King and clown shall follow
Over hill and hollow
Through night the unknown Star.

Shepherds, whither do ye fare,
From the wattled folds of peace?
To what monarch do ye bear
Gifts of flesh and milk and fleece?



"FAIRY GOLD" (DENT)

Merrily we trudge along
Led by sweet, celestial Song.
Clown and king must follow
Over hill and hollow
The flying wings of Song.

Sages wherefor do ye bow—
Ye to whom all things are known?
To what wisdom-circled brow?
Unto what age-built throne?

Through the desert ways and wild
We have sought a little Child,
And with happy hearts adore.
Sage and fool shall bow before
The wisdom of a Child.

Yokels, wherefor do ye kneel
In the byre amid the kine?
Crave ye pledge of lambing-weal
From some shepherd-lord divine?



Gilguerillo falls in love with Princess Diamantina

"THE ORANGE FAIRY BOOK" (LONGMANS)

Naught we crave from gods above;
Only in the house of Love,
We with happy hearts adore.
Fool and sage shall bow before
The birth of heavenly Love.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE MANGER

TO-MORROW will be the Birthday
Of Jesus the Undeiled,
And the holiday and the mirth day
Of many a happy child.

For He comes, the heavenly Stranger
To a world that is sin-bested
And the children's hearts are the manger
Where the Saviour will lay His head.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

A DANCING SONG

O HIDE your passion from the moon,
When young and slender she appears
In shining gown and silver shoon . . .
And, all her path with stars impearled,
She dances round the darkened world.

O hide your sorrows from the sun . . .
The sun should never see your tears!
Weep, if you will, when day is done . . .
But laugh and sing and clap your hands
While yet the sun in heaven stands.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

THE DEFERRED HOPE

CHILDHOOD and youth and prime are gone, and soon
The chilly arms of age will hold me fast.
At dawn grew mists were rising, and at noon
The heavens with sombre clouds were overcast.

I thought to see the Sun before he set,
But dusk is deep'ning now, and still the sky
Is hid; the leaden vapours linger yet.
Oh! let me see a star before I die!

FREDERICK BROUGH.



"UNCLE REMUS" (NELSON)

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

BY A SPINSTER

As a spinster, I have confined my observations necessarily to the children of others; and, though I know that I have the sincere if silent pity of most of the mothers of my acquaintance, I humbly submit that my melancholy state has its compensations. I know that the mother (I allude of course to the right kind of mother) occupies a unique and ideal position in her children's eyes. To them

she is the owner of the most comfortable lap in Christendom; she is "she who understands," or, at any rate, tries to understand (an effort of intelligence deemed unnecessary, by the way, by many of those "grown ups" whose path of life brings them in contact with children); she whose conscientious wielding of the rod of justice is followed by speedy remorseful cuddlings; she who must be obeyed, but may also be wheedled; she who may be approached at all hours of her toilette, and whose jewel-case is open to little poking fingers that itch to "arrange it"; she whose "No teasing, children!" brightens the lot of the persecuted youngest of the family. While her tender encouragement pilots the eldest through heavy years of leggy clumsiness, that bitter period during which the hands dangle, fiery in view, colossal in size, at the ends of

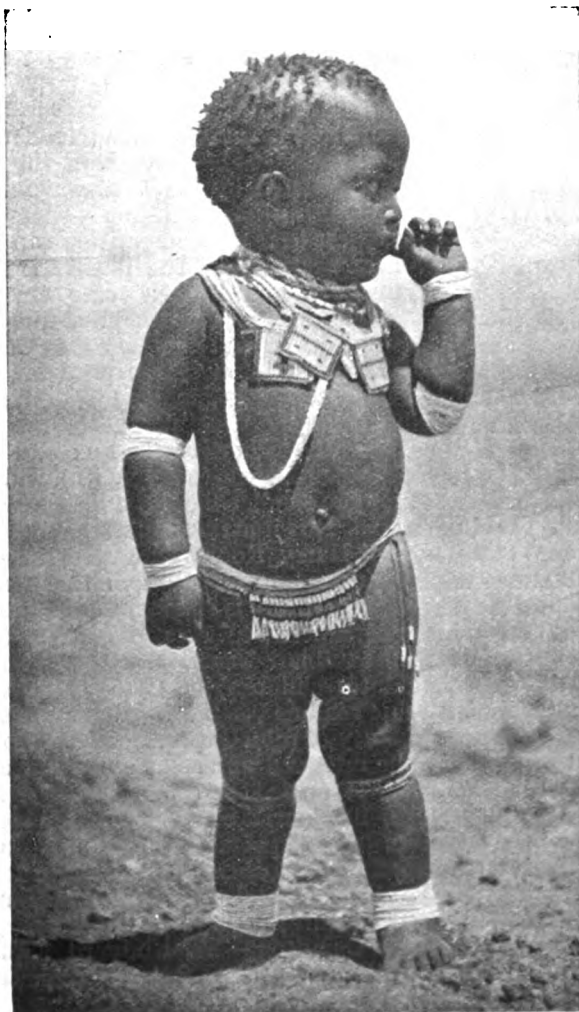


"THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK" (CONSTABLE)

inadequate sleeves, and the feet, shamefully emerging in their massive ungainliness from the insufficient skirts and trousers which belong to the transitional stage, seem to have no allotted resting-place, but, while the hands move in restless frenzy from pocket to hip, twine in helpless contortion round the legs of chairs. Then it is that the prejudiced eye of the mother notes each redeeming feature, perceives that the nose, though red, is shapely, and encourages the stumbling wanderer along the stony causeway of the "teens." All this is the mother to her own offspring, but to the children of others what is she? Merely a "grown up," a poor, helpless, unimaginative "grown up." Frequently she belongs to another class as well, that of "visitor," a race which comes and occupies the guest-chamber, thereby making it impossible for the happy impersonator of Robinson Crusoe to live in the spare-room wardrobe, or cruise with Friday on his raft (the spare-room bath). She may be his best friend's mother; but she belongs, for the moment, to a race accursed. It is for her delectation that the hair is placed in curlers o' nights, and combed ruthlessly out again o' mornings; it is to please her eye that the face is rasped with a rough towel, and the victim, encased in clean and prickly muslin, is ushered, shrinking, into the drawing-room after tea. It is to enchant her ear that the embryo musician, with fingers damp with nervousness, falters forth his or her new "piece" upon the piano. This is what, save in a few exceptional cases, the mother is to other people's children, and here is where the spinster has her day. The spinster is still unclassified in the childish mind. "Grown-up" people are mothers and fathers: the spinster is neither; therefore she is not "grown up." At the same time, her skirts are long, she goes down to dinner, and (damning evidence!) she does not like to be clutched by the hair, especially if she wears a hair-net; therefore she is not a child. Herein lies the spinster's chance; it rests with her whether she be ruthlessly relegated to the rank of old maid, or left to wander.

unlabelled, in and out of schoolroom and nursery as she chooses. If she be one of those whom the gods love, who indeed die young, be they ninety or a hundred, she will soon break through the barriers of the child's reserve and become the friend and playfellow of other people's children. Sharp-nosed and skinny of form though she be, if her heart be child-like she will be young and foolish once more—in the eyes of other people's children; and if she but own those sacred attributes of the confirmed spinster, a parrot and a cat, she will be doubly dear to their animal-loving souls. The great secret is to meet them on their own level. Do not bend down to them from the dizzy heights of—what? Age? What true spinster would not give all her happiest years to be a child once more, with life before, instead of behind, her? Experience, wisdom? What are they compared to the lightning intuition and clear direct reasoning of the child? Looks? Well, there are plain children, but is there not an infinite number of plain spinsters? And if you may not look down upon the child, by the same token you must not look up to him. Do not sit and worship at his shrine as the æsthetic woman in *Punch* worships her blue china teapot; do not sing pæans (at least, not in his presence) to his spotless innocence, his unsullied purity. It is very beautiful and it is there, but the child knows nothing about it and the attitude conveys little to him. Meet him on his own ground. It may, if he be an imaginative soul, be a battlefield or a jungle, in which case it is not impossible that you will have to impersonate a Krupp gun or an alligator (there are alligators in the child's jungle, if not in Mr. Kipling's); if he is of the matter-of-fact type you may merely have to bowl for him till you drop, or catch wriggling worms and impale them upon rusty hooks.

"When I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a



"SAVAGE CHILDHOOD" (BLACK)



"SCOTLAND'S STORY" (JACK)

child, I understood as a child," and to be the friend of children one must be a child once more; for the man who has "put away childish things" there is no hope. Having gained a place in their affections, it is difficult enough to keep it. One slip, one flirt of the cloven hoof of the "grown up" from beneath the pinafore and you lose a position only to be regained by toil and tribulation and much humbling of heart. For there is no scorn so cutting as the scorn of a child and no barrier so impenetrable as the barrier of his reserve. On this account the spinster often finds herself confronted with difficult problems. It has been my melancholy lot to know, having been sworn to secrecy, that a dead mouse lay in state in the governess's bed, just at a point where it would meet the soles of her feet when she retired to rest. I also had the misfortune to like the governess and feel profoundly sorry for her—I confess that my moral cowardice was greater than my feeling for the victim, who was eventually saved at the eleventh hour by an audible giggling behind her bedroom door. This is only one of the many dilemmas in which the child-loving spinster may find herself, for you must have the child's whole confidence or none. Blood-curdling conspiracies will be unfolded to you which you cannot, in honour, divulge; you may have to play traitor to your best friend, engaging her in sprightly conversation about Shakespeare and the musical glasses, while a wet sponge hovers threateningly above her head, or be caught shamelessly secreting sticky dainties about your person at dinner, for the benefit of the Noah's Ark banquet upstairs. They say the child is father to the man. If this be true, when some of my friends grow up, they will be of curiously mixed parentage! One boy of my acquaintance has been a woolly bear, a railway train and a blood-thirsty brigand in one short afternoon, while another imaginative gentleman was Milly, Queen of the Fairies, and, though ostensibly living comfortably at home with his parents, was in reality (for the existence of his imagination was far more vivid to him than his rational life) sharing the Imperial Institute, South Kensington (and the fairy throne) with his sister, Queen Chilly. I admit that these titles sound like would-be-funny inventions, but they are not. They are the genuine products of an

imaginative child's brain. What suggested them I do not know, but the game in question was played regularly from the age of seven until the boy went to a public school and came face to face with the "realities" of life. Only once did it pall. His mother had been speaking before him of a poor artist of her acquaintance, and something she said caught the boy's fancy. The crown of Fairyland began to press heavily upon the youthful brow, the Imperial Institute became gloomy in its lonely magnificence, and in five short minutes Queen Milly and Queen Chilly were metamorphosed into a couple of struggling art students, dragging out their poverty-stricken existence in a fireless attic. The change was effected by the pinning of the following notice on the door:

PICTURES PAINTED HERE:
HEAD AND BODY ONE POUND.
HEAD, BODY AND LEGS TWO POUNDS.

This hard life only lasted a few days, however, and before a week was out the two Queens had been triumphantly reinstated on their fairy throne. An ingenious subterfuge was resorted to by two little girls of my acquaintance. They possessed a large and miscellaneous family of dolls, woolley monkeys and china animals, but neither of them could bring herself to play the part of father to the motley collection. They solved the problem by dividing the family into two and each mothering half under the unassuming title of "Mrs.": the argument being that any definite name, such as Mrs. Jones, for instance, would entail the existence of a Mr. Jones, whereas "Mrs." alone did away with the necessity of any such person. I am told that a stand is being made nowadays against the cultivation of the imaginative faculty. It appears that the theory is extant that it interferes with the child's reasoning power. Fairy stories and all tales "out of our heads" are to be put upon the Index, and we are to have "organised play" and pamphlets on the sciences. Though I do not approve of the theory, I am not alarmed. Imagination is a mighty power, and is not to be swept out of existence by any number of hand-book-writing wiseacres. Some imaginative child will read his botany with a difference, and a strange and amusing science it will be when he has finished with it. Fairies will still swing lazily in the petals of the rose and elves play leap-frog among the toad-stools. As to the unimaginative wight, he will read his pamphlets on natural history with the same matter-of-fact precision that he expended on his "Grimm" or "D'Aulnoy." The most imaginative child I know refused for years to say her prayers without blowing loudly and very solemnly on a tin trumpet to attract the attention of her Maker. She said it was ridiculous to suppose that He would notice the petitions of one so small, among so many, unless some sort of warning were given first. Surely there is no want of reasoning power here, and yet the same child had a little (imaginary) sister underneath a chair in the nursery to whom she would talk for hours together.

It is an open question whether the enormous quantity and variety of toys does not tend to sap the child's imagination. I am relieved to see, however, that he still loves his oldest games the best. And it is among the old toys that he will find the spinster, patiently waiting until he should tire of "reality" and come to her to "make believe."

MOLLY THYNNE.

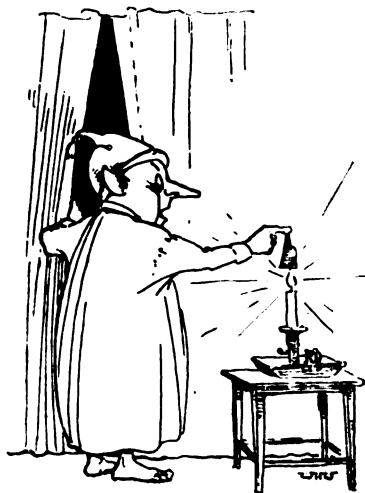
SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS

OF a total number of some sixty books designed for children in—or just out of—the nursery, sent us for review this season, not one shows very conspicuous merit. We have selected ten for illustration, and the best of them is—need we say?—Mr. Andrew Lang's "Orange Fairy Book" (Longmans, 6s.), illustrated by Mr. H. J. Ford. We have placed it beside its Blue, Red, Green, Yellow, Pink, Grey, Violet, Crimson, and Brown predecessors, that the first small child immured in our house on the first wet day may

Hasten to the shelf where hang
The fairy books of Andrew Lang.

He will not trouble us overmuch with anything save his enthusiasms afterwards.—"Fairy Gold: a Book of Old English Fairy Tales," chosen by Ernest Rhys (Dent, 5s. net), is a delight to handle and to read. The first part contains old favourites, of many of which the editor has found new versions; the second part consists of shorter fables and stories; and the third of fairy tales, and poems from Browning, Elia, Keats, Tom Hood and others. The book is daintily got up and Mr. Herbert Cole's illustrations are excellent. Mr. Ford will have to look to his laurels.—"The Japanese Fairy-Book," com-

compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki (Constable, 3s. 6d. net), was already, we are glad to see, reached a third edition. The tales have been translated from the modern versions by Sadanami Sanjin, but the translator, though retaining quaint Japanese expressions, has added touches of local colour and altered them slightly to suit the taste of Western readers. It is a charming collection of fancies and the illustrations—by a Tokyo artist, Mr. Kakuzo Fujiyama—are in every way worthy of the subjects.—The letterpress of "The Adventures of Merrywink," by Christina Gowans Whyte (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)—which won the £100 prize offered by the *Bookman* for the best story for children—does not suggest that the competition can have been very keen. The illustrations are unequal, and though some are very feeble, others are exceptionally good.—"Tales of Jock and Jane," by Charles



FINIS!

TALES OF JOCK AND JANE (LANE)

Young (Lane, 3s. 6d.), will be found a capital book for reading aloud to children. It is amusing and the full-page and other illustrations do full justice to the text.—"Uncle Remus," or the Story of the Fox and Brer Rabbit, by Joel Chandler Harris (Nelson, 5s.), will provide plenty of fun for the small children, and relieve the tedium of rainy days. It is illustrated with twelve large coloured plates by Mr. Harry Rountree, and eighty-four illustrations in pen and ink by René Bull, of the humour of which the one we reproduce is sufficient indication.—Even better in many ways are Miss Helen Stratton's illustrations to "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," selected and retold for children by Gladys Davidson, which Messrs. Blackie send us (3s. 6d.).—A new edition of "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," showing how he went further than he intended and came safe home again (Constable, 1s. net), is embellished with thirty quaint wood-cut engravings by Robert Seaver which should win many new admirers for the poem.—"Scotland's Story" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net) is a history of Scotland told in simple language by H. E. Marshall, and illustrated with many handsome coloured pictures by J. R. Skelton, John Hassall, and J. Shaw Compton.—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" (Macmillan, 6s.) was reviewed in the ACADEMY of October 6.

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THE STORY OF A POEM

COLLINS is one of those poets who have won an important position on the strength of a few poems; he is also one of those poets whose various poems appeal very differently to his admirers. He was ignored in his lifetime, smothered with praise after his death, and slowly relegated to an inconspicuous niche where a few votaries bring their modest tapers and a few giants, like Mr. Swinburne, flash their limelight. The tendency is to ignore the fact that Collins was an extremely human poet, and to ascribe his work to spasmodic fits of supernatural and barely sane inspiration. The facts of his life, scattered but illuminating, serve to show Collins, in Gilbert White's words, as "warm in his friendships, visionary in his pursuits:" something of a Bohemian, something of a dandy; a man of lofty principles which he never lost; a man of cheerfulness and wit who called every one a "damned dull fellow who did not think as he would have them." His friends Mr. Ragsdale and Thomas Warton have given the only evidence as to his manner of composition. The former says that he was always writing scraps of poetry and destroying them; the latter wrote that Collins was never tired of altering his epithets, and that his manuscripts bore constant traces of correction and interlineation. We know from his poems that if he took a fancy to an epithet he made little effort to use it in moderation; he borrowed right and left without any attempt to conceal his obligations. Perhaps one of the prettiest problems in textual criticism is the question of the alterations in two odes published in Dodsley's *Collection* of 1748; some one prepared the Ode on the Death of Colonel Ross and the Ode to Evening for Dodsley; but whether it was Collins himself or another, is a matter for fascinating conjecture. However, this problem must be put aside for the present. In this note—for it is nothing more—I wish to consider the "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," addressed to Mr. John Home.

The history of the Ode is well known. It was lost for many years; but the two Wartons had seen it when they visited Collins at Chichester 1754, four or five years after it had been written. Dr. Johnson mentioned it in his memoir of the poet, on the authority of Thomas Warton. In 1784 a copy of it was discovered among the papers of a friend of Mr. John Home, and it was read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Dr. Carlyle, and subsequently published in the *Transactions* (1788). It was a *prima cura*; in fact it was a rough copy which Collins sent to Mr. Home when the latter departed for Scotland after a visit to Thomas Barrow at Winchester, where he had met the poet. The manuscript was in several places corrected; there were gaps in the lines; in one case a whole page was lost containing some twenty-five lines. The text was published with notes on the words which Collins had expunged: the gaps were filled by Dr. Carlyle with more caution than taste, and for the missing fifth stanza and first eight lines of the sixth some verses by Mr. Henry Mackenzie were substituted. Later in the year another version was published in London, the anonymous editor declaring that he had discovered the "perfect copy" of the poem and dedicating it to the two Wartons. It has been generally adopted by later editors "after some hesitation"; but it must be obvious to the meanest intelligence that the thing is a clumsy forgery. I do not propose to knock down imaginary nine-pins: but if anybody still thinks that the silence of the Wartons proves that they regarded the London version as genuine, I would ask him whether the alterations in the text are in the style of Collins; whether, for instance, even Collins would have written "Dancing in mirky night" (l. 92, one of the interpolated lines of the sixth stanza) when, eight lines further down, he was going to write, "At those mirk hours": or, to take the test lines, *i.e.*, those which were

left blank in the Edinburgh rough copy, Collins would have inserted:

Lodged in the wintry cave with *Fate's fell spear*,
To that sad spot *where hums the sodgy weed*,
There Shakespeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy shoon.
Hence at each sound, imagination glows;
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Or, o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led;
Or, o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!"

The words in italics are those which appeared first in the anonymous London edition, to fill the gaps. There are many other reasons, as cogent as these, for agreeing with Mr. Swinburne when, in his memoir of Collins, he speaks of his "magnificent Highland ode, so villainously defaced after his death by the most impudent interpolations on record." In Mr. Barbauld's edition of 1794 the Edinburgh version is printed "for the first time" since its original appearance; and the Colchester edition of 1796 has an entirely new series of insertions, "merely to make the context regular." But later editors have almost without exception reproduced the London version.

What we possess, then, is a rough copy of the ode, perhaps the rough copy. Home and Collins met at Thomas Barrow's house in Winchester for a week or two. It does not matter whether the poet wrote the ode immediately and gave Home the rough copy before he left Winchester or whether, as is more probable, he wrote it some while afterwards (the first stanza implies as much), and hastened to send the ode to Home, although it was unfinished. But it is important to notice that during the following years he polished his work: by 1754 it was in a perfect state, as the Wartons saw it. In the meantime Collins had been very ill; he had been abroad, he had stayed at Bath, at Chichester, in London, at Oxford: he had fought his disease silently and desperately, and when the Wartons saw him in September 1734 he was just rallying from the first serious bout of madness. It is natural to suppose that he spent much of his time at this period in revising his poems, and though we cannot now tell how Langhorne came into possession of revised versions of them, it is clear that the alterations, for instance, in the "Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer" were made by Collins himself. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the odd phrase which occurs twice in the "Ode on the Death of Colonel Ross." Fancy "points the bleeding friend" (line 12), and, in the disputed Dodsley version:

Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed . . .

was first used in the 1739 edition of the "Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer," line 120:

Lifts the torn robe and points the bleeding wound.

I believe that Collins revised this epistle during the same period that he was writing the ode to Mr. Home. One of the new lines in the epistle (line 25) was:

With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,

and in his "Ode on the Superstition of the Highlands," Collins wrote (line 109):

On him enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern.

However, there are no important conclusions to be drawn from this assumption.

Collins was not sure of his metre; the first stanza of the Ode contains seventeen lines, the second eighteen; then he settled down to the seventeen-line stanza till he came to the eleventh stanza. Then follow three stanzas of sixteen lines, so arranged that in each case one line is unrhymed. Of course, the variations are due to carelessness: Collins would certainly have reduced each stanza to the seventeen-line model; he may not have noticed the gaps in the last three stanzas; perhaps he left them intentionally as they were, and the futile attempts of

subsequent writers to supply adequate lines prove the difficulty which he encountered in the first instance. It is easy to see that Collins would not have written the interpolated lines; but it is not easy to see what on earth he would have written in any of these cases: the sense always runs on naturally just as if the poet had not observed that he was leaving out a line.

The later style of Collins is interesting. Like all poets, he grew chary of double-barrelled epithets, though he still coined such words as "elf-shot arrows," "heart-smit heifer," "fear-shook limbs." Double epithets are less common in the ode to Mr. Home than in the earlier odes: the "hard involving Fate," "sainted growing roof," "deep applauding thunder," "high presuming hopes," are no more found. But epithets in -y are still ubiquitous; "milky store," "creamy bowls," "sheeny gold," "gleamy pageant." And Collins, as he grew older, increased rather than lost his weakness for the commonest epithets of that period, "pensive," "social," "genial," "fairy," etc., which are found on every page of contemporary poems. He was heartily sick of one word, "breathing," which occurs only once in this ode, "breathless corse," in quite a different sense from his usual application of it: it occurs in one form or another at least thirteen times elsewhere in his poems.

Collins fell into one very pretty and seductive trick, that of the negative epithet; the casual reader would be astonished to hear how many adjectives in these poems begin with "un—." He was always fond of them; such words as "uncheated sight," "unboastful Nymph," occur in the earlier poems; but in the Ode to Mr. Home and in the revised lines to Sir Thomas Hanmer they are extremely common. In the former, "unmindful," "untainted," "untutored," "uncouth," "unbodied," "th' unrustling reed," "unblest," "th' unclosing gate," "unbounded," "undreaded," "undoubting." In the latter "unwither'd," "unown'd," in the first ten lines. Many of these epithets are ordinary, but considered altogether they show a great tendency to employ the negative instead of the positive, owing no doubt to the superior euphony of, e.g., "unbounded" compared with "boundless." Other favourite words may be noticed, such as watery, pageant, forceful, magic, chaste, hallowed, shadowy, ruin, cell, seat, fairy, groves. Collins's vocabulary was not very wide, but it was bold and original; and whenever he was pleased with a word, he did not hesitate to make it work hard.

It is easy to see a reason for the choice of particular words, to peep through the keyhole into the workshop, to surprise the poet in a theft, to unmask him as a craftsman. But, as Collins the undergraduate murmured, when Hampton, the translator of Polybius, kicked over his tea-table and scattered bread and butter and china on the floor of the room:

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

A close scrutiny of his methods does not destroy but enhance the magic of the poems: a study of the mechanism of the brain leads to wonder, not contempt. And this is exactly the impression which the Ode to Mr. John Home leaves upon us. It is a rough copy of a poem by a man whose other work has been polished indefatigably. All the poetry, the magic, is there; for which reason many critics have singled out the ode as the finest thing that Collins ever wrote. All that is wanting is the refinement and polish which are the distinctive features of the earlier odes. The genius of a poem may generally be traced in the first rough copy; it may be improved, focussed or (as often happens) clouded by subsequent labour. And nobody can do justice to Collins who fails on the one hand to recognise the inspired brilliance of imagery and thought in the "Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands," and on the other hand to remember that it is a *prima cura*, hurriedly written and hardly revised.

C. R. STONE.

THE PARENT: AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

A WISE and witty Irishman once said that if you want to educate a child properly, you must begin one hundred years before its birth. Paradox as it is, the saying is far truer than the old idea still widely held that, given a child, you have only to fill him with an ill-specified mixture called Education to convert him into an Admirable Crichton. A hundred years is roughly four generations. Some day, perhaps, far-seeing parents will breed with an idea to their posterity in their next century. To-day we can at least start by training those who are actual or potential parents. The average pedagogue is not flattering when he speaks in private of parents. One with a very wide experience to whom it was suggested that he should write a book on "Parents I have known," bluntly said he would have to begin by stating that the majority of parents were quite unfit to be parents at all.

Certainly, the sins of the parent are many and glaring. Of course the worst case is when one parent or both take no interest in the child, who is left to the tender mercies of nurses and nursery governesses. Here fathers are the more frequent offenders, but some society women neglect their offspring from an earlier date than even the lower animals, which at least protect their progeny till the time of weaning. No wonder their "orphan" daughters turn out badly and their fatherless sons grow up with the vocabulary, if not the mind and manners, of stable-lads.

The commonest faults of parents arise from ignorance or innocence. If the ignorance is self-satisfied, the matter is hopeless, as in the case of the good lady who said: "What! me not know how to bring up children? Why, I've buried ten!" Prudish innocence is equally fatal. Better never mention certain vital questions about health and motherhood than shock certain false notions of delicacy which the middle classes mistake for becoming modesty! One sees an admirable caricature of this skin-deep morality in the attitude of the working-class mother who wrte indignantly to a teacher: "Dear miss, kindly don't teach my Mary any more about her inside, it don't do her no good, and besides it's rude." Lack of method and system is the chief failing even of the well-intentioned. They do not recognise that order or obedience is the first law of the home as well as of heaven, or else they base it exclusively on the fear of punishment, which is but to substitute the régime of hell. Punishment we must have, but it must fit the crime. The child must realise that it is punished for disobedience or for gross carelessness, and it must be clearly stated for which. Otherwise its sense of justice will be puzzled or outraged. Have few rules but many traditions. Few feel the burden of traditions which are based on love and reverence, while rules are based on fear. But chiefest of all is the need of understanding the character of the children. Many women make dolls and pets of their children. Their indulgence at times know no bounds. One fond mother, when summoned for not sending her son regularly to school, stated by way of apology: "Well, you see, we are so very poor. The only pleasure we can afford the child is to let him take a day off." Men frequently go to the opposite extreme and get furious with their offspring for not being rational beings, whereas children to a large extent are a mere bundle of impulses. How many a child does wrong by impulse? "C'était plus fort que lui," as the French say so truly. By all means treat them as "grown-ups," but when they come short of the standard, judge them as children. Make your maximum a high one, and mark them for anything. They never realise how far it is beyond them, and so they accomplish so much. *Possunt quia posse videntur.*

But childhood goes through many stages. From infancy to four or five years the mother's influence greatly preponderates: after that the father's rôle becomes increasingly important. Some over-conscientious parents are then already fidgeting about their children's future. They would be far better engaged in seeing that their little legs

are growing straight, and that their minds are not receiving crooked ideas and ideals.

Then comes, in the case of boys, the greatest break in their youth. They go to school. Should the school be a continuation of the home? The question has been bitterly debated in the United States. Some Americans complain of the isolation, or, as they are pleased to call it, the isolation of the school. But the school, rightly considered, is an apprenticeship for something more than the family. It may hinder the growth of home feeling, but it certainly promotes the sense of citizenship and patriotism. There are, however, too few ties between the school and the home. No doubt the school is often to blame. It takes too narrow or exclusive a view of its functions. It looks on the parents as fools and fails to suffer them gladly. But here we are mainly concerned with the faults of the parents. On the one hand we have the parent who sends his boy to a day school, which he regards as a mere intellectual restaurant. The boy pays a *prix fixe* and assimilates and absorbs as much as he can. They ignore the unseen influences of the school, and grumble at the subscriptions to the games as merely diverting little Tommy from his books. At times they think the schoolmaster can perform miracles. A Yankee once brought his boy to a headmaster. "I want my son made Senior Wrangler. Money's no object. Only name the price." On the other hand we have many parents who send their sons to boarding schools and expect the school to provide for their mental, moral and social education. They are in many cases only continuing the system of putting out their children to which we have already alluded. In the big public schools the connection between the family and the schools, in spite of the epistolary activity of the headmaster and of the house-master, is hopelessly one-sided. However keen the parent may be on the individuality of his boy, he has little or no voice over his life at school. The school is a universal leveller, bad as well as good. The boy of tender feelings or of rare tastes, often loses his best qualities in a place where the ideals of Sparta and Boeotia are scarcely tempered by a singularly narrow and attenuated form of tolerated Atticism. But when our youthful tiro comes home, after the trimestrial training in these scholastic barracks, both he and his parents seriously consider that he requires to be indemnified by a veritable Saturnalia. The home is converted into a kind of miniature playground, with the result that the girls are turned into hoydens and imitate the slouch and crouch of their brothers. Worst of all the gourmandising that takes place. Certainly the school has done something to curb this besetting sin of youth by putting hampers on the contraband list, and by establishing "tuck" shops. But gluttony at home is still unrestrained. One headmaster of our acquaintance always made it the subject of his sermon on the well-known "Stirrup Sunday" that precedes the Christmas holidays. He attributed, not without reason, the epidemics particularly rife in the Lent term to the boys coming back thoroughly out of sorts from over-eating and late hours and falling thereby a ready prey to measles, chicken-pox, and the like. During the holidays the mother probably steadily loses ground. Community of tastes in many cases happily brings father and son together and makes the former take an interest in the latter, who by his early prowess in the hunting-field or the covers proves himself a "chip of the old block." This is excellent if it does not lead to excessive smoking and tipping. But how tragic is it when the son's abilities lie in another direction, and the fox-hunting father is blest with a bookish son! Most parents would like to create their children after their own image. Unfortunately, heredity is not always so amenable. In that case the clever child often remains an ugly duckling to his parents till the end of the chapter. Yet it should be the first duty of parents to understand their children. The choice of a career for the boy makes it, however, imperative for the most indifferent paterfamilias to bestir himself. Formerly the whole thing was a cut and dried

affair. The eldest son went into the army, the younger sons could choose between the bar and the pulpit. To-day competition has made parents less squeamish. But careers are less easy to find. The children hang on at school waiting for something to turn up. The school gives them little or no suggestion in the matter of vocation or ministry. The idea of a life's work is barely recognised in these cloistered retreats of learning for learning's sake. Many a boy is sent on to the University merely to fill up time. The policy of drift finally lands him in an office, where his general slackness seriously obscures the value of a University career in the eyes of the business man. The more hopeless of his fellows are finally shipt off to the colonies.

Such is, far too often, the record of parenthood in upper and middle class families. What then is the remedy? It is easy to diagnose and prescribe, but who is to see that the treatment is carried out? That is the difficulty on which the majority of reformers are discreetly silent. Something may be done by such societies as the Parents' National Education Union, which attempts to give the father and mother some idea of what childhood and its problems are and aims at promoting closer intercourse between the school and the parent. Above all, if parents wish to have children worthy of them, they must take the trouble to understand them. It is not necessary that they should spend with them every hour of the day. But they must exercise supervision, be more or less on the spot, and while delegating their powers retain ultimate control. In a word the family must be run on *business* lines, just as much as any other business.

But with those who are already parents, there is probably little to be done. The majority, speaking physiologically, have finished their education. They are to all intents and purposes impervious to new ideas. Our hopes must rather rest with the children who are still at school and will become the parents of to-morrow. What is wanted is a judicious reaction from our one-sided, "every man for himself" individualism. We must inculcate a reverence for the past to which we owe literally everything; we must show that we can only pay the interest on this crushing debt by doing something in our time for the race and especially for our own children. Merely to spend on ourselves the mental and material inheritance we have received from our forefathers is absolutely immoral. Such ancestor-worship seems to me to be based on the most scientific and convincing grounds. If mankind has progressed in the lump, as it has, it is clear that, in spite of sundry shortcomings and sins of past generations, an absolutely enormous amount of care, patience, love, and self-denial has been expended by those who went before us to raise us up to the point we have reached. If, deaf to the dictates of gratitude, we are not prepared to make similar sacrifices, our race is doomed to inevitable decadence. But the sense of justice is so strong in the young, one is convinced that once this great and vital obligation is brought home to them they will accept it as one of the most welcome of their duties. If ever there is an age of chivalry it is the age of childhood.

X. Y. Z.

FICTION

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SIR NIGEL is a fine historical novel, full of stirring incidents and good romantic moments, adroitly introduced. The House of Loring is in the last stage of distress; the monks of Waverley have encroached upon their possessions until the austere old Lady Loring and her grandson Nigel are faced by absolute want: but just at the moment when Nigel is under sentence for contempt of the law, and is defying authority in the court house, John Chandos, famous throughout Europe for his chivalrous exploits, enters and announces the intended visit to Loring of Edward Plantagenet of England. With royal backing Nigel starts on his career of knight at last, and eventually returns to the fair lady to whom he has plighted troth and to whom he has remained magnificently faithful. "Sir Nigel" is a brave book, bravely told; it is as good as "The White Company," and all who read that capital work will welcome the author's return to his early manner.

The Plough of Shame. By MARY BRADFORD WHITING. (Dent, 6s.)

THIS is a well-written story of Ferrara early in the sixteenth century, and the author displays historical and social knowledge of that glowing period in Italian history. We find her canvas full of interest from this point of view, but too crowded for her story. For instance, she suggests in one of the early chapters that the Marchesa Alderoni is slowly poisoning her husband because she wants to replace him by her lover, the condottiere Castellani. The situation is dramatic, but other characters and situations intervene, and we lose sight of the doomed man until we are suddenly asked to follow his funeral procession. We sup full of the dungeons and tortures of mediæval Italy, and these are so powerfully described that they leave the shudder they should in the reader's imagination. The picture of Castellani forced into the hideous pit by no outside hands but by his own insane, increasing horror of it is a haunting one. Ariosto, Tasso and Michael Angelo are all characters in the novel. But we do not believe that in the sixteenth century every one talked exactly alike and in breathless, stilted periods.

The Simple Plan. The story of a primitive girl, (Sherratt & Hughes, 6s.)

THE author of "The Simple Plan" writes an admirable preface. That he does not write an admirable novel is due, we imagine, more to want of experience than to absence of skill. The book has the uncomfortable vagueness usually noticeable in the work of those who have not yet found the medium best suited to the exhibition of their talents. We are told that it is offered "as a tale, not a study," and yet when we read it we find that it is a study, not a tale. There are several charming children in it—bright, clean, natural children—but every now and then, when the reader is beginning to know them, they become unnatural, precocious and old. Here again, we

hope, is the inconsistency of a young author. The story was written "to find out how a novel is made"; judging by the preface, when he makes this discovery, the author will produce a good novel.

The Power of the Past. DANIEL LESUEUR. (Nash, 6s.)

THIS is an interesting novel which shows a considerable amount of power. It is a translation of *La Force du Passé*, and although it is translated into stiff and conventional English the effect is not wholly destroyed. The characters are drawn with much skill and are studied with subtlety and care, and the book as a whole possesses distinction and individuality. The portrayal of a young girl who after a sequestered youth is suddenly brought face to face with some of the unpleasant realities of life is very sympathetic, and the description of her interview with her brother-in-law on the death of her sister is a very convincing piece of writing. Mme. Lesueur is an artist.

The Doctor of Crow's Nest. By RALPH CONNOR. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

A NEW story by Ralph Connor brings its own welcome to thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and the present one can show many pages as fresh and delightful as can be found in any of the author's previous books. The story—of two brothers and the woman who came between—is very slight, and a considerable part of the volume is filled with sketches and characters excellent in their way, but not essential to the plot. Life at the old mill, at the University, in the railway camps and hospitals, and in the wilderness, affords the author ample scope for his remarkable powers of description. There are homely scenes, scenes of fierce passion, and religious fervour, contrasts of humour and pathos, and a bracing atmosphere of duty and self-denial. It is all very sound and wholesome, even when the violence and virtue have a touch of melodrama about them. If "The Doctor of Crow's Nest" does not quite reach the level of "The Sky Pilot," it is deeply interesting, and always appeals to the best sympathies of its readers.

The New Chronicles of Don Q. By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

DON Q is one of our modern knights errant, the hero of remarkable adventures, each one detached and of the accepted length for a popular magazine. The old-fashioned knight errant was young, handsome and without reproach, but we have changed all that. The new kind is plain, elderly and as a rule wanted by the police. At first sight it seems as if our taste had degenerated and our morals too. But look closely at this entertaining Don Q and you will find him at all the old tricks. To be sure, he is a leader of brigands, but that has from time immemorial been an occupation chosen by the chivalrous and the well-bred; it follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that he is a squire of dames, a protector of the poor and a redresser of wrongs, generous to a fault and a man who would not crush a fly unless the fly fully deserved it. His various adventures are well told, and we shall be delighted to meet him again next time he comes to life.

The Ark of the Curse. By K. L. MONTGOMERY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

MISS MONTGOMERY has found an admirable subject for an historical novel in the strange race of the Cagots, and the cruel, inexplicable superstitions which banned them from intercourse with other men and from the common rights of all men. "The Accursed Race," Mrs. Gaskell called them in the paper in which she describes their hideous persecution, and the name is terribly apt. Miss Montgomery avails herself of all the advantages of her setting; her story is vigorous, and if her prose be at times somewhat too highly coloured, the mistake is amply atoned by the relish and gusto which enliven her work.

MUSIC

PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

IN this time of many performers and many interpretations there are still a few masters who speak with authority, and London has lately been listening to the voice of at least two whose mastery in their respective lines, the orchestra and chamber music, is undisputed. We have had Richter conducting a set of symphony concerts, and Joachim presenting the chamber works of Brahms in their completeness. Of the latter I look forward to writing something next week, since the series was finished too late in this week for a discussion of the whole. The fourth and last Richter concert of this year will take place on Monday, 17th inst., but as they are to be continued next year until March, there will be many later opportunities for discussing them. While the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra have naturally been remarkable for performances of important orchestral works under this great conductor, the Queen's Hall Orchestra, whose symphony concerts have been taking place on the Saturday afternoons preceding the Mondays of the Richter concerts, has been doing excellent work of a different kind. Whether by design or otherwise, the programmes have been planned so as to bring into prominence works in which a solo artist is heard with the orchestra. Thus, at the first two concerts were heard two such distinguished but diverse violinists as Señor Sarasate and Lady Hallé in compositions as far apart as Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and Brahms's violin concerto, while at the third, given last week, the dominating interest was the reappearance here of M. Raoul Pugno, who played two works with the orchestra, those chosen for orchestra alone being merely Beethoven's eighth symphony and the variations from Tchaikovsky's fourth suite, which last have gained popularity at the Promenade Concerts. If the scheme was devised to avoid the appearance of competition with so great an interpreter as Richter, it was wisely done, but at any rate it has had the effect of widening the scope of our recent music by avoiding reduplication. Perhaps it is a compliment which Mr. Henry J. Wood may scarcely relish, but it is in reality by no means an ill one, to say that he is at his best as a conductor when associated in a concerto with such an artist as M. Pugno. Mr. Wood certainly gains much from the solo player, but it shows how sensitive is his own musical temperament that he can respond as completely as he does to the influence of another. The result was an almost perfect performance on Saturday of Mozart's beautiful concerto in E flat (Köchel 271). In no music is the beauty of M. Pugno's playing more fully revealed than in that of Mozart, and no concerto could have been more happily chosen, for in it we see the composer not only as the ever graceful, refined, and symmetrical artist, whose melody at times rises to divine heights, but as the daring innovator in form, a position which we have almost forgotten that he ever held. For the eighteenth century nothing could have been bolder than to write a work ostensibly in three movements, first allegro, slow movement, and rondo, and then to interpolate a minuet into the middle of the rondo; yet this is what Mozart here does. It contains, too, some delightful little escapades which cannot be detailed without a full analysis, which is not now to be undertaken. At present we are more concerned with its performance, as typical of M. Pugno's understanding of Mozart. Most of us have suffered from the playing of pianists and others, who start with the conviction that in all old-fashioned music there is a great deal which is simply padding, and who, having played, say, a second subject melody with some expression, proceed to rattle off the scales and arpeggios which adorn the codetta as if they could contain no musical beauty. M. Pugno's playing is the direct opposite of this. He treats every little

cadence figure as though it had been new born for its place in the particular work which he is playing. This is the right attitude, and it results in giving us the work as it actually sprang from the composer's brain. To him the details were all new, since they were part and parcel of a new idea, no matter whether the actual phrases had been heard before or not. M. Pugno values the details at their true worth, neither forcing them into prominence by elaborate care, nor under-rating them, but realising their relation to the whole conception and making each minister to the total expression. It is this quality which gives him something in common with the great interpreters, Richter and Joachim. Many who have heard both at their best have had to confess to a sense of disappointment; they expected to see the conductor's baton produce some mesmeric effect upon his orchestra, or to marvel at the lightning movements of the bow upon the strings of the violin, and there was none of this. Yet, if the listener were at all a musician, he came away with a sense that the music he had heard was exactly what the composer meant to write, and if he were himself an executant, that it was exactly what he would have done had he only known the way. That is why he was not astonished as he expected to be. It is only partial expression which astonishes, by contradicting our previous notions; complete expression fulfils their imperfect aspirations, and leaves us contented. Of this kind is the playing of M. Pugno when his composer is Mozart, and under his influence in the Concerto of Saturday, Mr. Wood and the orchestra rose near to his level, and supported him in the way most needful. Careless "tutti" passages and rough accompaniments can ruin the work of the most perfect solo-player, but in this performance, when the piano left off and the theme was carried on by the orchestra, or when the two were conversing in a dialogue of imitative phrases, the same delicacy of expression was often scarcely less noticeable in the orchestra than in the solo instrument.

Though the Concerto was the real event of the concert, the work which most people had probably come to hear was César Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Djinns," since it had only once been given before at Queen's Hall, and that was some years ago. It is a curious and powerful piece of work, not programme music in the modern sense of the term, but meant to be suggestive of the mood of Victor Hugo's vivid poem. Naturally there is more that is weird and strange than beautiful in the musical presentation of the subject, though it is redeemed by the ending, in which a gentle theme undergoes some thoughtful development, till it dies away to a pianissimo, when "all sound is swallowed up in space." In this work M. Pugno's power of grasping the needs of the music was no less remarkable than in the Mozart, though its needs are very different. Many a clever pianist would rant and "tear a passion to tatters" in the first part, thereby calling attention only to himself and his instrument, instead of to the wild character of the music; but on this occasion the piano was rather a powerful element in the orchestration than a solo instrument, and the whole left a sense of balance very rarely attained in modern attempts to combine piano with orchestra.

Of the other features of this concert it is not necessary to write particularly. The performances were of the average standard associated with Queen's Hall. The eighth symphony, Beethoven's "little one," sounded as happy as it always must, though its lack of importance strikes one afresh each time it is played; and the variations by Tchaikovsky, though among his most refined compositions, have little new to offer after one or two hearings. It was the piano playing which gave the concert its distinction; or rather, since the playing is the last thing that we consciously notice in listening to M. Pugno, it was the music made by the piano with the orchestra that lives in the memory.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

FALSE LATIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Punch*, which used to be scholarly, has a vulgar error in the current number—*res angustae*, which would not scan. The passage in Juvenal runs:

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

University Club, Dublin.
December 3.

LITERARY FEEDING-BOTTLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly convey to your critic "A." the information that the song "Lizzie Lindsay" of which he speaks is simply verses taken from a long ballad, whose existence he does not seem to be aware of. My version is taken from that, and I have not brought in any "variants" from "Professor Child's monumental work," as he learnedly and wrongly states.

The Ballad in question begins:

"In Edinburgh there lived a lady,
Was ca'd Lizzie Lindsay by name;
Was courted by mony fine suitors,
And mony rich persons of fame."

When in the course of a somewhat lengthy story young Donald asks her to go to the Highlands:

"The lady she turned her about,
And a very loud laugh gaed she:
'I'd like to ken whaur I am gaun first,
And wha I am gaun to gang wi'.'"

I do not in the least object to fair criticism, but I protest most emphatically against being accused of giving feeble paraphrases of ballads I have not dealt with, simply because your Reviewer is too ignorant to know the sources from which my stories are taken. Before dealing wholesale condemnation he should at least be sure that he knows a little about the subject of which he is writing.

MARY MACLEOD.

November 24.

[A.'s comment upon this is to re-quote Miss Macleod's paraphrase of the lines given above in italics: "I should like to know first where I am going and who [*sic*] I am going with."—ED.]

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The remarks of your correspondent under the heading "A Point of Grammar" in your issue for December 1 would have had greater value had he indicated what he holds to be the wrong but common method of analysing sentences like "'Tis we that receive."

I would remark that one of the lines quoted by me as exemplifying a poet's departure from grammatical usage is from "The Lament," which is not one of Burns's dialect poems, as your correspondent seems to think. A very brief survey of Burns's verse suffices, I consider, to show that not a few of his lapses into native dialect-speech are to be regarded simply as examples of poetic licence. Take, e.g., what I have already referred to—the use of the second person singular of the subject with the third person singular of the verb. In the dialect poem "Scotch Drink" we find *clears, cheers, strings, brightens, maks, and comes with thou* as the subject. "The Poem on Pastoral Poetry" gives us *thou's for ever and thou paints*; and *thou's* occurs in the "Address to an Illegitimate Child" and in the lines "To a Mountain Daisy" and "The Death . . . of Poor Mailie." Dipping anew into the poems we come, in "The Banks o' Doon," upon *thou warbling bird, That wantons*, and in "Holy Willie's Prayer" upon *O Thou, wha . . . sends, and thou might, and thou kens*. From an exclusive study of these and similar excerpts from Burns's writings it might be concluded that the author was consistently true to his native dialect. Attentive perusal of his poems, however, reveals the existence of diverse grammatical constructions in close proximity. Thus in the third verse of the "Song of Death" occur the lines:

"Thou srikes the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!"

Again, in the "Address to the Tooth-ache," there are totally discrepant constructions;

"But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases—
Aye mocks our groan" (verse 2).

"Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'st the bell" (verse 5).

Further, in the "Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle," there is a fine passage that affords two such constructions in one sentence:

"Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hath strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck."

Turning to other poems, for example those entitled "On Sensibility" and "Grace before Dinner," we read lines of normal grammatical build, such as:

"Thou, my friend, canst truly tell,"

and

"O Thou who kindly dost provide."

To conclude: an examination of the diction of Burns's poems manifests that they were not written in order to pass the scrutiny of carping and pedagogic critics—"those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame," as he terms them. Still there is no reason why, in thankfully accepting the message of the man, we should seek to explain away as a "correct idiom of the dialect in which he writes" any obvious defect in his mode of delivering it.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

The Hermitage, Sutton.

December 4.

INFANT JOY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of November 24 there is a *Causerie*—hateful word—dealing with the poetry of Blake.

The writer states that "Infant Joy" looks as if it were an easy thing to write. Apparently it is not a poem easy to understand. We are told, a little earlier in the article, that poetry though it deals with difficult matters is the clearest of all forms of speech. One would have thought that scientific definitions could be best so described: but, apart from that, and granting that poetry is a clear mode of expression, how were words and meanings so contorted as to give the remarkable interpretation of Blake's lyric?

Nothing could be more definitely expressed than:

"Joy but two days old,"

and yet we are told that the reader can feel that the child is being danced up and down all the while, that the speaker is making a sudden rush at the baby's face after the manner of mothers and other fond persons.

This is contorted sense gone mad. Is it not more likely that the poem expresses the joy of a mother forgetting the pains of her travail for that she has brought a man into the world?

I do not want to carp further, but cannot we find some English word which will be more fit than *Causerie* to express a medium through which a critic can play Sir Oracle?

H. G. RICHARDSON.

November 28.

[Our Reviewer replies: I confess I am not quite sure of Mr. Richardson's point; but I take it to be that a mother would not be strong enough to dance her baby two days after its birth; or is it that such treatment would be bad for a baby so young? I don't think that Blake himself would come very well out of this kind of criticism; for babies two days old do not smile, except from wind; and that kind of smile is scarcely a fit subject for a poem called "Infant Joy." But if I have made unwarrantable assumptions, so has Mr. Richardson, for there is nothing in the poem to tell us the sex of the infant.

As for Mr. Richardson's other point about the clearness of poetry, I should need more space than the Editor would give me to argue it; and I should like to know what Mr. Richardson means by scientific definitions.]

SPELLING OF GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. William Burd's suggestion that spelling reformers might very profitably begin by setting right the spelling of *geographical* names is, in my opinion, an essentially sensible one. I always have contended that it would be much better to give to foreign towns and places the names by which they are known locally, and to preserve as nearly as possible the spelling of the original tongue.

Certainly, it would do away with a great deal of confusion, supposing we were to all agree to call, say, German towns by the proper German term, i.e., *Köln* (Cologne), *München* (Munich), *Wien* (Vienna), *Aachen* (Aix-la-Chapelle), and, similarly, places in Italy by the Italian, not the French equivalent, say, *Firenze*, *Torino*, *Napoli*, etc., instead of Florence, Turin, Naples, etc.

Of course, for some countries like Belgium and Austria-Hungary, where several languages are spoken, there is a difficulty of choice. I think, however, Flemish *Antwerpen* (Antwerp), *Ghent*, *Brugge*, *Mechelen*, preferable to the French terms, Anvers, Gand, Bruges, Malines; as is also *Braso* in Hungary to its German equivalent Kroustadt, which latter might easily be mistaken for the Cronstadt in Bohemia, or the port of St. Petersburg in Russia.

F. W. T. LANGE.

St. Bride's Institute, E.C.

A LEGEND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should like to know whether you or any of the readers of the ACADEMY can explain or throw any light upon the following legend, which occurs on an old brass Dutch alms-dish in the church of Wetton in Derbyshire:

"Amor et caritas est perfecta punitas."

P. MORGAN WATKINS.

December 2.

"SPELLING GONE MAD"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Wallis's epigram and its use as a title has caught on, or, at least has drawn Mr. Mayhew.

Mr. Mayhew's question. I consider "my" spelling an improvement on the standard spelling; further, that any system is better than the orthodox method, designated by the editor of *Harper's Monthly* as "the greatest monument of human folly held sacred by any people." Had I considered otherwise he might have concluded that I, too, "had gone mad." I contend that any system of spelling which reduces the use of a number of silent letters and puts into better order some of the absurd forms of English spelling "may with truth be called 'simplified spelling.'" How else would he designate it?

Mr. Mayhew makes too statements which are absolutely groundless. I have been riting on this question for twenty-eight years, and I defy Mr. Mayhew to bring forward a single sentence convicting me of laying claim to "my" spelling as being a system of fonetic spelling, or that it—"my brand-new simplified spelling shud superseed the spelling" now current. I do not object to severe criticism, to which every word is open who engages in public question, but I do object to unjust insinuations and aspersions. Mr. Mayhew may shatter "my" spelling to shivers, and I shud not shed a tear, but I crave that my motive may be regarded and gaged accurately. I have no regard for "my" spelling, if I may say that which Mr. Mayhew designates "mine." Any system is welcome to me, provided it is readable and printable. If Mr. Mayhew can suggest a better method, and will guarantee to use it on all occasions, I shall bid good-bye to that which "for the life of him he cannot see any good." He rated Professor Skeat and the whole company of reformers for not adopting their own recommendations, and now falls foul with my poor method. Will Mr. Mayhew do something more than criticize, will he construct, show us the way and walk therein?

It has to have been evident to the veriest novices that by the retention of many current forms there was no justification for ranking such a method as a system, much less a fonetic system. All that could have been claimed was the recognition of a revolt from ordinary usage. Whether that revolt was the wisest, or not, was another consideration.

I prefer Sir Isaac Pitman's fonetic alphabet; as this cannot be printed without permission outside of Bath, it is out of the question; next I prefer a system akin to Sir Isaac Pitman's Old-letter scheme, which, unfortunately, is too radical for the ordinary reader, whose knowledge of fonetics is very limited, hence my adoption of a mongrel method, partially fonetic and partially foolish (vide Mr. W. D. Howell's designation of our spelling being the greatest monument of human folly). I find it easy to write, and young children can read it in manuscript and in print. When told me without solicitation that she liked it, because it helped her to read long words.

I observe that Mr. Mayhew is partial to the current inconsistencies, whilst "my" spelling is said to "teem with inconsistencies." Will he point out a single word which is not in the orthodox notation?

Thanks to Mr. Wallis for his humorous dialogue. His suspicions are pardonable but absolutely imaginary. There is no collusion between Mr. Lodge and I in this correspondence.

I respect Mr. Wallis's esthetic regard for the present spelling so far as my antipathy to it will allow. I shud not mourn were it cast into the depths of the sea. How does he reconcile his love for Keats when that poet indulged in honor and honor in his sonnet on Spenser (vide the *Bookman's* facsimile)? Why did the printer of the Rev. Donald Gargill's Bible adopt *Savior*? Were their Covenanting faith questionable and was the Bible repugnant thereby?

It is pleasing to observe Mr. Wallis's admission that our spelling is not scientific. It is singular the same mind shelters behind an esthetic feeling for a thing which is and ever has been unstable in all its ways.

I give full credit to Mr. Wallis's combative bumps, and shud not object to him having "a round," just to appease his fighting spirit and as an advertisement of fonetic spelling. Defenders of antiquated methods do more good than they imagine by stubbornly resisting the march of reason. Reformers may be slain, but truth is ennobled. Killing the body is not the most effective weapon to bolster up a thing against which reason revolts.

Mr. Wallis's last paragraph is true; but he would not have us endure defects because the path of the reformer is not smooth and that prejudices die hard. Personally I am not concerned about the spelling of adults. They may go on in the old way unto the end of the chapter, and I dare say they will do so, however much they may prate about their love of children. If they will not be put out of their way to adopt a saner spelling, they shud countenance a reasonable method for schools.

I trust Mr. Lange does not imagine that a child's memory would cease to be exercised on the introduction of fonetic spelling. There is not a

single lesson upon any subject but demands mental effort; and the exercise of a child's mind ought to be rewarded with satisfying results which the spelling puzzle does not accord. Those who have taught fonetic spelling entirely disagree with him.

Is Mr. Lange not unreasonable in demanding as a passport to correct (?) spelling the tuition of Latin, Greek, French, etc.? Apart from an orthographic desideratum the tendency is to lessen this linguistic load. The testimony of educationists is not flattering to Mr. Lange's cure for bad spelling. That Latin and Greek may flourish or decay need not prevent the modification of English spelling. Is it not singular that persons who have no more of those and other tongues are in favor of this reform?

Would it not be more to the point if Mr. Lange could get Englishmen to pronounce alike the French words named. I never yet found too much of French scholars pronounce the same. When the secure uniformity of pronunciation is a fonetic representation will be forthcoming.

Does Mr. Lange not think that "no two persons ever pronounce even common words exactly alike"? Fonetic spelling would lessen this confusion. If orthography does not teach "strait" pronunciation who good is it? The late Miss Dorothea Beale in her preface to Miss Soames' "Introduction to Phonetics," says: "The task (by Miss Soames) of giving an idea of the mode of formation of the articulate sounds) has almost necessarily involved an *exposé* of the extraordinary anomalies of English spelling. As an educator, I am earnestly desirous for reform, and I trust that this book may shorten the time of waiting. Our spelling is won over the greatest hindrances to the intelligent study of phonology."

H. DRUMMOND.

Hetton-le-Hole.

November 24.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Eighteenth-Century Colour Prints: an Essay on certain Stipple Engravers and their Work in Colour. Compiled, arranged, and written by Julia Frankau. 9 x 5½. Pp. 307. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.

Waters, W. G. *Five Italian Shrines.* Illustrated. 9 x 6½. Pp. 164. Murray, 12s. net.

[An account of the monumental tombs of S. Augustine at Pavia, S. Dominic at Bologna, S. Peter Martyr at Milan, S. Donato at Arezzo, and of Orcagna's Tabernacolo at Florence. With a prefatory essay on Tuscan sculpture.]

Burton, William. *Porcelain: a sketch of its Nature, Art, and Manufacture.* With 50 half-tone plates. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 264. Cassell, 7s. 6d. net.

[In no sense a technical treatise; Mr. Burton's aim has been merely to "supply the collector and student of porcelain, as well as the general reader, with a clear and connected account of the various kinds of porcelain made in Asia and Europe."]]

Cundall, H. M. *Birket Foster.* 9 x 6½. Pp. 215. Black, 20s. net.

[Uniform with "Kate Greenaway" in Messrs. Black's series of Colour Books. Contains 100 full-page illustrations, over 70 of which are reproduced in colour facsimile from original water-colour drawings by Birket Foster; the rest are in monochrome.]]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell. *The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic Leighton.* 2 vols. 10 x 7½. Pp. 717. Allen, 42s. net.

[With 154 reproductions from drawings and paintings by Lord Leighton, including 18 in colour and 18 in photogravure. Several are now published for the first time. There is an edition-de-luxe of fifty copies (numbered) on Arnold hand-made paper, at £5 5s. net. A list of Leighton's principal works is given.]]

Isaacson, the Rev. Charles S. *The Story of the Later Popes from the Great Schism to the First Years of Pius X. (1414 to 1906.)* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 301. Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d. net.

[Anecdotal and biographical rather than historical. Illustrated by 40 reproductions of Papal medals and a contemporary portrait of Pope Innocent XI.]]

Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. Edited by Friedrich Curtius for Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. Translated from the first German edition and supervised by George W. Chrystal. 2 vols. 10 x 6½. Pp. 908. Heinemann, 24s. net.

Tallentyre, S. G. *The Friends of Voltaire.* With portraits. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 303. Smith, Elder, 9s. net.

[D'Alembert: the thinker; Diderot: the talker; Galiani: the wit; Vaubergues: the aphorist; d'Holbach: the host; Grimm: the journalist; Helvétius: the contradiction; Turgot: the statesman; Beaumarchais: the playwright; and Condorcet: the aristocrat.]]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. *Christina's Fairy Book.* Sackville, Lady Margaret. *The Travelling Companions.* Ransome, Arthur. *Highways and Byways in Fairyland.* Syrett, Netta. *The Fairy Doll.* Pyne, Anna. *Who's Who in Fairyland.* Each 4½ x 3½. Alston Rivers, 6d. each.

[The Pinafore Library. The five volumes are issued separately or together in a cardboard case at 2s. 6d. net.]]

DRAMA.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. *Joyzelle.* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 136. Allen, 3s. 6d. net.

Saward, William T. *William Shakespeare.* A play in four acts. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 120. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

M. PASCAL FORTUNY, in his "Variations sur la voyelle anglaise et le spleen anglais," treats of our spelling gone mad as a result of our temperament. It seems that A, which is not A; E, which is not E, etc., are so many expressions of an Anglo-Saxon state of mind *apart*; of a *rêverie*; of an imprecise, intermittent phase or soul peculiar to the British; of an innate sympathy for mezzotint thought, for *intellectual half and half*. (Weighing us psychologically in terms of drink is as good as "mobled queen"!) These qualities, M. Fortuny allows, could be hurtful. But they are not so to us, as they are counterbalanced by our practical character.

We are conjured to look at our City man. After a day of figures, he makes for his "cottage," reading his "fiction"! Figures, fiction and a cottage are the inseparables of a City man, according to our writer in the *revue hebdomadaire*. The City man, in a brown study of prophets and thieves, adventures exotic and interplanetary, is lost to time and figures—a type of the extraordinary Englishman. The English merchant is an antinomy. His dream (over the prophets and brigands) defies analysis, is different from that of all other peoples or potentialities. It is not fatalist and Russo-Byzantine, lyric and Latin, finely furious and delirious. It is "sinuous," fluctuating, now all haze and anon lucid, more real than reality. It is the English vowel, neither E nor A, neither U nor IU. You swear it is A, and it shades off into E. Your Protean U takes on itself the diphthongal nuance. It is Shelley in the rôle of Byron's Snake. Your Englishman, then, is an antinomy—or an Antinomian. He is nothing if not religious. Infinity, in England, thy name is Religion—especially in Hyde Park. The gamut runs from "the S. A." (no longer vowels, but sonorous, with drums, and trumpets, and harps of gold—in perspective these last) to, say, the Christian Scientists. Many who are experimentalists—and, as such, *terre à terre*—are, at the same time, given up emphatically to researches transcendental.

In art what difference between the maestro Van Dyck and the British Reynolds and Gainsborough, creators of womankind full of mysterious fascination—in a *milieu* of formless, imprecise atmosphere—with countenances of thought multitudinous, almost tumultuous! Burne Jones shadows forth legend: D. G. Rossetti is symbolical: Watts's work is instinct with ideas. And that butt of hostility, Whistler—what is he but one of his own symphonies in white, an azure-and-pink harmony, a variation in grey-and-green? And this is but a British attempt at translating the Indefinite, at eschewing pure colour. His *Princesses* are, after all, not more distinctive of Whistler than his figures ushered out of cloudland. It is all our spleen.

Literature works out splenetically to the same result in England. Our poets are so vague (like the unaccented vowel closing a British polysyllable)! Rich they may be in contrasted dreamings, visions of the night (or day), *nocturnes*, that cut away the ground under our feet. (This mixture of metaphors at least is not racy of our soil.) But they cradle us in delicious suspense, only to plunge us into profundities of Unrest or to hoist us to vertiginous heights unknown. Englishmen love Maeterlinck, who publishes only (practically) in England. They dote on Debussy, it seems, that musician who has sought after fugitive modulation, who has found *construzioni enarmoniche*. The spleen and the vowel! The burden of the U and the UI, and of such as cannot, or will not, fashion for to pronounce them aright! The accusation is a grave one, and made by a friendly Frenchman. The allied Nippon attacks our army, and the cordial Gaul our spelling, but neither of the twain with other intention than that of dissembling deepest love.

Some interesting details of author's royalties and other matters of publishing in America may be gathered from Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's letter in the *Times* of Thursday last. The royalties on a fifty cent book are at most five cents to the copy for paper-bound books and three cents for cloth-bound. On a book sold at one dollar fifty cents the popular author commands a twenty per cent. royalty, and expects to sell some fifty thousand copies. Profit, some fifteen thousand dollars. Even more interesting, however, are Mrs. Atherton's remarks on the novelist's need to live not remote from the world on a small income, "drawing inspiration from the moon," but widely and fully, with travel, society and all the other means of acquiring knowledge of life. More, travel is sometimes a necessity for the actual work in hand. Mrs. Atherton herself travelled from San Francisco to Sitka, a fortnight's journey, for the sake of one chapter in "Rezánov," and "found it quite worth while." But if such conscientiousness were Mrs. Atherton's only quality she would not be the novelist she is.

Too many modern novelists seem to imagine that to fly all over the world and pitch on a new *locale* for each new book is to achieve variety and breadth. Too many succeed in dishing up old and stale conventions of character under new and often unpronounceable names. The best short story ever written by a leading modern novelist concerned the West Coast of Africa—a continent he had never visited. The few who knew the places mentioned asked: "When was he there? We never met him." It was an illustration of what the poet did not say: "Better five minutes of imagination at home than fifty years of the literary form of commercial travelling."

The American Ambassadors (we leave the correctness of the term to the discussion of the experts) to England have been more remarkable as men of letters than the British Ambassadors to America; but in Mr. Bryce, who is to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand at Washington, we send a historian and biographer of great eminence. The author of the *History of the Holy Roman Empire* would be already well known in America, if he had never visited the country before; but Mr. Bryce's greatest work is the monumental "American Commonwealth," a study in history, politics and jurisprudence, to which any change in the future of the United States can only add interest and value. The American Ambassador to England is nearly always a good speaker. Those who have heard Mr. Bryce outside the House of Commons speaking on the more serious of after-dinner topics will feel secure in the reflection that no better speaker could have been chosen. There is a dignity, a limpidity, a force about Mr. Bryce's occasional addresses that compel one to listen with admiration. Let us hope that Mr. Bryce will not be too busy to climb the Rockies and catch many a fine fish in American waters.

One of our greatest provincial journalists has passed away in the person of Sir John Leng, of Dundee. It may have been that this somewhat remote town on the East coast would scarcely have afforded scope for his energy and general faculty. But he proved to be much greater than the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the journals which he brought into being and conducted are the best monument to his ability. In private life he was a very shrewd and kindly man. The writer of this note still remembers, though it is now many years ago, that when he was commencing journalism Mr. Leng gave him some homely maxims to guide his conduct. One may seem a little droll to those who have not thought about it. It was to the effect that no leader should begin with the word "The," as the employment of this particle had the effect, he considered, of destroying interest. Another was the curious command to remember that it was always the women who made or marred the fortunes of a newspaper. Some of the new lights of journalism might, no doubt, consider Sir John Leng old-fashioned, but there was plenty of shrewd common sense in both of these remarks.

The Moore Memorial Committee, through whose efforts a Celtic Cross was the other day placed over the grave of Thomas Moore at Bromham in Wiltshire, propose to follow up this action by the erection of a new monument in Dublin. The curious cloaked figure, supposed to represent the poet, which has given rise to much mirth and which is one of the familiar landmarks of his native city, will therefore at last disappear from College Green. The remarkable fact about these tardy honours is that Moore's poems are probably less read in Dublin at this moment than at any time during the last fifty years. Mangan, on the other hand, to whom a memorial will shortly be unveiled in Dublin, enjoys a steadily increasing popularity.

The Irish language war still rages with unabated fury in the Irish capital. Formerly confined to a few enthusiasts on the one hand and a few more or less obscure opponents on the other, it now engages the attention of the higher powers, and no public pronouncement is considered complete without a reference to the burning question. The Provost of Trinity College is known to be an uncompromising enemy to the teaching of Irish in the schools, and has spared no pains to express his hostility. On the other hand, Sir Horace Plunkett is known to be a more or less active sympathiser with the work of the Gaelic League, which he regards as a force that makes for righteousness and industrial prosperity. Meanwhile, it is amusing to watch the struggles of the postman with Irish-addressed envelopes, and the still more painful efforts of pedestrians to decipher the Irish characters on the sign-posts. For, in spite of the efforts of the Gaelic League, Ireland is still an English-speaking country.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who has just died at the age of fifty-seven, showed in his youth many of the characteristics of those who are destined to follow a literary career. He failed in an important examination, because, while he should have been attending lectures on philosophy or writing Latin verses, he was engaged in wandering through the galleries of the Louvre, or in the study of the origin of species, or the history of languages. But in 1871 he was brought into close contact with the realities of life by the Franco-German War, in which he served, in spite of his defective sight. His life, however, was to be spent in fighting with the pen rather than with the sword, and when peace had been signed, he taught in a school, often, after the fashion of schoolmasters, getting up for the first time in the morning what he was engaged to teach in the afternoon. An attack of his on the naturalistic novel in the pages of the *Revue des deux Mondes* excited much remark and began his long connection with that well-known magazine. In 1893 he was appointed editor.

M. Brunetière was a critic with principles, too rare a species in the present day, when it is the fashion to regard Christianity and Judaism, Greek and Gothic architecture, Raphael and Hogarth, morality and immorality, Nietzsche and St. Francis, God and the Devil, with the same smiling complacency. His distinctive characteristic was that he applied the principles of the evolutionary school to literary criticism, showing that in literature as in animal life there is continued growth and transformation. Unlike the impressionist school, which maintains that criticism depends ultimately upon the amount of pleasure experienced by the critic, M. Brunetière held that the rank of a literary work is determined by its possession of such qualifications as perfect form and fundamental truth. For this and other reasons he preferred the literature of the seventeenth to the literature of the eighteenth century. M. Brunetière was a militant critic, who delighted in hard hitting, and it is not to be wondered at that he had many enemies. Incidentally it may be remarked that he preferred correcting faults to revealing beauties, holding, as he did, that the former course might do some good, while the latter would only encourage the growth of plagiarism.

It is, no doubt, as well that it has been decided not to hand over the Chapel Royal at Holyrood to the tender mercies of the restorer. And yet many a visitor to the abbeys of Scotland must have wished, as he saw them exposed to the destructive agencies of the weather, that some munificent benefactor, such as was the late Marquis of Bute, might arise to bring them back to their original condition. John Taylor, the Water Poet, is one of the writers who has left us an account of "the sumptuous chapell" of Holyrood, "most richly adorned with all appurtenances belonging to so sacred a place." But the Scotch were sorely tried by the religious sympathies of James II., and when the Prince of Orange landed they vented their iconoclastic fury on the church. It is curious to reflect that the right of sanctuary still exists for four miles round Holyrood. Possibly it was to secure immunity from arrest that Charles X. of France chose Edinburgh as his place of exile, and it is known that he loved the chapel, where he hoped that he might be interred.

At Mr. Murray's premises in Albemarle Street may be seen a beautiful example of the modern art of book-making—the Triumphs of Petrarch, translated by Henry Boyd. It is bound in leather, blind-stamped with a fourteenth-century design, and printed on paper specially manufactured in Italy approaching closely to the old hand-made paper. The type has been specially designed and cut for this volume, and is based on the script used by the best scribes of the last quarters of the fifteenth century, the period in which the art of hand-lettering reached its highest point of perfection in Italy. The large initials are in raised gold, the smaller in blue. The book is illustrated with six facsimiles of fifteenth-century etchings, on which Mr. Sidney Colvin contributes a note. There is an introduction by Dr. Guido Biagi. The price of the volume is £8 8s. net, and there is an edition de luxe at £63 net.

Literary criticism of this volume is perhaps out of place, as it is put forward as a book for collectors, not for students. But it seems a pity that in the title the name of the poet is given as "Francesco Petrarch." Would the translator like to be called "Enrico Boyd" we wonder? Certainly Petrarch would not have liked this hybrid version of his name, nor would he have easily recognised his *terza rima* in Mr. Boyd's metallic and monotonous couplets. The first lines of the Triumph of Time, for instance, are thus rendered:

Behind Aurora's wheels the rising sun
His voyage from his golden shrine begun.

If the object of this edition was to produce a fine setting for Petrarch's work, as is suggested in the prospectus sent out by the publisher, it would have been just as easy and more satisfactory to publish the "Trionfi" in the original Italian. To the collectors of valuable and beautiful books it makes little or no difference what language they are written in.

The first of Gorki's impressions of America has just appeared in a collection of tales published by the Znanie Company, St. Petersburg, under the title of "The City of the Yellow Devil." Succeeding sketches are to be entitled "The Kingdom of Boredom," "The Mob," and "Charlie Maine." Gorki confines himself in this first sketch to the description of the poorest parts of the city. And he spares not, nor slacks invective. Since "The Jungle," nothing has been written which inveighs with more convincing vehemence against Gold, the Yellow Devil who has completely subjugated man and even the elements to his will.

In February next, from 6th to 12th, with *matinées* on the 9th and 12th, the Oxford University Dramatic Society will present *The Taming of the Shrew*. Miss Lily Brayton will appear as Katharina. It is just over ten years since the Society gave performances of this play, when it was played alternately with *The Knights of Aristophanes*.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.—The following are the Lecture Arrangements before Easter; Professor Percy Gardner, Two Lectures on the Sculpture of Aegina in Relation to Recent Discovery; Professor A. C. Seward, Two Lectures on Survivals from the Past in the Plant World; Professor W. Stirling, Six Lectures on the Visual Apparatus of Man and Animals; Dr. W. N. Shaw, Two Lectures on Recent Advances in the Exploration of the Atmosphere; Major P. A. MacMahon, Two Lectures on The Standards of Weights and Measures; Professor W. W. Watts, Two Lectures on (i) The Building of Britain; (ii) Recent Light on Ancient Physiographies; Dr. W. Martin, Two Lectures on Old Dutch Painting and Painters; Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Two Lectures on Biology and Progress; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Two Lectures on Latest Phases of Music (with Musical Illustrations); and Professor J. J. Thomson, Six Lectures on Röntgen, Cathode, and Positive Rays. The Evening Meetings will commence on January 18, when Sir Andrew Noble will deliver a Discourse on Fifty Years of Explosives.

Royal Geographical Society.—The Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, December 17, at 8.30 p.m., "Nine Years' Survey Work in Northern China and Mongolia," by Col. A. W. S. Wingates.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 p.m., Monday, December 17. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers, Tuesday, December 18, 8 p.m.—Applied Art Section: Basket Making, by Thomas Okey. Wednesday, December 19, at 8 p.m.—Fifth Ordinary Meeting.—"Modern Developments of Flour-Milling," by Albert E. Humphries.

Royal Microscopical Society.—Wednesday, December 19, 8 p.m. Exhibition of Slides from the Collection presented to the Society by Mr. Jas. Hilton.

Linnean Society of London.—Evening Meeting, Thursday, December 20, 8 p.m. Dr. A. B. Rendle and others. Botanical results of the third Tanganyika Expedition, 1904-5. Mr. F. Chapman, Fossil Foraminifera of Victoria.—The Balcombian deposits of Port Phillip. Exhibition: Albino Woodlice, by Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb.

Sociological Society, 24 Buckingham Street, Strand. Monday, December 17, 8 p.m. Mr. M. Waxweiler on Sociology as a Province of Biology.

The Jewish Historical Society of England.—University College, Gower Street, W.C. Monday, December 17, 8.30 p.m. Mr. H. S. Q. Henriques. On the Political Rights of the English Jews.

Viking Club, King's Weigh House Rooms, Thomas Street, W.—Friday, December 14, at 8.15 p.m. Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson on Northern Folk-Songs, with vocal illustrations.

Art Exhibitions.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metalwork, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc. October 22 to January 1.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—

November 7. Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12. Goupil Gallery Salon.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club: Deriving Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. December 3. Sculpture and Drawings by Countess Feodora Gleichen. Medals and Decorative Work by Miss Elinor Hallé. Paintings by Countess Helena Gleichen.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: December 11. Handmade Glass Lancastrian Lustrated Ware, Jewellery, Ornamental Bookwork by various artists. Cabinet Pictures of Holland by Charles Gruppé. December 12. French Towns and Dutch Dykes; Water-Colours by A. Romilly Fedden. Etchings by Axel Haig.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon. Water-colours by Miss H. Donald-Smith till December 22.—Manchester Art Gallery. Exhibition of Works of Mr. Holman Hunt, including some not on view at the Leicester Galleries.—Grafton Galleries. Women's International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including copies of Velasquez, by Blanche Williams (Mrs. P. Somers-Cocks). December 12 to December 22.—Messrs. Dowdeswell. Water-colours of Brittany by C. G. Kennaway, December 8.—International Art Gallery, 14 King William Street, Trafalgar Square. First Exhibition, consisting of works by Modern British, French and Dutch Artists. December 12 till January 5.—Doré Gallery. Water-colour sketches of English Gardens, by Godfrey Marsh.—Graves & Co., Oil-paintings of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, by A. Kossak and Jules Falat.

Plays: Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.

Concert.—Queen's Hall, Monday, December 17. Richter London Symphony Orchestra at 8 p.m.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: December 17 and 18. Sale of Coins and Medals. December 19, 20 and 21. Sale of Egyptian Antiquities the property of Mr. de Rustafjaell.

LITERATURE

KEATS

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Edited, with an introduction and textual notes, by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B. (The Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not an exhaustive variorum edition but "a text illustrated by readings and cancelled passages selected from the great mass of manuscript and printed material." The illustrations are fullest in the case of the finest poems. Mr. Buxton Forman considers, and no doubt rightly, that improvements which have not ended in any great excellence are of no great interest. The edition contains all the known verse of Keats, and Mr. Buxton Forman has discovered sixteen new lines on the Eve of St. Mark, in a scrapbook lent to him by Mr. Frank Sabin. These have not been printed in any other edition. They come before the passage beginning:

Als writth he of Swevenis

and like that passage are a quotation from the illuminated Legend of St. Mark, which Bertha is reading in the poem. It is not certain, Mr. Forman tells us, whether the British museum holograph was written before or after the draft of which this passage is a fragment, and so whether this passage was rejected by Keats or added as an afterthought. Mr. Forman does not print it in his text, and it cannot be said that it adds much to the poem. It is, like the rest of the quotation, a mere archaistic exercise or piece of local colour, and very likely Keats came to the conclusion that there was local colour enough without it. Still, as the Eve of St. Mark, though a mere fragment, is a masterpiece so far as it goes, we are glad to have all we can get of it.

Mr. Forman in his introduction gives a very full account of all the materials upon which this edition is based and of all discoveries that have been made of Keats's manuscripts up to the present time.

It will be remembered that in 1905 the Clarendon Press published, under the editorship of Mr. E. de Selincourt, a facsimile of the autograph manuscript of *Hyperion* and also the text of the Fall of *Hyperion* corrected and

amplified from the Woodhouse transcript, which had then recently been rediscovered. This publication in itself is enough to justify the production of a new edition of Keats's poems, at least for those who care to examine the process by which he arrived at his highest beauties. The autograph manuscript of *Hyperion* was probably intended by Keats for the printers, but he was continually inspired to revise it as he copied it out, and most of these revisions are great improvements. Keats, like Beethoven, was an artist who often slowly laboured perfection out of an idea in which only he could have seen the promise of perfection. He could, no doubt, work quickly enough at times; but he often did his best when he worked slowly, and some of his finest things came to him in the course of revision. No laws can be laid down for the processes of genius. It may accomplish its work at a blow; it may have to hunt for inspiration and seem to be casting about aimlessly until some trifling thing, a word, a rhyme or an image, inspires it and the great verses are made. One can see, for instance, from the manuscript of Milton's "Blest Pair of Syrens" that before he produced the greatest lines of that poem, he had to kindle his genius, as it were, upon fine words, writing them here and there disconnectedly upon the paper, and seeming to reach his final result rather through sound and rhythm and association than through any labour of exact thought. And in that manuscript too one can see that in the course of composition he was sometimes misled by lapses of taste. There are words too precious or too homely suggested and finally rejected no doubt for their incongruity; words which recall the fantastic poets rather than Milton. In the same way Keats was hampered by the literary fashions of his time and particularly of the clique to which he belonged. In his earlier poems he often fell a victim to these fashions, using words too pretty or too definite for their purpose, words which draw attention too violently to themselves and away from the main sense of the passage. It was natural, in the full tide of the romantic movement, that Keats, the most romantic of poets, should prefer anything to the colourless abstract vocabulary of eighteenth-century poetry; but unfortunately Leigh Hunt, his first contemporary master, had a very imperfect taste in words, which through its very imperfections was only too well calculated to infect a youth like Keats. The Cockney School, of which Leigh Hunt was the head, still flourishes among us unchastened. But now, besides writing curious little townified poems about green fields, it builds curious little townified cottages in them. It is not so Elizabethan as it was, and sometimes, instead of discovering the buttercups, it discovers "the iron lilies of the Strand" and other strange things. But whatever its fashions may be, it still has all the literary diseases of an unwholesome town life. There is no wonder that Keats should have caught these diseases in his first youth. The wonder is that he should so soon have set to work to cure himself of them with so much resolution and success. Even in *Endymion*, full as it is of Cockney excesses, the chastening process has begun. For instance, at line 407 of the first book, Keats first wrote:

Now happily, there sitting on the grass
Was fair Peona, a most tender lass.

No doubt he remembered that Shakespeare called Cleopatra "a lass unparalleled." But the word had lost all its dignity in two hundred years, and in this passage it has a very cocknified justicity. So "Peona, a most tender lass" was changed to "Peona, his sweet sister." A little further on is one of the finest of all his revisions. At line 493 he had written:

'Twas a lay
More forest wild, more subtle cadenced
Than can be told by mortal: even wed
The fainting tenors of a thousand shells
To a million whisperings of lilly bells;
And mingle too the nightingale's complain
Caught in its hundredth echo. . . .

which is pretty enough, but not above the powers of Leigh Hunt. This was shortened into:

'Twas a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child—

which Leigh Hunt could not have written. It is worth remarking that the splendid second line may have been suggested to Keats by the rhyme of *child* with *wild*. Some poets have wonderful luck with rhymes. Others, alas, are unfortunate in proportion to their ingenuity.

In the autograph manuscript of *Hyperion* one can still see some faint traces of the Cockney school; but they were nearly all corrected away. They are not so much actual lapses of taste as miscalculations of effect. In his first draft Keats was sometimes definite where he ought to have been vague, and vague where he ought to have been definite. Thus he wrote:

Not so much life as what an eagle's wing
Would spread upon a field of green-ear'd corn.

Then he altered the first line to:

Not so much life as a young vulture's wing,

which is stranger but not better.

But then he saw that vulture and eagle alike had nothing to do with the case, and produced the beautiful final version,

Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,

which is less definite in the first line and more definite in the second, and in both cases rightly.

Before he accomplished the lines:

Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed—

he had to make a choice among a good many epithets. He tried "nerveless, dead, supine," "nerveless on the ground," "ancient eyes," and "white-browed eyes." Keats always tried to make his epithets vivid and definite, and sometimes, as in the case of "white-browed," he made them too vivid and definite. But "ancient" was not vivid or definite enough. So he gave up the attempt to appeal to the eye in this case, and in the epithet "realmless" got just the mixture of pictorial vagueness and emotional exactitude which he required for the description of an "early god." Further on he had the same difficulty again with Saturn's eyes, calling them "faint-blue" at first, and then altering the epithet to "faded," another change towards vagueness. It is easy to understand why, with such a theme, he tell somewhat under the influence of Milton; for no poet knows so well as Milton when it is right to appeal to the eye, and when to the mind, in descriptions of imaginary beings.

One of the finest improvements in *Hyperion* is the following. Speaking of Thea, Keats wrote in the draught:

She would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck
Or with a finger eased Ixion's toil.

Then he altered the last line to:

Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel

The description here is not of Thea's appearance, which is rightly left vague, but of her strength, which requires to be illustrated by an example appealing to the eye. She herself remains a vast and generalised form, to which the staying of the wheel gives reality, just as a shattered tree gives reality to your idea of lightning. At line 205 of the first book a pretty fancy, of a kind common in *Endymion*, is eliminated.

Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope,
As opes a rosebud to a fairy's lute.

So it ran in the manuscript, but Keats struck out the second line; and indeed in such a context, the entrance of Hyperion to his Palace, such prettiness suggests the Cockney School. Keats in his earlier verse was always at the mercy of fancy; and in *Endymion* it led him many an aimless dance. But in his masterpieces the incomparable richness of his fancy is controlled by imagination, as in the famous description in the *Eve of St. Agnes*:

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

Mr. Buxton Forman gives us in his notes all the preliminary attempts. The thought expressed in the epithet "besieging" promised at first to be a main part of the description. "But noise of winds besieging the high towers" is one cancelled line, and then we have "but the besieging storm," and so this fancy was gradually subordinated to the purpose of making a vivid picture. Then the lamps at first are inclined to behave as they might in the Castle of Otranto: "The lamps were flickering death shades on the walls." Keats had a good deal of trouble with them before he got them to play their part so perfectly in the whole. "The lamps were dying in—" "But here and there a lamp was flickering out," "A drooping lamp was flickering here and there"—these are all rejected attempts; and besides this we have the statement: "Without, the tempest kept a hollow roar," which, with "the noise of winds besieging the high towers," is all telescoped into "fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar." The third and fifth lines seem to have come without any preliminary attempts and very likely their success dictated the treatment of the rest.

In the process of composition Keats differed widely from Shelley, whose imagination had not usually much fancy to master, or at least not much visual fancy. In Shelley the thought was apt to rush so fast as to leave all material things behind. He relied for his effect on speed rather than on richness. He was lost in the clouds while Keats was still choosing from a multitude of flowers. It was only natural, therefore, that Keats should not care much for Shelley's poetry and should advise him to "load every rift with ore." That was his own practice, and up to the time when his powers were weakened by disease he was still embarrassed by his own wealth. He had not reached the time of life when ideas and actions seem more important than objects. He was still a child picking flowers in the meadows of Spring and content with their beauty. But he had learnt already to choose and arrange his flowers; and his intellect was proving its greatness in the exercise of a self-criticism more searching than was exercised by any other poet of his time. Also before his death, as Mr. de Séincourt has pointed out in his valuable introduction to the "Dream of Hyperion," he had grown ambitious to become something more than a poet of objects and dreams; and the "Dream of Hyperion" is an expression of this new ambition, and of his discontent with all that he had done. It is not a very successful expression, perhaps, though it is much too interesting to deserve its present neglect, but it was written when Keats was so weakened by his last illness that a new kind of poetry was beyond his powers. That he failed in it proves nothing about the limits of those powers; and he is the only poet of his time whose measure we cannot take. Shelley, no doubt, was a greater poet in actual achievement; but, though he died at thirty and though he might have written still greater poetry, probably it would not have changed in character. He had not, as Bagehot put it, "an experiencing mind." But Keats had. Like most great poets he spent his youth mainly in learning his craft, and he learnt it so well that he could write poetry magnificently in almost any

style. King Stephen is as Shakespearean as Hyperion is Miltonic. But he was not content to be either Shakespearean or Miltonic: and so both Hyperion and King Stephen are mere fragments. He wished to shake himself free of dreams of the past, and to write the great poetry of his own time. Whether or not he could have done this we cannot tell, but at least he laid broader bases for eternity than any other poet of his time.

NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA

Natives of Australia. By N. W. THOMAS, M.A. (Constable, 6s. net.)

THE native tribes of Australia are now very prominent subjects of anthropological study. They are undoubtedly very archaic communities, and represent an earlier stage in human progress than any other people of whom we have knowledge. Mr. Thomas's book on them is addressed to the curiosity of the general reader, who, commonly, cares for none of these things. The book is meant to awaken his interest, and is an introduction to a large field of study, full of disputable matter. As a rule Mr. Thomas avoids controversy, and gives the facts on which all are agreed. His knowledge of Australian arts and crafts, as represented in museums, is wide and minute. His acquaintance with the entire literature of his subject, early and late, is perhaps unrivalled. The earlier information, the better, in some respects, it ought to be, for the first European observers saw the natives still unsophisticated, and were themselves unbiassed by many controversies which had not yet arisen. On the other hand they had not the patience and long practice and scientific training of recent observers like Professor Baldwin Spencer and Dr. Howitt. Mr. Thomas is familiar with all that has been published, early or recently, and his account of native life, in all its practices and usages, is as satisfactory as the limits and scope of his book permit. His photographs are excellent, and whether he writes on the science, art, crafts, laws, food, sports, religion, magic, or myths of the tribes, he may be studied with confidence and profit. His limits, however, make it hard for him to give a readily intelligible account of a topic which various students understand in various ways, the complex system of marriage rule, and of social organisation.

After recommending the book as learned, trustworthy, and, where lucidity is possible, lucid, we shall take a wider survey of a problem so hard as to seem insoluble with our present knowledge. In perhaps the majority of tribes, the name denoting kinship of a sort—the totem name—descends from mother to children of both sexes. In other tribes this name, with all that it involves, is inherited through the father. In very few tribes this name is not hereditary, but inheritance of all heritable things is through the father. Till recently, English inquirers have supposed that inheritance of the totem name, say Crow—with all the duties and privileges of mutual aid and kindness which are attached to the name—was originally through the mother. To inherit the name through the father was regarded by students as a great step in progress. Recently, however, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, the celebrated explorers, with Mr. J. G. Frazer, and others, have urged that neither mode of descent of the name is more primitive than the other. A tribe might, as soon as the name became hereditary, let it pass in either line. However, it seems to be universally admitted that, while we know many cases of transference of the descent from the female to the male line, we know none of transference from the male to the female line.

A problem now arises which we cannot pretend to solve. Tribes which permit the totem to descend in the male line have a great and obvious advantage in the struggle for existence over tribes in which it descends through females. Where it descends through males society is

based both on kinship and on locality. A man is, by totem, a Crow, his sons and daughters are Crows, his sons' sons are Crows, and presently there arises a *local* clan of Crows, as much united by the sentiment of kinship and community of local habitation as a clan of MacIans in Glencoe. On the other hand, when the name denoting kin is inherited through mothers, any local set of people necessarily consists of a number of different totem kinships, very capable of internal dissensions. Consequently we naturally expect the people who are *solidaires* both by kin and locality to have a great advantage in organisation over people united by locality but divided in kin. If any groups started originally from male inheritance of the kin name, their power should be the greater, and their rate of progress the more rapid.

Now that does not appear to be conspicuously the case. The Australian tribes which reckon in the male line are not, in any conspicuous way, more powerful than the neighbouring tribes which count descent through mothers. This may be so because there are no intertribal wars for conquest of territory. Again, if to reckon in the male line is a social advance of which many naked tribes are capable, as they are, how did so relatively civilised a people as the Picts fail to make the advance, if they did fail?

How could "Aryans" miss a form of progress—reckoning in the male line—at which many savage black tribes have arrived? A form of progress it is, for the Greeks, in Homer's time, and the Romans as known in history, had, of course, inheritance through fathers; yet Mr. Frazer, in "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship," gives many reasons for thinking that the early Greeks and Romans, like many Australian tribes, inherited through the mother, *in the royal line*. But was this form of succession and inheritance universal, or was it peculiar to the kingly house?

"Not one of the Roman kings was immediately succeeded by his son to the throne." In the same way, between 859 and 1034 A.D. no Scottish king was immediately succeeded by his son or grandson. Tarquinius Superbus, like Malcolm II. of Scotland, is accused of getting rid of men who would have succeeded him on the throne—if it had gone by female descent—in the interest of his own lineal descendant. Malcolm succeeded, Tarquinius failed to place a lineal descendant on his throne. Many Greek traditions, not given by Homer, point in the same direction, though perhaps they are capable of another explanation. Thus the genealogies of Highland clans, after the Norman conquest, usually make a Norman noble marry a Celtic heiress. This looks like a survival of descent through women, but it is a mere piece of genealogical snobbishness; and the Greek legends also may have arisen from the desire to claim descent from a heroic ancestor who fought at Troy. If there were no such local hero, a foreigner was put in the genealogy. But in several African kingdoms, infinitely more civilised than the Australian tribes who inherit through males, the kingship goes through royal mothers. Anybody may be the father.

We have, therefore, to choose between two solutions. (1) The Picts and Latins, though well advanced in civilisation, did not take a step in progress which dozens of Australian tribes have made. This, if true, offers a singular anomaly in social progress. Or (2) the descent in the female line, *in the royal family*, among Picts and Latins, was the result of a determination to preserve the purity of the royal blood, for "it is a wise child that knows its own father." The latter was the old explanation, and, though old, it is not necessarily erroneous. In short, unless we know that the Picts and Latins, universally, inherited through women, that the rule was not confined to the royal house, we are not obliged to suppose that female descent in the royal house, among Latins and Picts, or among Africans having male descent, is a survival of a universal custom of female descent. It may be a new rule devised for making certain that each king in turn

has royal blood in his veins. Among some Australian tribes, says Mr. Thomas, "a son would inherit the position of his father" as headman, if he possessed oratorical or other eminent ability. In South-West Australia the chief was at his death succeeded by his eldest son, unless there was some good reason to the contrary; and in Central Australia, the son of the *Alatunja*, or "head man," is succeeded by his son. Thus there is, in a very archaic society, a strong tendency towards the inheritance in the male line of such authority as exists. Therefore it seems doubtful, when kingship, in much more advanced societies, descends in the female line, that this is a survival from a period of universal female descent. Not inconceivably it may come from quite a different source—a desire to be certain of the purity of royal blood. Can we suppose that among a people so intensely agnatic and devoted to *patria potestas* as the historical Romans were, the probable female descent of the kingship was a direct survival of the age when such descent was universal?

The present writer at one time inclined to that opinion, in the case of the Picts. But he does not find any cases, where female descent is the universal rule, of any form of authority being inherited in the female line; while, among Australian tribes where inheritance of authority exists it is inherited from fathers.

ANDREW LANG.

A BOOK OF GERMAN REVELATIONS

Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst.
Edited by FRIEDRICH CURTIUS for Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst. Translated by GEORGE W. CHRYSTAL, B.A. (Heinemann, 24s. net.)

WHEN this book appeared in its original dress it naturally created a considerable sensation in Germany. Prince Hohenlohe had for two generations held a very high place in European politics, and it was known that his memoirs would cast some light on obscure phases of history. Probably, if he had lived long enough to write his autobiography, his discretion would have come into play, and much that set the gossips talking when these Memoirs were first published would have been omitted altogether. But he left his papers to Dr. Friedrich Curtius, who has more than the usual German love of amassing and publishing documents; and he has thrown his material into a couple of large, and truth to say, somewhat heavy volumes. Students of politics will no doubt toil conscientiously through the nine hundred odd pages, but we question whether any one will make this exploration for pleasure. On the other hand, there are a number of episodes in the life of Prince Hohenlohe and in the history of Germany that the curious will turn to with interest. It need scarcely be said that the dominating figure in the book is that of Prince Bismarck. The simple entry "Bismarck, Prince Otto von," is followed by about three hundred references in the index, and this will give an idea of the extent to which the Iron Chancellor fills the stage. Prince Hohenlohe says very characteristically that while he was in power he dominated all, but after his retirement other and smaller personalities swelled like sponges. The relations between Bismarck and the Emperor are discussed in many pages of reading as interesting as any to be found within the covers of these volumes. The light shed on the negotiations preceding the Franco-Prussian War are also of historical value. The account of the plenipotentiaries who met to discuss what afterwards became the Treaty of Berlin is described with acuteness of vision, and there are many other portions of the book that cannot fail to command attention; but, as we have said, to read it as a whole is a formidable task. Among his many interests Prince Hohenlohe did not number a devotion to letters, and accordingly literature and its professors are not often mentioned here.

THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Reprinted from the First Folio. Edited by CHARLOTTE PORTER and H. A. CLARKE. With an Introduction by JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. In 13 vols. (Harrap, £4 4s. and £2 2s.)

The First Editors of Shakespeare, Pope and Theobald. By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. (Nutt, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE reading public cannot be too grateful to the editors and publishers of this Shakespeare for bringing within their easy reach that which has hitherto been accessible only to millionaires and scholars. The general reader, writes Professor Churton Collins, has :

for upwards of two centuries and a half . . . taken what the poet's editors have chosen to give him, and what they have given him has been a concoction the quality and characteristics of which have been determined partly by the idiosyncrasies of particular editors, and partly by the literary tastes and fashions of particular epochs. In fact, the text of Shakespeare presents, in the nature of the modifications it has undergone, an exact analogy to the exhibition of his dramas on the stage. Hamlet, as represented by Burbage and Lewen, by Betterton, by Garrick, by Booth, by Fechter, by Irving, and under the scenic and theatrical conditions in which they represented him, differed scarcely more than the text of the drama as it appears successively in the First Folio, the editions of Rowe, of Theobald, of Hanmer, of Warburton, of Capell, of the Variorum editors, of Andrew Becket, of Charles Knight, of J. Payne Collier, and of the Cambridge editors. The history of Shakespeare's text is, in fact, the history of a text corrupted beyond all precedent of corruption.

The earlier story of this process may be admirably read in the second book that appears at the head of this article. Dr. Lounsbury, with a learning, a penetration and a scholarly thoroughness beyond all praise, has added to his already invaluable Shakespearean labours by attacking the thorny subject of Pope, Theobald, and the text of Shakespeare; has cleared the tangled brake and disclosed matters which had been long forgotten; and, if the main point of his book concerns, necessarily, the eighteenth rather than the sixteenth century, it is a chapter in literary history that needed to be written before Shakespeare could properly come to his own.

What was once his own, or what stands *prima facie* a greater chance of being his own than any other text, is that of the First Folio here reprinted *verbatim* and almost *literatim* (the editors have disused the long *s*, printed *them* for its abbreviation *the* and adopted the modern usage of *i* and *j* and *u* and *v*) in thirteen handy little volumes, which contain also valuable introductions on the sources and history of the plays, and all the known portraits of Shakespeare.

The story of the First Folio is as follows. In Elizabethan days, as Dr. Lounsbury points out, the playwright cared no more for the manuscript of his play than the modern journalist for that of his article. It never occurred to Shakespeare to collect or publish (and the fact bears on the views of the Baconian theorists) work that was done not for the library, like the poems, but for the theatre. The plays were sometimes taken down by stenographers and published in inaccurate form. In 1623, seven years or so after Shakespeare's death, his friends and fellow players, John Heminge and Henry Condell, published in folio all the plays of his they could obtain (probably all he wrote except *Pericles*), and they rounded on the Quartos for being "stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors." For all that, criticism has shown (the story is admirably told by Dr. Churton Collins) that in five complete plays the First Folio simply reproduced the Quartos; that in passages of (probably) nine other plays, the editor of the Quartos must have had access to the original manuscripts, and that in certain other plays the printer of the Folio used not the original manuscript but a transcript made for the theatre and "cut" possibly by the author himself. The text of the First Folio, then, is not perfect. It is marred, too, by a healthy crop of printer's errors of its own, due sometimes to want of revision, sometimes to the difficulty of deciphering a bad handwriting. How bad Shakespeare's hand may have

been may be partly judged, perhaps, from his signature, which, if it be a fair specimen, would certainly entitle him, as Dr. Churton Collins suggests, to be called "the terror of compositors."

The text, however, if not perfect, is of inestimable value. It gives, for one thing, the text of twenty plays which appear in it alone, which might, therefore, but for it, have been lost to the world. For another, it preserves phrases and words which most subsequent editors have altered through not understanding them, but which more recent scholarship is coming gradually to find correct and full of meaning. Its spelling and punctuation, again, are, as Dr. Churton Collins states, in the main, and especially in the great passages, very carefully revised. The effect of reading the passages with their capitals, spelling and stops as in the First Folio is to find constant revelations of new beauties in rhythm and sense. And an edition like this, which supplies within brackets what does not appear in the Folio (*e.g.*, several important passages of *Hamlet*) is a treasure that no Shakespearean student, even the humblest, can well be without.

It does not do to be too hard on those who have amended and altered the text of the First Folio. It was to an editor, to Theobald, that we owe one of the most beautiful things in "Shakespeare." Of Falstaff's death the Quartos and First Folio make Mrs. Quickly say: "his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields." One emendation was to make of the last words a stage direction—that here (or perhaps elsewhere in the play) was to be brought on a table belonging to Mr. Greenfield, possibly a property master. Theobald, with an apostrophe and two letters made of it this: "and a' babbled of greene fields," a phrase as exquisite in its context as anything in literature. Still, the instances collected in Dr. Churton Collins's introduction of the harm that has arisen from tampering with the text of the First Folio amount of themselves to a terrible warning; and those who have never studied that text will find in these volumes a world of new beauty and meaning awaiting them, which even the best of the composite texts does not contain.

TWO JESTERS AND A PHILOSOPHER

The Placid Pug and other Rhymes. By THE BELGIAN HARE (Lord ALFRED DOUGLAS). (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.)

Misrepresentative Women and other Verses. By HARRY GRAHAM. (Arnold, 5s.)

The Crackling of Thorns. By DUM-DUM. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

"It may not perhaps be not altogether out of place," say the Belgian Hare's publishers, "to state that these rhymes are not intended primarily for children." A first glance at the poems makes the caution seem unnecessary. What should children do with the profound thought, the lofty symbolism, the spacious philosophy, that inform every line of these expositions of spiritual law in the natural world? Philosophy is not, we know, harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose; but the ease and felicity of the Belgian Hare's diction and the music of his rhymes will not blind the enlightened reader to the moral and sociological import of such poems as the "Ballad for Bishops" or the "Versicles for Vegetarians"; while in the "Dirge for Departed Candidates" we have a fine example of a rare species in literature—the examination of a whole system of philosophy conveyed in terms of pure poetry. Mr. Arthur Symonds would probably quarrel with the poem because it has a meaning besides a sound; but we would ask whether any one can find a parallel, in lyric beauty combined with trenchant philosophical wisdom, for this stanza:

Mere non-belief in his existence may
Seem, to one emptying a festive flagon
In the interior of the "Wasp and Wagon,"
A very trifling matter anyway.
But it is most annoying to the Dragon.

And the statement disposes at once and for ever of the whole of the idealist system of metaphysics. *Irascor—ergo sum*, says the Dragon; and Johnson's thump of the stick, Napoleon's "Who made all those?", the famous Occam's Razor: *Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*, fade into insignificance as final statements.

Occam's *dictum* might be raised, perhaps, by untutored minds as a strong objection to the sociological thesis put forward in the "Ballad for Bishops":

For if a nation's moral status
Be measured by prolific habit,
Between man and the meanest rabbit
There is an evident hiatus.

Each year, by lowest computations,
Six times the rabbit rears her young,
And frequent marriages among
The very closest blood relations

In very tender years ensure
A constant stream of "little strangers,"
Who, quickly grown to gallant rangers,
See that their families endure.

But our author has the courage of his opinions: he sees his subject from the point of view of the Coney Hatch, and his teaching comes pat as a valuable support to Father Bernard Vaughan's efforts to secure large families.

We will close our quotations from the work of this epoch-making poet with a simple moral lesson, charged with the profundity of the great thinker and the sweet humility, the wide charity, the lofty patience, of a great soul. He is speaking of the Crab:

No serious student of his life and ways
Will venture to impugn his common sense;
His tact and moderation win high praise
Even from those whose faculties are dense
And blind to the false issues which they raise
When they accuse him of malevolence.

"But, ah!" these shallow hide-bound pedants cry,
"If to the Crab all virtues you concede,
If his intentions are not evil, why
This sidelong walk, these flanking steps that lead
To no advancement of Humanity,
No exaltation of the mortal breed?" . . .

Peace, peace, the Crab adopts a side-long walk,
For reasons still impossible to see.
And if his pride permitted him to talk
To any one who did not do as he,
His instinct would be, probably, to balk
The hopes of vulgar curiosity.

And while the schoolmen argue and discuss,
And fill the air with "whats," and "whens," and "whys,"
And demonstrate as: thus, and thus, and thus,
The Crab will pulverise their theories,
And put an end to all this foolish fuss
By walking sideways into Paradise.

After the perusal of these lofty rhymes, a volume which bears on its flyleaf the warning: "No admittance except on pleasure" must inevitably seem frivolous, worldly, and hollow. Mr. Harry Graham writes (we blush to state it) of *Women, Misrepresentative Women*. Sometimes, it is true, his muse rises to great heights; his Pegasus soars with unabated wing so high as the consideration of Miss Corelli and Mrs. Grundy. On the other hand his worldly fancy leads him astray to dwell with pleasure on shocking characters like Eve and persons of inadequate sense of respectability like Lady Godiva. But though Mr. Graham is sadly tarred with the brush of this evil world, we must confess—with pain, but with conviction—that we have been hugely amused—have caught ourselves laughing aloud—at his clever, ingenious and sparkling verses. We could only wish that so great gifts as his had been devoted to a higher cause.

The work of "Dum-Dum" is well known, and we need say no more here than that "The Crackling of Thorns" contains all the neat wit, the unobtrusive scholarship, the geniality and the charm of the best of Mr. Kendall's work. No anthology of humorous verse will be complete in future without "Love's Colours."

FORMAL LOGIC

Reason, Thought, and Language. By DOUGLAS MACLEANE, M.A. (Frowde, 15s. net.)

THIS is a pleasantly written, discursive, fairly comprehensive book on logic, and a notable feature of it is the unusual number, variety, and freshness of the examples given. Its main object is stated to be "to strengthen and revivify Formal Logic," and—oddly enough—to do so "by bringing it into closer connection with the living facts of thought and speech."

Such a novel attempt naturally excites the reader's curiosity, since it has hitherto been the attacks on Formal Logic which claim to take especial notice of the living facts referred to. But it soon appears that Mr. Macleane means at different times two very different things by Formal Logic, and that the only defence of tradition he seriously attempts is directed—successfully enough—against a well-known intemperate attack on the Syllogism, made more than twenty years ago, and never reprinted. It is certainly worth while to recognise that all reasoning is syllogistic, but one may at the same time see that formality in logic is only a partly necessary evil, to be discouraged as far as possible; for instance, to the extent of discarding the doctrine of mood and figure, and all that has crept in merely for the sake of it.

Stated shortly, the chief objection which Mr. Macleane has failed to meet is that the more intentionally formal our logic the less can the actual risk of "ambiguous middle" be taken into account. And those who bring the charge explain further that the type of really misleading ambiguity is not simply "a word with two meanings," but any word which is insufficiently defined. The point that is generally missed in this explanation is the qualification "insufficiently." One of the most troublesome of the facts of thought and language is that a definition which suffices for one purpose does not always suffice for another; for instance, it may be true that Smith is a poet, if we mean merely a man who writes verses, but not if we restrict the name to those whose verses are above a certain standard of poetic inspiration. Take any syllogism whose minor premiss says that Smith is a poet, and how are we to deal fairly with the question whether such a syllogism has three terms or four unless we are prepared to ask also in what different senses the premisses are true and false? But then we open the floodgates of those very inquiries into the "matter" which Formal Logic neglects of set design. This is the point which a defender of Formal Logic has nowadays to deal with, and especially if he wishes to take the living facts of thought and language into account. It is not enough to protest, as Mr. Macleane does, that the new logic is as different from the old as a cuckoo from a hedge-sparrow in the latter's nest. Metaphors are cheap, and perhaps the new logic should rather be likened to the railways that killed the coaching industry. At any rate both kinds of logic—if for the moment we allow the newcomer to use the name—recognise that a syllogism with an ambiguous middle is invalid; and the new logic claims to guard better than the old against this pervasive and important kind of fallacy. On what ground—except that of disliking trouble—shall we decide to keep out of sight the kind of ambiguity which, being least obvious to the careless reasoner, is most effectively misleading?

Nevertheless the freedom of Mr. Macleane's illustrations is a step in the right direction, and may by itself help the reader to see how actual reasoning, when its validity is questioned, raises problems of interpretation. Once discover that the validity of a syllogism depends on what its premisses are "meant to mean" and we are well on the way towards seeing that we cannot push questions of interpretation far enough to guard against the four-term fallacy without raising the question how far the premisses are true in fact. In other words, no subtle ambiguity of a middle term can be detected except through inquiries into the matter.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BOOKS FOR BOYS—II

"FOR THE ADMIRAL," by W. J. Marx (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is a tale which every man who contemplates writing a book for boys should be compelled to read. It is a model which he would do well to follow; for Mr. Marx, though he has done good work before, has never done anything to equal this. Lack of space prevents our doing full justice to it, and we will not spoil the readers' enjoyment by giving them a synopsis. It is by much the best book of its kind sent us for review this season, and stands head and shoulders above its rivals. Not its least merit is that it is original and owes nothing to any book that we have read. It won the *Bookman* £100 prize, and it deserved to win it. It is an exceptionally well-written and clever piece of work which should take its place among boys' classics.

Of the many books dealing with the subject of exploration sent us, not the least valuable is a handsomely illustrated volume entitled "The World's Exploration Story," by Albert Lee (5s.), sent us by Mr. Melrose. Mr. Lee's object has been to give his readers not only an account of the progress of exploration from the earliest times (and we are glad, by the way, that he does not confine himself to the achievements of British explorers), but also a good working geographical knowledge of the countries of which he writes. His book is a valuable compilation, and we should like to see it in every school library.—"The Lost Explorers," by Alexander Macdonald (Blackie, 6s.), though not of the same value as Mr. Lee's book, is a fine piece of work, which we place many degrees higher than the bulk of tales of adventure written for boys. It deals with the experiences of two boys who, after digging for gold in Australia, in the company of a Scotsman, set out across the "trackless desert" in search of a mysterious mountain. Mr. Macdonald knows the country, and he bases his book on actual experiences. He writes well, and his characterisation is excellent.—"Among the Dark Mountains, or Cast Away in Sumatra," by David Ker (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), is another book based on the author's own experiences. It is packed with exciting incidents—one of the best of which is the account of the eruption of Krakatoa. Mr. Ker's descriptive passages are charming; and his book, taken as a whole, is one of the best that has come into our hands, and worth more than the modest price asked for it.—"Stories of South Pole Adventure," by Frank Mundell (Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d.) is a readable and unpretentious little book, as good as it could be within its limits.

Mr. Michael Macmillan's "The Last of the Peshwas" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) is a splendid story of the third Maratha War, full of perilous adventures, and in every way worthy of the author of "Tales of Indian Chivalry" and "In Wild Maratha Battle."—In "The Boy Hero of Erin," Mr. Charles Squire, the author of an excellent little popular work on "The Mythology of Ancient Britain and Ireland," re-tells the exploits of Cuchulain and the Champions of the Red Branch of Ulster. It is well done, and we hope Mr. Squire will continue his work and re-tell many more of the old mythological romances of Ireland.—Mr. George Manville Fenn, in "Tention!" (Chambers, 5s.), tells a stirring story of the Peninsular War with his customary skill and spirit. His two heroes, a private and a bugler, become separated from their comrades on the march, and the book is chiefly concerned with their adventures before they rejoin the ranks.—Another rousing tale of adventure sent us by the same publishers is "Foray and Fight," by John Finemore (3s. 6d.), the scene of which is laid in the Balkans.—Mr. Everett McNeil appears to be a practised hand, though we do not remember to have read any of his stories before. "The Lost Treasure

Cave" (Chambers, 5s.) is a capital account of experiences with the cowboys of Colorado, which few boys will be able to put aside till the last page is turned—and read. We hope Mr. McNeil will fulfil his promise of a sequel.—"Jack Haydon's Quest" (by John Finemore. Black, 5s.) was for treasure and a missing father, and it led him into many exciting experiences in Burma, which Mr. Finemore recounts with skill.—Mr. Walkey's large circle of admirers will not be disappointed with his "Kidnapped by Pirates" (Warne, 3s. 6d.). His hero is a fine character, who, we cannot help thinking, has faced sufficient adventures to last him for the rest of his life.—Messrs. Nelson send us a nicely illustrated and well-printed book by Mr. Harold Avery, entitled "Firelock and Steel," a story of the "good old days" (5s.), which, though the opening chapters are not strikingly original, grows enthralling as the reader proceeds. It is much better written than the majority of boys' books, it is not overweighted with horror piled on horror's head, and there is about it a more healthy tone than pervades the majority of stories of a similar kind. It is a book we can confidently recommend to any one wishing to make a handsome present to a boy of any age over ten.—Mr. W. J. Marx's "The Gold Hunters" (S.P.C.K.) is worth more than the half-crown asked for it. It is full of adventure—an exciting incident to almost every chapter—and makes excellent reading.—"King by Combat," by Fred Whishaw (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is a well-told tale of "a fight for power in a wild land"—Rhodesia. Mr. Whishaw knows how to handle his characters, and there is plenty of good fighting in his pages.—In "Deerfoot in the Forest" (Cassell, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Edward S. Ellis, following the precedent of Cooper's Leather-Stocking, brings his hero to life again. The series of adventures which fill the present volume will convince his admirers that his vitality is undiminished. He is the same old hero.—Mr. Frank Powell has certainly found an idea which is at least original in "The Wolf-Men" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), a tale of adventures in a subterranean country discovered by certain explorers on their way to the North Pole. The author has more than a suggestion of the power and imagination of Jules Verne.

"The Duffer," by R. S. Warren-Bell (Nelson, 5s.), though neither a tale of school-life nor a procession of exciting adventures, should have a large circle of readers among boys who have grown weary of the sameness of the fare provided for them. "The Duffer," as George Dennet is called by his class-mates, does not like school, but he goes a little further in his dislike than most boys, and gets himself expelled. The scapegrace hero, however, is not without strength and manliness, and an artist friend succeeds in bringing out the best that is in him. Mr. Warren-Bell writes naturally, and his story is well illustrated; the "get-up," as in all Messrs. Nelson's books, is excellent.—From the same publishers comes a very valuable book entitled "How it Works," by Archibald Williams, which deals in simple language with steam, electricity, light, heat, sound, hydraulics, etc., and with their application to apparatus in common use. Here the reader will find explained in a concise, straightforward manner the working of everything from a locomotive or a motor-car to a bunsen burner or a Westinghouse brake. The book is profusely illustrated with helpful diagrams, and we are glad to note that an index has been provided. We do not know how the publishers managed to produce it for three-and-six.

Little need be said of the stories of school life. We found Mr. Robert Leighton as good as ever in "Monitor at Megson's" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.). He has the merit of never being dull or tiresome.—Mr. Harold Avery, in "Play the Game" (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), gives us an old dish—the story of the boy suspected and cleared of suspicion in the closing chapters—with new garnishing; and Mr. Fred Whishaw strikes one note of originality in "The Boys of Brierley Grange" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). All three books are undistinguished, but readable.

We have received from Messrs. Blackie new editions

of "Lords of the World," a tale of the fall of Carthage and Corinth, by A. J. Church (3s. 6d.); "Olaf the Glorious," a historical story of the Vikings, by Robert Leighton (3s.); "Bunyip Land," a tale of adventure in New Guinea, by George Manville Fenn (3s.); "To Greenland and the Pole," by Gordon Stables (3s.); "A Thane of Wessex," a story of the Viking raids into Somerset, by Charles W. Whistler (2s. 6d.); "King Olaf's Kinsmen," a story of the last Saxon struggle against the Danes, by Charles W. Whistler (2s. 6d.), and Henty's "With Clive in India"; "Condemned as a Nihilist," a story of escape from Siberia; "Under Wellington's Command"; and "Both Sides the Border," a tale of Hotspur and Glendower, in a uniform edition at 3s. 6d. each, well bound and well printed.

Two handsome volumes sent us by Messrs. Cassell and the R.T.S. respectively, are the bound volumes of "Chums" (8s.), and "The Boys' Own Paper" (8s.).

BOOKS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

"THE BOOK OF GILLY," by the Hon. Emily Lawless (Smith, Elder, 6s. 6d. net) is the story of four months of a boy's life spent on an island off the Kerry coast. It is delightfully written and has all the charm of Kerry hills and lakes, and the music of the Kerry brogue.—"The Land of Play" (Arnold, 3s. 6d.) consists of four charming little stories: "Luck Child," "The Princess and the Ordinary Little Girl," "Professor Green," and "A Position of Trust," of which the first is the best. Mr. Gilbert James's illustrations are worthy of the text.—Among the stream of children's books which pour from the press at this season of the year, one looks instinctively for one from the pen of "E. Nesbit." This Christmas she has given us "The Story of the Amulet" (Unwin, 6s.): a delightful book, destined to be read and re-read by (or to) her small admirers, before a glowing fire on many a chill winter's day. For that is the time to appreciate Mrs. Hubert Bland.—All that makes Christmastide a season of enchantment to children is described by Miss Evelyn Sharp in "The Child's Christmas" (Blackie, 6s. net). Miss Sharp writes simply and well, and though many of the colour illustrations are very crude and the faces of the children remind us of the rag-dolls of our childhood, the publishers have turned out a very handsome volume. Mr. Robinson's black-and-white drawings are excellent.—In "The Enchanted Land" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net), Mrs. Louey Chisholm tells old tales over again in childlike, poetic prose; but here again many of the colour pictures are insipid and leave a great deal to be desired. Miss Cameron can do better.—The letterpress of "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) is varied and, on the whole, good, and the volume contains capital illustrations.—The same may be said of Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Wonder Book" (3s. 6d.), which is really good value for the money. Both cover and frontispiece are excellent and the end-papers are the best we have seen for a long time.—To their series of "Animal Autobiographies," Messrs. Black have added a new volume: "The Fox," by J. C. Tregarthen (6s.)—a cleverly and brightly written book which should find many readers. We may question whether the reverent young cub would habitually speak of its mother as "the vixen," but the class of reader for whom the book is designed is not critical in such matters, and we can heartily recommend "The Life-Story of the Fox" as an excellent gift-book. The illustrations are good and well reproduced.—A nature book at once useful and interesting—free from technicalities and well written—is Mr. R. B. Lodge's "The Story of Hedgerow and Pond" (Kelly, 5s. net). The coloured illustrations and the pen-and-ink sketches in the margin are much better than those one is accustomed to find in works of this class.—"The Book of Animals," by Horace G. Groser (Melrose, 5s. net), is full of information for a boy with a turn for

natural history, but the volume (284 pp. only) is nearly as weighty as one of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Messrs. Jack's beautifully illustrated editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" are volumes which it is now the ambition of every child to possess. This year they send us a "Child's Life of Jesus" by C. M. Steedman, illustrated by Paul Woodroffe (10s. 6d. net), in the same series. It is beautifully bound, printed on good paper, and well written—an ideal present were it not for the illustrations. They are the poorest we have ever met in a volume published by Messrs. Jack. Frankly, we consider them revolting. They are calculated not only to spoil a really good book—to destroy its chances of the success it merits—but to undo any good which the text, by the simplicity and beauty of its teaching, might do. It is the best child's Life of Jesus we have read, but we shall cut out the illustrations before putting it into the hands of any small friend of ours.—The stories in the "Flower Fairy Tale Book," by Isabella C. Blackwood (Nutt, 5s.) will prove attractive reading to the young. Mr. Bishop-Culpeper's illustrations are very fine.—In "Grimm's Household Stories," illustrated by Dorothy Furniss (1s.), and "Pictorial Rhymes and Verses," with drawings by M. Edwards (S.P.C.K.), the children will welcome old favourites which never lose their freshness.

From Mr. George Allen come two of the best little books of the season, "The Man in the Moon" and "The Adventures of Mr. Rabbit and Uncle Fox," both by S. L. Bensusan. The first is an original fairy tale and the second an adaptation from the "Tales of Uncle Remus," and they form the opening volumes of a new Lilliput series (1s. 6d. each). Mr. Bensusan has found in "Carton Moorepark" an admirable interpreter of his charmingly written tales.—Mr. Harry Rountree's illustrations to "The Young Gullivers" (Cassell, 1s. 6d.) are worthy of a much better story than Mr. Hamer tells.—A selection of "Grimm's and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Blackie, 5s.) makes a fine volume, suitably illustrated by Miss Helen Stratton.—"The Old Man Book" (Lane, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of limericks which can have no possible attraction for a child, while an adult will find many of them merely vulgar. The pictures are the best part of the book.—The same criticism applies to "Round de Ole Plantation" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), by G. F. Christie. The text consists of "coon songs" suitable for the "niggers" who people the beach at Yarmouth.—"Little Pickles" (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) comprises a series of verses which depend chiefly on the illustrations for their effectiveness.—"The Browns: a Book of Bears" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), by B. and N. Parker is a capital book, and contains very charming pictures. Bruin has never had better interpreters.—From the same publishers comes "The House That Glue Built" (3s. 6d. net), by C. A. and G. A. Williams, a very original and ingenious idea. There are pictures of the various rooms and their furniture—the latter to be cut out and pasted down in the dining-room, library, bedrooms, and so on. It is a book to engross the attention of an enterprising child for many a dark December day.

"Five-Minute Stories," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards (Allenson, 5s.) is full of variety. The author seems to have anticipated the children's every mood and fancy, and the simplicity of language which characterises the book is not its least charm.—"The Silver Crown" (Allenson, 2s. 6d. net) is a smaller volume by the same author, full of pretty fancies.—Mrs. Edwin Hohler, a niece of Mrs. Molesworth, has written an attractive little Christmas story in "Peter" (Constable, 3s. 6d.). To the small hero belongs a fine old English bulldog who plays as important a part as his master. The book is well written and there is no straining after effect.—Mrs. Molesworth herself—who needs no recommendation from us—has added to her long list another story for children, entitled "Jasper" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.).—The bound volume of "St. Nicholas" (Macmillan, 6s.)

is, as usual, full of good things.—“The Escape of the Mullingong” (Blackie, 5s.), by Mr. G. E. Farrow, is a long way “after” “Alice in Wonderland,” and Mr. Gordon Browne’s pictures are as good as the text—and no better.—Messrs. Jack’s series “Told to the Children” is so well known that it is unnecessary for us to say more than that this year’s volumes are as good as their predecessors. Of a new series entitled “The Children’s Heroes”—issued by the same publishers—we have received volumes on Sir Francis Drake, Lord Roberts, and Lord Clive (1s. 6d. net each). They are admirably done.

AT NIGHTFALL

THE shadows fall,
The night is near,
She spreads her pall
Ghostly and drear.

The stir of toil,
The noise of play,
The hum and moil
Fade with the day.

And brooding sleep
With guardian wing
Her watch will keep
O’er everything.

The leaves shiver
At breath of night;
Reeds in the river
Shake with delight.

Silence grows deep,
No sound is heard
Save the bells of the sheep,
The wing of a bird.

Sweet Sleep o’er all
Her spell has cast.
The shadows fall,
The day is past.

D. M. C.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XII. WOMAN

To what do the later centuries, and our western civilisation, owe the recognition of woman as man’s equal, and not his inferior or his servant? How has it come about that all the nobler spirits of our race now act on that belief? It has been a long and slow evolution out of many lower states and inharmonious elements, but the dispassionate student of history cannot fail to note the change that has been wrought both in the belief and practices of the race on this matter since the commencement of the Christian Era. Although it has commingled with earlier elevating influences, it is sometimes forgotten

that what we now rejoice in is almost entirely the product of the Christian Ethic; that it is due to the growth and working of the “grain of mustard seed,” which has become so mighty a tree that the birds of the air lodge in its branches, to quote from one of the ancient parables of the Kingdom.

It is not, however, the emancipation of women from the fetters by which they used to be held down, when “cabined, cribbed, confined,” within a monotonous circle of demands by taskmasters, that is now referred to. It is their own proved capacity for higher things that has brought about their freedom from these restraints. But the new type of character which has grown up and flourished under that Tree “whose leaves are for the healing of the nations,” has neither been fully appraised, nor always traced to its historic source. In its intrinsic nature it is wholly immeasurable by utilitarian standards. As to its origin it is customary in certain quarters to set it down to the “increasing purpose” of the ages, and the slow evolution of cosmic forces, which have differentiated it from age to age, without any special heritage from Palestine. It is said that the rights as well as the duties of women were recognised both in Greece and Rome; and that provision was made for their realisation. Those who affirm this should surely offer proof of the assertion. There were a few cultivated women in these countries—poets, artists, even philosophers—but their “sphere” was limited to the commonplaces of domestic work. It was often not only menial, but degraded; and it was not until the leaven of Christianity had time to permeate the world, to transfigure its earlier ideals—and to reverse some of them—that real justice was done to women. If we take our stand on the facts of authentic history, we are in a position to affirm that the new type of character, in which the world now rejoices, entered into the world at the birth of Christ. It has been fostered through the reverence paid for centuries to the blessed Virgin; and, in Catholic lands, adoration has kept it up. But it has permeated the world by passing over the visible boundaries of the Church which created it, interpenetrating Christendom. Its influence has also “gone out into all lands, and its words to the ends of the world.” As a result, a new type of graciousness has been developed in woman; and this has reacted in the elevation, and refinement, of the characters of men.

There is no kind of influence which men receive from men, leading to that elevation and refinement, at all comparable to what they obtain from women. It is, as a poet puts it,

An overseeing power to kindle and restrain,

And similarly, there is no influence that women receive from women at all comparable in strength to that which they obtain from men. But, in both cases, the elevation and refinement are due to those influences which the Christian Religion has brought into prominence, and kindled into life. We can trace its many phases from the child to the girl, from the maiden to the matron, and from her to the aged lady. We see it in the new value given to infant life since the Christian era began, in the wondering instincts of girlhood, in the pure devotion of joyous life-companionship, in the sanctity of maternal care, in the serene beauty and glory of old age. Take one of them, as an example of the rest, the unfolding of the promises of infancy in girlhood. A great physician once said to the writer: “I have had large experience of men and women, and I tell you there is nothing in all God’s universe so beautiful as the character of a noble, well-trained English girl. It is the loveliest thing God ever made; its affection, its purity, its aspiration, its sympathy, its self-sacrifice, its gracious goodness; but we owe it all to Jesus Christ. The fashionable world often kills it, the ambition to be known and admired always takes its bloom away; but, in its exalted purity, there is nothing like it to be seen, and known, and rejoiced in, throughout all this world of ours.”

And this leads on to the many-sided charm which every refined spirit knows. The name of Lady is, like

The grand old name of Gentleman,
Profaned by every charlatan,

often "soiled by ignoble use," and still oftener misapplied. But what does it include within its all-embracing fulness? This may be stated both positively and negatively. It includes refinement, gentleness, unassumingness, reserve, sincerity, trustfulness, restraint, graciousness; politeness, joyousness, consideration for others, with no love of display, of gossip or frivolity for gossip or frivolity's sake, no loud laughter, or rattling talkativeness, but sweet gentle speech, endless tact, self-effacement, appreciation of others; no artificiality, no mimicry of rank, no desire to be in the swim, to be known of all, or praised by every one; no envy or jealousy, but ceaseless readiness to help other people in works of service. It is not meant that these phases are always to be seen in union, or juxtaposition. They are often latent elements in a character that is many-sided, although its root is one. Their existence in varying degrees gives variety to the stem, and beauty to the flower and leaf, while all are sprung from a central root. At the same time their evolution from that root does not prevent the grafting of additional branches from other trees.

How different they all are from the noisy clamour of the suffragettes—appalling word—those stern advocates of women's rights, with their demand for entrance into the rough arena of masculine achievement, their claim for an equality that would unsex them, in its crude rivalry and indiscriminate ambition. They are the outcome of the noblest altruism, an altruism so disinterested as to be beyond the vision of the self-seeker. Attainments of every sort are prized, all excellences are coveted, but they are rejoiced in less as personal possessions than as gifts conferred for use.

Here again the poets help us. They write of the "domestic Queen, where grandeur is unknown." And of the maiden:

High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good will;
And like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law!

She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm, or vague mischance,
A light unknown to tutored elegance.

So far some characteristics of the girl, "whose blushes are joy-flushes"; and of the woman, the same poet writes:

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

The formation and development of ideal friendship has been largely due to remote ancestral influences, unconsciously inherited from past generations. But it is more

frequently the result of those ties which originate in conscious experience; and there can be little doubt, again to refer to what is central, that the influence of the character of woman on man, and of man on woman—to exalt, ennoble, consolidate, and advance—is the supremest influence at work in this world. It gives the freshest impetus to all endeavour. It dispels life-weariness, and that terrible *ennui* that is so often due to the decay of enthusiasm. Every one knows the state produced by long pondering of "the riddle of the painful earth," when the questions arise, "*cui bono?*" "Is life worth living, with all its dreariness and pettiness?" "Is continuance on this earth desirable when even new excitements lose their interest in the fierce struggles for existence, when only the fittest to live survive?" In such states, is there anything as restorative, or full of benediction, as those ideal friendships between man and woman, so refined and glorified that

their kingdom is, where time and space are not?

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

REJECTED ADDRESSES

SOME little time ago there came into my hands a short story, written, I should say, about fifteen years since by a novelist who quite recently has published a romance which very good critics have pronounced to be one of the most skilfully written in the English language. I am not concerned for the moment in discussing the merits of that book, but my readers may take it for granted that they are unquestionable. A reviewer who has grown grey in his profession told me not long ago that he kept this particular romance at his side and had read it from beginning to end no fewer than six times, and he is certainly not one to be fascinated by second-rate merit. My point, however, is that in the short story referred to the friendliest eye could discover not a scintilla of the promise that it ought to have contained. The thing was crude, ill-considered, ill-written, with a very bad plot and utterly lacking in any descriptive style or quality. Probably it would never have been preserved but for the fact that it had got into the hands of some kind of literary agent who steadily hawked it about for a decade or so without obtaining a single offer or seeing the ghost of a publisher. This example ought to be very encouraging to young writers. My belief, founded on a good many years of experience, is that the best of them are the most prone to send absolute rubbish to journals and magazines, and that they often do so with the sanguine hope that the editorial eye will discover some shining merit in the stuff. The man of a good all-round talent is much less likely to be what the Scotch call "fushenless," than the youngster of genius. Mediocrity does not possess these shining hopeful eyes that are so deceiving to their owner, and yet so often bring at length his promise to performance. Mediocrity soon learns to keep to its own just level, never rising on the one hand to inspiration, never on the other sinking to futility. And this makes one wish that the average editor would attend more closely to his post-bag. No doubt it is on the whole a wearisome piece of furniture. Morning after morning it comes laden with impossible literary efforts. Any one who has been in the habit of examining these would-be contributions systematically, must have come to the conclusion that the vast majority of those who write have sat down to their self-chosen task without any qualification whatever for it. They do not know that one of two things is essential.

In the first place, he who is not oppressed with the sense of his own genius will do well to consider what it is that a particular publication wants. Before sending off

his composition to the editor he might usefully place himself for a moment in the legendary chair, and ask what judgment he would pass on his own offer. If his verdict be even slightly against, he may be sure that a stranger sitting in the seat of judgment will be almost certain to issue a very decided negative. If he have talent only, he must consider times and seasons and that curious intangible quality for which topicality is too gross a name. Ideas at a particular time seem to be lurking in the air or, more properly speaking, in the distance. Out of it they flash, it may be swiftly and for an instant, it may be with a strong and slow gleam, and the success of a writer in many cases must depend on his relationship to this phenomenon. It is a truism to say that no man can escape from his age. In the case of a writer it is a truism in the sense in which the Ten Commandments are truisms. On the other hand, original genius soars like a bird independent of circumstances; only we have to remember what the end is to the attempt of a callow fledgling to perform this aerial manoeuvre. The thing that happens most usually is that it flops helplessly down on the grass. In that case its position is far from being hopeless. Its parents will continue to feed it, wholesome air and sunlight will bring it health and strength, and when the little wings are stronger the ambitious flight may in due time be effected. But meanwhile there is danger enough and to spare. The little bird may in the first place not be of the species whose nature is to soar. The hedge-sparrow will meet with disaster if it try to emulate the lark. In the second place there are ugly things that attack the nestling on the ground, cats and weasels, birds of prey and mischievous children. Yet these are nothing compared with the difficulties and dangers attending potential genius after its first disaster. Worst of all enemies is that within. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is given to genius to be conscious of itself, and the arrows of outrageous Fortune, where they would only hurt a mean spirit, torture one of nobler texture. And it is no paradox to say that in true greatness, humility often attends self-consciousness, so that he who has tried and failed often feels like one born out of due time, who has no place to fill and no task to do in the world wherein he is placed.

But our study of rejected addresses is one to carry hope and cheer to the downhearted. It is good for him to know that genius in the making, and often when it is made, is capable of the most extraordinary *bêtises*. If we were to seek to buttress this opinion with illustrious examples, it would be extremely easy to find them. Looking back we may profess to find signs and tokens of the "Lotus Eaters" and of the "Passing of Arthur" in Tennyson's *Juvenilia*, but it is a gross and rank deception. If Tennyson had at an early age been obliged to hawk about his youthful poems until he had got enough money for them to earn the necessary bread and cheese of life, there is a very considerable likelihood that he would have starved in the process. Even Lord Byron, sharply as he retaliated on the Scotch reviewers, achieved very little in his "Hours of Idleness." An exception to the rule may perhaps be found in Dickens, but he was one of those who flowered early. His "Pickwick," written at twenty-one, was at least no worse, and in the opinion of many was infinitely better, than anything that succeeded it. Jane Austen, again, flowered into "Pride and Prejudice" when she was a girl of twenty-one: curiously enough that was also her high-water mark. It is, however, impossible to lay down rules, and one earnestly trusts that no reader of this journal will consider himself a genius for the simple reason that he has perpetrated a bad article, a bad story, or a bad poem. The stupidest is equal to that achievement. But what we mean to say is that a piece of blundering, bad work done at the beginning of a career is by no means decisive as to the want of merit in a writer. Experience has shown—or at least he who indites this meditation thinks so—that out of a perfect sea of bad

work inspiration may come at last, or, in the words of the wholesome old proverb, the way to success lies through failure.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Poetry of Christmas," by J. A. MacCulloch.]

FICTION

A Boy's Marriage. By HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT. (Lane, 6s.)

THE average reader may find it hard to grant one, at least, of the two main postulates upon which Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt relies in working out a problem which might well have taxed the resources of a hardened historian of the abnormal. Let it be granted that Beverley Teruel has been so guarded from contact with the world, that even three years of Oxford could do nothing to spoil the fitness of his college nickname of "Girlic." Such characters, though rare, are not unknown, and it is Mr. de Sélincourt's object to show that unless those who arrange the innocence can arrange also the remotest details of the awakening, a sensitive nature so trained is the most likely of all to come to shipwreck. Beverley's father, whose own youth had not been without an "experience," arranged, with Beverley's full approval, that he should marry a girl named Eva; and after a few summer weeks spent in the society of his family, Eva, and the poets, especially the poets, he duly weds. The success of such a marriage must depend upon the character of the wife, and we are asked to believe that Eva is more innocent than Beverley, and that some outrageous words let fall as to the cruelty of the male sex frighten her into raising at the outset the unpardonable barrier against a husband whom she likes. The thing is, to say the least of it, improbable. Had Mr. de Sélincourt a story of de Maupassant in mind? And has he not forgotten that the voice of nature speaks to the purest minds in the plainest words? Still, granting the possibility of two such natures being tied to each other, the conclusion drawn seems to us the right one. Beverley flies into a morbid suspicion of the purity of his perfectly healthy passion. He seeks solace in a platonic affection for a literary woman, finds it difficult to exist without her, disobeys her by rushing to London to see her, and, when severely snubbed, falls an easy victim to the wiles of a woman of the town. During his absence Eva has been making discoveries which impel her towards a whole-hearted bid for her husband's vanished affection. But it is too late. Innocence has given place to morbidity, and everything ends as, granting the premisses, it must end, miserably. The workmanship of the book, though sensitive, is sometimes feeble. There is a good deal of superfluous detail, and the lines are not always clear. But the choice and development of the theme show courage, humour, and a severe logic which promise well.

Fools Rush In. By MARY GRANT and JOHN RIDGWELL ESSEX. (Heinemann, 6s.)

FOR several reasons this story is unusually interesting. It is well and brightly told, it is set with real knowledge and power of description amongst Mahommedan West African tribes, it gives a vivid picture of what white women may be called on to endure when they accompany their men-folk to savage missions, and it demonstrates the profound but not generally recognised truth that fools do more harm than knaves. The people we expect to meet in fiction are there: brave men, beautiful young women, and a blood-curdling villain in the shape of the Fulbe prince, Dan Ali Mon. But the two characters that give salt to the story are the fussy, stupid, credulous missionary, Horace Webley, and the cheerful Cockney trader, Peter Addie. The picture of the two Englishwomen at the mercy of the brutal Fulbe chief and his savage followers is one to make zealots think. "All the Gospel that was

ever preached on this earth ain't worth a half of what them poor women suffered," says Peter Addie; and he was not speaking of imaginary heroines but of real, live, white women, who were not rescued in the nick of time.

The Empty House. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Nash, 6s.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD is to be congratulated on having produced one of the best books of "horror" since the appearance of Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula." "The Empty House" is a commonplace title enough, and we opened the book in anticipation of a dull hour among flapping white spirits and headless spectres. When we say that the hour was an enthralling one and that we rose at the end of it with a sensation of chill and a certain undefinable distrust of the dark corners of the room, we are doing scant justice to Mr. Blackwood's powers. It is not so much that the tales are original (we have met most of these ghosts under one form or another before): it is the convincing manner in which they are told which compels admiration. We have some difficulty in deciding which of these ten stories is the best. Save two, they are of a supernatural character and all are gruesome in the extreme.

Andrew Goodfellow. By HELEN H. WATSON (Mrs. HERBERT A. WATSON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE large novel-reading public which demands no more from a book of fiction than a story will find much that is pleasing in this tale of the early nineteenth century, in which such interesting personages as Nelson and Mrs. Jordan appear. The writing is unilluminated by those qualities which distinguish literature from mere story-telling. This lack of artistic treatment is to be regretted, as the author has made an interesting choice of characters—a choice which calls for individuality in description. This, as a first book, lacks equally the faults which tell against, and those which promise well for, future success—that is success in literature. Success, in a measure, as a popular story-teller, will quite possibly be the fate of this writer.

The Country Road. By ALICE BROWN. (Constable, 6s.)

A DOZEN excellent stories by the author of "Paradise"—what better entertainment could a reader desire for a rainy day? The simple annals, the love-affairs, the comedies and tragedies of married life of shrewd New England folk, these are the materials of which Miss Brown weaves her charming tales. "The Tree of a Thousand Leaves," "Bachelor's Fancy," "A Day Off," are perhaps the best, but all are good. In the last-mentioned story, Abigail, driven to desperation by a meddling, obtuse husband, indulges in a joyous and successful day of lying in aid of her daughter's love-affairs, and does not repent: "I've had a splendid day. I've had the best time I've had for years. I aint ever going to have another like it. I don't dast to." None of the tales touch upon the darker aspects of life, all are optimistic in tone, and delicately humorous in treatment.

A Knight of the Cumberland. By JOHN FOX, JUNR. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)

NEVER were more opposing forces brought into contact than those we find in this book. Nothing could equal the incongruity of a Mediæval Tournament, at which "jousting at the ring" forms the principal attraction, held at a small mining town in America. And it is this very incongruity which renders the tale fascinating. The rough mountaineers clad in uncouth trappings, from football shorts to chain armour, riding into the lists and answering to such high-sounding titles as "The Knight of the Green Valley" and "The Knight of the Holston" to receive the "Charge" delivered by the Hon. Sam Budd, a Southern, stump-speaking politician, make a picture which lays hold of the reader's imagination and compels

his attention, as much from sheer surprise at the audacity of the plot as by the skill with which it is carried out. The defeat of the "Knight Discarded" who, for his comfort, is given the hand of the "Queen of Love and Beauty" (known in every-day life as "The Blight"), ends this attractive and original tale.

Honour's Glassy Bubble. By E. GERARD. (Blackwood, 6s.)

MISS GERARD is not of those who hold that the duel was not without influence for good upon morals and manners. In her story of three generations she gives a "truthful and impartial picture of the misfortunes resulting from this barbarous practice," in Eastern Europe. With careful art she interests us in two brothers, or lovers, or husband and wife, and then just at the most charming or most interesting part of their story a duel ends it all. A fresh start is made, new expectations aroused, and at the next dramatic moment comes the fatal duel again. Six duels to one story is a liberal allowance and does not leave much time for rejoicing, but the intervals between the tragedies have their pleasant incidents, the characters are uncommon, and—especially the ruffianly autocrat, Count Attila—boldly drawn. Stories written with a purpose rarely present so many attractions as this anti-duelling novel, and comparatively few of any kind are so well worth reading.

DRAMA

"THE WEAVERS" AT THE SCALA THEATRE

THE effect which this play of Gerhart Hauptmann produces upon the mind is a very strange one. As was said with less justice of *The Voysey Inheritance*, there seems at first no particular reason why the fifth act should be the last, why the play should not quietly proceed on its way from act to act, each additional act adding perhaps a little to the effect of the whole by giving fresh instances of the horror of the weavers' existence. Such is the first impression received, but another comes to take its place; for the play is one of haunting power, and remains in the mind at length almost uncannily shaping itself there, in much the same way as a remembered dream. This is due in part to the novelty of the theme and of the theme's handling; instinct fights knowledge to pick out from the crowd of weavers the one who is to be, if not the actual hero, at least the most important character; and just in so far as instinct triumphs in picking out Becker or Tueger, the young strike-leaders, or old Baumerl, the venerable drunkard, or old Hilse, who remains loyal to his sense of duty, does the true meaning of the drama escape. But the chief reason is that the play is something more than the representation of particular injustice and misery, lived through years and years ago, among a particular group of Silesian work-people. Were that the case, the Stage Society, or any other management, would be ill-advised indeed to revive it. The fact is that Hauptmann, a dreamer always, took the recounted trials of his grandfather's youth as the merest peg on which to hang the fabric of a great idea. As Euripides in *The Trojan Women* shows the beauty that is part of all tragedy, so Hauptmann in *The Weavers* shows all the ways in which a man may meet misfortune. He lifts the play from the pettiness of a struggle between weaver and manufacturer, or master and man, until it becomes a symbol of the eternal conflict of human existence, the conflict between Man and Destiny. "Out of misery and shame and evil he makes Tragedy," as Professor Murray wrote concerning *The Trojan Women*. This deeper meaning grows slowly from the actual setting, but once in being the drama assumes its true and perfect shape.

And very little would seem to be lost from the inability of the actors to present exact character-studies of Silesian

workpeople in the Forties. Under Herr Hans Andresen's admirable management the nature of the characters, essential to the play's wider significance, was preserved in all its proper variety, and expressed by the actors with great care and with a general success that is highly praiseworthy under the unusual hurrying conditions of the drama's action. Where the work of all was good and spirited, it would be invidious to mention particular names. The Stage Society did well to produce the play; it has only once before been given in English, and under disadvantageous circumstances, when Mr. Charles Charrington presented it at the Crystal Palace in 1901 on the occasion of the First of May Labour Day Festival. The play is not only of interest by reason of clever stage-craft; it is a permanent work of art.

FINE ART

BRABAZON AND OTHERS

IN the whole history of painting it would be difficult to find a career parallel to that of the late Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, a memorial exhibition of whose work is now open at the Goupil Gallery (5 Regent Street). Two dates give a hint of his unique position—1821, the year of his birth; and 1892, the year in which he made his first public appearance, when the discerning were astounded at the revelation of a new development of water-colour by a master whose existence was unsuspected. In the life-time between these dates Brabazon had lived outwardly the ordinary life of a cultured country gentleman. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, travelled extensively in France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and India, and for the rest lived quietly on his Sussex estate, a model landlord in his dealings with his tenants, but unconcerned with the worlds of politics and sport. By his neighbours, among whom was Mr. Francis James, the flower-painter, he was known to spend much of his time sketching, but such was his modesty that it required the repeated urging of distinguished professional painters—Mr. Sargent, Mr. Steer, and Mr. J. J. Shannon among the number—before he could be persuaded that his colour-notes of places he had seen and of master-pieces he admired were worthy of public exhibition.

It was not till he was seventy that his objections to publicity were overcome. In November 1891, he was elected a member of the New English Art Club, to whose next Spring Exhibition he contributed, and in the following November his first "one-man-show" was held at the Goupil Gallery. Mr. Sargent was his introducer on that occasion, and in a preface to the catalogue the great portrait-painter lucidly expounded the technical merits of Mr. Brabazon's art, his "gift of colour," and "exquisite sensitiveness to impressions of colour."

A French artist [wrote Mr. Sargent] on seeing some of these drawings resumed in a word another secret of their charm and of their power: "C'est la fin d'une vie!" Only after years of the contemplation of Nature can the process of selecting become so sure an instinct, and a handling so spontaneous and so freed from the commonplace of expression is final mastery, the result of long artistic training.

Although Brabazon's art has now been before the public for fifteen years there is little to add to the estimate then made by Mr. Sargent. For whereas other painters only gradually reveal themselves to us as artists in the making, Brabazon burst upon us in his first exhibition as an artist already made, in complete enjoyment of a perfect mastery of his medium. Ensuing exhibitions only confirmed the justice of what had already been said, but added no fresh knowledge save what was afforded by the artist's late experiments with pastel, a medium he used as perfectly and individually as he did water-colour. Some early sketches at the Memorial Exhibition indicate the "long

artistic training" of which Mr. Sargent speaks, but though these have their interest as showing Brabazon's patient study of form during his long apprenticeship, his fame rests not on his delineation of form, but on his magical interpretation of colour. Form he studied sufficiently for his purpose, but with him it was always a secondary interest. And in this he showed himself to be a true child of his century, just as in another respect he stood out as a genius ahead of his age. The interpretation of light in landscape was beyond question the salient characteristic of the art of the late nineteenth and dawning twentieth centuries. And Brabazon was as fully concerned with problems of light as the French Luminists who, like himself, drew their inspiration from Turner. Brabazon's art is the exact parallel to the French impressionist movement, but he made use of a different medium, our national medium of water-colour, which he carried to ethereal heights unscaled by any previous artist. Less grand than Turner's, Brabazon's water-colours are even more exquisite, for to what he learnt from the older masters of water-colour he added qualities of his own, qualities of delicacy and refinement which rank him with them, perhaps above them.

There are critics who would depreciate Brabazon's art because he never attempted canvases of imposing size, but confined his efforts to water-colours of modest dimensions. The contention is uncritical, since excellence in art is a matter of quality, not of quantity, but it so happens that Brabazon's wise restraint in this matter was an unconscious preparation for the needs of the future and entitles his drawings to be regarded as the typical art product of the age in which he died. If we accept Mr. George Moore's statement that "art is merely the embodiment of the dominant influence of an age," and his argument that the villa was the dominant influence of the mid-nineteenth century, then surely we must believe that the dominant influence of the century now dawning is the flat. Hence it follows, according to Mr Moore's theory, "that artists of to-day will produce more lasting work by supplying the 'flat' with an art suitable for the 'flat,' than by supplying it with a traditional art descended from the palace or the cathedral." "It is better," says Joubert, "to be exquisite than to be ample," and Brabazon in choosing the better part was unconsciously supplying the community in which he lived with the æsthetic comestible best suited to their taste and needs.

Bereft of Brabazon, and with Mr. D. S. MacColl an absentee, the water-colour wall of the New English Art Club's current exhibition might be expected to be less interesting this year than usual. Nevertheless it compares well with the oil section of the exhibition, though in both many things are included which might have been omitted with advantage to the collection as a whole. Mr. Tonks, who sends no oil paintings this year, is strongly represented on the water-colour wall with a vigorous impression of schoolboy life, *The Stonethrower* (28), full of action, and two freshly painted visions of *Poole Harbour* (30) and *The Town from Corfe Castle* (24), very beautiful and truthful in colour. Mr. Francis James's flower paintings, the landscapes of Mr. Rich and Mr. Steer help to maintain the standard of the wall, which is threatened by the inclusion of such dry "British-Museumy" drawings as Mr. Unwin's *La Cour d'Albane, Rouen* (12) and such unfeeling colour as that displayed in Mr. Noel Rooke's *St. Julien, Brionde* (3). Among the drawings the most notable contributions are Mr. Muirhead Bone's grand composition, *The Great Gentry—Charing Cross Station*, 1906, which has been purchased by subscription for presentation to the British Museum, and Mr. Orpen's rhythmical pencil study, *The Sleeping Child* (11). No member comes better out of this exhibition than Mr. Orpen, who, in addition to his drawings, sends the three most important oil paintings. His recumbent nude, *A Woman* (97), has obviously been inspired by the Velasquez Venus, which it recalls even in its grey and flesh-tint colour scheme. The curious insistence on the

curve of the hip, the disappearance of the feet beneath drapery, and the scamped treatment of the drapery itself militate against the delightful abandon of the pose, the splendid rendering of the shoulders and back, and the beautiful light effect. Mr. Orpen's other nude, *The Reflection* (90), is more pleasing as a whole, though here again there are contradictions; for the draped back standing erect does not seem to fit the slightly bent pose of the reflection in the mirror—a delightful piece of flesh-painting. More complete than either of these is Mr. Orpen's third oil-painting, *The Eastern Gown* (84), in which textures have been studied and rendered with fair success in a composition of considerable charm. Mr. Conder's *Wood Nymphs* (121), a sylvan phantasy of lovely colour, is one of the most successful of the larger pictures he has yet exhibited, while Mr. Steer's *The Bend of the River* (119) and *The School Girl* (123) are pleasant if not remarkable examples of his skill in landscape and portraiture. Of Mr. Will Rothenstein's two oils, both landscapes, *Threshing in Burgundy* (92) is a brilliant sunlight effect treated in a style akin to that of Mr. Clausen, but lacking his tender ruggedness of handling. *The Abbey Church* (61), a moonlight effect, is more successful, the subject lending itself better to Mr. Rothenstein's more polished and less impassioned style. Mr. Chowne's admirable still-life, *Peaches* (89), and Fantinesque flower-pieces, the scholarly landscapes of Professor C. J. Holmes, and two fresh and unpretentious oil-sketches by Mr. John, *In the Tent* (95) and *The Camp* (91), are among the most pleasant contributions from the older men. Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's tranquil *Interior—Man Drawing* (110) and Mr. Glyn W. Philpot's grave "Old-Masterly" oil studies are among the best things sent in by the new recruits. But as a whole the collection must be pronounced disappointing, for none of the members except Mr. Tonks and Mr. Orpen add to the laurels they have already gained, while few of the new-comers beyond the two above mentioned justify by their works the favour shown them by the jury of selection.

Mrs. Mary McEvoy, one of the most interesting of the exhibiting non-members of the club, is represented by a single work, *A Lady Playing* (52); but her gently austere art, her love of the *petits maîtres* of Holland, and her ability, like them, to endow homely domestic scenes with a beauty derived from insight into the mysteries of light, are satisfactorily and amply displayed in the exhibition of her works now open at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea.

MODERN SILVER AND ENAMELLING

THE exhibition of work by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson at the Leicester Galleries will be found of considerable interest to all who care for the silversmith's craft. The applied arts, although a good deal talked about just now, are not practised with so much skill that we can afford to overlook the productions of this accomplished lady and gentleman. For the more utilitarian pieces shown we have nothing but warm admiration. The simple silver knives and entirely new forks, the handles of which are made after a cleverly adapted design based on the typical Chippendale chair-back, the plain but distinguished salt-cells and other pieces for table use are admirably and substantially wrought. But many of the more elaborate examples are fashioned in silver that is far too thin. This is a common fault of our age. Mr. Dawson invents excellent designs, the enameller bejewels the object, the public rush in to buy, some one receives a charming present and all goes well. But in a decade or two what will become of these examples of Mr. Dawson's skill? The thin metal will be cracked and the silver bowl will be broken and the beauty of the original lost to a future generation. A Stuart or Georgian example of silver is often nearly as perfect to-day as when produced, but our terrible desire for low prices will rob future generations

of the pleasure of seeing such work as this to any advantage. In the cases devoted to jewelled ornaments are many excellent examples of fine workmanship. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson also show some enamelling on gold. This facile and graceful decorative art is one that they understand historically, practically, and, we suspect, commercially.

MUSIC

THE JOACHIM QUARTET CONCERTS

IN spite of the fact that all the seats for the Joachim concerts in the Bechstein Hall were subscribed for long before the concerts took place, and that Queen's Hall was very full on both occasions when it was used, it is difficult to put aside the feeling that musical London has scarcely realised the importance of the event which has just taken place. Perhaps it is because a certain apathy on the one hand is balanced by an indiscriminate enthusiasm on the other that we are inclined to doubt the discernment of each side, who together make up the concert-going population of London. The enthusiasts are more than enough to fill the Bechstein Hall, and nearly enough to fill Queen's Hall, which does not argue a very widespread appreciation of the art of the Joachim quartet and those associated with it. Fortunately, however, it is not needful here to discuss either how far the admiration for Brahms's music as played by Joachim is genuine, or whether the apathetic have any justification for finding that playing less perfect than once it was. Certain disadvantages had of necessity to be contended with; for example, the fact that Bechstein Hall was too small for the audience and Queen's Hall too large for the performers, or rather that the latter is quite unsuited to performances of chamber music. Few will contend that Dr. Joachim has at command the body of tone he once had, and the consequent thinness of tone aggravated the difficulty of the hall. There was the further disadvantage that the chamber works of Brahms with the two sets of "Liebeslieder" Waltzes are just too many to be arranged comfortably in six programmes, with the result that at the last concert at Queen's Hall the magnificent pianoforte quintet, op. 34, was listened to by a tired audience, whereas it particularly requires fresh and alert perceptions for its full enjoyment. Really the "Liebeslieder" Waltzes might have been omitted, for, since they were sung by a mediocre quartet of singers, their performance was in no way a parallel to that of the instrumental works. Instead of the first set the early form of the trio, op. 8, might have been given. This was composed in 1854 and revised and republished by Brahms in 1891. The later form was played at the concert on December 3 and it is that which is generally known. It may be argued that Brahms would have wished the later form only to survive, that it contains what is worth hearing in the early work and perfects its expression; but this is not quite true, for in the edition of 1891 he discarded large sections of the early trio, whole trains of thought which his youthful fancy followed willingly, but which his older judgment refused. As it is, the only chamber composition which dates from the 'fifties we would gladly hear it as he first conceived it; but Dr. Joachim may have had personal reasons for deciding otherwise, which the committee would of course respect.

With these exceptions no fault could be found with the general scheme; the arrangement of the six programmes was rightly governed by principles of musical effect rather than by an historical sequence. From this it practically resulted that in almost every programme the works were disposed so as to represent at least three decades of Brahms's life. Thus, in the first two concerts at Bechstein Hall, the two early sextets followed upon late trios, op. 114 and 101, while the quartets, op. 60 and 67, began the concerts. This reversal of the chronological order

even in the single programmes was wise, since the sextets, with their clear cut form and simple themes resembling Schubert, are listened to with ease when the audience is a little tired after giving serious attention to music of a more involved kind. At the same time, to those who took the trouble to compare and contrast, each concert might represent an epitome of Brahms's life; this was particularly striking in the first given at Queen's Hall, which only contained two instrumental works, the piano quartet in A major, *opus* 26, and the clarinet quintet, *opus* 115. The first illustrated Brahms's earliest manner, when the instinct for formal beauty was dominant and proclaimed him even more the successor of Mozart than of Beethoven; the second showed that instinct still potent, but tempered by the experience of a lifetime and brought to serve rather than to rule, to produce a work of exquisite tenderness and human pathos. Dr. Joachim, an intimate sharer in that life experience, interpreted both its beginning and its close, and the others of his quartet, only a degree further removed from the composer, entered with wonderful insight into his meaning. Herr Mühlfeld too, whose beautiful tone and masterly phrasing inspired, not surely the thoughts of the clarinet quintet itself, but rather the manner of their expression, was there once more to show of what sound Brahms was thinking when he placed the clarinet in his score. It was impossible to listen and not to feel that here was the most authoritative presentment of Brahms's attitude towards music that could be given. Details of tone and balance dropped into the background; Dr. Joachim's mental leadership was as forcible as ever, if sometimes his hand was less sure. A fresh, young spirit pervaded the piano quartet, which reached a climax in the boyish good humour of the finale, while the slow movement of the clarinet quintet had the solemnity of a funeral sermon which does not lament the departed but tells the noble record of his life.

In so long a line of artistic works there must necessarily be a certain flow and ebb in clearness and expression. With Brahms there was never any fluctuation in the earnestness of his aim, but there was inevitably variation in the actual results. One of the great benefits of hearing his works through several complete programmes is that we can then note the moments at which the tide of clear inspiration runs highest, and it is remarkable that such moments invariably leave an impression of exceptionally good performance, though it is impossible to doubt that the same care was given to less perspicuous works. In the clarinet trio, *opus* 114, played on November 23 by Herr Mühlfeld, Professor Hausmann and Mr. Leonard Borwick, the third movement shone out after the clouded slow movement like a ray of sunshine, and again the first movement of the string quartet in A minor, played on December 3, sounded so wonderfully ethereal that one was tempted to judge hastily that the Joachim quartet needed to be heard alone to be enjoyed; the later movements showed that the truth is that in this first movement Brahms caught more of the peculiar magic of the stringed instruments than he often did in writing for them alone. Other instances will occur to every discriminating hearer, where Brahms seems to express suddenly with perfect ease what at another time is somewhat obscure.

Apart from the opportunity for critical study that these concerts have given, they stand unique as a record. Now that musicians are becoming satiated by sensational devices, which have been pressed in to give new colour to modern art, it is a happy time to review our resources, to take stock—as it were—of all that has been achieved in the past. Undoubtedly in the chamber music of Brahms possibilities for the future of the art are shown, which latterly have received but little attention. No more powerful recall could be made to the principles which Brahms represents than a complete recital of his chamber works by those who know and understand him best. If, as has been suggested, such a recital shows where he

attained highest and where inspiration was less clear, it is illuminating in the utmost degree. Dr. Joachim has added this crowning service to his life of devotion to his art, that he has clearly shown what was the last decisive word in chamber music, and that in it lie the premisses from which the future of that branch of music must to a large extent be evolved.

H.C.C.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FRENCH CRITIC ON HOMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following passage occurs in Professor Tyrrell's review of "Pour Mieux Connaître Homère." (ACADEMY, Dec. 8, p. 570.)

"It is remarkable that among 'les inconséquences et les contradictions' which are detected by M. Bréal in the gradual development of the poem, and which betray the latest hands, are the most exquisite scenes in the Iliad and those which have been most admired in all ages—Helen on the walls of Troy, the embassy to Achilles, the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, the *apoteia* of the different chieftains, the exquisite dirges of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen over the dead Hector, and above all the scene in which Priam comes to beg Achilles for the corpse of his son, which Gottfried Hermann called the finest thing in the literature of any period or people."

This is not very intelligible, for M. Bréal says (p. 3). "We must look for the true Homer . . . in the description of the embassy to Achilles . . . or let us take the last Book of the Iliad, when Priam comes to beg for the body of his son." M. Bréal then exclaims: "Passages foreign to the original redaction! Passages added *après coup*! . . . It is not yet the moment for the discussion of these theories. . . . The passages which advance the action, or lead to the necessary conclusion, which paint situations or reveal character, are not added *après coup*" (p. 4). In these sentences M. Bréal rejects the opinions assigned to him by Professor Tyrrell, as regards the embassy to Achilles and the ransoming of the body of Hector. In page 126, M. Bréal returns to this subject, and rejects the system which detects such additions in the scenes of Helen on the tower; the farewell of Helen and Andromache, the various *apoteia*; the embassy to Achilles, the ransoming of Hector, and the dirges over Hector dead. M. Bréal says, "I have not to estimate at present a system which brings the Iliad down to the level of a French tragedy under the first Empire."

Professor Tyrrell has inadvertently attributed to M. Bréal the opinions which he twice repudiates. His book is astonishing enough! He states that he knows little of the archaeology of the subject (p. 85) and discusses the Homeric problems without venturing further into archaeology than the amazing statement that poets of 600–550 B.C. at the Court of Croesus and other Lydian Kings, knew Mycenaean relics much as we know them. "Doubtless they were then more numerous and in better condition. . . . The poet placed his heroes in this antique setting," (p. 85)—as a Scottish peasant wears a kilt on a holiday!

The notion of a Scottish peasant dressing in Highland costume on a holiday is not so surprising as the theory that the Homeric poet "got up" his "local" colour from Mycenaean relics on view in 600 B.C. I ought to say that M. Bréal does not, in so many words, speak of plaid and philabeg as the holiday attire of the Scottish peasant. He says that the Scot puts on "un costume dont il ne songe à savoir ni la date ni l'origine." I suppose him to mean the Highland costume.

Every student of Homer will observe that M. Bréal is inadequately equipped for his task of criticism. But he is too good a literary critic to suppose that "the beauties of a work are contributed by its interpolators" (p. 127).

ANDREW LANG.

ἐπιδημιου δεικνύοντος

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor R. Y. Tyrrell, in accepting the change of above into—*loo κρυβεντος*, stultifies, I submit, his own adhesion to Monroe's fourth foot rule and its corollaries. This would be kind to such poets as Xenophanes, who were unaware of such a rule—not true universally, and not to be pressed too far. But, meanwhile, we have a single word forming partly or wholly three hexameter feet, a consummation devoutly to be deprecated.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes University, France.
December 12.

THE POEMS OF FATHER TABB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I would ask you to notice a few *errata* in the volume of selections from my verses which you reviewed in the ACADEMY of November 17. Banister, my middle name, has but one *n*. Of "Ave atque Vale" upon the last page the second verse is, strangely, found

on p. 64. In the lines "To Silence," which you quote, *my* in the second line is a misprint for *thy*. In "December" there is a slip—*winding* for *whining*; and in "The Boy Bishop" *all* should be deleted. Thanking you for your kind notice,

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

St. Charles College,
Ellicott City,
Maryland.

THE GARDENS OF ADONIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "gardens of Adonis" mentioned in your review of Dr. Frazer's book, as being still found in Sicily and elsewhere, must have been well known in England in the time of Shakespeare—witness the lines in *Henry VI.* (Pt. i. Act i. Scene vi.):

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

December 9.

A LEGEND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—These Latin words mean "perfect unity is charity and love." The initial letter of "punitas" is, no doubt, a mistake on the part of the maker. Brazen alms-dishes were imported in great quantities into Spain from the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century; and on many of them there are inscriptions in which even greater blunders than the above are observable.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

December 7.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Costume: Fanciful, Historical and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. Illustrated by Percy Anderson. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 259. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.

Taylor, Henry. *The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire.* 10½ x 8. Pp. 516. Manchester: Sherratt and Hughes, 42s. net.
["With Notes on the pre-Reformation Churches, Monastic Institutions, and Superstitions of the County Palatine."]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Saint Catherine of Siena and her Times. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 300. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Pinero, Arthur W. *His House in Order.* A Comedy in four acts. 6½ x 5. Pp. 224. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Skrine, Mary J. W. *The House of the Luck.* Illustrated by Margaret S. Skrine. 8 x 6½. Pp. 247. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.

Macaulay, R. *Abbots Verney.* A novel. 7½ x 5. Pp. 291. Murray, 6s.

HISTORY.

Whish, C. W. *The Ancient World.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. xlvii, 345. Luzac, 5s. net.
["A Historical Sketch, with Comparative Chart of Principal Events: being vol. ii. of 'Reflections on Some Leading Facts and Ideas of History: their Meaning and Interest,' with special chapter on The Bible Lands."]

The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar in St. Giles Church. With introductory notes by John Smith. 9 x 5½. Pp. 201. Edinburgh: Published at John Knox's House by William J. Hay, 10s. 6d. net.
[Extracts from the Records of the Incorporation of Hammermen of Edinburgh, 1494 to 1558.]

Allen, Herbert J. *Early Chinese History.* Are the Chinese Classics Forged? 8 x 5½. Pp. 300. S.P.C.K., 5s.

Semenoff, Captain Vladimir. *The Battle of Tsu-Shima* between the Japanese and Russian Fleets, fought on May 27, 1905. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. With a preface by Sir George Sydenham. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 165. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.
[Captain Semenoff was on board the *Kynas Suvoroff*, the Russian flag-ship, during the engagement.]

LITERATURE.

Old German Love Songs. Translated by Frank C. Nicholson. 8 x 5½. Pp. 196. Unwin, 6s.

[Translations from the Minnesingers of the twelfth to the fourteenth century. The translator's object has been "to present English readers with a selection from Minnesong sufficiently varied and extensive to illustrate roughly the nature and range of the art and indicate the main lines of its development."]

Westminster Versions. Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse, reprinted from the "Westminster Gazette." Edited by Herbert F. Fox. 7½ x 5. Pp. 106. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Underdown, Emily. *Medallions from Early Florentine History.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 253. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.

[The author's object has been to "detach from the phantasmagoria of mediæval Italian politics certain of the more striking and important events connected with Florence . . . some of the most picturesque incidents, some of the most attractive personages"; and to "place them

before the reader as a sequence of medallions . . . to display them thus, hung as it were separately and with space for each to be viewed against its own background."]

Bayley, R. Child. *The Complete Photographer.* With over one hundred illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 410. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.

Provincial Letters, and Other Papers. By the author of "Pages from a Private Diary." 7½ x 5. Pp. 343. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.
[Papers mostly reprinted from the *Cornhill*.]

Live Stock Journal 1907 Almanack. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 246. Vinton, 1s.

Mountmorres, Viscount. *The Congo Independent State.* A Report on a Voyage of Enquiry. 10 x 6½. Pp. 166. Williams & Norgate, 6s. net.

Read, C. Stanford. *How to Keep Well.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 199. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.
["Practical home hints on common ailments." They are not intended to take the place of a visit to the doctor; but, says the author, with no excess of modesty, "amid the myriad indispositions to which we are liable, there are many that are doctored at home, and . . . it should be well that some authoritative guidance should be at hand."]

Saltus, Edgar. *Historia Amoris.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 278. Sisley's, 5s. net.
["A history of love ancient and modern."]

List of Annual Subscriptions to English and Foreign Newspapers, Magazines, etc. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 102. Dawson & Sons, Cannon House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., n.p.

[Contains particulars of over five thousand newspapers, etc., with rates—including postage—at which they can be mailed to residents in Great Britain, the Colonies, or abroad. Sections are devoted to British periodicals (there is a classified as well as an alphabetical list), American and Canadian, Australian, French, German, Indian, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, and so on.]

Debrett's *Peerage, Baronage, Knightage, and Companionship, 1907.* Comprising information concerning all persons bearing Hereditary or Courtesy Titles, Privy Councillors, Knights, and Companions of all the various Orders; and the Collateral Branches of all Peers and Baronets. Illustrated with 1500 armorial bearings. Revised by the Nobility and Aristocracy. 8½ x 6. Pp. 1346. Dean, 31s. 6d. net.

Fox-Davies, Arthur Charles; and Carlyon-Britton, P. W. P. *A Treatise on the Law Concerning Names and Changes of Name.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 118. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[A revision and extension of a series of articles which appeared in the *Genealogical Magazine*.]

POETRY.

Rickards, Marcus S. C. *Lyrics of Life and Beauty.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 123. Clifton: Baker, 3s. 6d. net.

Coventry, R. G. T. *Poems.* 6½ x 5½. Pp. 120. Elkin Mathews, 5s. net.
[Some are new; others have been reprinted from *The Academy*, *Country Life*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Westminster Gazette*.]

Davies, William H. *New Poems.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 75. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

Ogilvie, Will H. *Rainbows and Witches.* 6½ x 5½. Pp. 88. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.
[Poems reprinted from different periodicals.]

The Belgian Hare (Lord Alfred Douglas). *The Placid Pug, and other Rhymes.* With illustrations by P.P. 8½ x 10½. Pp. 47. Duckworth, 3s. 6d. (See p. 605.)

Adams, Arthur H. *London Streets.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 44. Foulis, n.p.

Nichols, Wallace Bertram. *Firelight Fancies.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 96. The Tallis Press, 2s. 6d.

[Poems written, the publishers inform us, by a boy, between the ages of 13 and 16.]

POLITICAL.

Gould, Sir F. Carruthers. *Political Caricatures, 1906.* 11 x 14. Pp. 104. Arnold, 6s. net.

[Cartoons which have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* between December 1905 and November 1906.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Wells, H. G. *The Food of the Gods, and How It Came to Earth.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Duff, H. L. *Nyasaland under the Foreign Office.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 422. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.

[Second edition, with a new introduction dealing with the changes which have taken place in Nyasaland since the book was first written.]

Rose, J. Holland. *Napoleonic Studies.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 398. Bell, 5s. net.
[Second edition, revised.]

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell. *Wives and Daughters.* An Every-day Story. With illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 761. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.
[The eighth, and last, volume of "The Knutsford Edition."]

A New German and English Dictionary. "Compiled from the best authorities in both languages." Revised and considerably enlarged by Karl Breul. 8½ x 6. Pp. 1343. Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.
[A revised and much enlarged edition of Miss Weir's German-English and English-German dictionary.]

Spencer, Herbert. *The Data of Ethics.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 264. Williams & Norgate, 3s. net.

[Originally issued as a separate volume, these chapters afterwards formed part i. of vol. i. of "The Principles of Ethics" in the series entitled "A System of Synthetic Philosophy." They are now reissued in the original form.]

Arnold, Matthew. *Essays Literary and Critical.* With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 7 x 4½. Pp. 380. Dent, 1s. net.
[In the "Everyman's Library."]

The Modern Cyclopaedia. "A handy book of reference on all subjects and for all readers." New revised edition. Edited by Charles Annandale. Vols. iii. and iv. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 536 and 536. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

Broughton, Rhoda. *Lavinia and A Waif's Progress.* Each 7½ x 5. Macmillan, 2s. each.

Crawford, Francis Marion. *The Heart of Rome. A Tale of the Lost Water.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 395. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

The Christmas Numbers of "Household Words." Edited by Charles Dickens. 9 vols. Each 6 x 4½. Chapman & Hall, cloth 1s. net, leather 2s. net per vol.

["The Wreck of the *Golden Mary*"; "Perils of Certain English Prisoners"; "A House To Let"; "The Holly-Tree Inn"; "The Seven Poor Travellers"; "A Christmas Tree"; "Christmas As We Grow Older"; "Stories by the Christmas Fire"; and "More Stories by the Christmas Fire," in a cardboard case. The names of the contributors of each chapter are given.]

Selected Poems from the Writings of Dora Greenwell. With an introduction by Constance L. Maynard. 7½ x 5. Pp. 222. Allenson, 3s. 6d.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.* With bibliographical introduction by Hannaford Bennett. 6 x 4. Pp. 182. Long, cloth 6d., leather 1s.

[A new volume in Mr. John Long's wonderfully cheap "Carlton Classics." It is neatly bound and well printed, and the introduction is commendably brief, though it hardly deserved to be called bibliographical.]

Dumas's *The War of Women* (pp. 315); *Olympe de Clèves* (2 vols., pp. 1037); and *Black: the Story of a Dog* (pp. 400). Each 7½ x 5½. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.

[Printed from American plates. Each volume is illustrated.]

Villani's Chronicle: being selections from the first nine books of the "Croniche Fiorentine" of Giovanni Villani. Translated by Rose E. Self, and edited by Philip H. Wicksteed. Second edition, revised. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 461. Constable, 5s. net.

Russell, George W. E. *The Household of Faith.* Portraits and essays. Third edition. 9 x 5½. Pp. 419. Mowbray, 5s. net.

Pitt-Rivers, the late Lt.-Gen. A. Lane-Fox. *The Evolution of Culture, and other Essays.* Edited by J. L. Myres. With an introduction by Henry Balfour. 21 plates. 9 x 6. Pp. xx, 232. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.

["Reprinted to supply the needs of candidates for the Oxford Diploma in Anthropology and of the numerous visitors to the Pitt Rivers Museum in Oxford." The essays are reprinted substantially as they were first delivered and published, but "verbal errors" and actual misquotations have been corrected, and allusions to specimens or diagrams exhibited during the original discourse have been replaced so far as possible by references to similar objects figured in the plates.]

Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes. Containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Lande Travells by Englishmen and others. By Samuel Purchas, B.D. In twenty volumes—vols. xvii, xviii, and xix. 9½ x 6. Pp. 549, 540 and 549. MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net per vol.

Poetical Works of Robert Burns, with Life and Notes by William Wallace. With 21 illustrations from original drawings by W. D. M'Kay, C. Martin Hardie, G. O. Reid, R. B. Nisbet, and G. Pirie. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 553. Chambers, 3s. 6d.

Reid, John. *The Scots Gard'ner, together with The Gard'ners Kalendar.* Edited by Alfred H. Hyatt. With an Appreciation by the Earl of Rosebery. 6½ x 5. Pp. 196. Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.

[First published in 1683.]

Breul, Karl. *The Teaching of Modern Foreign Languages, and the Teaching of Teachers.* Third edition, revised and enlarged. 7½ x 5. Pp. 156. Cambridge University Press, 2s. net.

Cousins, James H. *The Quest.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 56. Dublin: Maunsell, 2s. 6d. net.

Schofield, Percy. *The Triumph of Man.* A dramatic poem. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 74. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Millington, J. P. *John Dalton.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 225. Dent, 2s. 6d. net. [In the "English Men of Science" series. List of John Dalton's works and index.]

THEOLOGY.

Westcott, the late Brooke Foss. *Village Sermons.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 360. Macmillan, 6s.

Otto, Dr. Rudolf. *Naturalism and Religion.* Translated by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson. Edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 374. Williams & Norgate, 6s. [In the "Crown Theological Library."]

A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., assisted by John A. Selbie, D.D., and (in the reading of the proofs) by John C. Lambert, D.D. In two volumes—vol. i. Aaron—Knowledge. 11 x 8. Pp. 936. Edinburgh: Clark, 21s. net.

[The purpose of this dictionary is to give an account of everything that relates to Christ—His Person, Life, Work, and Teaching.]

Reid, the Rev. John. *Jesus and Nicodemus.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 288. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

["A study in spiritual life."]

Lethbridge, Arthur. *Country Communion Classes.* With a preface by V. S. S. Coles. 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net.

[A series of outline addresses for services of preparation for Holy Communion.]

Clifford, John. *The Ultimate Problems of Christianity.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 356. The Kingsgate Press and James Clarke, 6s.

[Eight lectures delivered in 1906 at Regent's Park College.]

The Book of Isaiah According to the Septuagint (Codex Alexandrinus). Translated and edited by R. R. Otley. II.—Text and Notes. 7½ x 5. Pp. 418. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.

[Greek text, and 297 pages of notes. Technicality in terms and in treatment has been, as far as possible, avoided. Biblical references are given according to the chapters and verses of the Authorised Version. Translations from the Greek and Hebrew were given in the first volume on facing pages.]

The Writings of Saint Francis of Assisi. Newly translated into English, with an introduction and notes, by Father Paschal Robinson. 8 x 5½. Pp. 208. Dent, 3s. 6d. net. [Short bibliography and index.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Dick, Stewart. *The Heart of Spain.* With illustrations in colour and black and white by the author. 7 x 4. Pp. 155. Foulis, 3s. 6d. net. [An artist's impression of Toledo.]

Rix, Herbert. *Tent and Testament.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Williams & Norgate, 8s. 6d. net.

["A camping tour in Palestine, with some notes on scripture sites." An attempt is made to discriminate between the true and the false Bethlehems, Capernaums, Jerichos, and other "Bible places" visited by most pilgrims to Palestine.]

Bradley-Birt, F. B. *The Romance of an Eastern Capital.* With 30 illustrations and a map. 9½ x 6. Pp. 349. Smitn, Elder, 12s. 6d. net.

[The history of Dacca, the old Mussulman city in the heart of Eastern Bengal, which has now, after the lapse of two hundred years, once more attained the dignity of a Capital.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Il Vero Edgardo Poe (Rome, Ganguzza-Lajosa, l.2.50) is a violent little book from the pen of Professor Raffaele Bresciano, consisting of a hundred pages of biographical introduction and fifty pages of translations, in rhythmical prose, of some of Poe's best-known verses. It is true that, if the writer of a study of this kind holds a brief for his author, he is more likely to please his readers than if he makes it his business to expose and depreciate. But in this case the bias is so unconcealed and the admiration is so unbalanced, that we begin very soon to wish that the Professor would become more analytical and detached, and not write as if he were defending his dearest friend from a dishonourable and unjust charge. What was "the true Edgar Allan Poe"? It will probably startle most people in this country to hear that he was "a great poet, a lyrical writer of mighty genius, well worthy to figure in the glorious company of Lenau, de Musset, Keats and Leopardi." This remark, coming as it does on the first page of the book, is calculated to shake the reader's confidence at the outset, because it betrays a curious inability to appreciate proportionate values. Unfortunately the whole of the introductory sketch is in that vein; it is not critical; it is a sort of *totus pulcher es* from beginning to end. The accusations which have not unreasonably been brought against Poe are here met, not in a spirit of criticism and research, but in a manner which suggests the pugilist rather than the man of letters. Was Poe, for instance, a drunkard? "No! However scarce may be our documentary evidence, we do not hesitate to proclaim before the world that Poe was not a common drunkard; that he is not to be classed in the unworthy company of a Villon and a de Quincey!" He was not a drunkard, but "overcome by grief, he would run to the retailers of liquor, in order to forget the squallor of his unsuccessful life, seeking in alcohol a moment of forgetfulness." This will serve as an example of our author's method: we need not follow up his argument in detail. Poe, he thinks, was an almost perfect man, whose literary productions were masterpieces, "the glory, not of America only, but of the whole world." Yet that excessive admiration, which detracts considerably from the value of Professor Bresciano's little biographical study, stands him in good stead as a translator. His work is that of an enthusiast, his versions being faithful and adequate and not without a certain literary value of their own. Of course many of the poems—notably "The Raven"—lose most of their character when translated and turned into prose. Perhaps "Annabel Lee" is the cleverest of the renderings in the volume; while it is interesting to notice that the translation of one of Poe's simplest and most poetical pieces—the lines beginning "Helen, thy beauty is to me"—makes far and away the most pleasing piece of Italian prose of any in the volume.

We can imagine in what nervous haste our enthusiast would turn over the leaves of another little volume on Poe which has reached us, *Edgar Allan Poe, the Man, the Master, the Martyr*, by Oliver Leigh (Chicago, the Frank M. Morris Co. \$1.25 net), to find out if the author be a "gentleman in yellow gloves"—the professorial description of Griswold and his partisans—or a fellow worshipper. Mr. Leigh's book is, of course, controversial; but, where the Italian defends Poe by clamour and assertion, the American employs a continuous flow of satire and jocosity. There is very little connection between the various parts of the book; but we see by the title-page that it is No. 1 of "The Dilettante Series," so perhaps pedantic criticism of it would be misplaced. The first section is a slight study of the various portraits of Poe, with reference both to art and phrenology. The conclusion arrived at is that Poe's head was swelled on one side and that he was half mad; and further, that if both sides of his head had been swelled he would have been quite mad, but if both sides had been shapely he would have been quite sane. Having given this as a specimen of what may be found in the book, we will not trouble our readers with a systematic examination of all the sections. The most interesting part deals with the satire called "The Poets and Poetry of America" issued as a pamphlet and signed "Lavante," which Mr. Leigh believes, and very nearly manages to prove, to be by Poe,

Ethnographic Notes in Southern India. With forty plates. By Edgar Thurston, Superintendent Madras Government Museum. (Madras Government Press, 1906, price 6s.)—Some years ago the Government of India decided on making a systematic ethnographic survey of the whole of India, and superintendents were appointed in each presidency and province to collect all the material and information available. Mr. Thurston was entrusted with this task for Southern India, and he has already made a considerable ethnological collection which will form the subject of a *magnum opus* in size, and we have no doubt, in merit also. Mr. Thurston says the time is not yet ripe for this work, so he gives instead these notes as a sort of anticipatory volume on the sociological and ethnological questions that have so long engaged his attention. This volume, as he admits, is not for the general reader. It is not light reading, there is no attempt to propitiate the reader's good will by making the subject interesting, and the style is that of an official report. Still, the book has a distinct value, and the curious facts, customs, prejudices, and superstitions preserved in its six hundred pages make up a strange and striking record of primitive human life and society. The subjects about which Mr. Thurston has collected information come principally under the headings of Marriage and Death ceremonies, and he has a very full list of omens and superstitions besides. But still more curious and far less known are the relics of torture, mutilation, and slavery of which he has found abundant evidence in Southern India. The majority of these cases belong, of course, to a past state of society, mutilation, for instance, having been freely practised by Tippoo Sahib who cut off the noses and ears of his English prisoners. Without going to the past, the practice of finger-chopping and even hand-cutting is still in vogue among the Morasas, a tribe spread over a considerable part of the Madras presidency. A far more general form of mutilation is branding. The chapter on torture is also very instructive, and should be read by all who believe that such barbarities are only to be found in Central Africa. There are alleged to have been eighty-five different forms of torture practised in Southern India, and it is certainly very remarkable to find that one of them called the "crocodile ordeal" was absolutely identical with one of the practices in the Congo State. This was to make the accused swim across a river or other piece of water infested with crocodiles. If he escaped he was held to be innocent. This ordeal used to be common along the Malabar coast. The chapter on slavery is also remarkable. Notwithstanding the various penal acts passed against slavery down to the last act in 1862, there is reason to say that among the Cherumar many are still "bought and sold and hired out" as slaves, although of course in secrecy. These facts are interesting for several reasons. They show the extraordinary difficulty any Government experiences in eradicating bad and brutal customs among primitive races, especially as they are usually covered and protected by their superstitious usages. The most primitive aboriginal tribe of Southern India is still higher in the scale of civilisation than the negro in Central Africa, and the eradication of cruel practices will take a longer time there. We have been engaged for fifty years in systematically stamping them out in the Madras Presidency, and we have met with considerable but not absolute success. The process will take longer in Central Africa, but this will not be displeasing to ethnological students for, as Mr. Thurston quotes, "when there are no more aborigines" aboriginal research will have come to an end also.

Dr. Ferries's *Growth of Christian Faith* (Edinburgh: Clark), attempts to show that the devout contemplation of the life and teaching of Christ supplies a germ which leads to the full acceptance of Christian doctrine, of which, in his view, the crowning point is the Atonement by the death of Christ. But Dr. Ferries does not make clear his own view of the Atonement. In common with many other theologians, he does not seem to realise that there are really but two forms of the doctrine between which choice can be made. They shrink from the first, yet, at the same time, are not inclined to relinquish, as preachers, the peculiar attraction which some use of the old forensic terms still undoubtedly exercises over a certain class of mind. And further, his precise aim is obscure, for he does not make it at all clear whether, in his far too diffuse descriptions of this subjective growth, he intends to indicate the norm of the process, or only what is applicable to certain temperaments and circumstances. Such a process certainly cannot be regarded as a necessary logical development, and whatever value it possessed could only be due to the psychological interest attaching to a particular instance or instances in which it had occurred. Yet there is nothing in the book to show that this is intended. Even if it were, it would have no value, for, though, in such a case, one does not look for necessary logical connection, one must at least be made to feel that, for the subject of the narrative, the transition from one state of mind to the other could not, in the circumstances, have been different. The arrangement of the book is very defective. Recent writers on the Atonement are introduced several chapters before Anselm, and St. Paul comes last in the so-called historical portion of the work, which is of much the same emotional and semi-hortatory character as the rest.

Messrs. Sands and Co. send us a second edition of Dr. Oswald Hunter-Blair's translation of the *Regula Sti Benedicti*, the "Holy Rule" of St. Benedict (3s. 6d. net.). The text of the Rule and the translation have been revised, and, as before, the Latin occupies the left-hand page and the English translation the right. There are a few interesting explanatory notes and an index. It is needless nowadays to call attention to the value of the Rule, not merely as a means of devotion, in which aspect this edition chiefly regards it, but as a work of historical interest, "one of the most powerful instruments of the civilization of Europe," as the editor well calls it. It is, indeed, a golden book from first to last, and we are glad to see that there is still a demand for so scholarly and sound an edition of it as this.

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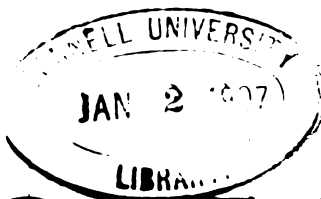
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THE LITERARY WEEK

AT this season of the year the spirit of good-will is abroad, and while wishing our readers all the compliments of the season, we must congratulate them on the fact that the Angel of Peace has so little to do. No war-worn veterans are facing each other on the field of battle. No weary campaigners are sighing for a brush of the angel's wing. If we may be permitted to descend from this poetical language to a more colloquial style, it may be said that the angel has only a few small jobs on hand. He ought not to find it difficult to reconcile such well-meaning foes as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Birrell, or to illumine the deathless face of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with a beatific expression towards Mr. Balfour. The Lords and Commons are not so much in earnest over their fight that they cannot lie down at Christmas like the lion and the lamb in Revelations. It may not be quite an easy task to make Mr. Moberley Bell smile sweetly to Mr. John Murray and Mr. Edward Bell, or cause Mr. Asquith to beam on the suffragettes, but happy is the country where no fiercer disputes are raging!

Abroad there may be more to do. It would probably tax even an angel's gifts to make peace between the German Emperor and his Socialist subjects. "The Païpe, that pagan fu' o' pride," has got into a quarrel with some of his French antagonists that may survive even the amenities of Christmas. In America the angel may be prayed to waken some kinder feeling between President Roosevelt and the fashionable and childless women at whom he is so continuously girding. Most of us have known Yule-tide in which darker and more formidable passions were raging. It seems but yesterday that Japanese and Russian soldiers were fronting each other on the field of battle, and not much longer than yesterday since the soldiers of the Queen were celebrating Christmas Day with bullets whistling about their ears. Those who remember these events are entitled to have their smile at the little tiffs between Lords and Commons, or even between Jupiter Tonans and the publishers.

From a publisher—Arthur Herbert Limited—at Porte St.-Catherine, Bruges, we have received a little book by Louis Thomas, called "La Maladie et la Mort de Mau-passant." It is a kind of publication of which we have had several deplorable examples in this country, but one to be strongly reprehended. After a writer's death we have his work to judge him by, and it seems intolerable that because a man has attained to a certain degree of fame all the privacies of his life, vices, pleasures, intrigues, and amusements should be, as it were, subjected to the microscope, and his secrets laid bare to the world. No good purpose can be served by this sort of thing. It is body-snatching of the worst possible description, and we trust that the custom of making these morbid studies will not spread. Surely the dead have a right to rest in peace.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published two very pretty little books on Tennyson and Stevenson, tiny and finely printed pamphlets of some forty pages each, with good illustrations. How they are produced for sixpence we do not know, but even in a brochure issued at that modest price Mr. G. K. Chesterton might take the trouble to get his quotations right. The following appears in his not very illuminating discourse on Tennyson:

... The battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out on the foam,
Many a smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter
or till,
And strike, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

We give the proper version for Mr. Chesterton's benefit. He talks a great deal about the melody of Tennyson, but he has spoiled it considerably in his garbled quotation:

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the
foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter
and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

The Stevenson in the same series is popular and pretty, but Mr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Chesterton, who do the small booklet between them, have omitted to mention what is really the most instructive and interesting point in Stevenson's career—that which gave occasion to the famous and ill-expressed article of W. E. Henley. Henley was not a writer who had mastered the art of making his meaning clear to those who were not more or less in his own position, but his complaint was not ungrounded. It was one of the saddest disappointments to his manly and steadfast heart that Robert Louis Stevenson had not proved true to the aspirations with which the two young men set out. Henley's opinion was that his friend had "taken his ease in Zion," and that he had not lived fully and truly up to his convictions, but had gone astray after the strange gods of popularity. The true Stevenson found expression in one of his short stories, and some who had studied him to purpose believed that never again was he absolutely and austere true to himself, careless of what might follow.

A curious specimen of American humour reaches us in the shape of "The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims." The decorations with which this banquet of automobilia wit is served up have a turn of criticism that will be quite welcome. Here are a few examples: "An auto at speed is a friend indeed"; "Remember, never to mend too late"; "Little ditches cause big fears"; "Haste makes 'chased'"; "Spare the oil and spoil the ride"; "A fair exchange is no garage"; "Pity not thy horse, which can boast both sire and dam; thine auto hath no damn but thine to comfort it"; "Where there's a bill there's a way"; "Of thy chauffeur, tell the truth; it won't shame the devil"; "A girl in the auto is worth two in the push." On the whole automobilia wit does not seem to be very dazzling.

Of a similar nature, though less "cheap," is "A Century of Misquotations" sent us by the same publishers (Messrs. Paul Elder). "The puzzled reader" is informed that "each number composing this selection of misquotations is formed by welding two selections into one," and he is asked to separate these parts and to assign to each the rightful author. It is a form of amusement which ought to be popular for a winter's night. The following are samples:

On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,
I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee:
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Many of them are too simple, as :

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell.

The following is at least funny :

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn an ale.

How many people could tell us offhand whence these four lines come :

He is a fool who thinks by force and skill
To turn the current of a woman's will,
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't ;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't ?

The Senate has decided that the ashes of Zola are to rest in the Pantheon, but those who dislike Zola may console themselves with the thought that he will not remain there for ever. There is an ambiguity about the Pantheon which must have puzzled many a visitor, and the nature of the fame that it confers is somewhat doubtful too. For the Pantheon is a church without an altar: it is a classic edifice built in memory of a mediæval saint. Its aisles are not veiled in seemly gloom, but are flooded with light, as is natural in a temple designed in the century of Voltaire. On the dome is a painting of St. Geneviève, the prophetess; on a pediment is a bas-relief that represents the Fatherland rewarding its great men. The Parisians saw at once that the Pantheon was no church, and they made it a place of interment for distinguished people. Mirabeau was the first to be buried there, but he was not allowed to stay, and the same fate befell Marat. So, too, it is only the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau that are shown: at the Restoration their ashes were flung into the Seine. Lannes, the hero of Saragossa, was more fortunate. Victor Hugo has been there for some twenty years. In 1848 the Pantheon became for the second time a church. It is the Campo Santo or the Westminster Abbey of Paris, but with a considerable difference.

Steps are being taken to erect a memorial to Gerald Griffin, who has described Irish life and character with remarkable fidelity and charm. Griffin's literary career was interesting, but not extraordinary. At twenty-one he found himself in London with a play, *Gisippus*, which he could not get accepted, but which Macready produced at Drury Lane, after the author's death, with much success. He earned a living by writing for the magazines, and he also worked for an editor, who sent him from time to time three-volumed novels to review with a request that he would not cut the leaves. But some people will think that his critical sagacity must have been a little defective, for he thought the Lake school and Landor "stupid and prosy," and talked of the "trash" of Alfred Tennyson. He attained to fame with the publication of "Collegians," the tale of a clandestine union of a man with a girl of inferior rank, and with "Suil Dhuv," a story of robbers. Griffin was of the stuff of which true authors are made, for when he was questioned as to his method of writing "Collegians" he replied that "it used to write itself." He retired to Ireland, joined the Christian Brothers, and died in 1840.

"Dingley the Famous Author" is a book of which we may perhaps hear more. It is the work of two French writers, and has just won a prize offered by the Goncourt Academy. The book is a study of an Englishman, whose prototype is perhaps Kipling. In any case, he has won fame at forty: soldiers sing his verses when they set out

for a campaign, and he is known for his patriotism and his belief in the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. But it is the moment of the Boer War, and English pride had been sorely wounded. Dingley wishes to offer some consolation to his country and sketches out a plan for a novel in which a miserable loafer enlists and under the influence of the war develops into a hero. To get the local colour he goes to Capetown with his wife and child. Leaving them there, he starts for the veldt. But the child sickens and the father is recalled. A Boer who captures him lets him go and helps him on his way, and he reaches his child in time to kiss it before it dies. The Boer is taken fighting and is condemned to death. Dingley, who might have saved him, refuses to intercede. His novel has an immense sale, and when its incidents are represented by means of a bioscope in a public hall in London, the picture of the execution of the Boer is received with tumultuous applause.

"Posh," for whom a subscription has been opened by one of the daily papers, occupies a great place in the life of the translator of "Omar Khayyam." Edward Fitzgerald, who was mourning the loss of a friend, was according to his own account wandering about the shore at night, wondering whom he would meet to fill up the vacant place in his heart. It was in these circumstances that he made the acquaintance of "Posh" the skipper, whom he describes as "a man of the finest Saxon type, with a complexion vif, mâle et flamboyant, blue eyes, a nose less than Roman, more than Greek, and strictly auburn hair that any woman might sigh to possess." In addition to all this Fitzgerald saw in him so many virtues that he never would believe that anything he did was wrong. Once after enjoying an Homeric banquet with Fitzgerald, "Posh" lay down upon the sofa. Some friends of Fitzgerald seemed inclined to regard this as an unwarrantable liberty, but he only exclaimed, "Poor fellow, see how tired he is!" The two were constantly together, and as Fitzgerald's manner sometimes verged on the eccentric strangers at Lowestoft were apt to regard him as a lunatic and "Posh" as the keeper. It was for "Posh" that Fitzgerald built a fishing lugger, and he also had his portrait painted so that it might hang side by side with the portraits of his other two friends, Thackeray and Tennyson. It is possible that some of "Posh's" sealore may have got into Tennyson's poems *via* Fitzgerald, and his remark that "the spoon-drift flew so thick over the vessel as to cut the sun right into little stars" is a gem.

What has been known for many years as the "fiction bogey" was brought before the Library Association at its meeting at Hanover Square by Mr. E. A. Baker (Woolwich). The quarrel with the critics is not now whether fiction should be admitted to public libraries, but whether a discretion should be exercised. There is a difference of opinion as to what is good and what is bad fiction. A standard of selection is necessary, and this can only be based on a consensus of opinion. Before this opinion can be formed it is necessary to study the objects of the public library. There are two methods of arriving at this—the historical and the sociological. In both cases the conclusion is the same. In the speeches and evidence at the passing of the first Act in 1850 there is not a word about supplying the material for educational debauchery. Everywhere even at that period the object was the education and enlightenment of the people, and libraries were recognised as the schools of grown men. The so-called popular novel is not really popular. If the number of readers of inferior fiction were counted, instead of the issues of this class of book, the number of individual readers would be found comparatively small. It is true the public libraries are supported by the people, but the popular control is exercised through qualified representatives or skilled specialists.

There are only two tests of the percentage of fiction (if there is any reason why fiction should be singled out any more than poetry or music or any other class of book, seeing that there is more than enough of bad poetry and of music without harmony)—the "time" test, and the test of cost. These represent two points of view, that of the library, and of the reader. On a recent occasion Mr. Carnegie stated that, taking the time expended upon the reading of novels of all kinds as the test of their use in public libraries, the proportion of fiction in relation to other classes would be found to be about 15 per cent. And the cost of the books and their upkeep is, if anything, rather less. (Mr. Philip, Gravesend.) At the same time, much of the responsibility of the fiction question rests on the librarian, Committees are usually guided by their officers. (Rev. Canon Beck.) Nevertheless, the public library is answering the question itself by educating the readers. Since public libraries were first established under the Act the fiction percentage has been going down (Mr. Kettle, Guildhall). The fundamental thing is to get the material—the reader—into the library, and then improve his taste (Mr. Jast, Croydon).

Booksellers' catalogues are of importance to every one having anything to do with books. And Mr. Burt (Handsworth) followed Mr. Baker with a contribution on the subject, read by Mr. Prideaux. The originator of this method of advertising was George Wither, of Strashourg, who published his first catalogue in 1554 or 1564, probably the latter. The first catalogue said to have been published in England was one of English books, issued in 1680, and continued to 1685. But an earlier specimen of 1595, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth and somewhat on the lines of a subject index, is in existence. These old catalogues are usually very meagre in the information they offer, and the prices of the same books vary considerably. The quantity of catalogues at the present time increases daily, but there is still much to be desired in their arrangement. A well annotated catalogue is not only a guide to the purchaser, but a good speculation for the bookseller. One of the chief objections to the catalogues of the present day is that the single entries are sometimes under author, illustrator, title or subject, and all mixed up in one alphabetical sequence, so that it is impossible to find any particular book. As the increase of cost precludes the multiplication of entries, a systematic scheme of classification with author entries should be uniformly adopted, and a summary of the subject headings at the commencement of the catalogues would make reference easy. Not only do many catalogues not observe any uniformity of entry, either under author, title or subject, but where the entry is under the last of these, startling transpositions are found. Perhaps the greatest objection to the greater number of catalogues is the omission of the most important particular—the dates of publication of the books.

Mr. Murray has in the press a new series of books on English literature, dealing with the subject somewhat in the manner in which Mr. Mackail deals with Latin Literature in his manual, and Mr. J. R. Green and Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher deal with English history. That is, not giving merely a dry record of writers and their books, but tracing the growth of English literature and the causes to which its force and wealth are due, and introducing just so much of biography and incident as may serve to link the narrative on to the history of our country. The volumes are intended primarily for educational purposes, and the first will deal with the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century and will be accompanied by three graduated volumes of extracts, each complete in itself and designed for upper, middle and lower classes in schools respectively.

LITERATURE

POPULAR CRITICISM

The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature. By THOMAS SECCOMBE and W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 2 vols. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net.)

DURING the past few years several important works on the history of English literature have appeared, and the authors seem to differ greatly in the conception they form of the task they undertake and the objects they seek to attain. Professor Courthope's bulky work, for example, is valuable chiefly as showing the threads by which the literature of various times and different countries is connected. The work on which Professor Saintsbury is engaged is, in a sense, much more explanatory and critical. Some years ago Mr. Heinemann published a book similar to this, but it differed in so far that the authors, Mr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse, aimed less at popularity. Its principal feature lay in the illustrations. Museums had been ransacked in order that pages, head-pieces, colophons, title-pages, and autographs might be reproduced. The authors evidently desired to carry the imagination of their readers back to the conditions in which early writers had to work. Those we have mentioned will all be treasured by the student of literature chiefly as works of reference. An earlier work of the same nature used to be to many of us a source of inspiration. We refer to the first edition of Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature*. It was not so thorough or so critical as more modern works, yet that book had a charm which in our opinion the others lack. We remember what a delight it was in youth to take it down and turn over the pages, not for the history and criticism but for the delightful quotations. Many an author who subsequently became a great favourite owed his first introduction to the public to the judicious extracts which struck the eye as one turned its leaves. Mr. Thomas Seccombe and Mr. Robertson Nicoll have not attempted to do the same thing in their book. The pictures, for instances, may be described as decorations rather than illustrations proper. The portraits are well chosen and finely reproduced, but most of the other pictures, however pleasing to look upon, have absolutely no value as illustrations of the text. Stothart's clever painting, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," embodies only the painter's conception of Chaucer's text. It has no solid or scholarly value. Mr. Walter Crane's drawing of "The Wedding of the Medway and the Thames" to illustrate a passage in "The Faery Queen" is again purely decorative. "Cordelia's Portion," from a painting by Ford Madox Brown, "Malvolio and the Countess," from a painting by Daniel Maclise, and "The Play Scene in *Hamlet*," by the same artist, Ford Madox Brown's "Romeo and Juliet," Boughton's picture of "Milton's Meeting with Andrew Marvell," and Landseer's "Defeat of Comus;" in the first volume may be all classified together as purely useless ornaments to the text, and in the second volume, "Dr. Johnson waiting for an audience with Lord Chesterfield," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Meeting of Burns and Scott," "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," must be placed in the same category. To have shown the handwriting of the authors, or indeed anything that was part of them, and to some extent an indication of their character or their surroundings would have had a more definite value for the serious student of literature. Leaving the subject of illustration, however, it is a fair question to ask for what purpose these essays are intended. The authors have not been able to strike the keynote of a great historical epic, as, for example, J. R. Green did in his "Short History of the English People," where the trend of thought and the generation of movements were steadily followed from century to century. The plan they have adopted bears a close resemblance to that

with which the University Extension Lecturer is generally credited. That is to say, they have industriously gathered together the main facts of a writer's life, and have managed to say, generally, the correct thing about him; but surely that involves a somewhat low ideal of the purpose of a history of English literature. Its aim, we take it, is not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Those who have read widely in English letters are not likely to require to have opinions formed for them from the outside. Voltaire once said that he would "have preferences, but no exclusions," but that is a counsel of perfection. Each true lover of literature will form likings peculiar to himself. Some things he will like and some he will not like, but whatever the opinion of his critics he will have his own private anthology. Nor is it at all desirable that formulated opinions should be forced upon his mind. On the other hand, the youth who is just beginning to open up the ploughland of letters will, we are sure, be more enticed into reading by judicious extract than by the gravest homily. We have to remember that although to us who have travelled over the ground the beauties of it are mostly familiar, they are still fresh and undiscovered to the younger generation, and who knows what effect may be produced by a haunting phrase picked up at random from a history of literature? The single line, "Ah! wanton, will ye?" has led many a one to read everything that he could lay hold of that bore the name of Lodge, and the ever fresh and ever delightful cuckoo song, "Somer is icumen in, loud sing cuckoo," has cost more searching among our earliest poetry than the learning of all the philosophers. Marlowe's "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burned the topless towers of Ilium" has brought many a worshipper to the shrine of that dramatist. No writer is so familiar but that some new admirer will be attracted by a well-chosen quotation. Indeed we can scarcely imagine a true lover of literature discoursing on the works of those men whose lines have been familiar to him from childhood without wishing to repeat some of them.

We cannot but consider it, therefore, to be a grave defect of this book that it contains so much in the way of exposition and argument and is so penurious in quotation. Curiously enough the ballads that form the natural introduction to literature, coming as they have done for ages past from the mouths of those who knew them, are altogether omitted. Such phrases as that "Tom Jones" was a pivotal novel where a word that has got into critical slang of to-day is used as far as we can see without any definite meaning or that Tennyson produced "yearnful music" speaks more of Fleet Street than of the study. To go a little deeper into the matter and to judge the writers by a very high standard indeed, it seems to us that they have not heard what Gladstone once called the solemn voice of the ages. The poet, or for that matter the prose writer, to act as the interpreter of his time, must yield more or less to the atmosphere into which he was born and in which he lives. There must be some good reason to account for the gaiety as of a bird's carol in such early music as that cuckoo song to which we have already alluded, and the profound melancholy with which Arnold in our own day heard the breaking of the waves on Dover beach. Impulses, like great summer clouds, have from time to time swept over the face of intellectual England and nowhere has the effect been more marked than in the poetry. But our authors, clear and keen and acute as they are within the range of their activity, seem to lack the breadth and depth that would have carried them into this wide field of thought. The book is one to make conversation with. Those familiar with its pages will be able to give a fairly intelligent opinion—or rather the echo of a fairly intelligent opinion—upon almost any author or book that happens to be mentioned, but the thoughtful reader will miss that suggestiveness which would have set his own thoughts to work without perhaps furnishing him with matter for

superficial conversation. Nor does the intelligence of the authors find expression in fineness of appreciation and discrimination. There is a passage in which it would almost appear that they believe that the style of Henry Fielding was not better than that of Tobias Smollett. The essay on Jane Austen is altogether unworthy of the pages. It surely might have occurred to the writers that a novelist so beloved of Tennyson, so highly thought of by Macaulay, and so much cherished by every true writer, ought not to have been dismissed with this jejune and insufficient notice. The assertion that she "carves profiles on a cherry-stone" is one of the most fatuous we have ever met with in criticism professing to be serious.

WESTMINSTER VERSIONS

Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse from the "Westminster Gazette." Edited by H. F. Fox, M.A. (London and Oxford, 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book to be welcomed for various reasons. It shows that the standard of Greek and Latin verse-writing is as high as ever in the two great English Universities, and that such is the fascination of a graceful and scholarly art that the most accomplished of modern scholars have been tempted to take part in a competition started by an enterprising London newspaper. The little book of about a hundred pages is nicely got up and fits easily into the coat pocket. The English pieces afford very good reading, and are of necessity quite out of the beaten track of English poetry, seeing that for the purpose of the competition the pieces set must be such as are not included in any of the many published collections of Greek and Latin verse.

The compositions are pretty well divided between Oxford and Cambridge; perhaps we meet oftenest the well known initials E. D. S., which do not indicate Edwards's Desiccated Soup, but that more potent and delicate essence, the extract of the spirit of Greek and Latin Poetry prepared by Mr. E. D. Stone, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. We think, however, that Mr. Dames-Longworth, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, "wipes his eye" in his rendering of a poem by G. J. Romanes beginning,

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower
From any garden of the rich and great.

Mr. Stone gives

Ne mihi furari libeat, quem pinguibus hortis
Eximio florem nomine Croesus alit.

But there is no suggestion of anything so dainty as floriculture in the name of the Oriental monarch, though, of course, the Lydian gardens were famous in antiquity. F. D.-L. has dexterously caught the idea in a happy echo from Juvenal's *Senecae praedivitis hortos*:

Non ego, quos nimia Crassus praedives in hortis
Arte colit flores, surripuisse velim.

Mr. Dames-Longworth has also contributed a very clever version of the mock-metaphysical "Death of Space" from the Bon Gaultier Ballads. He would find a similar congenial theme in "Bright breaks the warrior o'er the ocean wave" by James (or was it Horace?) Smith in "The Comic English Grammar." A version of it in Greek dithyrambic strophes and antistrophes is essayed in the very last number of *Kottabos*, p. 332 of vol. ii. (new series).

Oxford, admirably represented by Godley, Sidgwick, and Morshead, is in the van with Greek iambs. Mr. T. C. Moss of St. John's College, Cambridge, falls into an error (p. 52) in making *φαιβος* mean the Sun. It never has that meaning, though in Latin *Phoebus* is a synonym of *Sol*. So *nympha* is never "a girl" in the Latin poets, though old-fashioned composers use it as a synonym of *puella*.

The same scholar gives us (p. 57) a masterly version of Browning's

You never know what life means till you die.

Mr. F. R. Shilleto as a composer is a worthy son of his father, but "my tender brother" is not well rendered by ἀδελφῶν ἡπιώτατον κάρα, and surely θηλύνουσι is a misprint for θηλύνουσι on p. 41, l. 9 from bottom.

In hexameters Mr. Stone is again to the fore. Mr. Ramsay has a very happy version from Tennyson on p. 75. Mr. Godley and Mr. Bailey give some grand Lucretian hexameters which end the little volume. This is the former's version of a fine poem of Matthew Arnold's which would not at first sight suggest hexameters, though it is really eminently suited to that measure:

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes—

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Usque adeo nihil est quod puro numine solis
viximu' laetantes? quod ver sensus hilaravit?
multas concepissem animo gessisse manu res
quod licuit nobis et amantes invicem amasse?
tamne inimicorum nil est frustrantia coepta
vincere vi, veris vel amicis auxiliari,
ut procul hinc homines dubium se laetitiae
capturos fructum sperent et tempore longo
tandem venturam, veniat si forte, quietem,
atque futurorum cupidi praesentia perdant?

Hear now Mr. Bailey:

An nihil est, solis blandos sensisse calores
et venum carpsisse diem, flagrasseque amore,
digna manu fecisse, animo dum magna volutes?
nil, quod constantes iam sorte bearis amicos
obstantesque tibi dextra confluxeris hostes?
quid prodest aliae tibi fingere praemia vitae
atque aevi dubio splendori inhiare futuri,
huius si aetatis praesentia praemia perdas,
nec prius otia captaris quam moenia mundi
transieris profugus?

The latter rendering is hardly so redolent of the Lucretian style as Mr. Godley's, but it is a fine piece of manly Latin verse, and is not without the sombre note of the great poet-philosopher of the Roman Republic.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE MAN COLUMBUS AND HIS IDEA

Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery. A Narrative. By FILSON YOUNG. 2 vols. (E. Grant Richards, 25s. net.)

MR. FILSON YOUNG has some of the qualities which went to make Columbus a hero. He has a superb confidence in his native ability to achieve great things in unaccustomed spheres. There is probably no sea into which he would not plunge his literary barque assured of his skill in navigation, uncharted though the waters were. He writes a novel of an unconventional sort with the same facility that he advises the expert motorist, and he feels as much at home on board a caravel with Columbus as on a car touring familiar highways.

In the present "Narrative" he attempts to bring to life in the twentieth century one of the great personal forces of the fifteenth. The task is one demanding the genius of a Froude and a power of imagination denied to average mortals. It were as easy for a Senior Wrangler to enter into the sentiments and live the life of the Village Duffer, for a lady of Fashion to set forth a laundress's most intimate thoughts and doings, as for a man in the

days of steam and electricity and Dreadnoughts, when every part of the world save the North Pole is open to his knowledge if not his personal exploration, to visualise and re-create the conditions and the people of a time when the Atlantic was an Ocean of Fables, when men were startled at the discovery of a way round the southern extremity of Africa, when the most enlightened could only speculate on the possibility of reaching the Far East by voyaging West. That the earth was spherical was an idea of the ancients. Cartographers and mariners had probably most of them made up their minds on that point long before Columbus sailed on his first memorable voyage. But what was to be found beyond the Atlantic was a mystery. When Columbus started there were few who did not regard his errand as the maddest project that had ever entered a sailor's head, and if he had not been a man of infinite resource, diplomatic as well as physical, he would never have succeeded in getting his crew of superstitious gaolbirds and adventurers beyond a point at which it was imagined they would go clean over the side of the world into space or something worse. How completely in the dark Columbus himself was as to realities is sufficiently shown by the fact that when he was in Española he thought he was in Asia. He certainly never suspected that a continent and another ocean divided the Atlantic from the land of the Great Khan.

Any student eager for the hard facts of Christopher Columbus's life may put his hand on a plethora of material without difficulty. The industry of latter-day inquirers like Mr. Henry Harrisse and Sir Clements Markham and Mr. Edward Payne has probably left little or nothing to be discovered. Mr. Filson Young is "amazed" at what seemed to him "a striking disproportion between the extent of the modern historians' work on the subject and the knowledge or interest in it displayed by what we call the general reading public." He is—as we should all be—surprised to find "how many well-informed people there are whose knowledge of Columbus is comprised within two beliefs, one of them erroneous, the other doubtful: that he discovered America and performed a trick with an egg." It is therefore to bridge the gulf between the labours of the historians and the indifference of the modern reader that Mr. Filson Young has imposed upon himself the burden of telling the story of Columbus's doings from the time he learnt weaving in Genoa till he died at Valladolid a querulous, gout-ridden, disappointed old man of fifty-five or thereabouts. Mr. Filson Young brushes Washington Irving's claims on one side with the contemptuous remark that "all that can be said for him is that he kept the lamp of interest in Columbus alive for English readers during the period that preceded the advent of modern critical research"—and, it might be added, of Mr. Filson Young prepared to give us the final and authentic portrait.

Mr. Filson Young's Columbus has many merits. It is picturesquely, vivaciously and vigorously written, with here and there a touch reminiscent of Carlyle; it leaves an indelible impression of the Man dominated by an Idea, of the indomitable persistency with which he prosecuted his ambition, of the life starting in poverty, attaining a dazzling zenith of glory and closing in clouds and darkness; of the call of the sea which few can ignore but which to Columbus was imperative, irresistible; of the crash of fifteenth-century Christianity into the midst of the unsuspecting Earthly Paradise which henceforth was to know only fire and slaughter at the hands of civilisation more cruel than Carib barbarism itself—all this and a vast deal more Mr. Filson Young conveys in a way which will win him readers. He does not, however, strike us as an infallible witness, and "modern historical research," which may dispose of Washington Irving, is not perhaps always on the side of Mr. Filson Young. He speaks of John Cabot as a Venetian, though Mr. Harrisse, we imagined, had long since made it clear that Cabot was Genoese, like Columbus, and in any case only a naturalised Venetian. What does Mr. Filson Young mean by saying

that "It is an error continually made by the biographers of Columbus that the purpose of Prince Henry's explorations down the Coast of Africa was to find a sea road to the *West Indies* by way of the East. It was nothing of the kind"? Prince Henry certainly did try to find a way to India and the Spice Islands by an eastern sea route, but the prevalent notion was not that the West would be reached by going East, but that the East Indies could be struck by going West. Mr. Filson Young makes no reference to the offer of Columbus to Henry VII. which was delayed through his brother Bartholomew being captured by pirates. But for that misfortune Columbus might conceivably have sailed under the English flag as Cabot did a few years later. Or does our author dismiss the story altogether as the result of his "modern scientific research"? According to Hakluyt, Bartholomew Columbus was in England in 1488; according to Mr. Filson Young he returned to Lisbon at the end of that year with Diaz after rounding the Cape. In a book appealing to the British public this incident, if true, would be of extreme interest; if untrue, as perhaps Mr. Filson Young can show, it is worth disproving.

THEORIES AND FACTS

- *The Lower Niger and Its Tribes.* By Major ARTHUR GLYN LEONARD. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.)

MAJOR LEONARD has many of the qualifications necessary for the student of the less civilised races. He has sympathy; he can "think black," in his own phrase. He recognises a natural fellow creature, "very much like you and me," in the simple, subtle, sensitive, and "slim" native of the Niger delta. He can allow for the influence of a climatic environment "in which nature is at her worst." He knows that the tribes of the Niger are thinkers, as all natural people are, that their curiosity about ultimate problems is keen, but that it is easily satisfied by crude spiritualistic theories. The people are in the higher barbarism, and have strong commercial tendencies.

Sympathetic, unprejudiced, observant, and intelligent, Major Leonard, I fear, while he "thinks black," is too apt to "write white." The defect of his book is its verbal exuberance, and its overflow of theories about the origin of religion. We want facts, and we get many facts, *nantes in gurgite vasto*, the wide waste of reflections on the facts.

From considerations of space I shall try to cling to the statement of fact about philosophy and belief on the Lower Niger. "The belief in the existence of the human soul is universal. . . . To these natural people the terms 'soul' and 'spirit' are synonymous, in spite of the fact that they have a separate word for each." Soul is "Nkpulohe," "Moa Moa" is spirit. There is really a distinction, I venture to think, corresponding to that noticed by Mr. Dudley Kidd, among the Zulus, between *Idhlozi* and *Itongo*. The *Idhlozi* is the soul of a person from life to death, the *Itongo* comes to him from, and finally returns to, the corporate community of the *Hinatongo*, the ancestors. (Kidd, "Savage Childhood," pp. 281-289.) The Nigerian *Nkpulohe*, in a similar way, is the soul confined in the human body " (with power to wander in dreams), the *Moa Moa* is "the spirit when at large, or when confined in an object or an organism outside the human."

Here Major Leonard gives us that most desirable thing, a text, or at least a sort of a text, the statement of an Ibo of the interior, whose name implies "Hand of God." "God" appears to enter into Nigerian as into old Hebrew personal names. It would have been well to state whether the man spoke in English or in Ibo, and whether his account of beliefs was taken down at once, on the spot, or was written from memory. The soul is represented as "the fruit of the body," while the spirit is "the soul whose material body has deceased or decayed."

The soul "does not perish with the body, because it is the only thing which the great Spirit wants from each person individually, so that as soon as the body dies, the soul naturally goes back to God, except in certain cases, where it is claimed by evil spirits."

Here we are not told the native Ibo word for "Great Spirit," or "God." This is unfortunate. It appears, however, that by "Great Spirit" or "God," the native theologian meant Tsi, spoken of as "Supreme God," and "Creator." Into the original meaning of Tsi, which appears to be both "darkness" and "daylight" (p. 530), only accomplished linguists can follow Major Leonard's researches. I am reluctant to enter into theory, but it is plain that Major Leonard's hypothesis of the origin of the conception of Tsi will not hold water. He says: "There can be no doubt about it, that it was through them" (that is, through deified human ancestors); "that the god-idea originally evolved, and it was in this way that the origin of the human ancestors, connected and associated as they were with the human gods, was unconsciously traced back to the Supreme Generator or Creator" (p. 419). The "God-idea" is traced through "primeval adoration of the father in the flesh," combined, later, with belief in soul or spirit, whence rose the worship of the human father in the spirit, next, of certain deified ancestors, whence, with a blend of "the phallic principle," men "arrived at a worship of the Supreme God" (p. 68).

The manifest obstacle to this old theory is that in many respects corresponding beings to Tsi—for example supreme or superior beings to whom go the souls of the dead—occur among very low races, the natives of South East Australia and the Andamanese, who neither worship the human father in the flesh, nor worship ancestral spirits of known ancestors. I have stated these objections, with the evidence, in "The Making of Religion." Major Leonard has not understood my case, which (p. 85) he presents all wrong, while he prints what he supposes to be a statement of my ideas within inverted commas, as if it were a textual quotation. I cannot guess where he found his quotation; it reads like a summary by an unintelligent reviewer, and no reference is given to book and page of mine. A better statement will be found in Herr Ehrenreich's essay, "Götter und Heilbringer" in the last number of *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* (1906, Heft. iv. u. v.). Mr. J. G. Frazer will probably be surprised to hear that he "sees in the universal traditional worship of trees and plants the most primitive form of religion." I have not understood him in this sense, and Major Leonard gives no references. His is not a scientific method of dealing with theorists, and one returns, in search of facts, to his Ibo witness.

The soul, *after burial*, goes to the Creator, and "after it has been consulted or interviewed by him" (what is the Ibo word for "to interview"?) it is allowed, according to its taste, to remain for ever in spirit land, or to return to this world. Each soul hopes to meet his dead kinstolk.

Here the statement of Odinaka Olisa, whose name means "Hand of God" (though Tsi is not apparently a component part of it), ceases, and we are told that burial is important, "for they are of opinion that it enables the soul to go to God," and that, if the body is unburied, other spirits boycott the soul. This is the view of the shadows of Patroclus and Elpenor in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The soul of the unburied man goes forth as a ghost, haunting houses, or takes the form of an animal.

Suicides are not buried, as a deterrent of self-murder, just as Aias, a suicide, is said, though not by Quintus Smyrnaeus, not to have been burned after his suicide. Homer was not of this opinion, for in his *Odyssey*, Aias is in Hades, where, unburned, he would not have been admitted. Individual or collective percipience of phantasms of the dead is so rare (that is in men who are not "witch doctors"), that Major Leonard only heard of two cases. Unluckily he gives no details, except that "both, curious to say, were in the afternoon." Why this is "curious" I know

not. As a rule phantasms of the dead are seen only in dreams: here we have the account of a native. He speaks just as Lucretius does of these dreams, and of the separability of the soul in sleep, but Lucretius insists on waking percipience of phantasms of the dead, whereas the native says, "Why we see souls only when we are asleep, and not when we are awake, we cannot tell." It is a mystery with "the Great Spirit that rules over all, and with the spirit fathers." There are re-incarnations of souls, "always in the same family."

It is not clear how "everlasting and inevitable Karma" can be part of native belief, as is asserted (p. 152), for a native writer, Izikewe, says that "we make no distinction between the good and the evil" (p. 186). "However good or however bad people are when they die, if they receive proper burial their souls will go up to the land of spirits, for there is no allotted locality of any kind." The next world is much like this: a mixture of good and evil, so many people who have had hard lives wish to go into inanimate objects (p. 221). Totemism, in so far as Major Leonard has observed it in the Niger delta, is animistic. The ancestral spirit, within the actual totem animal or other object, is that to which the delta natives trace their descent. They believe "that these objects were chosen by their ancestors as suitable and convenient objects to reside in. . . ." No such explanatory myth is known in Australia. Major Leonard believes that totemism, "regardless of locality or race, is nothing more than emblemism pure and simple, as it now exists among the tribes of the Niger Delta" (p. 297). Totemism "is but the selection by a clan, community or household of a symbol living or otherwise, to represent the ancestral soul" (p. 197). Totemism among the most undeveloped races lends no corroboration to this theory. Major Leonard's facts are much more valuable than his hypotheses, for example his case of "possession" (pp. 233-238), or of secondary personality, is most interesting to the psychologist. It is new to me that "Mr. Traill Taylor and others" have proved that "with the isolated aid of the camera, in conjunction with the magnetic emanation thrown off by the artist . . . it is possible for photography to obtain phantasmal impressions," while natives "may receive a distinct mental impression of the phantasma in question." This is most interesting, but no reference is given to records of Mr. Traill Taylor's experiments.

Want of space makes it impossible to examine Major Leonard's chapters on language, witchcraft, and tabu, with many other matters. We can only try to give a view of his method and results, and recommend the book, with the curious speculations on "the primitive philosophy of words," to the grateful consideration of students.

ANDREW LANG.

A WOMAN OF MARK

The Life of Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). By ANNA M. STODDART. (Murray, 18s. net.)

MISS STODDART has succeeded in the very difficult task of presenting in her biography a vivid portrait of her friend, Mrs. Bishop. Infinite tact is necessary to hold the balance between reckless eulogy, which is fatally uninteresting, and the blunt outspokenness which would offend. Miss Stoddart has done her work admirably and her *Life* is not only a tribute of affection, of intimate interest to those who knew Mrs. Bishop, it is also a well-written biography.

Miss Bird was born at Boroughbridge Hall in Yorkshire on October 15, 1831. Her father was a clergyman and came of a stock famous for upholding Causes, and she and her sister, Henrietta, were in contact with their leaders during all the second quarter of last century. Discipline was the order of that day: the modern cult of the child was not

dreamed of. The children stood all through the long Sunday service and Isabella with them, in spite of the spinal weakness which was in evidence then, and against which her resolute spirit fought during the whole of her lifetime. At the age of six she had said to a gentleman who was canvassing in his own interest and making pleasant speeches to little Henrietta: "Sir Malpas de Grey Tatton Egerton, did you tell my father my sister was so pretty because you wanted his vote?" so that it is not at all surprising that at sixteen, when she was living at Birmingham, she wrote an argumentative pamphlet in favour of Protection. In 1853 she made her first journey through Canada and America. It is interesting to note that through her physical weakness—the journey was taken at the doctor's orders—she found her life's chief work, which was travelling. She was a fine example of one who "turned necessity to glorious gain." And so she continued her life; always active, always sought after, always in touch with people of interest. She travelled through China and Japan and Morocco, visiting places where no white woman had been—endowed with incredible endurance, recording carefully all that her wonderful gifts of observation showed her, avoiding no difficulty, turning back from no danger. And at home she was ceaselessly engaged in good work, erecting cabman's shelters, building hospitals, organising improvements for the slums, superintending her schemes of colonisation or lecturing about the strange people or strange plants she had seen upon her travels. But in all the busy stress of her life she found time for abiding friendships. Miss Stoddart brings out the gentle side of her nature by admirable little personal touches, which are of themselves attractive and light up by their quality the extraordinary strength of Mrs. Bishop's personality. She was eminently a capable woman, but she was more than that: she was a gentle woman.

Of course Miss Stoddart is exceptionally equipped for her work. She possesses the confidence coming from the knowledge that Mrs. Bishop personally asked her to write the *Life*, if a *Life* were needed: she possesses the quality of mind which is required to keep pace with Mrs. Bishop's manifold interests; the strong affection which enables her to understand and sympathise with them; and the experience which knows how to arrange the mass of material at her disposal, and to keep everything under control and in proportion. As biographer the one mistake which, in our opinion, Miss Stoddart is inclined to make is that she underlines the religious side of her subject's character. Not that she gives it in any way undue importance. That would not be possible. But religion is a person's very being: and a biographer who dwells, as Miss Stoddart is apt to dwell, on special moments of religious emotion, is liable to convey the impression that religion was not the vital mainspring, but of the nature of an observance, and that is the impression above all others that Miss Stoddart would least wish to convey. It is as though for a moment she thought of one small portion of the public who are interested in Mrs. Bishop, and to whom such passages would be pleasing, and forgot the main issue. But these passages are exceptional, and the momentary quivering of the balance serves to draw attention to its usual fine steadiness.

CRITICISM AND CRITICISM

Studies in Seven Arts. By ARTHUR SYMONS. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)

THERE are three kinds of critics of importance. The critic of the first order is a man of feeling, to use a faded phrase, in whom exquisiteness of taste is carried to the point of genius and transformed into the power of creation: the critic of the second order is either a philosopher with an extraordinary force of intellect who takes some province of the kingdom of art by violence, or a man of great learning with an uncommon versatility of mind who

invents some new method of criticism: the critic of the third order, to end our catalogue, is an admirable rhetorician with a gift for re-stating the sentiments and ideas of more original writers. Now, it is difficult to decide at first glance whether Mr. Symons is a critic of the first order or a critic of the third order. He himself does not seem to be certain of his own position, and his vacillation of mind is reflected in his vacillation between the two different ways of dealing with a subject.

Owing to his trick of taking as the text of many of his observations a remark by Pater, Baudelaire, or some other amateur of things of strange beauty, one is tempted to regard him as a man of rhetorical talent. His essay on Gustave Moreau in "Studies in Seven Arts," for instance, is little more than a glittering amplification of Rodin's saying that the French painter in question was only a great combiner of the ideas of other men. Criticism of this kind, that relies for its force on a reference to the dicta of some person of authority, Rodin or Sir Joshua, Baudelaire or Coleridge, is criticism of the third order. It is useful work in its way, and written in the picturesque and musical diction that Mr. Symons commands it is delightful work in its way, but it can be done by a man of common ability. The artistic temperament, to use another faded phrase, is not, in its many varieties, a rare endowment. It is a characteristic of every lover of fine literature. It is often manifested in a feeling for the beauty of art so vague and diffused that it can never discover for itself the things that it learns at last to relish with avidity. A critic with this sort of after-wit may sometimes appear to be wildly original, but his eccentricity is merely the reflection of an unusual course of reading. Perversely academic, he follows some strange leaders of taste in art and literature with that confidence in the infallibility of their judgment which only the delight and the relief at finding some novel and useful authority can provoke and sustain. Thereby he acquires a certain narrowness of view, and perhaps a certain compensating intensity of vision, while his sense of the particular kind of beauty which he has been taught to recognise may become at last quick and passionate; nevertheless he remains a critic of the third order.

This, as we have said, is what the author of "Studies in Seven Arts" seems sometimes to be. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Symons is a critic of the first order, whose only fault is that, in his last book especially, he has been too bold in one respect and too timid in another. As he showed in some of the essays in "Studies in Prose and Verse," he is a student of the exquisite and lovely things of man's making, with a poignant and individual sense of the delicacies of fine literature. At his best, he practises criticism as an art, as an art by means of which a writer of taste and feeling recreates in the mind of his readers the precise emotion of joy excited in him by the contemplation of some beautiful work. This is the highest sort of criticism, the criticism of a creative kind in which Lamb and Hazlitt excelled. Examples of it occur in "Studies in Seven Arts," but more rarely than in "Studies in Prose and Verse." In his last book Mr. Symons has adventured in search of new sensations and new moods into unfamiliar fields of art, where he has occasionally lost confidence in himself and followed the advice of every person of authority he chanced to encounter. When he confides in his own faculty of insight he is still an admirable interpreter of the eternal miracles of beauty: when he mistrusts his own powers he becomes merely a conscientious student of the opinions of other men. No doubt it is a profitable experience to wander in the artificial paradises that Baudelaire, Pater, and Mallarmé have built for themselves; but every man of genius must frame in his turn a world of imagination of his own: the poet of genius out of his impressions of nature: the critic of genius out of his impressions of art. Criticism distilled from criticism is wanting in life and personality: it is a branch of the dead sciences.

IN ERIN'S ISLE

The Fair Hills of Ireland. By STEPHEN GWYNN. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (Dublin: Maunsell; London: Macmillan, 6s.)

"SURE this is blessed Erin"—and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. And Mr. Gwynn is a lover of his country, and a blithe singer of her charms. But he loves old age better than youth, and we are inclined to quarrel a little with his point of view. His song is of her past; yet age cannot wither her, and he forgets her perennial juvenility.

Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of her kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that fell long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels on the fair Hills of Eire, O!

sang Red Donough Macnamara. Like Red Donough's lyric, whence it borrows its title, Mr. Gwynn's book is in praise of Ireland. The difference is at once apparent: to the poet the kine and the calves and the sunlight on the hills and the sea were the things that mattered; to Mr. Gwynn it is the Gaels—or their historical or legendary equivalent. That Mr. Gwynn appreciates the kine and the calves and the sunlight on the hills and the sea which appeal to the poet, no one who has read his "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim" will deny; but beyond appreciation he never goes. They do not call to him, they never move him to emotion, they seem never to have cast a spell over him. He knows that they are beautiful because, being a man of letters, he knows the poets; but their beauty leaves him cold. He tells us of the sidhe and the fairies dispassionately: we feel that he has never seen them dancing on the rath o' nights, or caught the glint of their small red jackets flitting hither and thither in the moonlight, or pursued the leprechaun for the phantom gold upon his back.

The silence that is in the starry skies,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills

have no message for him. He lacks imagination, and so the secrets of the brown old earth have never been revealed to him.

Sure maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there' a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea . . .

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
And he tells it in one sweet way.

We are a little angry because Mr. Gwynn does not understand. He can wander round the north coast and pass the Head of Garron in early spring, when the slopes, rising hundreds of feet almost sheer from the road beneath, are ablaze with the yellow of mile upon mile of primroses, when the valley leading up into Glenariff is carpeted with the starry windflower, and the dewdrops hang glistening like shaken silver from the boughs overhead, yet he sees it all without enthusiasm, his mind absorbed in the doings of MacUillín's galloglaghs back at Dunluce. The black-faced sheep cease cropping the bare herbage on the mountain-side and raise their heads inquisitively, the wind rises, a mist drifts over, and Garron Tower emerges a very palace of fairyland, suspended in mid-air; but Mr. Gwynn is thinking of the salmon-fishing away in dear Donegal.

Yet, as we have said, he is a lover of his country, and a blithe singer of her charms. Our quarrel with him is that he does not sing of the fair hills at all. His song is of Fionn MacCumhail and Diarmuid and Gráinne: of the Ireland that was thousands of years ago, and of the Ireland that never has been save in the minds of her imaginative sons of generations long past but never to be

forgotten. And he sings his song of love and war so charmingly, and with such sympathy and intuitive understanding, that it seems ungenerous to complain that his book is not what its title implies. Let us confess that we speedily forgot our sense of disappointment in the glamour of his pages. He lacks imagination, but a legend or a fact once heard is never forgotten, and of almost every place we have known and loved he has something to tell us that we did not know before, or some fading memory to revive. His book has already found its place upon our shelves beside the heroic romances of Ireland, and it is destined to be re-read not once but many times. It is a book which every Englishman who has the least desire to know anything of Ireland should buy. Some day Mr. Gwynn may "take to the hills" and the promise of his title-page may be fulfilled. It remains to add that Mr. Thomson's illustrations are—Mr. Thomson's.

THE CAGED WHIRLWIND

Napoleon's Last Voyages. Being the Diaries of Admiral Sir THOMAS USSHER, R.N., K.C.B. (on board the *Undaunted*), and JOHN R. GLOVER, Secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn (on board the *Northumberland*). With introduction and notes by J. HOLLAND ROSE. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1895 a storm in a teacup raged about the *Undaunted* and the *Northumberland*. It was the year when Mr. Fisher Unwin published these records in a volume which, by an omission of bibliographical detail, tempted reviewers to thrill 1895 with the "finds" of 1840 and 1833. One reviewer with marvellous insight discovered the reason for the reticence which he condemned: not satisfied with a Latin motto for his title-pages, Mr. Unwin secretly thrived on a wicked precept of Thucydides! That reviewer will be inclined to "take it all back" when he gazes on the volume before us, which, if less portly, might be described as a feather in his cap. It is annotated, illustrated, indexed and confessed—if the word may serve us—in a manner which disarms criticism.

These interesting records exhibit a genius who survived himself and became commonplace to escape the sensation of the grave. Any one who has seen Cruikshank's vile caricature with viler verses, published on May 5, 1814, entitled "Boney's Elb(a)ow Chair," will realise the psychic impossibility of Napoleon's position after the Treaty of Fontainebleau. Any one who reflects that the wife of the ex-governor of St. Helena could remain six months on the same small island as Napoleon and quit it without troubling to see him, can imagine that "la politique de Longwood," however lively, failed to convince Napoleon that he lived.

There was plenty of good talk in the "homme mort," and it was readily forthcoming, as those "Miss Balcombes," whose "every possible question" Napoleon answered "without the slightest possible reserve," found at St. Helena. These romps gave us, alas! no record of their playfellow in blindman's buff, who was to them but "Boney" and a living French Exercise. But Thomas Ussher and John R. Glover, secretary and "ghost" (we infer) to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, realised the literary chance of their lives, though Ussher unfortunately did not record the anecdotes which Napoleon related to him of his boyhood. With Ussher Napoleon doubtless felt at ease. This officer had been wounded and captured by the French, and though worthy to be named with Nelson for coolness and courage, admired Napoleon greatly and possessed so much tact that he chatted with his charge about the Walcheren expedition. Ussher observed the Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba not only as the self-styled "homme mort" but as philosopher.

He spoke of his intention of taking possession of Pianosa, a small island, without inhabitants, about ten miles from Elba. He said: "All Europe will say that I have already made a conquest." Already he had plans in agitation for conveying water from the mountains to the city.

Unfortunately Napoleon's Lilliput was an island and its liquid boundaries being all visible from one hill, he found that he could see his whole empire in two *coups d'œil*. On that hill was a chapel. "Some one remarked that it would require more than common devotion to induce persons to attend service there. 'Yes, yes; the priest can say as much nonsense as he wishes.'" Thus did Napoleon, at a moment of humiliation, his new empire having been revealed to him as a toy, disclose the freedom from religious veneration which made his bond less reliable than another man's word.

The voyage to St. Helena saw him under the observation of colder eyes than Ussher's. To John R. Glover he was "the Scourge of Mankind"; but his status was officially only that of an unemployed general. It was noticed now that he used his fingers instead of a fork; Ussher had only noticed that he dined. Glover has the meanness or regard for historic minuteness to note that Napoleon on one occasion was piqued because British heads were not uncovered to his fallen majesty. He also makes an instance of Napoleon's rudeness to Mme. Bertrand much worse by calling her his "favourite" when as a matter of fact he did not like her because she had "spasmodic ways" and endeavoured to dissuade her husband from sharing his exile.

But though Napoleon was in a chilly atmosphere on board the *Northumberland*, he conversed much of his own affairs, not omitting Josephine and Maria Louisa. He represented the Queen of Naples as saying of Maria Louisa, after an acknowledgment from the latter that she really liked him:

"My child, when one has the happiness to be married to such a man papas and mamas should not keep one away from him whilst there are windows and sheets by which an escape to him might be effected."

This, said for the ears of an admiral who disapproved of Sunday card-playing—to say nothing of Napoleon's other delinquencies—was true humour. The day after Napoleon had told the anecdote of the Queen of Naples he expatiated to the admiral on his becoming a Musselman when in Egypt. The faithful expressly permitted him and his followers to drink wine, "provided that on opening every bottle they would determine to do some good action."

Perhaps Napoleon's most important verbal contribution to history on the *Northumberland* was the avowal that he was responsible for the death of the Duke D'Enghien—an avowal which was accompanied by the opinion that the fact that this nobleman was taken from the territory of the Duke of Baden was not a reason why his life should have been spared. A few days after the chat about the Duke D'Enghien the English passengers were amusing themselves by "surveying the stupendous barren cliffs of St. Helena, whose terrific appearance seemed to but ill accord with the feelings of our guest."

To appreciate the misery awaiting Napoleon in that island it would indeed be idle to discuss the question whether rats or white ants annoyed him at Longwood, though we are sure they did not.

Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice, he came.
Who heard of him heard shaken hills.

"Cannon he came," but cannon or no cannon, he went to Beadledom.

NEWMAN AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church. By W. J. WILLIAMS. (Francis Griffiths, 6s.)

Newman. Essai de biographie psychologique. Par HENRI BREMOND. (Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.)

THE strong feature of Mr. Williams's book is its advocacy of the "relative infallibility" of the organic, as against the individual, reason. Others, notably Hegel and Comte,

have developed a similar line of thought. Individual thinkers are, like coral-insects, all working piecemeal on a plan, are engaged in elaborating an Idea which is too wide for them to grasp, which indeed is never fully realised except in the Absolute.

Mr. Williams finds this idea in Newman's theory of development. The Catholic Church represents this process more fully and systematically than any existing organisation. From one point of view it is no more than a symbol of the process, owing to the narrowness and exclusiveness of its authorities. But, while its wonderful unity, continuity and power of assimilation mark it as the symbol of this age-long process in humanity, it is far more than a symbol, inasmuch as it contains within itself the actual results of the past and therefore the potentialities of the future. The narrow action of authority may suppress, in the present, the manifestations of this developing principle, but cannot destroy it, for it is really the world-process, the movement of Humanity towards a universal synthesis, of which the main elements are religious and moral, in the only organised, continuous and international society which exists. Other forms of Christianity are stamped with the marks of individualism and parochialism. If, then, Humanity is, in the future, to realise and embody in itself the common Idea, the unity of standpoint towards which history indicates it as working, the actual, living synthesis which has been already achieved must form its germ and rallying-point. Even if we grant the writer this much (and he certainly makes a very strong case for his position), yet it must be pointed out that he seems somewhat to underestimate the strength of the reactionary spirit in the Church, and the debt it owes to outside bodies since the "Reformation." For instance, though he rightly claims Simon as the pioneer of Biblical criticism, there is no such vital connection as he finds between him and other enlightened Catholics down to Loisy. They stand isolated and apart, condemned by the authorities of their Church. He does not seem to realise how utterly the principles of Simon were suppressed, so that, apart from the vigorous stimulus of German Protestantism, there would have been no resurrection. He does recognise this after a fashion, but not adequately. He admits, but grudgingly and by the way, the debt of Loisy to German criticism. He does not explicitly recognise that, even if Catholicism be taken as offering the only consistent and positive basis for a future synthesis, the analytical work of Protestantism is equally necessary to it.

To turn to another point. A short treatise of this kind must doubtless make philosophical and psychological assumptions which it must leave unanalysed. Yet there are some so vital to Mr. Williams's thesis that it is really unfortunate that he could not see his way to enlarge his book by a couple of chapters, so as to give them at least some brief consideration. These are the questions of the real value and meaning of "the religious sense" and the actual significance of dogma. He alludes, indeed, to these questions, as was inevitable, but so briefly and cursorily that he does not even make clear his own position. He apparently accepts dogma in the "symbolic" sense, but, without further explanation, this may mean much or little. The sense in which Newman accepted it was certainly very different, so far as can be gathered, from that of Mr. Williams. Not that Newman's mind was essentially narrow, but, owing to his environment, he never quite freed himself from the constraint of the convert who, taking as his motto—"Credo quia impossibile"—thinks it the most necessary part of humility and what M. Bremond calls his "intellectual asceticism" to bring all his thoughts into subjection to what he conceives to be the "living voice of the Church"—i.e., the narrow and antiquated interpretations of dogma which her authorities attempt to enforce upon the Catholic conscience.

Mr. Williams is a liberal theologian: Cardinal Newman

hated liberalism in theology, and that, because, *pace* Mr. Williams, he distrusted reason. As regards this latter point our author ingeniously defends Newman on the ground that the mechanical reason does constantly go wrong, owing, as Newman contended, to its being supplied with false premisses. But why should Newman have assumed that those of theology were necessarily right? One of the most important functions of reason is to analyse its premisses. This is just what, except with arbitrarily fixed limitations, Newman would not do.

This writer apparently fathers the whole of his broad philosophy upon Newman. But it is in Newman, as in the Catholic Church, more *in posse* than *in esse*, more implicit than explicit. Mr. Williams's book, though his ideas are good in themselves and well worked out, is, for this reason, very misleading so far as it claims to give an account of Newman's thought.

No doubt, in his "Development" and in the "Grammar," Newman did what no one but himself could have done, in indicating a broad philosophical basis for the future progress of ideas. But even here, in the "Development," it is strange that our author does not seem to realise the effect of modern historical criticism upon Newman's *a priori* "tests," as from his own standpoint he certainly might have been expected to do. Not that it has entirely destroyed their value, since, in some shape or other, they must remain as the categories which are contained in the very idea of organic development. But it has so widened their scope and altered their content that, in Newman's sense at least, they are no longer tenable. And, for that reason, they can no longer be used to determine *a priori* the difference between corruptions and true developments, since, on the contrary, it is they themselves whose meaning is determined by the actual facts of history, and also because, from the organic point of view, the development must be regarded as one whole and not in the abstraction of its details. In short, what we reach finally is the historical determinism of Harnack and of Loisy, the difference of value which they respectively assign to the facts depending upon their ideal and subjective standpoint.

The value of Newman's theory consisted mainly in its ingenious reconciliation of the old view of an absolute revelation with the facts of history, in providing a bridge over the gulf between mediæval and present-day thought. It was an *argumentum ad hominem* against the hard-and-fast views of Protestant and Catholic theologians of the day. If Mr. Williams had considered it from this point of view, he would have been far nearer the mark than in defending the *a priori* "tests" against Dr. Fairbairn, or quietly claiming them as truly representing his own philosophy.

In Loisy we have passed the transitional period and have reached an idea of development which is at once historical and scientific. Yet Mr. Williams seems altogether to blur, or, at least, to ignore this distinction.

Another considerable blot on his valuable work is that he is continually ascribing certain opinions or sayings to Newman without quoting his words, or without giving references where he professes to be quoting him.

Quite the opposite of this is the method of M. Bremond, a large proportion of whose book consists of extracts from Newman, with the references given below. Students may disagree with certain details of his interpretation of Newman's mind, but, at least, the method is sound and far more empirical and objective, as a study of Newman, than Mr. Williams's own, though Mr. Williams places the advocacy of empiricism in the very forefront of his work. M. Bremond claims no finality for his interpretations, but acknowledges Newman to be an unsolved mystery. Such, indeed, to a great extent, he is, and it must be said that M. Bremond's effort towards the solution of that mystery is not only most careful and painstaking but affords lively and interesting reading. We understand that his work is shortly to be published in English.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. ii. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Oxford; Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

WE are glad to welcome the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's admirable *corpus* of the "minor" poetry of the Caroline Age, and we note with pleasure that the original scheme of two volumes is to be expanded into three. The present instalment contains Marmion's "Legend of Cupid and Psyche," Kynaston's "Leoline and Sydanis," and his "Cynthiades, or Amorous Sonnets," John Hall's poems, those of Sidney Godolphin and Philip Ayres, Chalkhill's "Thealma and Clearchus," the poems of Patrick Carey and William Hammond, and Bosworth's "Arcadius and Sepha." There are more authors but fewer pages than in the first volume, and the method of editing is, of course, the same. We should like especially to draw attention to the section containing the poems of Sidney Godolphin, now first collected. Many of Godolphin's poems are here printed for the first time from manuscript, and it is a great boon to students of seventeenth-century literature to have them side by side with their almost equally rare, though previously printed, companions, the poems of Kynaston and his peers. Professor Saintsbury's notes are, it need hardly be said, good reading: they are sane and suggestive, and he is, happily, but slightly bitten with the craze for emendation. Of course, he is a heretic in the matter of modernising his spelling: a note on p. 540, on "the extreme futility of preserving original spelling," because one line gives "imbrac't" and the next "embrac't," shows that Professor Saintsbury has not fallen under the spell of inconsistency in spelling, so refreshing in these cast-iron days, although earlier (on p. 272) he uses the happy phrase "liberal in its spelling," which would seem to hint that, in his heart, he is not so much of a heretic after all.

The volume is embellished with several facsimiles of title-pages and illustrations; it and its companion give the student texts not obtainable in any other form; and we will but add that we wish the publishers had devised a format less calculated to make the reader's arms ache.

Sea Songs and Ballads. Selected by CHRISTOPHER STONE, (Frowde, 2s. 6d.)

TO Mr. C. Stone's selection of verse relating to the sea, Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge has supplied an excellent introduction, in which he points out that we should have to go back to a remote period in order to reach the days when British sailors had a set of folk-songs, which they alone cared to listen to or to sing, and regrets the disuse of the "Fore-bitter"—as the folk-song was called, owing to the circumstance that the singer's stage or rostrum was usually the fore-bitts—explaining how it was gradually superseded by Dibdin's songs and airs and more recently by importations from the music-halls. We are not quite sure which among the songs in this collection we are to accept as the typical fore-bitter, but no doubt several are included. Certainly among the variety which Mr. Stone has brought together there are not a few that will please both the seaman and the landsman. As Sir Cyprian Bridge says, the collection is a sort of rapid epitome of our maritime history for some five hundred years:

In it are brought before us the ill-defined distinction between the war and the mercantile fleets of early days; the risks of the peaceful trader from other foes besides the storm and the shoal; the ill-requited labours of the sailor; the perils to which his calling specially exposed him; his conflicts with opponents as gallant as himself; his love of country; his triumphs over its enemies. Besides this, we can learn something about the sailor's private life. The picture is exaggerated, to be sure, but it is not all untrue. We see at least something of the way in which he spent his few hours of leisure afloat and shore. We learn a little about those who were, or professed to be, his friends: and, although in reality he may be caricatured, some of his real qualities are brought to our knowledge.

Nearly all the songs in this selection were written before Trafalgar, and although a very satisfactory reason is given for not following closely the chronological order, we regret that the editor did not add the dates where it was possible. The earliest song of all is taken from a manuscript in the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been printed by the Early English Text Society. Admiral Bridge remarks of several of the phrases that they are still extant, and we may quote two verses:

Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may play thereon;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydayght.

Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!
Cooke, make redy anon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve hem rest.

This song was apparently written by a seaman on board a passenger steamer carrying pilgrims to Compostella. Of a different nature is a later one which Admiral Bridge believes to be founded on a genuine fore-bitter. It has for title "The Praise of Saylor's Here set Forth, with the Hard Fortunes which do befall them on the Seas, when landmen sleep in their beds." The following verse, with little alteration, will be very familiar to many seamen:

When as the raging Seas do fome,
and lofty winds do blow,
The Saylor's they go to the top,
when Landmen stay below.

But we might pick gems from almost every page. The little volume should have a very large circulation and nowhere will be more heartily welcomed than on the mess decks of our warships. We have nothing but praise for the scholarly notes and the attractive form of the volume.

Lithgow's Rare Adventures. (Glasgow: MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net.)

WILLIAM LITHGOW, the eldest son of James Lithgow, Burgess of Lanark, was, according to the publisher's note, born about 1582, according to Sir Walter Scott was "bred a tailor," and according to himself started on his peregrinations "in the stripling age of mine adolescence." His wanderings lasted on and off some nineteen years, during which he visited most parts of Europe and various places in Asia and Africa, his career narrowly escaping summary termination at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. In "three deare-bought voyages," he says, his "goings, traversings and returnings, through Kingdomes, Continents and Ilands, which my paynefull feet traced over (besides my passages of Seas and Rivers), amounted to thirty-six thousand and odde miles, which draweth neare to twice the circumference of the whole Earth." It is a record of the most varied and often diverting character, written with a spirit and in a style which should ensure a large sale for the reprint before us. In dedicating his work "to the High and Mighty Monarch Charles," Lithgow points out that "the Generall Discourse it selfe, is most fixed upon the Lawes, Religion, Manners, Policies and Government of Kings, Kingdomes, People, Principalities and Powers," and that is the best short description which can be given of this most instructive chronicle. His pictures of Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem and Fez are as vivid a presentment of the characteristics of those cities as the most expert of latter-day tourist-journalists could hope to furnish. Dr. Margoliouth possibly might not endorse Lithgow's vigorous denunciation of Mahomet—"deceitfull, variant and fraudulent as may appeare in his Satanicall Fables, expressed in his Alcoran"—and of necessity much that he reported was only hearsay. There was, however, a vast deal more that he saw with his own eyes. Of the reality of his adventures his "martyred anatomy" as exposed to the King after his escape from the tortures of Malaga was sufficiently eloquent proof. The King sent

him at his own expense to Bath and he recovered health, "although my left Arme and crushed bones be incurable." Unfortunately, there being no hope of redress from Spain, Lithgow must needs assault Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, whose promises were lightly broken, and he was sent to the Marshalsea. He afterwards spent some years in Scotland and in 1632 he published the collected edition of his travels, from which the present admirable edition is a reprint. He wrote other books—the last was published in 1645—but what became of him ultimately is apparently unknown.

English Furniture and Furniture Makers of the Eighteenth Century. By R. S. CLOUSTON. (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net.)

So many excellent books have been written on this now widely appreciated subject that one would hardly expect much new light on the

Many things divinely done
By Chippendale and Sheraton

and the large number of excellent cabinet-makers, more or less closely connected with these names; but the author feels that there are revolutionary views to be put forward and fresh facts from which new deductions can be obtained. Apart, however, from the pride of original research, which is here somewhat over-estimated, the volume offers to all students of the arts of the eighteenth century home a pleasing magazine of knowledge. To the sociologist the furniture used in any modern period is as important as the clothes worn or the food consumed. For such an inquiry the present volume can be freely recommended, for all sources of information now open have been drawn upon by the author, who pursues with indefatigable skill the history of a curve of a chairback or the nice conduct of a Pergolesi decoration. The delightful work of the period in furniture is reviewed with excellent discretion and acute criticism, the chapters on Robert Adam being especially well worth notice; and the particulars of the lesser men—Ince and Mayhew, Manwaring, Lock, Shearer, and so forth—will no doubt be new to many readers. A few years ago we would have welcomed the illustrations, but the admirable photographs reproduced in half a dozen recent books on the subject have spoilt us for the somewhat worn and familiar blocks now employed.

The Complete Photographer. By R. CHILD BAYLEY. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

WITH an admirable sense of proportion, Mr. Bayley divides his subject into its historical, technical, pictorial and social aspects, and over the wide range of his material he skims with graceful ease. The completeness of his book, however, lies more in the fact that scarcely a single point is left untouched, than that any particular point is exhaustively treated; and in this respect the work, admittedly, does not challenge comparison with cheaper specialised brochures already on the market. Mr. Bayley gives but few formulæ, and in the discussion of processes chats with, rather than instructs, his reader. His chapter on lenses would be scarcely comprehensible to one absolutely fresh to the subject, and in the whole book there seems to be no mention whatever of the anachromatic lens, for which recent pictorial claims have been made and maintained. Similarly, under the heading of colour-photography, the name of Lippmann is introduced and dismissed in three and a half pages, whilst Sir William Abney is allowed more than four in which to dilate upon his particular system of projecting upon a screen three separate colour-images which coincide to make a coloured picture. The only real and true colour-photography that has yet been discovered is that of Lippmann, which gives at one operation a fully-coloured view upon a single plate. The fact that, so far, this perfect colour-photography has not been able to lend itself to commercial ends is no excuse for the author's silence

upon its characteristics and the details of its discovery and manipulation. Miss Acland, the Brothers Lumière, and Mr. Sanger Shepherd are all dismissed with the scantiest mention. Much of this misadjustment is obviously due to the author's attitude towards his task. He has feared to make his book dry and stodgy, and has therefore approached it with a light heart and a freedom from anxiety which result merely in four hundred and twenty-six ample pages on how photography, past, present and to come, strikes Mr. Child Bayley. As a delightful picture-book it will find many admirers. All the illustrations—there are over a hundred—are selected from the best pictorial work of the past and particularly of the last few years. We are glad to find Mr. William Crooke's magnificent "Zuleika" among the chosen; it is a beautiful head which recent attempts by other workers have not surpassed. Of many good pictures it would be invidious to mention a few; but it may safely be said that their praiseworthy selection and adequate printing will give the book a great value, and create a better status for pictorial photographs than is supplied by ephemeral magazines.

Links in My Life on Land and Sea. By Captain G.W. GAMBIER. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

CAPTAIN GAMBIER is a typical naval officer—at one moment outspoken almost to the point of offensiveness, at another diplomatic and reticent; quick-tempered on occasion, but always ready to forgive and sometimes ready to forget—and his memoirs have this merit, that they are always entertaining. To read his book is to imagine oneself in the privacy of Captain Gambier's smoking-room, listening to very pleasant after-dinner gossip. A career full of adventure began in the Baltic fleet during the Crimean War, and subsequently our author journeyed, in different capacities, to Norfolk Island (of his reception in which he gives a delightful account), Rio de Janeiro, Egypt, Cyprus, New Zealand, the Andaman Islands, New Caledonia, China, Japan, and other places, acting after his retirement as *Times* correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War. There are almost as many good stories in his book as there are epithets. After a characteristic comment on the "monstrous cupidity," the "incompetence," etc., of Hobart Pasha, Captain Gambier proceeds to justify the former charge by an amusing anecdote. Having been invited to visit the Turkish Admiral on his yacht, "knowing what to expect at his table":

I took the precaution [he says] of sending some very good claret on board for our joint messing, which, if I remember right, was to cost me £2 a day. . . . At our midday breakfast Hobart's steward gave me some execrable claret—absolutely poisonous—and I naturally requested him to bring me some of my own.

"Oh," said the man, with a gentle chuckle, "His Excellency the Pasha ordered me to take your three cases up to his house last night, and bring off this."

And Captain Gambier had to drink the poison. "Charlatan" and "windbag" were two of the mildest epithets which follow. On board a steamer in which our author and other war correspondents travelled from Trieste to Constantinople, the story was circulated by an American that an unknown passenger—who proved to be Earl Minto—was a linendraper:

I have often made mistakes like this [says Captain Gambier], notably when once I took the Duke of Somerset—then first Lord of the Admiralty—for the dockyard rat-catcher. The Duke had strolled on board my ship, the *Sylvia*—then in dock—during the men's dinner-hour, and came up and asked me to say he wished to see the Captain.

"Nonsense!" I said, "you can't see the Captain about your job. Be off!"

He remained quite undisturbed, and said, "Will you kindly inform him that the Duke of Somerset wishes to see him?"

Then Captain Gambier discovered that he was not a rat-catcher. Lack of space prevents our quoting many similar anecdotes to be found in these pages, and we must leave the reader to discover them for himself.

CHRISTMAS AT CAIRO

HERE all goes on as if His Name
 The city scarcely knew,
 Its tide of business flows the same,
 No sign of Him in view.

Yet as I walk the busy street,
 So secular and strange,
 The very stones beneath my feet
 Dissolve away and change;

The buildings and the men around
 Dim and unreal seem,
 And on the breeze there comes a sound
 Of bells, as in a dream.

Familiar faces meet my eye,
 Friends smile to me and speak,
 As through the village they and I
 The old stone portal seek.

And borne upon the Spirit's wing
 I kneel on Christian earth,
 And hear the Christmas Hymn they sing
 In church at Kenilworth.

W. H. D.

A WHITE NIGHT

SOFT as palest petals of cherry-blossom
 Slowly drifted earthward by Maytime breezes,
 Came last night our Lady of Snow's handmaidens,
 Bidden to greet me.

Fancies fair and frail as themselves they brought me,
 Tender thoughts too shy for the Day's possessing;
 Hopes more sweet and strange than a dreamland vision
 Came with their coming.

ANGELA GORDON.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XIII. SYMBOLISM

It is curious how little the common mind realises that it thinks (and must think) through pictures, and that it uses symbols—which are only “figures of the true”—in almost every sentence it makes use of, or constructs. But so it is. All educated persons know that language is an imperfect medium for the expression of thought, or the conveyance of ideas from one mind to another; and that, in consequence, all human speech is a mosaic inlaid with metaphor. We describe our mental states in terms of the physical world, and we invariably characterise that world in terms fetched from our own consciousness. We speak of hard times, of a bright idea, of a sweet tune, an acute remark, a clear proof, a keen thinker, and so on; where all our adjectives describing what is mental are

drawn from the material world. When we say of a human soul that it is candid, or sincere, we use terms the former of which takes us back to the custom of presenting applicants for office in white robes, and the latter to the possession of pure honey without wax. Conversely, when we say the sea roars, the wind whispers, the lake sleeps, etc., we describe the outward world in terms of the inner. All that is obvious enough: but it is not so easily seen that in no case can we find any descriptive term that is an exact mirror of the thing we wish to characterise. All our words are imperfect; and, therefore, all our definitions—however nearly they approach to accuracy—are of necessity incomplete.

It is one of the aims of philosophy to enable us to escape from the fetters of symbolic thought and allegoric speech; to break for us the shells of metaphor that we may get at the kernel of truth; but at the same time to use our symbols and metaphors wisely, for we cannot dispense with them. And this almost universal habit of describing the two realms of mind and matter, each in terms of the other, may perhaps be taken as an indirect proof that they are kindred at the core; and that a monism, of which we are not usually conscious, underlies their dualism. Of that unity we are at times aware (although it reaches us as an apocalypse), else we would not make use of the terms which suggest it. When we realise the harmony of opposites which exists within us and around, our recognition of the abiding unity is real, although it comes and goes; and it is perhaps our inability to comprehend it continuously as a whole that leads us to adopt a dualistic mode of speech, so subtle as well as evanescent is the sense of unity.

But is it not the case that we all have—or may have—apocalyptic visions of what transcends the common consciousness, and momentary glimpses of what it is impossible to express in words? We become transcendentalists, and then know what it is to be face to face with the innermost reality of things, beneath all show and semblance. At such times the poet and the musician speak to us, while the philosopher is silent. The latter knows that the visions which his friends behold will pass, that the curtain will fall, and silence supervene; but he acquiesces gladly, for he has learned the advantage to all mankind, of seeing through a glass darkly, of using symbols, of speaking in parables, and rejoicing in them as “figures of the true.” Is it not so, as a matter of experience? We all have times of clear vision, followed by a misty outlook. Our perceptions of reality are succeeded by times in which neither sun, nor moon, nor stars are visible. We realise, we know, that we are “one with the Infinite,” and soon afterwards we seem to ourselves a mere bundle of contradictions and commonplaces; and the entire race to which we belong a collection of atoms. Such is the rise and the fall of the tide within us, the comings and the goings of experience!

But they may perhaps be explained by the action and reaction of the two realms already referred to—that of mind, and of matter—and, in consequence, the necessary use of symbolic thought, of metaphoric speech, and parabolic utterance. Without adopting Goethe's way of putting it,

Name is but sound and smoke
 Shrouding the glow of Heaven,

may not every one of us make the freest possible use of allegoric terms, realising that they are all symbolic, and try to overcome the defects of each by the subsequent use of others? Even the loftiest of them is sure to mislead, if we confine ourselves to it alone. For example, we speak of the Infinite Being as King, Judge, and Father; but, if we do not drop the metaphor from the mind after using it, or in the very act of using it, we narrow the fulness of that which, in its limitation, it is intended partially to disclose.

It is a noteworthy fact—but one not always remembered—that the greatest truths that have moved the

world, and been epoch-making in consequence, have always reached it clothed in metaphor, draped with symbolism; that they have been presented to mankind, and been by mankind adopted, not only associated with—but through the very medium of—pictures which reflected the *zeitgeist*, that is to say the transient notions, or passing spirit of their age. All esoteric truth has come into the world of necessity wrapped up in an exoteric; and this not for the sake of the many, the illiterate, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," the "dim common populations," but for the sake of the most highly educated and the farthest-seeing as well. The vision of the latter would soon fade, if they had always to walk by the light of "pure reason" along the avenues of demonstration. No sage or prophet has ever been able to dispense with metaphor, and the wisest of them have been thankful for parables. Although they all see through them and beyond them, they—as well as the many of mankind—are safeguarded by means of them.

Allegory is not history, and there is of necessity much of the former in all revelation from whatsoever source it comes. But only think of a Revelation as to the Infinite entering the world like the propositions of Euclid! What could the world make of it? How could a set of algebraic formulæ ever lay hold of the heart of man?

A question may be put in closing, viz., what is the abiding value of Symbolism in Art? And why is it higher and deeper than realistic or photographic Art can ever be? It is surely not because of what it discloses, but of what it suggests. The landscape art of Turner, of Alfred Hunt, and of some on whom their mantle has fallen, the symbolic figure-painting of François Millet, and George Frederick Watts, have the supremacy—the higher vision, and the wider range—because of what they hint at, and do not attempt to explore. Like consummate stylists, and the great teacher-poets, they move us most by what they leave unexpressed, by taking us to the entrance-door of "the house called beautiful," and leaving us there to enter in ourselves, alone.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE POETRY OF CHRISTMAS

APART from the numerous carols which are associated with the Christmas festival, and which sprang directly from its liturgical and dramatic celebrations, poetry in this country has hardly done justice to Christmas. Indeed it is in the carols that we must look for an expression of some of the associations of Christmas—the mirthful joy, the overflowing of kindness, the contrast of indoors and out-of-doors, the cheerful fire, the hospitable board, the kindly greetings, and without, the wind howling in the pines, the driving snow, the voices of the storm. Our poets have dwelt principally on the devotional and doctrinal aspects of the festival, while not omitting its mirth and jollity. Of the former, none has ever surpassed Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," with the full-blast of its magnificent organ music, its exquisite cadences, its almost daring application of pagan ideas to the Christ. What a power of imaginative skill is in the verses telling of the defeated gods, followed by the last stanza with its suggestion of peace and quietude:

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Exquisite, too, is the stanza in which allusion is made to the voice heard crying "Great Pan is dead," when Christ was born. Earlier than Milton, Giles Fletcher had told how "the cursed oracles were stricken dumb" in that section of his poem on "Christ's Victory and Triumph"

which deals with the Nativity. His verses are nobly conceived, and have a majestic opening:

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise?

Earlier than either, Southwell wrote a poem, "The Burning Babe," which Ben Jonson wished he had written. The poet has a vision on a hoary winter's night as he stands shivering in the snow, of "a pretty Babe, all burning bright." Love is the fire with which He burns, yet, he complains, "none approach to warm their hearts" at His fire. The poem expresses the doctrine of Christmas in a series of quaint conceits, with which also, a century later, George Herbert filled his sonnet on Christmas. The poet rides up to an inn tired of the search for pleasures:

Then when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, readie there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

And he prays that as Christ was born among the beasts of the stall, "To man, of all beasts, be not Thou a stranger." The pendant verses to the sonnet, "The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?" are equally quaint and form a fair specimen of the attractive high church pietism of the seventeenth century.

Herrick returns over and over again to the subject of the Nativity, but not always with the same feeling of dignity. His "Christmas Carol, sung to the King in the Presence at Whitehall" is indeed worthy of the subject and the occasion. Christ's coming has turned December to May, and "all things here seem like the spring-time of the year." The musical part was composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, a note to the poem tells us, and as we read the poem we seem to catch a strain of that Christmas music in the Presence at Whitehall before the Royal Martyr had left it to return no more till the day of his doom. In another poem Herrick describes our Lord as "a pretty Baby," but it has this dainty verse:

Instead of real enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle Kingly Stranger
As gospel tells
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But quaintest of all are his lines bidding a child carry a flower to the Saviour, and

stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher.

Religion, if it caused blood to flow in that bygone century, was naïve and innocent in its conceptions. It had hardly escaped from what seems to us the bathos and blasphemy of the Middle Ages, but what was really an attempt to make the ideas of Christianity consort with every phase of life.

Coming to more recent times one is surprised at the poets who had no eye for the suggestive beauty of the festival. Dryden, Marvell, Pope, and a host of lesser lights are silent; Thomson and Cowper have plenty to say of the miseries and joys of winter, but seem to have forgotten that Christmas was a winter festival, though the latter translated some very classical and conventional lines on the subject by Madame Guyon. One cannot remember that Wordsworth, even in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets, makes any reference to the festival. Byron and Moore seem indifferent to it; Keats was too much of a Greek, Shelley too anti-Christian, to trouble about it. Coleridge, however, wrote a Christmas carol, in which the Virgin is made to rejoice at the coming of peace. Should she not rather rejoice at "sweet music's loudest note, the

poet's story," at glory and fame, at the youthful king War hailed as he is by "Earth's majestic monarchs?"

Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child.

She is "the mother of the Prince of peace":

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn,
Peace, peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

The poem, if unworthy of Coleridge as a poet, is worthy of him as a transcendental philosopher. Christmas finds Southey a traveller in the mountains of Italy. And it reminds him "how many hearts are happy at this hour in England," of the cheerful fire, the gathering of the members of the family round the festive board. He recalls his childish joy in the festival long ago:

As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,
From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,
Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.

Fond memory recalls these things and it brings thoughts of the absent, of those who

remember me, and fill
The glass of votive friendship.

In spite of the subject, the poem seems forced and written to order. There is no real feeling of Christmas in it, such as a carol can produce with much less striving. But Tennyson's exquisite art enabled him to pen some marvellous Christmas verses in *In Memoriam*:

The time draws nigh the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Memory, too, is active with him: the bells "controlled me when a boy"; but "they bring me sorrow touched with joy." The welcome guest who enriched "the threshold of the night" is gone for ever. It seems a mockery to dress church and hall with holly, yet let it be done for use and wont. And then we hear of the sadness in the Christmas rejoicings, the "awful sense of one mute Shadow watching all." The lines voice, alas, too often, the feelings of older folk during the merriment of the children's Christmas. They see the Shadows which, let us be thankful, the children do not see.

Browning's "Christmas Eve" is a splendid discussion on the philosophy of Christianity which it is good to read as the festival comes round, if not for its lofty teaching at least for its vision of the Christ and its pictures of His worshippers, Protestant, Catholic, and rationalist. Philosophic in its own way also is Longfellow's "Christmas Bells." He hears them in war-time when the cannons drown the message of peace and goodwill, and he despairs of peace. But

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men.

The same optimism mingled with strongly ethical lessons, characterises Lowell's "Christmas Carol" and Whittier's "Christmas Carmen," the latter with its refrain:

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

These trans-Atlantic poems remind one of Charles Kingsley's musical "Carol."

With our own Miss Rossetti, we return to the mystic quaintness of the seventeenth-century versifiers:

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air,
But only his mother, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

The editors of "The English Hymnal" which has frightened the bishops, have wisely included this delightful carol in their collection. Here, too, is a noble verse from her other series of carols:

Whoso hears a chiming for Christmas at the nighest
Hears a sound like Angels chanting in their glee,
Hears a sound like palm boughs waving in the highest,
Hears a sound like ripple of a crystal sea.

With that exquisite music we might fitly leave the poets' Christmas choir, but we must not forget the other aspect of the festival—its jollity and glee. We find in George Wither's Christmas verses beginning:

So now is come our joyfulest part;
Let every man be jolly,

and ending:

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry!

Wither had a merry heart in spite of his Puritanism. Nor indeed did Herrick write only quaint spiritual conceits on Christmas, for he has some mince-meat and plum-pudding verses appropriate to the occasion;

Come, bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

These are the verses of men who took actual part in the prolonged wassail of Yule. But Scott's magic minstrelsy, in a land where among the bulk of the people the very name of Christmas had well-nigh been forgotten, revived for us the old times, the old scenes, in his famous verses in "Marmion."

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

We hear of the religious pageantry, of ceremony doffing his pride, the union of gentle and simple, the glowing logs, the boar's head, wassail, pies and pudding, the carols, the masquerade:

'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.

The old miracle-plays dramatised the Christmas story, and Longfellow attempted something of the same kind in his "Golden Legend." Is it possible to revive a Christmas mystery, combining, perhaps, the spiritual and material aspects of the Festival? Here is a chance for our modern poets! Which of them will lead the way?

J. A. MACCULLOCH.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Lotus-Eaters," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

Abbots Verney. By R. MACAULAY. (Murray, 6s.)

R. MACAULAY has written an interesting book. Her work is sound and careful, and illumined by occasional flashes of insight. Its chief defect is an inclination to diffuseness, and her characters at times become dim and even lost in the fog of detail and explanation: its chief quality is absolute sincerity. The story is simple and reasonable, relying for interest, as such a story should, upon the play of circumstance on character. The three generations of

Ruths are realised and expressed with admirable distinctness. The misery of Verney Ruth when he becomes involved in the disgrace of his father and is disinherited by his grandfather, is finely described, and his pride, his sensitive reserve, his pluck are brought out with great skill; though we are unable to sympathise (as we seem expected to) with his resentment against Rosamond for not giving him all, when by her strength and kindness she had already given him much. We read the book with the interest that real sincerity almost always commands. The author's prose is usually good: occasionally it is distressingly harsh, as when she writes of "phlegmatic practicality," but, happily, such phrases are rare, and we recommend the book without hesitation.

The Flock. By MARY AUSTIN. (Constable, 6s. net.)

It may come as a surprise to many tolerably well-informed people that a book all about sheep and shepherds in California can offer such delightful reading as is to be found in "*The Flock*." The author knows her subject thoroughly, she understands the trials and fascinations of life on "*The Long Trail*," and she has friends among the shepherds and the art of eliciting confidences. They tell her of strange experiences on the track, curious anecdotes of men, wonderful stories of their dogs, and—more diffidently—they relate the story of their own perils and achievements. There is hardly a page without its incident, information, or picturesque description; to turn a leaf too hastily is to miss some interesting fact or vivid picture. Mrs. Austin writes with distinction, and "*The Flock*," embellished with numerous marginal illustrations, should find a place among the popular gift-books of the season.

The House of the Luck. By MARY J. H. SKRINE. (Smith, Elder, 6s. net.)

THE "Luck" of the house of Darley died in the seventeenth century, but his spirit visits a latter-day heir to the estates and whispers brave and bracing counsels to him in the watches of the night. The author tells a tender and graceful story of Tony, the invalid lad, who is the hope of his house. He discovers for himself the needs and wrongs of the "peasant-people," and why they look to him to restore the old rule of justice and kindness. There is nothing goody-goody about Tony, he is artless and engaging, and quaintly wise as childhood often is. His story is interesting and touching, yet not overclouded with sentiment, and there is the saving salt of humour in Tony's experiences among the villagers and old servants. It is a charming book, both for young people and grown-up readers, but the grown-ups will like it best.

The Realist. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Sisleys.)

THE five short stories which comprise this little volume are all strongly told and powerful, with just that admixture of thought which makes it necessary to take Mr. Thurston's work seriously. In these stories he begins by expounding the idea and then proceeds to the tale in hand. But the tale does not fit nicely: it seems to lose its proper effect, and sink to the insignificant place of an illustration to a text, and not always, we must add, an apt one. "*The Low Comedian*" is the last, and it is also the best—chiefly because the story is allowed to stand on its merits, to suggest rather than to express thought.

Rosemary in Search of a Father. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

A CHILD is the chief character in this story, but it is not a book for children unless they are unusually precocious. The five-year old Rosemary at Monte Carlo, seeing that her mother is sad, sets out to find a lost father, and meets with such extraordinary good luck that we can only suspect the intervention of Christmas fairies. They send Rosemary a wonderful father, far more attractive than the real one, and just the man her mother most desired

to meet again. So with the help of an old-love affair, an American millionaire, a pretty French adventuress, a profusion of jewels, and costly raiment such as might haunt the delirious dreams of a milliner's girl, the tale runs on to a happy conclusion. It is a brisk, highly coloured story, of the lightest possible construction even for these authors who know how to make the most of trifles, and it has its gay moments and its touches of pathos, and may be read with some pleasure, and more amusement.

After the Fault. By ROBERT H. SHERARD. (Sisley, 6s.)

WE are wholly out of sympathy with the accepted premiss of the story, from which all the tragedy springs. The point of view from which a wife is regarded as an attractive species of property is both vulgar and commonplace; and so far are we from feeling the sorrow which we are expected to feel for a hero whose wife has, as he would say, betrayed him, that we become hardened and glad that he should have suffered almost as much as he deserved. The man is held up for admiration, but the pride which prevents him from allowing his wife the pleasure of sharing her good fortune with him, is as ignoble and selfish as the love which causes him to ape intolerably the air of an injured saint. Mr. Sherard writes with much clever fluency, but his book is stuffed with false sentiment and a kind of respectable anger towards life.

A Serpent in his Way. By SUZANNE SOMERS. (Long, 6s.)

IRELAND has always been a land of romance, and, judging from "*A Serpent in his Way*," her days of wild deeds are not yet over. The plot is that of the Babes in the Wood in a modern setting, complicated by the interpolation of Cinderella's Wicked Sisters and a Knight Errant. The twentieth-century atmosphere necessitates a coroner's inquest and other touches not to be found in the original legend, but the story is practically the same. The Wicked Uncle, after fruitless attempts to destroy the hapless Babes, who, supported by their doughty Knight Errant, invariably rise and confront him with his villainy, at last acknowledges himself beaten and betakes himself with his unprepossessing family to a third-rate French *pension* and the whisky-bottle. The female Babe, in accordance with the dictates of romance, marries the Knight Errant and they "all live happily ever after."

The Baxter Family. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (White, 6s.)

THE moral of this story seems to be that good intentions often have evil ends. John Grant, the innocent cause of Harry Baxter's death, tries to make up to the dead man's family in some degree by improving their worldly circumstances. But the more he does for them the more he harms them; he sees it himself at last, and goes away, not without hurt to his own peace of mind. But between his appearance and the moment when he leaves them for good, many things have happened, and the authors have made the most of many opportunities for character-drawing. Lydia and Agatha are finely imagined girls, well drawn and interesting. The men are less convincing, but old Mrs. Baxter is delightful. Although the action takes place in England, the strange fascination of "*The Shulamite*" and "*Anna of the Plains*" is not wanting, proving how little local colour, how much the author's personality, has to do with success.

FINE ART

RECRUITS FOR THE PICTURE-MARKET

NOTWITHSTANDING the rumours current as to the depressed condition of the modern picture-market, there are no signs of either artists or dealers losing heart. On the contrary, within the last week a new society of portrait-painters—which is to hold its first exhibition at the Royal

Institute early next year—has been founded, and two new galleries have been opened, both within a few yards of Trafalgar Square.

Of these two newcomers, one is practically an extension of a familiar gallery, Messrs. William Marchant and Co. having acquired an additional suite of rooms over their well-known Goupil Gallery. To the house-warming of the Goupil Gallery Salon nearly a hundred exhibitors were invited, with the result that close on two hundred exhibits adorn the walls of the new premises. In some respects—certainly in that of mere dimensions—the full-length portrait of *Mlle. Salomé* by M. J. E. Blanche is the most important exhibit, but despite his technical dexterity this artist repeatedly fails to give his painting a pleasing surface quality, and in seeking to catch the gleam of a silk dress, he endows his whole canvas with the shininess of an oil-cloth. Far more satisfying to those who value repose and reticence in painting is M. Le Sidaner's *Maisons à Bruges*, a poetic harmony of lovely colour in which nothing is assertively stated and all things are dreamily suggested. It is true of Le Sidaner's paintings, as Mr. Symons has well said of Whistler's, that "when you come near them they seem to efface themselves, as if they would not have you even see them too closely," for like the "Master" Le Sidaner has the supreme art of concealing the means by which his effects are obtained. But at the proper distance his mysterious houses materialise as if by magic from the seeming chaos of paint-streaks which alone await our too curious investigation. Mr. Ludovici's London park-scenes are as pleasantly reminiscent of Whistler as Mr. Alexander Jamieson's Parisian crowds are of Manet's *Jardin des Tuileries*, but though neither of these graceful painters can be dismissed as a mere imitator, his art is too derivative to give a clear revelation of his own personality. M. Le Sidaner, too, has learnt much from Whistler and the Impressionists, but he has made use of the knowledge thus derived to make his own deductions from Nature. At present Messrs. Ludovici and Jamieson have not gone further than restating, very pleasantly it is true, conclusions at which their predecessors had arrived.

A pastel portrait of a lady's head by M. Aman-Jean, and a landscape and a marine by M. Cottet encourage the hope that with a larger space at his disposal Mr. Marchant will show us later representative collections of the work of these two distinguished French artists, who are little known on this side of the channel. In *The Old Farm*, a veritable hymn in colour to Apollo, Mr. Clausen again demonstrates that the vividness of hot sunshine can be expressed without aridness of paint, and that for treating brilliant light with tenderness and truth he has no living rival save the veteran Monet. In addition to characteristic examples of many capable painters with whose work frequenters of the Goupil Gallery are well acquainted, the collection includes some new recruits, prominent among whom is Mr. Orpen. His little water-colour of a girl sitting by a window is equally notable for the lovely contour of the figure, the well-balanced design of the whole, and the full colour obtained without losing lustre or quality. A little collection of black-and-white work is full of good things, summary impressions of Spain by Mr. Pennell, happily observed and deftly recorded views of *Jumieges* and *Caudebec* by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and rich, romantic charcoal landscapes by Messrs. Frank Mura and Paul Henry, the last also showing a portrait study which, taken with his poetic landscapes, warrants high hopes for his future.

Black-and-white work is also well to the fore in the first exhibition of the International Art Gallery (14 King William Street), where there are some remarkably vigorous lithographs of rustic subjects by H. Becker, as well as characteristic examples of the better known lithographer M. Belleruche, and two beautiful studies of a *Head* and *Drapery* by the sanest and strongest of our neo-classicists, Albert Moore, and more sugary drawings of feminine face and figure by M. Lucien Monod. Among the oils in this

gallery is a masterly *Roses* and two other flower-pieces by Fantin, a Chardinesque *Still Life* by the little-known Zakarion, and examples of Mauve, J. Maris, de Bock, and others of the Modern Dutch School. Messrs. Coutts Michie, Moffat Lindner, W. Llewellyn, Harold Speed and Buxton Knight are well represented, but it must be confessed that the British contributors do not show to any great advantage. The chief interest of the exhibition is the opportunity it affords of becoming acquainted with several young Dutch and French painters comparatively unknown in this country. Among these none makes a braver bid for distinction than M. Jeanès, whose *The Wave* and *Sunrise at Venice* have the vigour and life of big effects economically expressed. Their greatest blemish is that they are done in a wrong medium, water-colour being used on a rough paper to resemble pastel. The style of the painter suggests that oils will eventually be his chosen medium, but if he would control his strength, diminish his dimensions, and preserve the purity of his washes, he should produce some astounding water-colours.

MUSIC

SULLIVAN AND POPULAR MUSIC

THE revival of the Savoy Opera recalls us to old tunes and old jokes, which come back enriched, not only with the memories of the days when the productions were the personal work of composer, librettist and manager, two of whom are no longer with us, but for most of us with some personal association. In the case of *The Yeomen of the Guard* the songs, both words and music, are its strongest part, that for which it is most loved. Its tragic ending robs us of the laugh with which the curtain was wont to fall on these operas, and in the course of the play the dialogue is less sparkling than in *The Mikado*, for instance; but the songs have become the personal property of each of us, and as we listen to them again in their own surroundings, they bring to mind numberless occasions when they formed the most successful feature of a village concert or a Christmas party, or best of all, to some of us they recall snug evenings in So-and-so's rooms, when we were light-hearted undergraduates and sang through several Sullivan operas at a single sitting. How many people have cultivated their sense of humour, and perhaps even acquired a reputation for wit among their friends, solely on the fun of Mr. W. S. Gilbert it is impossible to say, but they are certainly numerous. One would like to know, too, how many people have awakened to a love for music chiefly through the light opera of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Young men and women, especially the former, used to go home and try to sing the songs as they heard them at the Savoy, and then were led on to try the concerted pieces together, and found them hard to do, but still worth the work they cost. The famous "Madrigal" in *The Mikado* has been the practising ground of many a successful vocal quartet party, who would never have tried to sing together, but would have contented themselves with a wearisome succession of drawing-room ballads, had they not found this genial and charming bit of vocal writing ready made for them.

It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the practical value of these works in cultivating the popular musical taste in England. Their secret is that they are not made of music which plays down to the popular taste (which always means playing rather below it), but that their music emanates from the best qualities of that taste; the natural love for free moving and simple melodies, emphatic rhythms and plain harmonies which need little thinking, all decorated with bright and piquant effects of orchestral colouring, which, however, are not essential to the charm of the music—these are the qualities which make their appeal to people uneducated in music, and the presence of one of them in

a work otherwise crude and vulgar enough is sufficient to ensure its acceptance. Sullivan partook of all these primitive instincts of musical expression in much the same way as does the uneducated public, with the additional possession of a strong creative faculty; while the fact that he early mistook himself, and was mistaken for a composer in the "grand manner," won him a thorough musical education, which gave him the power to express these simple ideas of melody and rhythm in artistic terms. He could not, of course, escape from some of the disadvantages attendant upon such a position; the tendency to be misled as the public is misled, and to perpetrate things crude and vulgar would occur when, for instance, a poem of commonplace or weak-minded sentiment came in his way. Every one will remember instances among his songs where his gifts are used to very inferior ends, and the piano-organ and street hawker still loudly proclaim their fatal popularity. In writing for the Savoy, however, he had no such temptation; his association with Mr. W. S. Gilbert saved him from ever descending to find the musical counterpart to clap-trap words. Instead, he had to express real humour, or else things graceful and charming, with sometimes, as in the case of *The Ycomen of the Guard*, simple and genuine pathos. To such situations Sullivan was quite equal, by virtue of the popular instinct which was his naturally and the artistic musicianship he had attained, and the result was that his works gained a wider influence than those of any English composer of the nineteenth century.

He is a happy man who discovers the work to which he is exactly suited and does it. At the present day, when we hear so much of the need for encouraging British composers, one is inclined to wonder whether the reason that much effort seems to run to waste is not really to be found in the fact that a good deal of the musical output is misdirected energy. There are surely among our older composers some who have been working all their lives honestly in the cause of what they conceive to be serious art, who might have done more direct and living work could they have realised that it is not the fact of writing in the noble forms of symphony, concerto or extended chamber music which primarily helps this cause, but that the steps must be gradual, that the small forms of music must reach people first: the song, the vocal trio and quartet, the dance tune, and that the first need is to supply artistic and genuine music in these simple shapes if the art is really to be brought into touch with everyday human wants. Among young artists the love for large canvases is proverbial, and young composers, whose ranks are even stronger than those of the elder generation, must needs hasten to write for huge orchestras and choruses; but we want songs we can sing, pieces we can play; something to supplant the miserable travesties of music found in the songs of musical comedy, or the morbid sentiment of the drawing-room ballad. For this purpose the off-shoots of a composer who is superior to these things are useless. The occasional song or little piece for piano which he deigns to publish in the interval between his symphony and his oratorio is likely to miss the mark altogether. For such work men are wanted who can be content to write tune after tune of the most elementary kind, who are moved by the most simple emotion, and yet who cannot leave their work without giving it the utmost artistic finish that its limits allow. Of home music there has been practically none since the production of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan furnished it thus indirectly. It would be possible to name several among English composers now living who have shown that they could give this if they thought it worth while. That it should be little considered is indeed extraordinary, since it is only from audiences trained by active and personal effort in practical music that the advanced forms of the art can receive healthy appreciation.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FRENCH CRITIC ON HOMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I did not mean to attribute to M. Bréal the opinion that the striking scenes enumerated on p. 126 do not belong to the original redaction. I took his list of five scenes, and wished to say that it is remarkable that there should be a school of critics ascribing them to late hands. However, I suppose I did not express myself with sufficient clearness, and I admit that Mr. Lang's reading of my words was quite justified. Yet does not the second paragraph of my review imply that the ransom-scene at least is due to the original poet in the opinion of M. Bréal? The word "detected" in the passage quoted should have been "enumerated." Certainly M. Bréal does not regard these exquisite passages as late additions to the Iliad. That is a theory held by critics whom he condemns.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ἐριθυλὸν ὀκρυβέρος

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Johnson does not understand the rule promulgated by Munro (not Monree). It is that a dactyl in the fourth foot of a Greek hexameter must not have a *caesura* after the first short syllable of the dactyl. Now in ἐριθυλὸν there is no *caesura* at all and therefore no violation of the rule, the whole dactyl of fourth foot being contained in one word.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

CHAUCER AND YWAINE AND GAWIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the literary models that influenced the art of Chaucer a place should probably be assigned to *Ywaine and Gawin* (Y&G), a metrical romance in a northern dialect. This poem is of very considerable merit, greatly surpassing the average of English poetry from 1300 to 1350; and nothing could have been more natural than for the young Chaucer to study it carefully if he ever saw it. Evidence that he actually did so is found partly in parallels like the following: Y&G 421-2:

And then he bar me sone bi strenkith
Out of my sadel my speres lenkith;

to be compared with *The Knight's Tale* (A 2645-6):

And kyng Emetreus, for al his strengthe,
Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe;

and this, where each member of the parallel precedes the account of a duel: Y&G 633-4:

To speke of lufe na time was thar
For aither hated uthur ful sar;

and *Knight's Tale* (A 1649):

There nas no "Good day," ne no saluyng,

But such parallels—I do not give them all—are far less interesting than an alliterative description of a combat (Y & G 3531-59) which seems to have suggested to Chaucer the idea of alliteration in his two most celebrated fighting scenes (A 2603-2616 and *Legend of Good Women* 635-648). I know of no other place than these three in Middle English poetry where alliteration is conspicuously added to the regular rime to give vigour to a description of contest, and I cannot resist the conclusion that Chaucer imitated the northern poem. That the great poet, Chaucer, imitated the minor poet is probable from the rude vigour of the latter, who, had he been the imitator, would probably have been more graceful, less vigorous and also addicted to Midland, and even Southern forms. And I observe that Professor Schofield refers the Ywaine and Gawin to the first half of the fourteenth century as against the Oxford Dictionary which assigns circa 1400 as the date of it. If Professor Schofield is correct my hypothesis becomes wholly tenable.

But once we admit that Chaucer intimately knew and was considerably influenced by *Ywaine and Gawin*, I find it difficult not to suggest an important inference concerning the English version of the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

The presence in all parts of this poem of southern forms renders it likely that it is not the work of a northern poet, but rather of one from further south, purposely writing, perhaps, in an eclectic dialect. Such southern forms are the following: Periphrastic *do* and *did*, vv. 3162, 4917, 5025, 5156, 7185; present plural indicative in *-th*, 1540, 2790, 5681, 5810, 6548; prefix *y-* to the past participle, 1419, 1510, 1610, 5505; noun plurals in *-en*: *honden* 6665; *lambren* 7013; and numerous Kenticisms in all parts of the poem.

That the northern forms of the *Romaunt* (RR) were partly prompted by intimacy with *Ywaine and Gawin* (Y&G) is at least suggested by the following parallels; where ringing words or phrases are separated by a colon (:): RR 1853-4 *thar*: *mar* (MSS. *thore*: *more*) and Y&G 235-6 *thare*: *mare*; RR 2215-6 *mar*: *ar*, and Y&G 3945-6 *mar*: *ar*; RR 2263-4 *wel sittand*: *hand*, and Y&G 637-8 *hand*: *wel sittand*; RR 5457-8 *bare* (adj): *ware* (were) and Y&G 3161-2 *war*

(were): *bare* (adj); RR 4593-4 *wille*: *hvm tille*, and Y&G 2309-10 *him till*; *wyll*; and others. To the same influence may be referred, though in a less degree, the assonant and other imperfect rimes of the *Romaunt*.

The following show that neither northern forms nor imperfect rimes are confined to the so-called B-fragment of the *Romaunt*, but occur also in the A- and C-fragments: northern forms: 38 *hatte* (be called); 102 *buskes*; 506 *ware* (were) riming on *care*; 716 *their* (Glasgow MS.); 6565 *ther* (Glasgow MS.); *their* (Thynne's edition): Rimes: 103-4 *lefeis*: *slevis*; 1601-2 *perilous*: *Narcissus*; 6469-70 *force*: *croce*. The case of those who maintain that the *Romaunt* is the work of two or three different authors is not therefore so strong as it has been represented.

Freely admitting that evidences like the above are inconclusive, I nevertheless hold that, added to the arguments of Professor Lounsbury, they make it probable that the English *Romaunt of the Rose* was the work of a single author and that that author was Chaucer. The points that differentiate it from Chaucer's later work would then be due to the fact that Chaucer made the translation very early—in 1360 or even earlier; and those which differentiate the different portions of the translation—and this, we have seen, they do not do in any absolute way—to the restless experiments of a youth hampered by a dearth of English models, and by the necessity of choosing, and to some extent even constructing, his very dialect. Two centuries later Spenser faced the same difficulties, and solved them in a far more artificial way.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

December 5.

CUI BONO?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let me call attention to another journalistic blunder, of a peculiarly flagrant type, which I venture to think the ACADEMY and its contributors ought to shun. In slap-dash journalism it is only too common; but I was not a little surprised to find it in last week's *Nuga*, by so practised a writer as *Spectator ab extra*. "Cui Bono?" does not mean "What is the good of it?" but "Who gains by it?"—literally, "To whom is it for a good?" The phrase is used by Cicero in two or three places as a sort of police inquiry: "Who benefits by this act? Tell us that, and we shall find out who did it."

C.

TRAILING CLOUDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret to observe that your Reviewer is not quite sure of my meaning when questioning his remarks on "Infant Joy." I wished to emphasise what I believed to be obvious: that two days after her child's birth a mother would not be capable of the actions attributed to her; and also that such treatment would mean injury to the child. As for a child smiling not at all after birth except from wind I confess that my knowledge of the psychology of childhood does not permit me to refute the statement; and I doubt whether scientific psychologists would venture an opinion in either direction. But I have heard humbler folk, nurses and mothers, contemplating an infant of somewhat older growth, declare with certainty which smiles were the expression of pleasure and which but facial contortions, the result of physical suffering.

Well, I think that a child might conceivably smile—and not from wind—two days after birth; that the mother might interpret the smiles to express her own happiness; and that Blake, catching the idea, composed his poem in the form of a dialogue. But, alas! for the clearness of poetry, your Reviewer holds a very different view. Of course, the two days may not be an essential part of the poetry: or a day may be taken to mean a year—or an aeon. The poem may be an allegory signifying the creation of the world and the joy of the Creator. It matters little so long as the poem induces a sensation of pleasure to the reader. But these differences of interpretation are a sad comment on the view that poetry is the clearest of all forms of speech—clearest, I take it, to the reader or hearer, since clearness to the artist means very little without the materialised conception.

Your Reviewer would like to know what I mean by scientific definitions. To define is to state the necessary connotation of a term: a definition is a statement of those attributes without which a thing is not referred the particular class to which nothing is admitted unless it possesses them—I abstain from technical language. Examples of this are Mill's definition of money as *general purchasing power*; the definition of a curve as *a line, no part of which is straight*. There can hardly be a misconception as to the meaning of these statements: and could all terms be exactly defined we could speak without ambiguity. But this being impossible, our nearest approach to univocal expression is scientific definition: it is hardly possible to string a few sentences together using only words whose meanings are or can be exactly defined.

To describe poetry as the clearest of all forms of speech may be, in some ambiguous use of the superlative of clear, a sufficiently near approach to truth—I know not—but it is certainly misleading. For poetry, if described at all—even if we do not attempt definition—should be brought into some relation with æsthetics, and clearness, in so far as it is clear, is no part of beauty. Nor can clearness, in the usual acceptance of the word, be attributed to poetry as a proprium;

for in discussing "Infant Joy" it is not, and hardly can be, denied that the lyric is poetry, and yet no attribute of clearness can be shown to follow from those attributes which constitute it poetry—rather the reverse has, indeed, been demonstrated. Clearness is, in fact, an accident where it is at all an attribute of poetry.

I seem to have discussed *de omnibus rebus*, but I must needs say something of *quibusdam aliis*. I have not any views as to the sex of the child in "Infant Joy": my use of the word *man* was a harmlessly intended employment of synecdoche, founded upon an imperfect recollection of the Scriptures.

H. G. RICHARDSON.

December 13.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Smith, Vincent A. *Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta*. Including the Cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. i. 10 x 6½. Pp. xviii, 346. Published for the Trustees of the Indian Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 30s. net.

[In three parts (i.—The Early Foreign Dynasties and the Guptas; ii.—Ancient Coins of Indian Types; iii.—Persian, Mediæval, South Indian, and Miscellaneous Coins), issued separately at 15s. net, 6s. net, and 10s. 6d. net respectively.]

Rea, Hope. *Titian*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 56. Bell, 1s. net. [In the "Miniature Series of Painters."]

CLASSICS.

Herodotus: Histories—Books I. to III. Translated by G. Woodruffe Harris. 7½ x 5. Pp. 225. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net. [In the "New Classical Library."]

Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Edited, with revised text translation, introduction and notes, by J. W. Mackail. 9 x 6. Pp. x, 433. Longmans, 14s. net.

[The volume published under this title in 1890 has been for some years out of print, and in issuing a new edition the opportunity has been taken to revise the text, translation and notes carefully throughout, to rewrite considerable portions of the introduction, and also to make some modifications in the contents of the selection.]

FICTION.

Edge, John H. *An Irish Utopia*. A Story of a Phase of the Land-Problem. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 296. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 3s. 6d.

Porter, Helen. *The Second Bloom*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

Wright, R. H. *The Outer Darkness*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Greening, 6s.

HISTORY.

Fisher, H. A. L. *The History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Henry VIII. (1485-1547)*. 9 x 6. Pp. 518. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

[Volume v. of Messrs. Longmans' twelve-volume "Political History of England."]

LITERATURE.

Secombe, Thomas; and Nicoll, W. Robertson. *The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature*. 2 vols. Vol. i.—Chaucer to Dryden; Vol. ii.—Pope to Swinburne. 12 x 8½. Pp. 522. Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net. (See p. 625.)

Macdonald, Frederic W. *In a Nook with a Book*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 222. Horace Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

Platt, Hugh E. *A Last Ramble in the Classics*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 208. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Escombe, Edith. *Phases of Marriage*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 199. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

Reich, Emil. *An Alphabetical Encyclopædia of Institutions, Persons, Events, etc. of Ancient History and Geography*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 224. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

[In the "New Classical Library."]

Goff, A.; and Levy, J. H. *Politics and Disease*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 291. King, 3s. 6d. net.

[Papers on Vivisection, Vaccination, The Lunacy Laws, and so on.]

With Byron in Italy. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. With 60 illustrations from photographs. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 327. Unwin, 5s. net.

[A selection of the poems and letters of Byron which relate to his life in Italy.]

Schofield, Alfred T. *The Home Life in Order, or Personal and Domestic Hygiene*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 345. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.

The number of pages in Debrett's Peerage was erroneously given in our last issue as 1346. There are two sections, separately numbered, comprising in all 2400 pages.

POETRY.

Underwood, Wilbur. *A Book of Masks*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 46. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Arnold, W. T. *The Roman System of Provincial Administration to the Accession of Constantine the Great*. New edition, revised from the author's notes by E. S. Shuckburgh. With a map. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 288. Oxford: Blackwell, 6s. net.

Dumas, Alexandre. *The Black Tulip*. With an introduction by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. 7 x 4½. Pp. 259. Greening, 1s. 6d. net. [In "The Lotus Library."]

White, Gleeson. *English Illustration—"The Sixties": 1855-70*. With numerous illustrations by Ford Madox Brown, A. Boyd Houghton, Arthur Hughes, Charles Keene, M. J. Lawless, Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, G. du Maurier, J. W. North, G. J. Pinwell, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, W. Small, Frederick Sandys, J. McNeill Whistler, Frederick Walker, and others. 10 x 7½. Pp. 204. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

[A re-impression of the original edition of 1897. A few small errors have been corrected.]

The Dramatic Writings of Richard Edwards, Thomas Norton, and Thomas Sackville. Comprising *Palamon and Pithias* and *Gordobuc, or Ferrex and Porrex*, and Note-Book and Word-List. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7 x 4½. Pp. 191. *Six Anonymous Plays* (Second Series). Comprising *Jacob and Esau—Youth—Albion, Knight—Mio-gonus—Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler and his Wife*—Note-Book and Word-List. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7 x 4½. Pp. 478. Privately printed for Subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, n.p.

[In the "Early English Dramatists" series.]

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. New Edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 359. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

Cobbett's English Grammar. With an introduction by H. L. Stephen. 7 x 4½. Pp. xvii, 232. *Cobbett's Advice to Young Men* (From the edition of 1829). 7 x 4½. Pp. 303. Froude, 2s. 6d. net each.

SCIENCE.

The Science Year Book, with Astronomical, Physical and Chemical Tables, Summary of Progress in Science, Directory, Biographies, and Diary for 1907. Edited by Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell. Third year of issue. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 407. King, Sell, 5s. net.

The Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. Twenty-third annual issue. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 330.

[A record of the work done in science, literature and art during the session 1905-1906 by numerous societies and Government institutions.]

THEOLOGY.

Seaver, Richard W. *To Christ through Criticism*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 211. Edinburgh: Clark, 3s. 6d. net.

[Contains the substance of the Donellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin, 1905-1906.]

Wordsworth, Chr. *The Precedence of English Bishops: and the Provincial Chapter*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 95. Cambridge: University Press, 2s. 6d. net.

Literary Illustrations of the Bible: *The Epistle of James*. 5½ x 4½. Pp. 139. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.

The Literature of the New Testament—The Fourth Gospel; its Purpose and Theology. By Ernest F. Scott. 9 x 5½. Pp. 379. Edinburgh. Clarke, 6s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

A VERY charming little volume of translations of some of our English poems into Italian has been brought out by the Istituto di Arti Grafiche in Venice (*Versioni da Thomas Gray, John Keats, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Browning*. Di Taddeo Wiel). Signor Taddeo Wiel gives proof of his skill by turning into Italian verse Gray's "Elegy"; Byron's "Lines on Thyrza"; Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale"; Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" and "The Cloud"; and Browning's "A Toccata of Galuppi's". The translations are prefaced by an Introduction on the art of translation in Italian; and that Signor Wiel is a master of his beautiful mother-tongue is amply demonstrated by the scholarly Italian in which this introduction is written. The translations themselves are, with one exception, in the same metre as the originals. To reproduce such poems faithfully, with a strict adherence to the English form, metre, rhyme and sense, is no small achievement, and Signor Wiel may be congratulated on having performed his task admirably. We welcome the translation of some of our finest English lyrics into Italian, and appreciate the interest taken in our literature by one who evidently knows and loves our language. The volume is a beautiful example of the binder's and printer's arts, and is, we understand, the first of its kind published by a newly formed Institute which bids fair to carry on the traditions of Venetian printing in the city where Addo once lived and laboured. It may be obtained in London of Mr. James Bain, 14 Charles Street, Haymarket.

Mr. John Masefield, in *A Sailor's Garland* (Methuen and Co.), has provided an effective anthology of sea poetry, which, as was to be expected from the author of "A Mainsail Haul," is not without merit. On the other hand, as the same author's "Sea Life in Nelson's Time" would lead us to apprehend, the exercise of a little more judgment might have made it so much better. Mr. Masefield, we believe, is a poet who has been to sea, but, possibly by reason of his poetic temperament, he can only observe sea life from the point of view of one whose stomach squirms at blue water. We are led to assume that the sullen outlook he takes, and the gloomy colouring which pervades his prefatory remarks, is to be traced to this cause, since he tells us himself, that, "Nearly all the English poets, from Chaucer to Keats, have a dislike for, or a dread of, the sea, and a hatred of sea life and no high opinion of sailors." It may have been so, although we would have preferred to have it on better authority, but the more popular notion is expressed in the words of the song, "They all love Jack." With regard to his assertion it may also be asked whether there is any other calling or profession the members of which have received wider recognition from the British poets, or have inspired more sympathetic poetry than our seamen. Surely too, it was a little injudicious of Mr. Masefield, seeing he has such a poor opinion of seamen, to select for the title of his collection

"A Sailor's Garland." We may doubt whether this be quite the kind of garland that such a sailor poet as Captain Edward Thompson would have woven, or for the matter of that, Captain Marryat either, if we may judge from some of his poetry; but obviously this Garland is neither for sailors nor their sweethearts. Of the collection itself, it may be said that it is fairly representative, both as regards poets and poetry. There are indeed some notable omissions, as for example the metrical description of a sea battle by Peter Langtoft, probably the earliest in our history. Hardyng too gives a spirited account of a fight, while John Rastell draws for us the picture of a Tudor seaman. Among the ballads, we miss "Black Eyed Susan," and "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," two of the most popular in the eighteenth century. There is nothing quite so quaint in its way as the old song on the fight between the *Nottingham* and the *Mars* in November 1746. Of truly representative poetry, we may mention Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," a contemporary poem on the loss of the *Birkenhead*, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's pathetic verse inspired by the wreck of the *Eurydice*. Manifestly also, in "A Sailor's Garland" we should expect to find something of Gilbert's, and could well have spared a portion of the reprinted article on "Chanties," in which there are two questionable assertions, one that the "Chanty" is an invention of the Merchant Service, the other that the silent routine in the navy "must be very horrible to witness." Among minor blemishes indicative of carelessness or haste we note several names wrongly spelt, as Edmund for Edward, Thompson's Christian name; characters attributed to the wrong author, as Captain Mizen, an invention of Charles Shadwell in the "Fair Quaker of Deal"; and poems which appear with the descriptions, "anonymous," when their authors are well known, as "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," the work of Richard Glover.

Mr. Donald Maxwell's *A Cruise Across Europe* (Lane, 10s. 6d. net) is a light, humorous chronicle of a freshwater voyage in a small boat, from Holland to the Black Sea, by way of Ludwig's Canal, a waterway begun by Charlemagne which unites the basins of the Rhine and Danube, but is seldom used and little known, despite the fact that, as Mr. Maxwell says, it enables barges and craft to "climb to a height of over fifteen hundred feet from the sea by means of tortuous windings and bold leaps over wild and yawning chasms." The author writes entertainingly of the people he met, the country he passed through, and the incidents of his voyage; and Mr. Collington Taylor's illustrations are delightful.

Big towns are more graced by gossip than big counties. There are many books to prove this statement, and Mr. Vincent brings yet another (*Highways and Byways in Berkshire*. With illustrations by F. L. Griggs. Macmillan, 6s.) to add to the weight of argument. But in spite of this fact he has managed to make his book readable enough. He has inserted in it a large amount of solid fact, and, if he has slurred over some districts with which, apparently, he is not very familiar, he has on the whole written proportionately. This must have been difficult, for the interests of Berkshire are many. The river and the downs, the forest country and King Alfred's country, Windsor and all the other places of antiquarian and historical interest called for mention, and have received it. Despite the fact that Mr. Vincent lives near Abingdon, we suspect that at heart he prefers the town life. An enterprise like that of Lord Wantage moves him to a state of ecstatic admiration, but flowers and birds do not appear to interest him much, and it has been left to Mr. Griggs, in his excellent pictures, to supply the note of sympathy which his fellowworker lacks. The chapter tacked on at the end of the book, about the Civil Wars and Berkshire's share in them, is not always intelligible and not well conceived, for although the author has at times a happy and ready pen he cannot write military history. His style is weighed down with mannerisms; and there is in the book too much about Mr. Vincent, with the result that Berkshire often comes off second best.

Moons and Winds of Araby. By Roma White. (Brown Langham, 5s.) A visit to Egypt, not as a tourist, but as an inmate of the prettiest home within a hundred miles of Cairo, is turned to amusing account by the author of "Moons and Winds of Araby." She sets down anything that interests her, and many curious things, grave and gay come under her lively sympathetic observation. She gives us airy gossip, sketches of chance acquaintance, descriptions of life in an Anglo-Egyptian household, odds and ends of information about native ways and customs, with the glamour of the East over all. We learn how to make a garden in the desert "out of Nile mud, battle-axes, Arabs and camels; we are called upon to sympathise with the golfers when the "red flags disappeared from the golf-course and reappeared as the principal decoration of a village wedding"; and again, when the "she-camel scattered the teeing ground literally to the winds of heaven." Over the sand torment of the demoralising Khamseen she is eloquent through many pages: "a sponge is an instrument of torture, and when you brush your teeth you might as well be cleaning knives." So the book runs merrily on in a succession of bright pictures, experiences and anecdotes: it might perhaps have ended more neatly and crisply if Iadue's reminiscences of India in plague time had been entirely omitted.

Jack the Giant-Killer and Puss in Boots. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Newnes, 5s. each.) We commented a short time since on the fact that of some hundred gift-books designed for children sent us for review this season, not one showed any considerable originality. Writers of fairy-books are content, for the most part, to follow in the

beaten track, and it is not, therefore, surprising that children prefer the old favourites. The books before us are the most ambitious—and, we may add, the most successful—attempts to illustrate well-known tales in colour that has come under our notice. We welcome them not only because the illustrations, in themselves, are clever, but because the publishers have recognised that black-and-white makes no appeal to the child mind, and that, although elaboration distracts, crudity is equally fatal. A child's sense of humour is broad, but it asks something more than splashes of red and black. A few of Mr. Brock's pictures suffer from excess of detail, but for the most part they are clear and strong—too much so a fastidious critic might object. He has humour and a sense of the grotesque—perhaps the most strongly developed of a child's faculties—and in each of the incidents he has illustrated, the central character or characters, and the incident itself, stand out conspicuously, as they should, and the setting is never given undue prominence. Take, for example, the scene in which Jack the Giant Killer finds the three ladies in the Castle suspended by means of their hair; the figures themselves are clear; attention is never distracted by the mouse or the frog on the floor. In the two volumes—both printed in clear type on one side of the paper—there is only one illustration which lays itself open to the charge of crudity. "Jack the Giant-Killer" is obviously intended for older children than its companion; for here Mr. Brock's strength is his weakness. His figures are a little too robust—too demonic. Among many good things it is difficult to choose; but we think Mr. Brock is most conspicuously successful in the picture which shows the two fat rabbits creeping into the bag, while Puss in Boots hides behind a tree, waiting to pull the string.

Among the Christmas Gift-books sent us are several intended for girls. We have met most of the stories before, and we look in vain for an original character or an original book. Raymond Jackberns might easily improve on *The Record Term* (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), which is, as its title indicates, a girls'-school story. It is not distinguished by good writing, although, as there is a good deal of "hugging" in it, it will be read with avidity by many a schoolgirl.—*The Bolted Door* (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is a series of pleasantly-written short stories by Mrs. Molesworth, a writer on whom we may always rely with confidence to turn out something simple and good.—No list of Christmas books would be complete without something less than a dozen from Mrs. L. T. Meade. *Turquoise and Ruby* (Chambers, 5s.) will sustain Mrs. Meade's reputation, but we do not advise any one to buy it and present it to daughters or nieces.—The same remark applies to *The Colonel and the Boy* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), which is full of unpleasant suggestion.—*Barbara Pelham* (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), by Mary E. Shipley, is the story of a child's unselfish life—a quiet, interesting tale, quietly told.—Not often have writers of girls' books as fine a story to tell as has Miss Eliza F. Pollard in *A Girl of the Eighteenth Century* (Nelson, 3s. 6d.). The scene is laid in the stirring times of the American War and the French Revolution; and the writing is attractive and the tone healthy. The book is made interesting by the introduction of famous men and women—John Wesley, Madame le Brun, and others. It is the best girls' book on our table.—*A Heroine of France* (2s. 6d.), by Evelyn Everett-Green, is another of Messrs. Nelson's new books. The heroine, of course, is Joan of Arc, and Miss Everett-Green handles her subject well and with restraint, but she has not been able to make it live.—Miss Everett-Green is more successful in her *A Motherless Maid* (Melrose, 3s. 6d.), a mild little love-story which will interest many girl-readers. From the same publisher we have *A Girl of Dreams* (3s. 6d.), by Lily Watson. The girl in question has literary dreams and any fellow sufferer will hasten to find out what happened to Rosemary.—The heroine of Lady Gilbert's tale, *Our Sister Maisie* (Blackie, 6s.), gives up brilliant prospects to devote herself to her step-brothers and sisters, left without provision or a protector, and carries them off to her Irish island, from which she draws a small sum in rents. Lady Gilbert has written a capital book which will, we think, find readers outside the ranks of the girls.—*Girl Comrades*, by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie, 6s.), is also a tale of a struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Eilidh and Morag Chandos (why not Mary and Anne Brown?) lose their inheritance through the disappearance of a will, and go to London to seek their fortunes. No girl with a taste for reading would thank us for outlining the "plot"; but to our old-fashioned ideas we think it not altogether in good taste to call two old ladies "Acid Drops."—To *The Story-Book Girls* (6s.), by Christina Gowans Whyte, went the *Bookman* one hundred pound prize for the best girl's book. The author seems to have set herself the task of turning out a "smart" school-girlish novel; and the smartness invariably takes some such form as the following:

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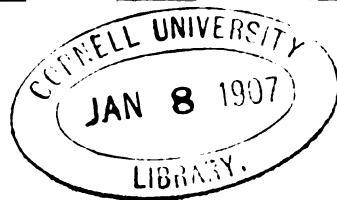
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The book-year ends this week—on Monday anyhow. On Wednesday, at the psychological moment for the Christmas trade, there appeared the January *BOOK MONTHLY*, bringing the record of the book-year down to its close.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

Apropos Mr. Hinckley's letter in our last issue, Professor Skeat writes to us as follows: "I am extremely doubtful as to the alleged early date for Ywaine and Gawin, but do not now propose to dispute it. But I altogether repudiate the alleged influence of this poem on the Romaunt of the Rose; and I much doubt whether there are many scholars at the present date who still hold to Chaucer's authorship of the whole of that poem. The arguments which I adduced in my 'Chaucer Canon' to show that fragment B, and that fragment only, is written in the Northern dialect, have never been answered.

"Neither do I admit that there are traces of Northern dialect in fragment A; and I am surprised at the flimsy arguments adduced to show it. We are asked to admit such arguments as these: (1) *Halte*, 'be called,' in l. 38, is Northern. It does not occur in rhyme; it exists in Thynne's late print (1532) only; and it is wrong. For the Northern form of the infinitive would not be dissyllabic, as the metre requires. (2) *Buskes*, in l. 102, is Northern. I do not know why; in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, A 1579, *buskes* or *boskes* is the reading of five manuscripts out of six, in the Six-text edition. (3) In l. 506, *ware* rhymes with *care*. But the passage is corrupt; see my explanation in 'The Chaucer Canon,' p. 150. Are we never to hear the last of this? (4) In l. 716, *their* occurs in the Glasgow manuscript! How very remarkable! Well, *her* occurs in the other copy. (5) In l. 103, we have the rhyme of *leef* is with *slevis*; and *leef* is Northern. Not so very Northern either; for it rhymes with *theef* twice in the Canterbury Tales; A 3792; C 760. And Gower spells it *lief*, and rhymes it with *grief*; Conf. Amantis, ii. 209. (6) In l. 1601, *perilous* rhymes with *Narcisus*. But what is Northern here? Chaucer rhymes *hous* with *Caucasus*, C.T., D 1140.

"The writer freely admits 'that evidences like the above are inconclusive.' Well, they certainly are extremely so. I do not care to consider the Northern rhymes like *thar* and *mar*, because they were not the exclusive property of the author of Ywain. You can find them anywhere in Northern texts. Thus, to take Barbour's Bruce, we can find in it *mar* rhyming with *ar*, iv. 568; *war*, *bar*, x. 241; *thaim till*, *will*, ii. 274; *sittand*, *fand* and *fand*, *hand*, x. 762; and the like."

Will Mistral succeed Brunetière as an Academician? There would be a certain appropriateness in his doing so, for both men have been ardent patriots and both have believed in the force of tradition. But there is a difficulty in the way. Mistral is seventy-six and at that age men do not wish to change their lives. To Paris he would have to go once at least, if he were elected a member of the Academy, and he has never loved Paris. Indeed

he has seldom quitted his father's farm in Provence since the day when he was asked what he meant to be and replied "a poet." Few things are more remarkable than the persistency with which he has adhered to the scheme of existence that he then mapped out for himself. He stands, a lonely and an admirable figure, deploring the rural exodus, and proving by his work that religion and beauty are inseparably connected with a country life.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us a well-printed little volume on "The Epistle of St. James"—one of a series, entitled "Literary Illustrations of the Bible," intended to show passages of verse and prose in general literature which develop the idea of a Biblical verse or embody the text itself. Though he does not seem to possess a very exhaustive knowledge of literature, the editor, Dr. Moffat, has gleaned his parallels from a wide field—from Shakespeare down to Mrs. Meynell and Miss Alice Gardner—and many of them are interesting and more or less apposite, as the quotation from "Marius the Epicurean":

A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that,

which is chosen to illustrate the words: "And to keep himself unspotted from the world." After "Ye have despised the poor" we have Burns's lines:

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' ye no friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

In a large number of cases, however, we fail to see the connection between the text and the "literary illustration." The words "Therewith we curse men," detached from their context, are meaningless, though they are followed by a curious quotation from Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy":

I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland—it's nae marvel to hear them flyte ony gate—but sic ill-scrapit tongues as they Hieland carlines'—and sic grewsome wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapper their hands to the elbows in their heart's blude—sic awsome language as that I never heard oot o' a human thrapple;—and unless the deil wad rise among them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that this talent at cursing could be amended.

But Swinburne in *Lochrine*—

We who remember not a day wherein
We have not loved each other,—who can see
No time, since time first bade our days begin,
Within the sweep of memory's wings when we
Have known not what each other's love must be,—
We are well content to know it, and rest on this,
And call not words to witness what it is,
To love aloud is oft to love amiss—

does not seem to "develop aptly and freshly" the injunction "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." And the connection between "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation" and Goldsmith's:

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground
Diffuse their balmy sweets around

is purely imaginary. The book is more remarkable for what it omits than for what it contains.

In the *Periodical*, the quarterly publication of the Oxford University Press, it is mentioned that Dr. B. P. Grenfell—who, with his colleague Dr. Hunt, is now making final explorations at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt—remarked in the course of a recent lecture at Oxford that the literary find of last winter exceeded in value that which had fallen

to any previous excavators. New odes of Pindar, parts of the lost tragedy of Euripides on Hypsipyle, a commentary on the second book of Thucydides, and portions of the manuscripts of the "Phaedrus" of Plato, of the "Panaegyrics" of Isocrates, and the speech of Demosthenes against Bocotes had been discovered. The Pindar manuscript, of about 100 A.D., was written on the back of a census, and altogether the find constituted an addition of great importance to Greek literature.

An interesting ceremony is to take place at Hawarden on January 3, when St. Deiniol's Library will be formally opened. The new wing, recently completed, has accommodation for seventeen visitors, as well as for a warden and his assistant. Here the bookishly inclined, who before Caxton's day must forsake the world for a monastery if he would indulge his taste, may now retire for a season without taking any vows. And here, at a very moderate cost, he may enjoy the advantages of a fine library situated in a beautiful part of the country, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." About £60,000 has been devoted to this admirable scheme. £40,000 was provided by Mr. Gladstone himself, £10,000 by his sons and daughters, and £10,000 by the nation. It is a noble memorial to one who found his chief recreation in the study of literature. The Library numbers thirty-seven thousand volumes. It is strongest on the theological side, but the humanities are well represented, Mr. Gladstone himself having taken Humanity and Divinity as his guides in his choice of books. In this bustling age there is something restful in the mere thought of such a halting-place, and it is almost superfluous to wish St. Deiniol's Library success.

Purley beeches have a name that should be familiar to those who are versed in English literature; for at Purley, in a house that may still be seen, there once lived a Mr. Tooke, who offered his hospitality freely to a Mr. Horne, afterwards known as John Horne Tooke. Here that litigious person loved as often as possible "to shake to all the liberal air, the dust and din and stream of town," passing the greater part of the day on horseback and delighting the guests at dinner with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, while piquet took the place of the much denounced modern game of bridge. It was during this period of his life that he became the literary agent of Pitt. In 1786 he produced the "Divisions of Purley," the first important work published on the philology of the English language. The beeches are threatened by the tide of "progress," and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will escape destruction.

The Conference of Head Masters, which met at Malvern College, on December 20 and 21, supported by 32 votes to 11 the resolution proposed by Mr. Fletcher, Master of Marlborough: "That this conference is of opinion that the system of Latin pronunciation recommended by the Classical Association should be adopted by all schools represented on the conference with as little delay as possible." The Head Masters of Charterhouse and Rugby opposed the change, the former because it tended to obliterate the tie between Latin and English, the latter because the gain did not seem to him an equivalent for the difficulties that would be encountered. These, however, he probably exaggerated.

Dr. Upcott, of Christ's Hospital, then moved: "That in the interests of the general education of young boys it is advisable that the study of Greek should be postponed to the age of thirteen or fourteen, and that Greek should not be a subject of the scholarship and entrance examination in schools represented on the conference." The Head Master of Eton did not approve of this, and it was strongly opposed by the Head Masters of Charterhouse, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, but eventually carried by a large

majority. If the resolution is put into practice there will be no Greek taught in preparatory schools, and most boys when they go on to public schools will join the modern side as a matter of course. Compulsory Greek may be a counsel of perfection too hard for these degenerate days, but it is a great pity that the men who should be upholding the claims of Greek are the first to discourage learners by such a change as is here proposed. "Greek, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is like lace—every man gets as much of it as he can." But the fashion has changed for the one as for the other.

New-Year's Day was one of the days that Dr. Johnson used to observe regularly with a religious solemnity, composing prayers and meditations suitable to the occasion, and making or renewing good resolutions for the future. Early rising was the subject of many of these: e.g., "I purpose, and hope to rise early in the morning, at eight, and by degrees at six; eight being the latest hour to which bed-time can properly be extended; and six the earliest that the present system of life requires." But he confesses that, except for about one half-year, he has never fulfilled this. Like most scholars, he was deeply sensible of the shortness of time. Boswell observed once upon the dial-plate of his watch the inscription *Νύξ γὰρ ἔρχεται*, adapted from St. John ix. 4, *ἔρχεται νύξ, ὅτε οὐδεὶς δύναται ἐργάζεσθαι*: but shortly afterwards Johnson laid the dial-plate aside, explaining that as it was often looked upon by others it might be censured as ostentatious.

The late Principal Rainy, though he has left no enduring literary monument, was a conspicuous intellectual force for over a generation in the northern kingdom. He was of Celtic descent on both the paternal and maternal sides of his house, and his mother was distantly related to the Gladstone family. Dr. Harry Rainy, the late Principal's father, attended Edward Irving in his last illness. In his first charge (1851-54) at Huntly, Principal Rainy and George MacDonald occasionally met, and to the end of his days many men of letters were among the great ecclesiastic's closest friends. W. E. Gladstone said of Rainy that his was the acutest intellect he had encountered in Scotland; and no truer estimate of the late Principal has been left than the following by an eminent Edinburgh advocate: "There was about Dr. Rainy a statuesque self-repression against which the Celtic fire within heaved in vain."

The late Mr. C. M. Falconer, of Dundee, was alike a unique and assiduous collector of literary treasures. For over a quarter of a century, books, magazine and newspaper articles and poems by Mr. Andrew Lang were searched for and procured by Mr. Falconer for his Lang Library. The versatility of Mr. Lang necessitated, it can be understood, incessant vigilance and industry on the part of the collector, and the extent and completeness of the library Mr. Falconer has left testifies to the success and skill with which he pursued his hobby. In 1889, and again in 1898, Mr. Falconer printed for private circulation a list of the works—under the titles "Specimen of a Bibliography" and "Catalogue of a 'Lang' Library"—then in his possession; and seven years ago he printed sixty copies of "A New Friendship's Garland"—an anthology of verse in praise of Mr. Lang. The book, now rare and of considerable value, opened with R. L. S.'s "Dear Andrew with the brindled hair," and Mr. S. R. Crockett contributed the epilogue.

One of the most valuable books in Mr. Falconer's collection is his copy of the "Garland of Rachel"—a facsimile, chiefly in his own neat handwriting, of the "Garland" prepared in 1881 by the Rev. C. H. Daniel, of Oxford, with the assistance of Mr. Austin Dobson,

Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Robert Bridges, and others, in honour of his daughter. Mr. Falconer's "copy" won praise from Mr. Daniel, from Mr. Gosse, Lewis Carroll, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Humphry Ward, and other contributors to the original "Garland," and the letters of appreciation, skilfully mounted on guards, add to the volume a value which is further enhanced by the exquisite binding in pale blue Levant morocco extra by Zaehnsdorf.

Mr. George Duncan, concerning whom a question of pathetic interest was asked before Parliament rose, was a contemporary of Stevenson at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1870. A student and intense admirer of Carlyle, he addressed to him a letter on the subject of prayer—a subject on which alone to George Duncan the Sage unbosomed himself. On the advice of Carlyle to study history and if possible to go to Germany for the purpose, Duncan went to Berlin twenty-six years ago, and settled down as a private teacher of English. A man of commanding presence, of great gifts and attractive manners, he was for a time fairly successful, and besides teaching and translation work he assisted the Berlin correspondent of the *Standard*. Latterly he had an appointment in the Staff College. Through all George Duncan's mental vicissitudes Thomas Carlyle remained his hero, and all his views and conduct of life were reduced to the standard of the Chelsea Sage.

The book sale season (for a brief period suspended by the Christmas holidays) has been a notable one. Finely-illuminated manuscripts and (unfortunately imperfect) specimens of the work of our first English printer on the one hand and Shakespeare and Shelley on the other have provided the surprises. The manuscripts—many of them, as usual, Books of Hours—brought high prices, some over six hundred pounds: the Caxtons of course went well. Messrs. Hodgson had the good fortune to discover amongst some books sent them for disposal three imperfect Caxtons bound in one volume of contemporary binding. The precious tome realised four hundred and seventy pounds. In the library of the late Dr. Richard Garnett were three note-books with entries in the handwriting of Shelley, and America bought them for three thousand pounds. In the sale of Mr. Hodson's library by Messrs. Sotheby, which took place on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th December and realised £10,852 6s., Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, 1789, sold for £107; Chaucer, 1475 (another Caxton, also imperfect), brought one hundred guineas; the Publications of the Kelmscott Press, the famous Press conducted by William Morris, twenty-five volumes (including the Chaucer) all printed on vellum, totaled £744 and the original manuscripts of two dozen of the works of William Morris brought £1239 5s.

Extra-illustrated books brought fair prices, some very good—Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters*, £70—while cut-down copies of first editions had their usual fate, witness Scott's "*Waverley*," which sold for only £14 15s. At Messrs. Hodgson's early this month some extremely rare books were disposed of—Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar*, second edition, £180; Shakespeare's *Poems*, First edition 1640, with the portrait by Marshall, £220; *Hamlet*, 1637, £107, and Lamb's *Rosamund* in the original boards, uncut, 1798, £93. The principal sale of the season was that of the Trentham Hall Library, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, at which many good prices were obtained. It lasted six days.

There have been surprises, as we have said, but what the ordinary secondhand bookseller most appreciates has not been by any means abundant. Copies of rare books

and manuscripts which bring high prices benefit the owner, the seller and perhaps the buyer, and are of interest to what we might call the spectator, but they are not the stuff which bring grist to the mill of the secondhand bookseller. He likes standard books in good editions, and plenty of them. "Books which no Gentleman's Library should be without" and the sale of "excessively rare" or "unique" copies have only a passing interest for him.

The publisher of "*Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse from the Westminster Gazette*," reviewed in our last issue, is Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford.

LITERATURE

LITERATURE IN 1906

WE leave to our daily contemporaries the task of making a complete summary and review of the books published during the past year. It is always good to have such a list for purposes of reference, but the names of the books that show the faintest promise of becoming permanent additions to English literature would not cover many sheets of paper. Nor is this to be wondered at, since great artists are not produced every century, and it would be unreasonable to expect a harvest of them each year. The majority of the books issued from the press possesses no more chance of endurance than does the majority of the pictures hung annually at Burlington House. Many notable books, however, have been published during the course of the year that is now closing.

There are one or two points to be noticed about the method of publication, the first of which is that the spring publishing season is tending to disappear. Indeed, as regards the publication of books possessing real importance, authors and publishers are beginning to recognise that not much is gained by carefully selecting any given part of the year. One of the shrewdest of our popular novelists prefers that his annual novel should come out in what is generally called "the silly season," for the simple reason that, the newspapers having plenty of space at their disposal and reviewers being hard up for something to write about, there is then a chance of much wider advertisement than there is during the busiest part of the publishing season. Accordingly the number of books that were issued in the early part of 1906 was considerably below the average. Yet the year opened with a publication of some importance—the *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill*, by his son, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill. This book added very much to the reputation of its author, alike as a politician and as a man of letters. It was grave, impartial, unbiassed and philosophic in the true sense of the word. The year has been notable for biographies, but the *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill* was by far the most important. If we were to place books of this kind in order of merit the second would be "*From Midshipman to Field-Marshal*," Sir Evelyn Wood's autobiography. Sir Evelyn's life was one of extraordinary activity and in this fine work he narrates its events with an amount of tact, modesty, good sense and liveliness that are most praiseworthy. Third in our list must come the *Life of Richard Burton* by Mr. Thomas Wright. No *Life of Burton* could fail to be interesting, but it was generally felt that Mr. Wright had not given a living picture of the man as he appeared to his contemporaries. He had very industriously collected and collated, but it is to be regretted that the task of writing Burton's biography did not devolve upon one of his more intimate friends. We have frequently drawn attention to the prominent vice of modern biography: that of making it not a true essay but a mere mass of documents. This system was carried

to the most extraordinary length in the *Life and Letters* of Prince Hohenlohe, the publication of which came towards the end of the season, as the *Life* of another statesman had opened the year. Here an industrious German editor had collected in the two huge volumes every tract, letter and other document bearing on the life of the Prince, but had woven them together so unskillfully that the greatest determination on the part of the reader was not equal to carrying him through it. A very pleasant biography on a lesser scale was that which Miss Edith Sichel wrote of Alfred Ainger. It is true that she had a more than usually charming subject. Ainger had inherited a double portion of the spirit of Charles Lamb, whom he admired greatly, and his quips and cranks, his merry jests and clever sayings, joined to a most amiable personality, simplified the task of the biographer; but it must be admitted that Miss Sichel did her work excellently.

While on the subject of biography attention might be directed to what we cannot help thinking the vicious habit of writing the biographies of prominent people while they are still alive. The bad taste of such a proceeding does not need to be pointed out, and that it is also absolutely fatal to sound workmanship is self-evident. For example, the various *Lives* that have been written of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might serve some purpose as political pamphlets, but they were certainly not biographies in the literary sense of the word. Another kind of biography that can well be dispensed with is the formal "*Life and Letters*" which is thought to be the due of every man of standing when he dies. We had an example of this kind but a few months ago. The Duke of Cambridge was a most estimable man and occupied a leading position in the history of his time, but nevertheless it cannot be said that he did anything to merit the two biographical works that were erected as a kind of tombstone to his memory. If we mistake not there were four volumes altogether, two of them dealing with his military career and two with his private life.

In poetry nothing of first class merit has appeared, and yet we have among us many excellent minor poets from some of whom great things are expected. Among those who have published during the past year volumes of verse that deserve a place in the library we might mention Mr. Alfred Noyes and Mr. T. Sturge Moore. As usual, however, the literature of 1906 took the shape of fiction more than any thing else, and in this department several books of a noteworthy character were published. It is not easy to pass a final judgment upon a novel within twelve months after publication, because an imaginative masterpiece must be read several times before its true merits can be appraised. In our opinion the finest novel of the year was Miss Cholmondeley's "*Prisoners*," which marked a great step forward in the work of this writer. It was drama, and very fine drama, presented as a novel. Miss Cholmondeley had, however, won her spurs as a writer of fiction long before. The most promising of the productions of those who are entitled to be called new writers was, we think, Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "*The Guarded Flame*," a novel whose careful and steady workmanship augurs well for its author's future. In a lighter vein and yet written with a more consummate art, "*The Beloved Vagabond*" of Mr. William J. Locke is as simple and joyous a piece of romance as has been added to our bookshelf this many a year. The three books we have mentioned stand out as novels which have had both pains and talent put into their making. It would be invidious to use superlatives as there may be others which have escaped the attention of the present writer, but those mentioned represent a high quality of work that is being done at the present moment in spite of all temptations towards cheapness and popularity.

In criticism, many books have been published, and yet we do not seem to be in the way of discovering a successor to Matthew Arnold. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that of all departments of literature criticism

is most poorly represented at the moment. It would seem that young men coming from the universities possess confused standards of taste. They are impressed by successes which are not due to literary quality but to the power of appealing to the huge mobs of half-educated persons turned out of the cheap schools of the time. They lack the authority to put their backs against this advancing flood. Perhaps in due course there will emerge from among them some individual who will have the vision to see and recognise what is good and pure, and genius enough to make his opinions prevail.

THE MALAY PENINSULA

Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula. By W. W. SKEAT and C. O. BLAGDEN. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 42s. net.)

British Malaya: An Account of the Origin and Progress of British Influence in Malaya. By Sir FRANK SWETTENHAM, K.C.M.G. (Lane, 16s. net.)

It is a humiliating fact that the ethnographical museums of England cannot compare with those of Germany, but it is some consolation that as regards text-books of anthropology we more than hold our own. Following close on the heels of Dr. Rudolf Martin, Messrs. Skeat and Blagden have given us a monumental work on the wild tribes of the Malay Peninsula. Mr. Skeat deals with questions of race, physical anthropology, material culture, religion and magic, Mr. Blagden with the languages. Mr. Skeat classifies the "*pagan races*"—by which he understands all the aboriginal races of the Peninsula save the civilised Malays—into three groups, of which the southern termed Jakun, is, in his view, representative of an aboriginal Malay stock, overlaid, however, to some extent, by elements drawn from the other two races, which bear the names of Semang and Sakai. The former, who live in the north, are technically termed negritos, *i.e.*, pigmy negroes—a small race, not more than five feet high, with woolly hair, round heads, and wide-open, straight, round eyes. The Sakai, who occupy the centre of the Peninsula, are a taller stock, connected by some with the Dravidians of South India and the Australians, by others with the Khmers, Stieng and other tribes of south-east Asia; their hair is wavy, their eyes narrow but not set obliquely, and their heads long. The Jakuns, so far as we can speak of a distinct and uniform type, are still taller, have round heads, straight hair, and eyes with some tendency to obliquity. Of these three stocks, Mr. Skeat gives us an exhaustive description, based in part on published material (his list of authorities extends to a dozen pages), in part on his own researches. Not the least effective feature of the work is the large number of full-page illustrations, which bring vividly before us the various races and their manner of life.

In a bulky scientific work there is often much which is of little interest to the general reader, who, however, if he skip the technical portions, makes the remainder less easy to understand. Mr. Skeat has met the needs of such readers by the simple device of summaries at the beginning of chapters and sections; these, of course, merely whet the appetite of the initiated for the fuller details to follow. The general reader will, for example, gain an adequate knowledge of the weapons of wild tribes, the most interesting being the blow-pipe, from the twenty-three pages of general remarks; the specialist will plunge with gusto into the seventy-three pages of details which tell him all that is known as to the mode of manufacture, range, preparation of poison, and antidotes.

Within the brief limits of a review it is impossible even to glance at the contents of more than a few sections. Under the heading of material culture we find chapters on food, dress, dwellings, hunting and fishing, barter, weapons, cultivation, manufactures, decorative art, and other subjects; as a specimen we may take the account of Sakai rice planting, in which the magical element is so

large as to suggest its inclusion in the second volume rather than under industries. At the beginning of the planting season the magician makes his way to the fields and calls upon the "Little Black Princess" to protect the fields against all harmful demons. With one exception all evil spirits fear her, but she is powerless against the "Squinting Demon." The Sakai say that a man who squints has a wider field of vision than a normal individual: hence a demon who squints can more easily discover those portions of the field which the owner is not watching. During planting operations care must be taken not to arouse the mice demons. If a digging stick be knocked against the trunk of a tree they hear it; consequently the sticks must be cleaned, if they are clogged by soil, by wiping them against the foot; otherwise the mice would exclaim "rice-planting, rice-planting," and set to work to dig up the seed. The soul of the rice is believed to wander for three days at harvest time; when it returns, it must be welcomed by a great feast, to which many guests are bidden; the soul of the rice takes up its abode in seven ears, which are carefully stowed away till the next year's planting, when they are mingled with the seed to fertilise it. This is merely one item among the interesting contents of a single chapter.

In the second volume we find descriptions of the rites at birth, initiation, marriage, and death. The candidate for matrimony has to undergo a regular cross-examination. He is asked whether he has cups and pots, whether he has planted rice and yams, whether he has made a rice spoon and built a hut, whether he can climb trees for fruit and find turtle's eggs, and so on; the bridegroom finally asserts that he can capture monkeys of all kinds, much more somebody's daughter. Thereupon in old times the bride set off at her best pace round a mound, followed by her suitor, who had three laps in which to catch her; if he succeeded he was regarded as duly wedded, if he failed he tried again another day.

Very interesting, too, is the difference of attitude in the three races with regard to the dead; the Semang is indifferent to the ghosts, but the Sakai lives in terror of them, while the Jakun's behaviour is dictated by love and respect for the deceased; yet even among the Besis (Jakun) Mr. Skeat saw a strange ceremony, the object of which was to keep within the tomb the ghost of a dead girl, and to prevent it from feeding on the living. The chapter on religion and folklore is important, and occupies over two hundred pages. Perhaps the most curious item is the account of Semang beliefs about the soul. They say that before a child is born the god Kari sends out its soul, which till then has sat behind him on a tree; it is conveyed by a bird, and the expectant mother must eat of this bird or the child will not live; twins result from eating a soul-bird with an egg. This is by no means a solitary instance of the resourcefulness of the native imagination; thunder they explain as the humming of celestial tops, the whipcords of which are the lightning.

To discuss Mr. Blagden's share of the work is impossible within the space at our disposal; from his linguistic map readers will gather a clear idea of the distribution of the various elements, for the dialectical and racial boundaries correspond in the main. His dictionary of aboriginal dialects, arranged according to the English meanings, is a monument of patient labour, but the reader will be more interested in his account of the taboo or camphor language and its analogues, in his discussion of the Malayan element in aboriginal dialects, and in his very important treatment of the relation of Mon-Annam languages to those of the Peninsula. Put briefly, Mr. Blagden's conclusions are that there is a recent Mon-Annam strain, due to contact, and an older one, due probably to genetic relations. How far both groups are also vitally connected with the Munda family of India is so far an open question. The present work is, in fact, an exhaustive survey of available material; it will serve as a basis for future progress and smooth the

path of those who attack the numerous problems raised but not solved by our authors.

Sir Frank Swettenham's work deals with the same area, but it is concerned with British relations with the civilised Malays; and, though one chapter is devoted to a description of the Malay and his ways, the book is essentially historical. Even in Germany the colonising genius of the British nation often finds ungrudging recognition; and it is impossible to read this account of what we have done in the far East, written by one who has himself played his part in the events he records, without feeling pride in British achievements. Englishmen have a happy knack of identifying themselves with the people they rule in British colonies or advise in the native states, and Sir F. Swettenham's book bears testimony to the good results.

Of the fourteen chapters, the first deals with the *milieu*, the next with the early history according to native and European sources; then follow two chapters on the dawn of British influence; they are not always pleasant reading, for our treatment of the Sultan of Kedah was anything but creditable. The next two chapters cover the middle fifty years of the last century. This was a period of anarchy, brought to an end, though not at once, by the appointment of British Residents. Even now we have not learnt, as is evident from events in Southern Nigeria, the importance of having men who understand the natives, who speak their language and who respect their feelings. The same mistake was made in Malaysia, and one result of it was the murder of the Resident of Perak. It was not until the Residents were more in sympathy and had at their disposal forces strong enough to give effect to their wishes that order began to evolve out of chaos; but the interesting story must be read in detail to be appreciated. Not the least attractive portions of the work are the author's testimony to the virtues of the Chinese and his condemnation of the ordinary system of building railways in British colonies, which, in the Malay States, was happily, almost by accident, replaced by a rational method. The final chapter gives us the author's views on the future of the British colony with some more criticism of irrational methods, which will, we hope, be duly digested in high quarters and result in a reform of inept and expensive procedure.

LORD MILNER IN AFRICA

Lord Milner's Work in South Africa from its Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902. By W. BASIL WORSFOLD. (Murray, 15s. net.)

THIS book has been written at the wrong time. Four or five years ago, it would have been excellent journalism. Composed ten or twenty years hence in a quiet spirit, it might have been a piece of sound history. In this moment of transition it is neither journalism nor history, and it has the air of being hopelessly out of date. We do not quarrel with its conclusions. We find them merely inapposite. Its facts are unimpeachable, but familiar. Most of them may be found clearly set forth in Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller's *magnum opus*, and we are not sure that any good purpose is served by their repetition.

Mr. Worsfold, then, has a twice-told tale to tell, and he tells it with becoming gravity. He does full justice to a great public servant. The tedious discussion of the last five years has immensely strengthened the hold which Lord Milner has upon the esteem of the people. We believe that henceforth no attempt to insult the man, who has done his duty "on the spot," will be successful. Such futile exhibitions of party rancour as disgraced England's treatment of Clive and Warren Hastings are not likely to be repeated, and Lord Milner stands as high to-day in the general regard as when, in 1897, he sailed for the Cape amid the cheers of all parties. Mr. Worsfold

sums up in an excellent passage the qualities for which, ten years ago, Lord Milner was already eminent:

Of all the tributes of the farewell banquet [he writes], Sir William Harcourt's was closest to the life—"worthy of all praise and all affection." The quality of inspiring affection to which this impressive phrase bore witness was one which had made itself felt among the humblest of those who were fortunate enough to have been associated with Lord Milner in any public work. Long after Milner had left Egypt, the face of the Syrian or Coptic Effendi of the Finance Department in Cairo would light up at the chance mention of the genial Englishman who had once been his chief. . . . "He was so considerate": that was their excuse for retaining his name and personality among the pleasant memories of the past. But the other side of Milner's character, the power of "tenacious and inflexible resolution," of which Mr. Asquith spoke, was destined to be brought into play so prominently during the "eight dusky years" of his South African administration, that to the distant onlooker it came to be accepted as the characteristic quality of the man.

He himself declared, with excellent humour, that the praise lavished on him was excessive. It was a handsome balance, he thought, put to his credit, and it was not very long before he had to make a large draft upon it.

He could not hold his position in South Africa without incurring manifold unpopularity. His two dominant characteristics—*independence and courage*—are not such as easily make friends of opponents. Whatever course he thought right, that he pursued, for good or evil, with an inflexible singlemindedness. At times he differed from the Government at home, as he differed from Mr. Kruger's government in South Africa. But he always stated his own case with a clear determination. And his courage was such as no complication of difficult circumstances could daunt. It is impossible to read Mr. Worsfold's pages without admiring Lord Milner's invincible temper. When conciliation was no longer possible he steered a straight course, and it was not his fault that we did not gain a harbour of peace.

His own view of the war and of what led up to it was never better expressed than in a speech which he made during a brief sojourn in London in 1901:

Peace [said he] we could have had by self-effacement. We could have had it easily and comfortably on those lines. But we could not have held our own by any other methods than those which we have been obliged to adopt. I do not know whether I feel more inclined to laugh or to cry when I have to listen for the hundredth time to those dear delusions, the Utopian dogmatism that it only required a little more time, a little more patience, a little more tact, a little more meekness, a little more of all those gentle virtues of which I know I am so conspicuously devoid, in order to conciliate—to conciliate what? Panoplied hatred, insensate ambition, invincible ignorance. I fully believe that the time is coming—Heaven knows how we desire it to come quickly—when all the qualities of the most gentle and forbearing statesmanship will be called for, and ought to be applied to South Africa.

Within a year the time came, and peace was signed at Vereeniging. Lord Milner had won the goal of his policy—a lasting peace. But though peace was signed, the work of conciliation remained to be done, and this great work is outside the scope of Mr. Worsfold's book. Lord Milner was long a favourite mark for the extremists of the extreme faction. He was assailed by a violent vituperation, which was a marked contrast to the chorus of praise to which he left England. It is his peculiar merit that he was insensible alike to praise or blame. In all sincerity he did what he believed to be his duty, and it is for this reason that he stands to-day outside the rancour of politics, and that, though he belongs to the unpopular side, he speaks with an authority that Liberals and Tories alike acknowledge and respect.

A NATION'S LITERATURE

Hungarian Literature. By FREDERICK RIEDL. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS volume is a welcome addition to the valuable series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," although it is by no means so original, in either conception or treatment, as the writer of the "Preface" believes.

The literature of Hungary should have a special interest for English readers because, apart from its intrinsic merits, its makers have always shown a strong partiality for British letters. The Preface states that Hungarian literature has been less influenced by the literature of other lands than that of any European nation, yet it is true that Shakespeare, Shelley, Burns, Byron, and a few British authors of later date, have been studied, translated and referred to familiarly by Magyar men of letters.

A considerable portion of the present work is devoted to the story of Hungarian literature in mediæval times, but beyond a few theological and legal fragments little appears to have survived. It has been acknowledged that no authors of repute existed in the country before the eighteenth century; it is, therefore, useless to try to resuscitate such forgotten lore. The translation of the Bible into Hungarian by Protestant reformers, on the eve of the seventeenth century; did more to preserve the vernacular than did all the laborious versifiers eulogised in this volume. Zrinyi's belauded epic, written about the middle of the seventeenth century, closed the attempt to create a national literature: scholars wrote in Latin, as did politicians, when they did not use German. Dr. Riedl terms this epoch of suspended animation "the Age of Decadence," and says it gave rise to the saying, "Hungary will be choked in its own fat"—which doubtless suggested Bismarck's notorious sarcasm.

A drastic reformation of the language started in the eighteenth century, and whether the cause of, or caused by, the nation's growing intellectuality, was contemporaneous with the birth of Hungarian literature. The advent of the famous poets—Vörösmarty, Petöfi, and Arany—of this golden age coincided with the appearance of the great political orators, Széchenyi, Kossuth, and Deák, as well as of a group of notable novelists, including Jósika, Eötvös, and Jókai. The dawn came just as German philosophers were predicting the disappearance of the Magyar language and nation; unfortunately, the pioneers of this uprising perished miserably by axe, or rope, or bullet, or by suicide, so that it is not surprising that Hungarian writers are addicted to descriptions of bloodshed and horror: they tell what experience has taught them. Their history contains enough of romance and terror to supply plots for all their poets and novelists.

The appearance of Vörösmarty's poetry, says Dr. Riedl, "ushered in the golden age of Hungarian literature," and it is often claimed that Vörösmarty was his country's first real poet. Neither his "great epics" nor his dramas, however, are as likely to maintain his popularity as are his charming lyrical and narrative poems. The characters of his plays do terrible deeds, breaking all laws "both human and divine"; and referring to the ferocious incidents of one of these tragedies, a contemporary truly termed it "a cannibal poem." Vörösmarty and his contemporaries translated various plays of Shakespeare, but it does not say much for the knowledge of Hungarian playgoers of those days that not only did stage managers pass off native dramas as by the British bard, but in order to attract audiences, they advertised Shakespeare's own plays as by Kotzebue!

The adventurous career of Petöfi, a greater poet than Vörösmarty or any other Hungarian, is told at length, and several specimens of his poems are given. Petöfi's short life was a poem: a poem with pathetic, tragic and even humorous incidents. No man ever lived who so completely put his life and thought into his poetry as did Petöfi, and no poet was ever so thoroughly typical of a nationality as was he of the Hungarian. An English version by Mr. Loew of his "Talpra Magyar," the national anthem, is given in this volume, as well as a rendering by Bowring of his prophetic lines on his own death upon the field of battle.

An account of Arany, whose biography by Dr. Riedl is a well-known book, is followed by descriptive sketches of later writers and their works. An interesting section, "The Novel," affords a synopsis of the Hungarian writers

of romance, the only kind of Magyar prose composition which is really known outside Hungary itself. Gvadányi is the first in this class calling for special notice, and he not so much because of the merit of his vulgar versified narrative, "Paul Ronto," as because it is believed to be the story of the writer's own adventures. Eötvös, next in point of time, was a man of lofty and philanthropical aims, but his novels being "written with a purpose" are, as is usual in such cases, gross exaggerations of society. Other novelists are passed in review and their works analysed, but beyond those of Jókai, none are known out of Hungary. Jókai's works are, of course, known throughout the civilised world, and if popularity alone were a criterion of merit, his name should stand amongst the greatest in literature.

THE EMPRESS

The Life of the Empress Eugénie. By JANE T. STODDART. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Empress Eugénie has probably been more written about and more discussed, both in public and in private, than any other woman of her generation. The case of Queen Victoria is no parallel, for, from more than one point of view, our late Sovereign was like that happy nation which needs no historian.

Miss Jane T. Stoddart quotes from something like two hundred authorities, and quite a proportion of these actually deal with the Empress's enigmatical personality. But it should at once be said that this is the first volume in which a serious attempt has been made to give a complete and authentic account of the remarkable woman who seems to have impressed so diversely those with whom she came in contact during the years when she helped to make history. Clara Tschudi, the clever Norwegian writer who has constituted herself the analyst of feminine Royalty, merely wrote an impressionist sketch, and filled in a background of her own views and theories, which, it may be observed, differed in almost every point from the judgment formed by distinguished Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who had had opportunities of seeing the Empress Eugénie during the 'fifties and 'sixties; that is, when she was at the zenith of her fame and power.

Miss Stoddart has gone to work in a different way: she has brought together a mass of practically new material, and she also disperses much of the rather foolish and trivial legendary lore now gathered round the story of the Empress's childhood and youth.

It has been the fashion to represent the beautiful young woman whom Napoleon III. chose to make his Empress within little more than a year of his own elevation to the purple, as having come out of a more or less innocent Bohemia. Stories are still told of how Madame de Montijo and her younger daughter drifted about, from capital to capital, making acquaintances here, and making friends there, but regarded everywhere with suspicion as well as admiration and curiosity.

Nothing can be further from the truth than any of these tales and old half-scandals. Through her father the young Comtesse de Téba was descended from a long line of Spanish grandees: and the fact that he had contracted more or less of a *mésalliance* with a girl who was descended from the Scotch Kirkpatricks, was of small account, the more so that Madame de Montijo, from the day of her marriage, proved that she was quite able to hold her own with her husband's relations.

As was the fashion in those days, Eugénie and her sister were educated in a French convent, and after the death of their father they returned to Spain, and, with their mother, became people of importance at the Spanish Court. Washington Irving saw them about this time, and incidentally observed that the Comtesse de Montijo was "the leader of the ton." As late as 1847—that is, only

five years before her younger daughter became Empress of the French—the Countess was what we should call Mistress of the Robes to Queen Isabella, and her eldest child was already the wife of the Duke of Berwick and Alba.

The fact that Eugénie de Montijo was beautiful, brilliant, and, what counts for so much more, fascinating, undoubtedly made her the butt of a good deal of ill-natured remark and discussion. The Court of Isabella of Spain was scarcely the place where a careful mother would wish to see her unmarried daughter permanently established, and Madame de Montijo seems to have spent a portion of each year in Paris and in London. Louis Napoleon is said to have first met his future wife at Holland House; be that as it may, he was certainly thrown much in her company during the winter of 1851-2—just before the *coup d'état*. But we have sufficient proof that at that time the French President had but little thought of marriage, and that what thought he had turned to the importance of making a dynastic alliance. After the *coup d'état* he made advances to more than one Princess, and notably to Queen Victoria's half-sister, Princess Feodore.

Mortified by the refusals which were everywhere made to his suit, he seems to have suddenly turned his mind to the beautiful woman—she was no longer a girl—whom he met in the familiar company of such important people as the Rothschilds, the La Rochefoucaulds, and the Cowleys—that is, the British Ambassador and Ambassadress. How far Madame de Montijo and her daughter intrigued and planned the marriage will never be known. Louis Napoleon's manner to women might be described as alternately caressing and impertinent, according to the taste of the onlooker. He never wore his heart upon his sleeve, and it may be doubted whether any action of Mademoiselle de Montijo could have influenced him in so very important a matter as that of his marriage. Up to the day, even up to the hour, when the betrothal was officially announced, it was openly said that the utmost the Emperor would offer Mademoiselle de Montijo was a morganatic marriage.

The story of the next seventeen years has often been told in innumerable documents and in private letters which have since seen the light. Miss Stoddart makes it quite clear that the Empress Eugénie was in many ways superior, both as regards breeding and innate nobility of character, to those who formed her Court. The Legitimist nobility, with a few exceptions, did not rally round the Emperor and his Consort, and the latter had not the authority needed to keep in check the turbulent bohemian, and it must be admitted, sometimes very vicious elements which composed the entourage of Napoleon III. Thus, the Empress was always far more popular with the peasantry, and with the small bourgeoisie, than she was with those men and women who composed her Court.

The question which has interested, and will continue to interest, historians more and more is, of course, the part played by the Empress Eugénie in the various political events which precipitated the downfall of the Second Empire. By a curious irony she happens to have been the only feminine Regent, since Anne of Austria, who has held even nominal rule of France, and the Empress at no time of her life had a Mazarin to guide her steps. It is known that she desired a considerable rôle in public affairs. This becomes apparent even in Queen Victoria's diary written as long ago as 1858, and it was in the year following, that is in the May of 1859, that the Empress, for the first time, became Regent. For something like thirty years, she was credited with having more or less engineered the Franco-German War, but what a witty judge remarked—"Truth will out even in an affidavit"—is also true of those main facts which go to the structure of history. The Empress has been permitted to see the part which Bismarck played not only in 1870 but with regard to the Austro-Prussian War unmasked, and now no serious or

honest seeker of historical truth can any longer suppose that Napoleon III.'s Consort played any real rôle in the great and brilliant intrigue which led to her husband's downfall. In so far as she counted at all, she was but a pawn in the mighty hands of the German Chancellor.

In some ways Fate served the Empress very unkindly during the memorable hours which followed after the fall of Sedan became known in Paris. The Regent had no one to turn to for advice or help except a group of foreign diplomatists whose only object was to save her life, but her action would have been more statesman-like and more heroic had she made up her mind to remain at her post, at any rate till some more dignified escort than that of the excellent American dentist, Dr. Evans, could have been found for her. The best proof of how her conduct was regarded by her contemporaries and by France is shown by a significant note, one of the most interesting and illuminating passages in Miss Stoddart's work:

The motives of Metternich and Negri in thus speeding the parting sovereign were strongly suspected by the Buonapartists. Was it in the interests of Austria and Italy that the downfall of the Empire should be consummated? Were there compromising promises, offers of aid in certain contingencies, which would all be forgotten when the Regent was out of the Tuileries?

Be that as it may, certain it is that the two diplomatists cast the unfortunate woman and her lady-in-waiting adrift after they had placed her in a cab. The Empress's action went far to discredit her immediate past, for once the Regent was known to have left Paris the mob insisted on peacefully invading the Tuileries, and wonderful stories were told of the trunks full of real lace, the hundreds of splendid gowns, the dozens of coloured parasols, and of the thousand and one costly trifles the sight of which exasperated those who knew what it was to go shoeless and hungry. It was significant of the peaceful disposition of the Parisian populace that no looting was done during this strange passage of the crowd through the Imperial private rooms, and we have it on the testimony of Rochefort that when he and Gambetta went to the Tuileries on September 5, they found on the table a case of jewels and in the table-drawer 50,000 francs in gold.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. iv.: *The Thirty Years' War.* Edited by A. W. WARD, G. W. PROTHERO, and STANLEY LEATHES. (Cambridge University Press, 16s.net.)

THE fourth volume of the history planned by the late Lord Acton is labelled "The Thirty Years' War," and contains twenty-seven chapters on different subjects. Many of these essays are excellent and some of them deal with the subject indicated by the title: others are not up to the standard, and some have no apparent connection with the theme. The editors of the work appear to be conscious that their net has been widely cast, and they quote in their preface the words of Gustavus Adolphus, written in 1628, that "all the wars that are on foot in Europe have been fused together, and have become a single war." The preface then makes it clear that the great English Civil War ran its course side by side with the last years of the continental conflict, without at any point intersecting it. In spite of this, in the new volume the history of the Civil War in England is sandwiched in, and it is difficult to say what, if any, idea determined the arrangement of the chapters when this comprehensive scheme had been planned.

The history of the Thirty Years War is a long record of marching and countermarching in politics as well as in the field, and would be dreary reading had it not been the age of great men. With Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Turenne, Wallenstein, Richelieu and Mazarin on the stage it would be impossible to think the period dull.

In its origin and effects also the war is one of great interest, whether its origin be regarded

in the airy phrase uttered on an memorable occasion by Lord Beaconsfield, as "a war of succession for a duchy near Schleswig-Holstein," or as the inevitable result of deep-rooted religious differences not to be settled by ambiguous parchment compromises, or as the outburst of the storm brewed by militant Calvinism, or finally as the opportunity cautiously prepared and still more cautiously allowed to mature by the farsighted statesmanship of France.

As for its far-reaching effects, it is enough here to point out that in 1880 Bismarck told Lord Granville that "Germany had not yet recovered from the effects of the Thirty and of the Seven Years' Wars." But in this book the relation of the struggle in England surpasses the story of the great continental war, just as to most English readers the interest of the former is greater than that of the latter.

In the narration of foreign affairs, however, there are many redeeming features, and conspicuous among them are the excellent chapters, by Mr. Stanley Leathes, on Richelieu and Mazarin, which compensate for many pages written in some cases by authors who we venture to think would not have been included by Lord Acton.

Dr. Ward's chapter on Gustavus Adolphus is dull, and on the military operations—though writers have tackled the subject with skill and knowledge—he is distressingly brief. Half a dozen lines on the great soldier's army conclude with the remark that extreme mobility was a leading principle of Gustavus's method of warfare. Dr. Ward tells us nothing of how that mobility was obtained, by the shortening of the pike, the reduction of defensive armour, the abolition of the musket rest, the reduction of ten ranks to six, and the massing of pikes and "shot" in separate bodies. Nor do we notice any mention of tactical innovations such as the arrangement of squadrons of cavalry interspersed with platoons of musketeers, a device which did not die out until after the battle of Almanza. This is essentially not a military history of the Thirty Years' War, though English affairs come off better. Professor Firth, however, to our sorrow, contributes but one chapter, on Anarchy and the Restoration (1659-60), and that is as short as it is admirable. No one knows more of Cromwell's army than he does, but Dr. G. W. Prothero and Colonel E. M. Lloyd prove to be efficient substitutes. Dr. J. R. Tanner, again, is not the obvious writer to deal with the navy of the Commonwealth and the first Dutch War, but his chapter is quite adequate. It was originally hoped that Dr. S. R. Gardiner would deal in this history with those subjects which he had so thoroughly mastered, but it was not to be, and those who took up the work were necessarily at a disadvantage. Mr. John Morley, presumably, was too much occupied with affairs of State to contribute, and Mr. Fortescue too busy with his *magnum opus*.

Literature obtains some little hearing in this collection of essays, and Mr. Clutton Brock on the fantastic school of English poetry is entertaining and instructive. Professor Émile Boutroux contributes a chapter on Descartes and Cartesianism, which has possibly some more logical position, as it deals with a phenomenon more or less associated with the course and issue of the War. But whereas Milton and the great classical age of French literature are to be dealt with in a new volume, we have in this several pages about Pascal, who was born in 1623, so that the fruitful years of his short life do not fall within the period of the Thirty Years' War. This criticism would be pedantic were it not for the fact that legitimate subjects are practically ignored and the sense of proportion thereby spoiled. The War, whatever else it was, was a religious war, and one of its results was the appearance in Germany of some very beautiful hymns: the history notes the fact and dismisses it in a few words. As the period, during which a whole generation grew up in ignorance, is one of the most dismal in the history of Germany it is not to be wondered at that its literature calls for little comment. All the more noteworthy was the production of religious

lyrics by Jesuit and Protestant writers: Paul Gerhardt is mentioned in this volume only as being pre-eminent among these, which is apparently considered sufficient notice of the man who, next to Luther, was the most gifted and popular hymn-writer of the Lutheran Church. Johann Rist, Joachim Neander, and the wife of the Great Elector find no place at all. None of these writers' hymns can be compared with "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," which Heine described as the Marseillaise hymn of the Reformation, but many of them are as beautiful as they are famous.

The index is imposingly long, but appears, on being tested, to be inadequate. Nor, it must be confessed, is the classified bibliography of one hundred and fifty pages of much use to the student unless he is given some idea of what books are useful. One of the few entries which show any form of discrimination is that of the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, where the authorship is given as (? Defoe, Daniel), and the note added that "the author professes to have served under Gustavus Adolphus till his death." In this case the hint that the work is fiction would probably deter the student from looking at the book, and he would accordingly miss one of the most picturesque and vivid accounts of war that has ever been written. The bibliography does, however, contain a few valuable pages about the "original sources." It does not pretend to be exhaustive, and we venture to suggest that from English and Foreign service reviews, such as the *Revue de Cavalerie*, many valuable critical articles might be added: so far as we can see these sources have not been tapped. There are no maps in the book.

DESPOT AND HUMANIST

Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. A Study of a Fifteenth-Century Italian Despot. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Dent, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. HUTTON takes the reader into his confidence on his last page, in a few self-explanatory paragraphs which a simpler man would have placed as a preface to the book. He has set himself to recount fact as if it were fiction, to write a work which, without being either a historical romance or a scientific monograph, shall employ all the qualities of fidelity and accuracy necessary to the latter in order to produce the pictorial effect and vital interest more usually aimed at by the writer of novels. As a means of arriving at this result he has invented a contemporary of his hero who shall tell the tale for him—Pietro Sanseverino, the friend of Leon Battista Alberti and Pico della Mirandola, as eminently a man of the new school as Sigismondo was a survivor of old-time barbarism. The idea is ingenious and gives rise to some pages of interesting reflection and comment by the old humanist in the course of his narrative. Yet in this very scheme lies also the initial weakness of the book. For the disparity in the characters of Sigismondo and Sanseverino makes it almost impossible to imagine or believe that there existed between the two men that amount of sympathy which would enable one to write of the other as he does in these pages. Sigismondo had one good quality and one only, physical bravery. He was, as Mr. Hutton admits, "without morality, without honour, without purity or justice," and (what would assuredly have rendered him even more loathsome in the eyes of a Sanseverino than the lack of these qualities) he was entirely wanting in the feelings of kindness and pity and well-nigh incapable of any personal attachment. He was an excellent mercenary soldier, but a savage in every fibre of his being. He seems an impersonation of the mediæval knight as described by some writer with an intensely modern mind: "He was the best knight who could commit the cruellest murders and the foulest adulteries by the most cunning means." It is true that he was to some extent a patron of artists and himself the author of certain very uncultivated

verses. But could this have been a claim on the affection of Sanseverino strong enough to overpower the repulsion which the rest of the despot's life must have aroused in the heart of the gentle scholar? We are told that Sanseverino's chief quality was innocence of heart. But the old man's character must have been simple truth exaggerated to simplicity indeed if he thought that this lustful and arrogant lord of a small dominion deserved any credit from scholars and artists because he took so much interest in the construction and decoration of the Rocca and the Temple. For one building was to secure his possessions to himself and his bastards, while the other was intended as a boast for ever of the glory of himself and of Madonna Isotta, one of his many mistresses, subsequently the last of his wives. The only sympathetic biographer for a lord like Sigismondo would have been a man of his own ideas and nature—say one of his captains—one who should combine the spirit in which Cellini writes of himself with that of some of our old ballads describing the bloody deeds of their heroes. Such a chronicler would have related the worst of Sigismondo's doings with zest and in detail, instead of passing rapidly over them with a shudder, and, whenever possible, casting doubts on the truth of the stories. Untroubled by the ethical sense, he would have seen only the glorious side of his master's life; his interest therein would have been obvious and reasonable; he would not have had to fall back, in order to justify himself, on the somewhat lame excuse: "I loved him . . . because he was beautiful, fearless and unfortunate."

And yet we are glad that Mr. Hutton did not choose so completely suitable a biographer as his mouthpiece. In the first place it would not have suited his style; for one so naturally given to destruction could not have had that delight in creation which is necessary to the making of an artist—even an artist in words alone. Then, again, he would not have seen the difference between the spirit of old, which in Sigismondo's time was beginning to pass away, and the new spirit already making itself felt, the spirit of humanism, depending on reverence for antiquity and beauty, love of nature and recognition of the value of simple things; and we should consequently have missed that wider outlook on life which adds interest to the narrative as we have it. And he certainly would not have understood and made friends with Leon Battista Alberti, and here we should perhaps have been deprived of more than at any other point; for the descriptions of that scholar's coming to Rimini and of his conversations with the teller of the tale are among the most genially imagined and best executed parts of the book. We prefer to hear the story from old Sanseverino, and forgive his unreasonable affection for Sigismondo, partly because the scholar's personality is more interesting than that of his patron, and partly because his genial, tolerant, gentle yet enthusiastic attitude to men and life, appearing every now and again in his comments on what he relates, goes a long way towards tempering the disgust inevitably aroused by the sordid recital of intrigue and brutality which is put into his mouth.

AMERICAN BEGINNINGS

The History of the United States. By ELROY M. AVERY. Vols. i. and ii. (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company, \$6.25 per vol.)

THERE is no sign of the old prejudice against "our hereditary foe" which is said to colour text-books of American history, in the first two volumes of "The History of the United States," which Mr. E. M. Avery has just given to the world. It is a monumental work; probably the most comprehensive undertaking of the kind ever attempted. It was begun twenty years ago. It is to consist of twelve volumes. The two already issued number respectively four hundred and four hundred and fifty pages, copiously illustrated. Mr. Avery

describes the history as "an attempt to tell the story of the men and measures that have made the United States what it is." It is intended to meet the needs of readers "of general culture rather than those of professional historical students." For the latter, however, statistics and a bibliographical appendix at the end of each volume supply the necessary references. In this work, which is dedicated to the United States and her people, Mr. Avery has aimed at and achieved "readability," and at the same time there is little doubt that this will be the standard record of United States history.

The published volumes carry the story of America down to the confederation of the New England States in the middle of the seventeenth century, and therefore cover that section of the American pedigree which Americans regard with greatest reverence. The narrative of the "Pilgrims" is given with a wealth of detail enlivened by a recognition of its occasional humour. One thing stands out prominent in all this story of religious strife, persecution and heroism, and that is the universal acceptance by all parties of the doctrine of intolerance. The persecuted Puritans and Separatists, one imagines, must have pitied themselves much more on practical than on philosophic grounds. The fact that they were "under dogs" probably troubled them more than the fact that they were the victims of a denial of the right to freedom of conscience. For this was a right which, despite much talk of "liberty of conscience," was at that day never conceded either in old or new England. The Dutch republicans indeed, were far in advance of England in their conceptions of civil and religious liberty, and it is strange that the Puritans, many of whom had taken refuge in the Netherlands before settling in America, should have imbibed so little of the Dutch wisdom. Yet it must be admitted that the Separatists, to whose ranks the "Pilgrim Fathers" belonged, were less intolerant than the Puritans, whilst the "Fathers" themselves were in this respect almost without reproach. "Heretics" suffered far worse things at the hands of the Puritans in Massachusetts than at the hands of the Separatists in Plymouth. The Separatists, on the other hand, received the hardest usage of any of the victims of persecution in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Two prominent Separatists were hanged and died praying for England and the Queen. Execution, banishment and forfeiture were meted out liberally to the hated sect. When, at the accession of James I., three hundred Puritan clergymen "were silenced," the Separatists realised that England could no longer be their home. Already in a naïve petition rejected by Elizabeth the early Separatists had prayed to be allowed to sail for the province of Canada where they hoped not only "to worship God as we are in conscience persuaded," but, "in time also greatly to annoy the bloody and persecuting Spaniard about the Bay of Mexico."

The Pilgrims first took refuge at Amsterdam, and it is curious that their enmity to the Church of England seems to have relaxed even before they set sail for a more distant land. In fact their life on the Continent was not much happier than it had been in England. They left Amsterdam for Leyden to escape contention with other bodies of English religious refugees. In Leyden they were sore pressed by poverty. The profanation of the Sabbath shocked them. There was danger of corruption by inter-marriage. The Government of the Dutch Republic, anxious to please an allied sovereign, betrayed their own principles and stopped the Pilgrim printing-presses. Finally in 1617 envoys were sent to England asking for lands in Northern Virginia and an assurance of religious liberty. With the Church from which the Separatists had professed in England an absolute severance, they now affirmed concurrence, and a desire for spiritual communion with its members. The poor Pilgrims received an informal promise from James, and very hard terms from the London Company which contracted to carry them to the New World. They suffered a nine-

weeks tempestuous voyage and were landed, not in Virginia, for which territory they had a patent, but at the harbour now known as "Provincetown." Here they framed their celebrated Mayflower Compact. In this they described themselves as "loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, . . . Defender of the Faith." The Pilgrims, one not unreasonably infers, had a sense of humour. But for the fact that she had a fraudulent captain, the *Speedwell* might have been as famous a name in American history as that of her sister ship, the *Mayflower*. The two ships bearing the Pilgrims set sail together from Southampton, where the refugees had gathered themselves from Holland and divers parts of England. After Land's End had been passed the captain of the *Speedwell* declared that the ship was sinking, and she put back to Plymouth, where she was given up. The *Mayflower* had also put into Plymouth, and she set out again burdened with a remnant of the *Speedwell's* passengers. Altogether the *Mayflower* pilgrims consisted of thirty-four men, eighteen wives, twenty boys, eight girls, three maid-servants and nineteen men-servants. Of these less than a dozen were of the original party which hazardously escaped from Scrooby in Lincolnshire to Amsterdam. Among the chief men of the Pilgrims were John Carver, who was chosen Governor, Bradford, Winslow, Elder Brewster, and Captain Myles Standish.

Twenty-three years after its foundation New Plymouth entered into a league with Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, and from that time its inhabitants lost something of their early manliness and independence. Most of the "Fathers" had passed away, and Plymouth in the course of time became infected by the intolerance of their Puritan neighbours. The treatment of the first Quakers in Massachusetts best illustrates this unpleasant feature of early American history. Quaker missionaries were imprisoned on arrival. Both men and women were stripped and whipped. Banished and returning Quakers were punished with amputation of the ears and boring of the tongue with a red-hot iron. The result of all this was to make converts, and as a final measure the death penalty was enacted for Quakers returning from banishment. Two men and one woman—Mary Dyer—were hanged. But after the execution of the blameless Lедdra Charles II. intervened. In a memorable order he forbade further proceedings against the Quakers. When, in the following year, the unstable monarch light-heartedly approved their persecution, the Puritans had grown tired of it.

Americans are justified in feeling for the Pilgrims and the early Plymouth community an especial veneration. It is not merely that their part in the building of the United States was historically important and pictorially impressive: the men themselves have left behind them a memory more fragrant than was bequeathed by any of the bold spirits that came before or after them to the conquest of a new world. They followed simply a great ideal and were temperate in the hour of attainment. They were loyal to the land from which they were exiles, and there is pathos in the steadfast honesty with which they toiled in poverty to discharge their debts to fraudulent and extortionate debtors in a distant country. The royalist refugees introduced the practices of feudalism; the Puritans preserved bigotry, and the Netherlands disgraced European civilisation by a massacre of the natives. The Pilgrims did none of these things. They were content to find and cherish liberty.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S LETTERS

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag. Edited by GEORGE SOMES LAYARD. (Allen, 15s. net.)

IF, as must be supposed, this selection from Lawrence's correspondence is a fair sample of the bulk, Mr. Layard cannot be too highly praised for the patience with which he has accomplished the task of boring his way through

the "five immense volumes" placed at his disposal. That the correspondence of so fashionable a portrait-painter should be devoid of any interest whatever is of course impossible, and in these letters there is a good deal that is valuable as well as interesting; but in a collection of purely personal documents something more is expected than what is valuable or interesting; or, it may be, something less: something, at any rate, that kindles a feeling of satisfaction in the reader at having been admitted not merely into the presence, but to some sort of intimacy with one whose ideas and feelings are capable of impressing his own.

It must be confessed that in the whole two hundred and forty pages taken up with these letters, there is singularly little that is calculated to inspire anything in the nature of enthusiasm, either for the painter or his work. "It may be imagined," Mr. Layard writes in his preface, "that my purpose in undertaking the task of editing Sir Thomas Lawrence's correspondence is to whitewash his character. I deny that it requires any such treatment." One might as well whitewash a lily. A dash of colour, indeed, would have served Sir Thomas much better, could it possibly have been applied; and one almost wishes he could have been discovered in the act of painting Fanny Kemble, on the sly, as the sleeping nymph. Mrs. Grundy, dear lady, is not nearly as squeamish on matters of art as is pretended, or she would not love Romney, Hogarth, and Rowlandson as she does from the bottom of her heart. That she should be a little shocked at the lamentable tendency to extremes that is sometimes observable in the French schools is no proof that she has any more patience with excesses in the other direction, and if Mr. Layard could have exhibited more of the manly humour which Lawrence surely must have possessed, and curtailed the repetition of his undoubted virtues a little, the result would certainly have been more exhilarating. Surely there must among the five immense volumes have been more letters like that beginning "My dear Madam,—Whilst my servant was this morning putting on my Cannon Curls and dressing my Toupee." Mr. Layard's only comment on this letter is, "We next find Lawrence in one of his lighter moods"; what a pity that he has not given us a few specimens of others, instead of for instance, two whole letters describing the death of one of his servants! "There is nothing pleasanter to contemplate in Lawrence's character," is Mr. Layard's comment on these, "than the unostentatious sympathy shown by him for his dependants and persons in humble condition." Is there not? Then why publish his correspondence? However laudable a characteristic, especially in an age when "gentlemen were requested and servants ordered" to keep off the grass in a public garden, the bare mention of it would have amply sufficed.

With the letters addressed to Lawrence the case is much the same, and although the list of his correspondents includes the names of the Duke of Wellington, Canning, Joseph Farington, Wilkie, Etty, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss Farren, the aggregate of enjoyable reading in them is singularly small. Mrs. Kemble's letter from Scotland is an exception to the general dullness, in which she asks, "How do you like the lighting our Theatre with Gass?" (1817), and one of Miss Farren's is at least amusing:

Mr. Lawrence, you will think me the most troublesome of human beings, but indeed it is not my own fault; they tease me to death about this picture and insist upon my writing to you. One says it is so thin in the figure that you might blow it away, another that it looks broke off in the middle; in short, you must make it a little fatter, at all events diminish the *bend* you are so attached to, even if it makes the picture look ill; for the owner of it is quite distressed about it at present. I am shocked to tease you and daresay you wish me and the portrait in the fire—but as it was impossible to appease the cries of my friends I must beg you to excuse me.

Then there is Farington's letter advising Lawrence about

the proposals for the Irish Academy, which is of the utmost interest, and which certainly deserves to have been given in full. As it is, the casual inquirer must take Mr. Layard's word for it, so to speak, that there is nothing further of historical interest contained in it: nor is any indication vouchsafed in the preface as to who possesses this correspondence, or of any where it may be seen.

Of Lawrence's art it is not necessary to say more in this place than is occasioned by the embellishment of the book by nineteen specimens of it. With the exception of the frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. Villiers Layard, it is difficult to imagine how any of these, typical as they may be of Sir Thomas's best work, could ever have secured him a European reputation as a great portrait-painter. It may be that our present vision is distorted, and that future ages will find excellences in Lawrence that are wanting in the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Hoppner; but it is certain that there are few portraits or drawings of man, woman or child by Lawrence that are suitable (we will not say fit) to be hung side by side with the work of any of the more considerable painters of the British school. The contrast is too painful.

By no means the least interesting part of the book is Elizabeth Croft's "Recollections" of Lawrence, which occupy the last fifty pages. These constitute a very pleasant little memoir. It has not been published before, and would hardly be worth printing as a separate book, so that its inclusion in the present volume is a great benefit.

GOD AND MAN

Synthetica. Being Meditations Epistemological and Ontological. By S. S. LAURIE, LL.D. 2 vols. (Longmans, 21s. net.)

PHILOSOPHY, at least in relation to the ultimate problems, is strangely temperamental. As a man is, so he thinks. Dr. Laurie doubtless has something of this in his mind when, quoting a passage from Amiel in which the latter gives expression to a nebulous if picturesque pantheism, he disposes of it by characterising it as "the utterance of a religious mystic in whom personality was weak." Dr. Laurie had the advantage, in making this criticism, of knowing Amiel's life and character as Amiel himself has given them to us. We have not the same advantage in interpreting the metaphysic of Dr. Laurie: but, if it be allowable to work backwards from the metaphysic to the man, we can hardly be mistaken in seeing behind "Synthetica" a man in whom an insistent sense of personal aliveness and a deep-seated moral conviction are dominant characteristics. It is these that would seem to have given to Dr. Laurie's metaphysic its distinctive note.

Of the first volume, consisting of a critical examination of knowledge, we had something to say in our issue of September 8. To-day we are concerned only with the second volume, which applies the principles reached in the course of the earlier epistemological analysis to the solution of some of the ultimate questions concerning God and man. The volume is a lengthy one—it runs to some four hundred pages—and there is in it not a little repetition, due presumably to the fact that it embodies lectures delivered to an audience who had not the first volume before them.

God, to Dr. Laurie, is more than a mere centre of unity within which differences are reconciled. He is active, generating. He is a *Will*-dialectic, who "purposely determines" Himself. He is a deliberately creative, and, so far, self-conscious Spirit. If we may not say that He is a person (and, for all his robustness, Dr. Laurie seems to shrink from that) we must at least regard Him as Personality.

And one form of God's energy—the form within which our interest lies—is that of manifesting, indeed we may say *realising*, Himself in an Other—in man. "God needs man," Dr. Laurie is not afraid to say—in the sense that

God lives in and through the free activity of this Other whom He has projected from Himself. God is, on this view, evolving Himself; and to this process of evolution we, as free agents, are real contributors—"contending with chaos along with God." "Freedom," he writes, "of each and all is the method of God."

For this freedom and independent worth of the individual we have been, indeed, prepared by the first volume. Already there we were offered Negation as a metaphysical principle guaranteeing the reality and independence of the part as against the whole: and it seems to be on an appeal to this principle that Dr. Laurie largely rests his claim for the real independence of man as against God. He spells Negation with a capital N: and perhaps that is the least that he could do for it, having in view the work he puts upon it. But we may be pardoned for questioning whether the mere logical conception of negation (or Otherness) can actually carry all the weight of positive significance that Dr. Laurie would have it carry. Otherness, after all, except for one who starts (as Dr. Laurie does) possessed of a conviction of the independence of the individual soul as, in the fullest sense, an *originating* force, does not carry with it freedom. This step, from otherness to independence, is one to which more contributes than pure epistemology. This is a reflection which a perusal of Dr. Laurie's book suggests.

For him certainly negation has to be accepted as in some sense a positive force. "It is not simply a device whereby the rays that emanate from the Central Sun are differenced from one another: it *blocks the free course of those rays*." Such a principle is indeed one of which God must take account: a principle which, in Dr. Laurie's own words, "is not to be trifled with." Imperfection and evil derive from it: and they are real. God is limited by man's freedom; and the official recognition of that freedom in metaphysics is just negation. As Dr. Laurie frankly puts it, "The Negation in the individual (popularly called the Devil) has been too potent for man: and for God also, it would seem, on this plane of His Evolution of Himself."

Of course all the old difficulties meet us. Is God finite, it will be at once asked, if He be limited by the free individuality of man? Dr. Laurie is alive to this as a difficulty; and he seeks, apparently, to escape from it, as others have sought before him, by insisting that God is, negation notwithstanding, infinite, "because His limitations are within Himself." Well, it may be necessary to cling to both sides of the contradiction—to the real power of the individual to "defy" God on the one hand, and to the Infiniteness of God on the other; but in that case we must at least be prepared to admit that it is a contradiction. A "struggling" God—and that is what Dr. Laurie's God is—is a God, certainly, whose infinitude seems to be inadequately secured in the mere fact that His limitations are somehow within Himself. Is that indeed a genuinely thinkable conception—the conception, that is, of a limitation which is a *real limitation*, and yet entirely within, and from, oneself? "God," says Dr. Laurie, in one of his striking phrases, "is a Spirit, but a Spirit in difficulty." And the struggle and contradiction which are in God's life show themselves *within the individual*. No doubt from one point of view it is true to represent the struggle as between God and man: as one in which man defies, and in some sense defeats, his God. But from another point of view it may, with scarcely less of truth, be represented as a struggle within the individual man of two opposed forces—the Positive, in Dr. Laurie's language, and the negative. The idea or essence, in which the truth of the individual may be said to reside, is the Positive element: and that is God. And this Positive element is hampered and thwarted by the negative element. Nor is victory, it would seem, always with the idea.

"Were the affirmation [essence or idea] in each individual powerful enough to subdue the negation, the world would cease to be a system of individuals, and present

itself as the easy placid-flowing stream of a one Divine Life." And that, in Dr. Laurie's theory, the world certainly is not. God is no doubt always there, immanent as idea: but He does not force Himself on man. He is present, but not as interfering. It is part of the scheme of things, Dr. Laurie is fond of repeating, that God should be *taken* by man—appropriated, that is, by a free act of will.

And yet Dr. Laurie's heart seems to fail him at times before the notion of the Positive as finally incompetent before the negative. Otherwise he could hardly write "spite of the resistance of the negative to God as idea, it is overpowered by the affirmation, and transformed into an ordered, reasoned vehicle of the idea, in so far as this is compatible with negation and individua." For one has heard so much, both in this volume and in the other, of Negation and Imperfection and "Cosmic Sin" as realities, and of God and the system as only "on the way," that one is disconcerted at finding the power of the individual to defy God treated, as it here is, as barely more than an illusion. Nor is the situation materially bettered by the effort to preserve to the individual a certain region within which the negation may disport itself and play at independence, but to which definite limits are set. Dr. Laurie seems sometimes to imagine that he can by this simple device satisfy both claimants. "God," he writes, "is content to know (if we may so speak) that in the affirmation, essence, or idea, the nature and limits and possibilities of the individual are fixed. There is in each a 'thus far and no farther' in the fact of its distinctive idea." And elsewhere he says: "The important thing to emphasise here is that each individuum, while held bound to the throne of God by the immanent idea in it—the divine affirmation—is set free in so far as it is a concrete individuate to work its own brute will within the limits of its nature, whatever that may be." Under this conception, the *kind* of activity is fixed for each individual by his nature; and only the *particular activities* are "fluent and unstable." But does this satisfy any one who is genuinely concerned for the freedom of the individual? Does it not emasculate that very conception of Negation upon which Dr. Laurie's metaphysic seems so largely to depend?

It seems perhaps ungenerous to press too hardly on a metaphysic which is at grip with the ultimate problem of Freedom: for we all know that to be a problem to any solution of which we can more easily offer criticism than find a substitute. But ignoring difficulties helps no one: and we cannot ourselves feel that the tendency which shows itself now and again in Dr. Laurie's book to limit the power of individual resistance by the Idea or Positive Nature is really consistent with his earnest endeavour to preserve for man a freedom which shall be genuine.

There is one other aspect of God's relation to man which is characteristic of Dr. Laurie, and to which we wish to-day to draw attention. God, for him, is not revealed in intelligence merely, but at least as effectively in feeling and emotion. "It is the feeling of God not the recognition of the fact of God that is the sole foundation of the religious life." And again—"We 'know' God in His creative aspects alone; but we also, and chiefly, 'feel' Him as Infinite Being close to our inner selves." Or once more—"It is through *feeling* not intellect that we, mere units of Being finally commune with Universal Being, the Ultimate Reality."

We catch in this last passage a note of mysticism which is by no means uncharacteristic. Natural Realism has indeed points in common with mysticism. Dr. Laurie recognises this himself. For him, as for the mystic, the ground of the actual is Unconditioned Being. And this Being because, relatively to the determined with which we are in contact, unconditioned, and, relatively to the actual, mere possibility, is just for that reason "unknowable." One may be tempted to ask how, or in what sense, we are to conceive of the source of all things as Potentiality merely. The starting-point of every process

in which a potentiality passes into an actuality must after all, as Aristotle loved to insist, be itself an actuality: and in that sense the end must be in the beginning. Dr. Laurie is not, of course, blind to this. He tells us that "we may not say that that is Nothing which is Fons omnium, or that that is inert which is the Source of all activity." But though he reminds us of that, it is still on the ground of its character as a possible as opposed to an actual, an unconditioned as opposed to a conditioned, that he rests the essential unknowableness of Ultimate Being. And it is for that reason that the medium of communication with God as Absolute is, for Dr. Laurie, not thought, but feeling. In the beginning we feel Him Sub-rationally: in the end we feel Him Supra-rationally. Intelligence, and all the process of our reflective experience, do but fill the space which lies between these two forms of Feeling-communion. And for that reason the ideal for man is to reach the Intuition which "transcends Reason." It is true that Dr. Laurie struggles to preserve the essential character of man from annihilation. The ego does not, he tells us, lose *itself* in the mystic union with the Absolute. Moreover, intuition can reveal nothing to us which we do not carry with us into it. "It is only the apotheosis of *himself* in the Absolute that a man can attain to." Indeed, Dr. Laurie can even say that in Intuition Will and Personality are *intensified*. We are grateful to him for this, and we recognise his mysticism as, so far, sane, and even inspiring. But we are left to wonder why, if this is all as he tells us, it is necessary to oppose, so strongly as he sometimes does, feeling to reason; to treat the goal of intuition as *supra-rational*; and to refuse to the communion with the absolute the name of knowledge. We are with him in his recognition of Feeling and Emotion as vehicles of the Divine Life: but we question whether the effort to get "beyond reason" can ultimately be reconciled with an intensification of selfhood.

The volume closes with a meditation on the subject of personal immortality. That is not a subject which admits, in the ordinary sense, of demonstration: and it is no slight upon Dr. Laurie's treatment of it to say that most people will probably find it not so much "convincing" as interesting. We cannot close our article better than by quoting from this last discussion a characteristic remark. "The identity of the 'person' continues, sustained by the memory of all here that is worthy of a higher existence there—truth, love, and ideals."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Vita Nuova. Translated by THOMAS OKEY. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)

THE volume before us, containing the *Vita Nuova* and *Canzoniere*, or collected minor poems, completes the "Temple Classics" edition of the works of Dante. This, like the volumes of the *Divina Commedia*, is provided with the original Italian and the English translation on opposite pages. The text and rendering are the work of Mr. Thomas Okey, with the exception of the *Canzoni*, for which Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed is responsible. This translation is not put forward to compete with that of Rossetti as a work of art; it is a literal version, offered to those who, "possessing some acquaintance with Latin or one of the Romance languages, will desire to read the very words of the master in the original." The book will no doubt supply a genuinely felt want, for there are many such readers—people who learn their Italian at first by spelling out the text of Dante after they have learned to love him in translations. Mr. Okey's capability of rendering Dante's writing so as to make it verbally intelligible to this class of students was shown some time ago in his edition of the *Purgatorio* in this series, and it is again abundantly proven throughout the bulk of the present volume. But there are two things above all others which we have a

right to demand in a work of this nature—clarity and accuracy; and chiefly on these grounds we must quarrel with Mr. Okey on one or two points in his translation. On page 20, why should the expression "*donna di si gaia sembianza*" be rendered "mistress of so winsome a vesture"? There is no advantage gained by changing the metaphor, and it makes the translation of the passage less easy to follow. On page 24, the original "*ma tuttavia di queste parole . . . se alcune ne dicessi, dille per modo che per loro non si discernesse lo simulato amore che hai mostrato a questa*" is perfectly clear. But what sense, except a wrong sense, can be made out of the rendering: "but yet if thou tell any of these words . . . tell them in such wise that the simulated love be not discerned *by them*, which thou has shown to her." Instead of the words which we have printed in italics Rossetti has "thereby," which removes all ambiguity. On page 29, in the sentence "my beatitude lay in her salutation which many times exceeded and overflowed my capacity," "which" is made to refer to "salutation," instead of to "beatitude." On page 135 there is an unnecessary and confused use of archaic forms in the passage which runs: "and now it seemeth that ye would forget it because of this lady who gazes at you, and gazeth not save in so far . . ." etc. Is there any reason why the word "*ragionare*" (p. 137) should be translated by "pleading"? The rendering of "lor" by "him" (p. 63) is an obvious oversight. The expression "thou are" is perhaps due to the printer; and so, we will hope, is the annoying hybrid "*Incipit Vita Nuova*." Finally, it seems a great mistake that in a volume containing seventy-five poems there should be no index of first lines. We have pointed out all these blemishes—most of them unimportant—in no spirit of captiousness, but because the work is, as a whole, so well executed that it is a pity that its value should be lessened by such easily remediable defects.

Hills and the Sea. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC is not so much an original writer as an original man. As a painter of travel-pictures he has of course, many predecessors—for instance, Heine in the "*Reisebilder*," Sterne in the "*Sentimental Journey*," and Stevenson in several volumes. Vagabondage is the common tie between these writers, the one respect in which Mr. Belloc resembles his brethren of the road. But even Mr. Belloc, original though he is, cannot always rid himself of the memory of voices that are stilled. In "*The Griffin*," for example, he develops in eight pages the notion which Wordsworth expressed in four lines:

We will not see them, will not go
To-day nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

But in general Mr. Belloc is satisfied to be himself. He is the spoilt child of contemporary literature. He has the seriousness and the japes of one of Shakespeare's fools. He bangs his bladder in the face of our pet prejudices, and we are almost angry; but the next minute we forgive him. Of the essays in the volume before us we like best those in which politics are not obtruded. Of such there are many. We would give first place to "*The Wing of Dalua*," a Pyrenean incident, which tells how two travellers essayed to cross the mountains into Andorra, how a storm overtook them on the summit, how on the second day out, faint with cold and hunger, they believed themselves bewitched, and at last found themselves back in the valley from which they had started. The chill fear which steals over those who have lost their way among mountains is admirably suggested, and no less admirable is the description of the three successive *jasses*, or plateaux, which in the Pyrenees commonly form the steps between the plain and the summit. From this paper the reader will do well to pass to "*The Cerdagne*" and "*The Canigou*," which also are instinct with the magic of the Pyrenees. Mr. Belloc is equally at home upon the sea.

It is in tense narration, touched with fantasy, that his strength lies. When he deals with high matters of the soul and of destiny, as in "The Arena," "The Autumn and the Fall of Leaves," and "The Harbour in the North," he sets out as one with a great meaning to express, and in the end expresses hardly any meaning at all, falling, at such times, into pretentiousness and unreality.

The Gem-Cutter's Craft. By LEOPOLD CLAREMONT. (Bell, 15s. net.)

THE history of the gem from its rough state to its cut and polished final appearance is given with remarkable clearness in this work by a cutter of jewels, who writes in the first place for cutters. The opening sentence of the first chapter: "For the successful identification of precious stones nothing is of greater value than the experience which is only attainable by constantly handling large quantities of cut and rough gems," suggests at once that Mr. Claremont does not mean to engage the lay reader. But he develops his story of "cleavage," "striae," "diaphaneity," "lustre," and colour in so agreeable a manner that those entirely outside the influence of Hatton Garden will find his volume at once extremely interesting and informing. The jewels that the Queen of Zer wore many thousands of years B.C. are still with us, and from the earliest days of Egypt to the latest moment of time the vanities—or, perhaps, the aesthetic tastes—of man have constantly employed the miner and the lapidary. The main difference between the gem-cutter's craft in distant ages and in our own is that whereas in the earliest periods gems—rubies, sapphires, and the like—were carved into the form of a god or some fine representation of an animal, as in Egypt; or, later into the beautiful cameos of ancient Greece and Rome; now the cutting of gems is reduced to a science which gives the greatest amount of beauty that the stone itself can be made to show, but leaves the artist out. The vast amount of skill which, as Mr. Claremont demonstrates, must be used to make the best of a diamond is now almost always employed, but the glyptic artist appears as dead as Troy. The modern demand is for as much brightness, colour, and value, as the rough stone can be made to produce, and the craft of the gem-cutter enables him to do all this to a wonderful extent. Our hope is that with the increase of wealth and precious stones the old taste for a beautiful carving on a beautiful substance will return; in which case, we feel sure the many clever people who are now cutters would develop from craftsmen into artists, and the jewel again become beautiful instead of, as at present, a vain and garish display.

Untravelled England. By JOHN JAMES HISSEY. (Macmillan, 16s.)

MR. HISSEY is a traveller in his own country.

All I ask, the heaven above
And the read below me—

he sings with R.L.S.; but unlike him he sings from the deck of a motor-car. His book is refreshing—a book to keep by one and dip into at odd moments—and as accurate as it could be in the circumstances, though his motor-car travels a little too fast for us at times. As a means to an end it is well enough, but we prefer Borrow's mode of progression. Mr. Hissey's title is hardly accurate; very little of the country he passed through has not been well travelled—and described—before. Rushing through Buckinghamshire, he observes of Wendover that "it has not yet developed a red-brick and blue-slate ugliness"; and "till lately the nearest railway to the little town was three miles away; now, however, the railway has found Wendover, and as the country around is pleasant, the speculative builder with his modern villas may be trusted to put in an appearance." He may be interested to learn

that the first train ran through Wendover at least thirteen years ago, and that the speculative builder has already spoiled what was once one of the most beautiful valleys in England. Had our author forsaken his car occasionally he might have found, a little off the beaten track, many places more interesting than those he describes.

The Battle of Tsushima. By Captain VLADIMIR SEMENOFF. (Murray, 3s. 6d. net.)

WE welcome Captain A. B. Lindsay's excellent translation of Captain Semenoff's admirable account of the great battle fought in the Sea of Japan—a book already favourably known in this country in its native dress. Captain Semenoff occupied a very exceptional position on board the *Kniaz Suvaroff*, Admiral Rodjestvensky's flagship, for he had no other official duty than to make notes, to watch, and to record the phases of the battle. Such a narrative from the hand of a trained eye-witness is necessarily valuable, but in this case it is made more so by the fact that the author was also on board the *Cesarevitch* when Admiral Vetoft made his disastrous sally from Port Arthur on August 10, 1904. He is able, therefore, to contrast the tactics and other conditions in the two battles, and his impressions possess an importance which naval officers and those interested in warship design have fully recognised. To these specialist readers Sir George Clarke's introduction will particularly commend itself, although not all of them will agree with his conclusions.

Right through the action from 1.49 P.M. to 7.40 P.M., when he makes his last note, Captain Semenoff provides us with vivid pictures of the scenes on board the flagship as well as the various phases of the battle. At one moment he is on the fore-bridge noting the orders given by the Admiral, at the next, through his Zeiss glasses, he is watching the enemy's ships, where he could distinguish mantlets of hammocks on the bridges and groups of men, the ships in perfect order at close intervals, manœuvring as if at target practice. Then he is assisting to put a fire out, helping a wounded comrade, observing that the after-turret has been blown up, and a little later that the fore-most funnel had fallen, and every now and again making notes. About 3 P.M. Captain Semenoff received his second wound, and this took him to the lower deck. He did not stop to wait his turn under the surgeons, but proceeding on deck, learnt that the Admiral had been wounded, observed the movements of the enemy's fleet, noted the condition of the Russian ships, and realised the true significance of what had happened:

How pitiless is memory!—a scene never to be forgotten came before my eyes, clearly and distinctly—just such another scene—the same awful picture. After Prince Utomsky's signal on the 10th of August, our battleships had steamed N.W. in the same disorder and just as horridly.

Yet, pulling out his watch and note-book, he jots down: "3.25 P.M. A heavy list to port, and a bad fire in the upper battery." Captain Semenoff's graphic description continues up to the time when the Admiral, sorely wounded and unconscious, is taken off the doomed vessel in a torpedo-boat. Every word of this little volume is intensely interesting, and, moreover, it supplies the essential complement to the account which Polittovsky supplied of the voyage of the Russian fleet to the scene of action under the title, "From Lebau to Tsushima."

Olives: the Reminiscences of a President. By Sir WYKE BAYLISS. (Allen, 15s. net.)

THE unwary reader, pardonably ignorant as to the identity of the author of "Olives," might be led to expect from the sub-title that he was about to hear the amazing adventures of some South American dictator, and it seems necessary to state without delay that the presidency thus proudly insisted upon is merely that of the Royal Society of Artists, and that the only conflict in which the author ever engaged resulted in a barren victory over his great predecessor in that chair, Mr.

Whistler. A little while ago a persistent contributor to the correspondence columns of the daily Press inflicted on us a volume of the letters he had unnecessarily written, and the late Sir Wyke Bayliss appears, in a spirit of rivalry, to have determined to eclipse this literary feat by printing in a book all the after-dinner speeches and prize-giving addresses which he delivered throughout the course of a long but not very interesting career. Remarkable neither for their matter nor their manner, these speeches should never have been collected for other than family reading, and the continual reiteration not only of the same ideas, but of the same phrases and sentences, relentlessly exposes the poverty of the orator's intellectual resources. Of the many interesting personalities he had the good fortune to meet, Sir Wyke Bayliss appears to have remembered little save the opportunities they gave him of speechifying and writing doggerel, and though he is appreciative of the art of Turner, and David Cox, Watts, and other modern masters, his criticism is not so illuminating as to warrant rekindling. Of art in the abstract sensible remarks are from time to time uttered, but they have all been made before, and frequently better expressed. To an uncritical audience of men who have dined well these utterances may have seemed entertaining enough, but to reprint them after the occasion that prompted them is past, is like offering us at breakfast the champagne opened the night before. The illustrations, consisting of reproductions in colour and black and white of the author's paintings and drawings of cathedral interiors, have more claim to serious consideration than the text, but they do not incline us to assign to Sir Wyke Bayliss a lofty place among British artists.

Patrollers in Palestine. By the Rev. HASKETT SMITH. (Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.)

"PATROLLERS IN PALESTINE," though brightly written, is spoilt by the introduction of a good deal of humour which strikes us as often a little forced. It is a record, for the most part amusing enough, of the journeyings in Palestine of a party of tourists conducted by the late Mr. Haskett Smith, consisting of the "Sheikh," as their leader called himself, and his tribe, the Archbishop (who, needless to say, was not an archbishop), The Fossil, The Enthusiast, The Matter-of-Fact Man, The Pessimist, The Angel, The Malaprop, The General Nuisance, The Gusher, and Monte Carlo. A good deal of useful information is imparted, and the book makes pleasant reading.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XIV. NOËLS

THE *Nuga* for Christmas week—which is the last which *Spectator ab extra* will contribute for the present—naturally refers to the season, and to the verses (odes, songs, lyrics, hymns, and sonnets) relating to it, which the Anglo-Saxon race has produced during the last three hundred years. Their number is remarkable, and their variety great; but as yet we have no adequate Christmas Anthology, containing only the choicest literary products of the genius of England and America, in reference to that gracious time which Christendom commemorates with a homage that is ever old yet always new.

Unquestionably the finest Christmas poem which the world possesses is Milton's magnificent Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, written it is thought when he was a Cambridge undergraduate; but many of our earlier English noëls have the dew of the nation's youth upon them. There is no better method of arrangement than the chronological one, as it shows the growth of the national mind and heart on the subject: and it is more than interesting to trace its evolution from comparatively crude beginnings—in which the yule log and

wassail-bowl, with tumultuous dance and song, were prominent elements—to the richer and nobler products of succeeding years. Milton's Ode must however stand first, because it not only represents the highest watermark of English genius on the subject, but is perhaps the finest poem he ever wrote.

It may be worth considering what the editor of a Christmas Anthology should endeavour to realise. The year in which each poem was written, or first published, is not always known, but when it is discoverable it should be printed at the end of the stanzas; the years of the birth and death of the author following his name, and prefixed to the poem. The occasional omission of stanzas, which is sometimes necessary, should be indicated by triple stars inserted between the verses quoted; and when the original text is altered in any case the author's name should be italicised. The reason for the omission of stanzas is that they are sometimes trivial, occasionally tawdry, and frequently obtrude opinion where dogma should be concealed, or suggested rather than emphasised. In the preface to his admirable "Book of Praise," Sir Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) wrote "there is far more dross than gold in the works of all voluminous hymn-writers"; and it is notorious that some of our choicest ones have prosaic lines, uncouth words, or halting stanzas. Others have archaic phrases, which have long since fallen into desuetude, and of which there can be no literary resurrection. All these should be removed, if possible: or only retained where they bring out, by contrast, the loveliness of the lines which lie embedded in them, like golden ore in veins of quartz.

When the text of a poem is changed, however slightly, the fact should always be indicated by the author's name being printed in italics, and the name of the writer who changed it should be given. The reason for a change of text is the same as for the omission of a stanza. Very often a really noble poem is seriously marred by a single faulty line or an infelicitous word; and it should be remembered that the authors of some of our greatest poems have not infrequently altered their own text, in new editions of their works. In these cases it is neither the editor's duty to select the latest or the earliest text but to take what he considers the best version on the whole. He may err in judgment, but the decision rests with him, and with posterity, which will either approve his judgment or condemn it. Here again the words of Lord Selborne may be quoted. "The Wesleys altered the compositions of George Herbert, Sandys, Austin and Watts. Toplady, and others, altered some of Charles Wesley's. . . . Bishop Heber, scholar as he was, and editor of Jeremy Taylor's works, silently altered Taylor's *Advent Hymn* in his own hymn-book; and the hymns of Heber himself, and of Keble, etc., are met with every day in a variety of forms, which their authors would hardly recognise. . . . Some such variations of hymns are, however, sufficiently good to take rank as new compositions, better than those by which they were suggested."

As to the titles of the poems, when a writer has not given one, the first line of his composition—placed in full within inverted commas—should be invariably used as the title; so that everything printed (except the author's name, and the year of his birth and death) is his own writing. No literary practice is more reprehensible than for an editor to invent a title, and place it above a poem or a hymn, without informing his readers that he has done so; and letting it be known that the title he has given was not the work of the author. This occurs however in dozens of anthologies, and miscellaneous collections of English verse. It disfigures even the excellent "Golden Treasury" of the late Francis Turner Palgrave, and it absolutely vitiates numerous collections of verse, in which the title of nearly every poem ignores that which was given to it by its author, and is the unaccredited—often the inaccurate—manufacture of the editor.

In reference to punctuation, and capital letters—as

well as brackets and "dashes" in the text—many authors have been so capricious in their use of them that their practice cannot be followed wisely. A superabundance of capital letters always disfigures a page; and the random insertion of an apostrophe before the final letter of a word ending with "d"—to guide the reader in pronunciation—is useless, as well as gratuitous. In other words, the "ed" should always be printed in full, without the use of a comma in place of a vowel.

But leaving these minor points, how wide an area do our English noëls cover! From Dunbar, Giles Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, to Tennyson, Charles Kingsley, and Alfred Dommett; from Thomas Southwell and Fitzgerald, William Drummond, Robert Herrick, and George Herbert, to Dean Stanley, William Morris, and Christina Rossetti; from Jeremy Taylor, Richard Crashaw, and Henry Vaughan, to Dora Greenwell and Addington Symonds: with Charles Wesley, Coleridge, Lamb, Heber, Milman, Keble, and Bowring between, and many a less-known minstrel throughout all the years; and amongst Americans we have Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Philips Brooks, and a dozen more.

It may be suggested that a collection of the most notable passages of English prose referring to Christmas would be a useful supplement to gleanings from our best poets on the subject: and it is to be hoped that the year 1907 will not close without an adequate Christmas Anthology being within reach of every one.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE LOTUS EATERS

A CERTAIN noble sensuousness is the note of the poetry of our heroic age: a certain mournful wistfulness is the note of the poetry of our romantic period. Yet it is remarkable that this mournful wistfulness never deepens into the profound sadness that breathes from the works of our older writers. A man must first have been enraptured by the joy and the beauty of earthly existence to feel to the full the sublime vanity of it all.

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,—

is written in a frame of mind far different from that in which Shelley wrote:

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found . . .

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away a life of care.

The melancholy of Shakespeare resembles rather that of Alexander. It is the very ecstasy of the spirit of adventure. He has grasped the power and the glory of earth, and its finitude and transitoriness drive his imagination in upon itself and make him at last a visionary. Thereupon he gives over writing, and recovering, in the stillness of all ambition, the simplicity and blitheness of his youth, resettles quietly in the little country town in which he was born.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness;

said Wordsworth, who held to the old tradition; but most of his successors seem in their youth to have begun in despondency. Instead of opening their souls to the fair

impression of things, and exercising and delighting their senses with the glowing pageantry of life, they let their imagination feed upon the sweet and unwholesome fruits of melancholy. Sadness seemed to them to be a more poetic thing than joy. Perhaps it is, if it be true, vehement and deep: for it is in moments of tragic grief that the depths of our nature are revealed. The young poets of the new school, however, were only fantastically sad.

It was the pleasure of mild-minded melancholy that enticed them, and its introspective quality: the melancholy that divides a man from his kind and keeps him a prisoner in the hollow Lotus-land. As is seen in the verses of Mr. W. B. Yeats, the latest and most romantic of the writers of the romantic school, the more completely a poet surrenders himself to the luxury of sorrow, the less quick and passionate grows his sense of the majesty of human woe. Passively contemplative, he cares only for the loveliness of sorrowful things, their poignancy disconcerts him; so he weaves his reveries out of dead desires and dead regrets, fading memories and dim, legendary figures of spectral beauty, and frames therefrom an artificial paradise of dreams in which he moves, a shadow among shadows, solitary, disconsolate and ineffectual.

The deplorable result of the romantic movement in our poetical literature was to disconnect that literature, for the first time in our history, from the general life of the nation. Shakespeare and Milton wrote for the commonalty, and Wordsworth, who held in this also to old tradition, attempted, at least, to do so. They tried to kindle the imagination, enrich the mind and touch the heart of the common people. To this end they made legend, history, politics, religion and even philosophy the matter of poetry, and they kept that poetry simple, sensuous and passionate, so that it might come home to men's business and bosoms. Hence their work was distinguished by that profound application of ideas to life which compelled the admiration of the leader of the great French movement of enlightenment in the eighteenth century. And with all this it remained poetry of the supreme order. It was popular, and yet it was wanting neither in exquisiteness and beauty of execution, nor in largeness and sublimity of conception. It moved the peasant almost as powerfully as the sacred Book which he regarded as the very handiwork of God, and it filled with wonder and delight the amateur of the delicacies of fine literature.

The poetry of the romantic school, on the other hand, far from having any connection with the general life of the nation, was a kind of charm that deadened one's sense of that general life. The new writers were merchants of the incantations and faery visions that come between a man and the deeds of his hand and the hopes of his heart:

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing-bell,
And some a sigh,
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell . . .
What would you buy?

That was the burden of their songs. The sick, languid and discontented spirits of their age came to them and purchased dreams of demoniac power, dreams of earthly love and heavenly, dreams of beauty and sorrow, dreams of social reform, dreams of everything; and then passed out too from the storm and sunshine of actual existence into the hollow Lotus-land. Addressed to a little circle of over-cultivated and idle people who liked to refine upon their feelings, English poetry was perverted from a sweetening, ennobling and general influence in life, into an enervating, distracting and narrow influence in life. It became something that the people could not understand: something that was fashioned as a means of escape from the world which they loved, and which they laboured to make more pleasant,

and more beautiful for their children. The art of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Milton fell into common disrepute. The London 'prentices were no longer moved to rapture by ideas of chivalry and heroism, as were the lads who followed Ralph in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." They turned instead for recreation to the realism of the music-hall and regarded the romantic poets, not without some justification, as the proper objects of vulgar ridicule. In vain did some of the men of the later school of romanticism try to touch the popular mind by other means than poetry: by painting, by the revival of craftsmanship, by fiction and criticism. Having grown weary, as Tennyson and Matthew Arnold had done, of the loneliness and the eeriness of their artificial paradise, they did not, like Tennyson and Arnold, abandon it, and come down to the world and work there cheerfully and without anodynes. Art to them was still a refuge from the misery of human life, and they wanted to lead the English people into the place of shelter which they had found. The English people wisely declined to follow them, as, I think, the Irish people will decline to follow their disciples who are now working to the same end in Ireland.

The English romantic movement that Coleridge and Byron, Shelley and Keats began, and Rossetti and Burne-Jones, William Morris and Pater developed, was not only ineffectual, it was disastrous. It impaired the great traditions of English literature, and it impaired even the genius of the men who succeeded in freeing themselves from its conventions. None of them was equal to his task: the task of doing in the age of Victoria that which Shakespeare had accomplished in the age of Elizabeth, and Milton in the age of Cromwell. In my opinion, there is immeasurably more of the stuff and spirit of great poetry in the formless prose of Walt Whitman than in all the delicate verse of the writers of the romantic school. He, in a brave attempt to glorify with light and warmth and beauty the sombre and immense new world of modern thought,

Perished in the chariot of the sun:

they, in a vain endeavour to forget the existence of that world, became merely the idle singers of an empty day.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

FICTION

The Philosopher and the Foundling. By GEORG ENGEL. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THE soul of the German is in this beautiful story, his poetry, simplicity and profundity. It deals with the good and bad fortunes of fisher-folk living on the shores of the Baltic; and when you come to the last page you know what kind of folk they are, you can picture the sea and land to which they belong, and you have been fascinated by the humour and tender imagination that have told you their uneventful histories. The book will charm many readers as some of Andersen's stories charm: that about the Storks, for instance, or that about the Brave Tin Soldier. It is set in a northern landscape of marsh and sea and glittering snow; the men are of the north, dour, kindly, and reflective, and their laugh is of the north for it is near to tears. The brilliant figure of Lina, the Foundling, contrasts with her surroundings, as a humming-bird would contrast with a moor-hen, and the tragedy of her life is a tragedy of temperament. Fate placed her in an environment for which she was too fragile and unstable. All the characters are quaint and interesting; and the promise of sunshine after sorrow seems a suitable end to a story that looks kindly and truly at life. The translation is admirably done.

Love's Trilogy: Julie's Diary, Marie, God's Peace. From the Danish of PETER NANSEN. By JULIA LE GALLIENNE. (Heinemann, 6s.)

"WHY mustn't I do it? Is it wicked?" asked a little boy who had been reprov'd by his mother. "My dear," replied she, "it is worse than wicked: it is vulgar!" In this book of Peter Nansen's the reader is constantly being reminded that he is to be shocked. The "inquisitive moralist" appealed to is evidently the reader expected—probably desired—by the author, to whom the possibility of the book falling into the hands of artists of the type of the little boy's mother mentioned above has not occurred. The author has an unpleasant knack of vulgarising his characters, and a note of intense vulgarity runs through the first two stories, which are both concerned with the "generous" yielding of a young girl to her lover. We are told of Marie, the heroine of the second story, that "if Solomon the kingly poet" had known her, he would have written of her "like this." The extract which follows is too long to quote, but in no circumstances—not even under the influence of an amour with Marie—can we imagine the author of the *Canticles* adopting the style of Peter Nansen. In the third story the atmosphere changes for the better. The writer seems more at home in out-of-the-world towns, and with old women in institutions, than with "innocent" but amorous maidens. The first two stories have the appearance of being written in the hope of ensuring a large sale for the book, and they are unpleasant and dull. There is a note of sincerity about the third: the author is content to be himself.

A Minister of Fate. By CHARLES DAWSON. (Long, 6s.)

THE tale opens with the slaying of a bear in the Western Pyrenees and closes with two happy marriages in England. The twenty-two chapters leading up to this satisfactory culmination are anything but peaceful, and many and strange are the adventures which befall the unfortunate hero, Edward Ravenshaw. The true character of his guardian, Sir John Lepell, and his rascally son, Albert, is revealed to us in the beginning of the story, and it is without surprise that we learn on reading further that the man who did not scruple to push his enemy over a cliff has no hesitation in consigning him later to a French madhouse, where he endures tortures worthy of the invention of Charles Reade himself. He is eventually rescued by a heroic friend, Ferdinand Seymour, who, having borne him through the asylum window and down a rope ladder, returns to England in the nick of time to help Edward's sister, his *fiancé*, out of her window to happier and safer spheres:

An Irish Utopia. A Story of a Phase of the Land Problem. By JOHN H. EDGE. (Dublin: Hodges Figgis, 3s. 6d.)

MR. EDGE has written a novel with a purpose, but if the reader forget that the author has at heart "the Unity of Christendom," he will, by judicious skipping, find an entertaining story; or, if he ignore the story or regard it as a peg for Mr. Edge's opinions to hang on, he will become engrossed in the conclusions arrived at by a genuinely serious-minded man who, in his official capacity as a Land Commissioner, has been brought much into contact with his fellow countrymen. The story is a simple one and touches on an attempt made by the younger of twins to benefit by the supposed destruction of some documents which prove his brother's primogeniture. Of course the documents are found and all ends well, but the date of the incidents gives the author an opportunity—of which he makes the most—to paint Ireland as she was at a time when the Union had been effected but a few years. He draws entertaining sketches of parson and priest, lawyers and farmers, lords and ladies, but though "the humming bowl" is referred to occasionally the book in no wise resembles "Harry Lorrequer." It is as sober a production as its title suggests.

FINE ART

ROSSO

LESS than a year ago, at the second part of the International Society's exhibition at the New Gallery, something like a sensation was created by a number of sculptured heads, more impressionist in treatment than even the *Balzac* of Rodin. These were the work of the Italian sculptor, Signor Madardo Rosso, who, though he had at least twice before exhibited in this country, was far less known here than on the continent. But while the International Society was receiving congratulations on a new recruit of such undoubted genius, it was remarked that although nine works by Signor Rosso figured in the catalogue, only six were to be found in the New Gallery. The natural inference was that the sculptor was unable to send the full number promised, but against this there spread an astounding report that the works in question were not only sent but placed in position by the sculptor, and after his departure were mysteriously removed. This report, which was published in more than one newspaper, has never been contradicted or explained by the society, which thus appears to have been guilty of an affront to an artist who should have been *hors concours*.

To recall this unpleasant incident has been rendered necessary by the opening in Mr. Eugene Cremetti's new gallery (44 Dover Street) of a collection of sculpture by Signor Rosso. Among the collection are the works included in the International catalogue but missing from the exhibits, and among these controversial works is one that has been called his masterpiece, *Femme à la Violette*. Whether he approve or no of Signor Rosso's theories about sculpture, the fair-minded spectator must admit that this work is a *tour de force*, for by suggestive modelling the artist has conveyed an impression of a thing that has no real existence. Viewed from the proper distance a veil is distinctly seen falling from the hat over the beautiful drooping face, yet this veil, so wondrously perceptible, has no real existence, but is an artistic illusion created by the suggestive modelling of the face. If this were merely a clever trick to show how the cunning of the artist's hand can deceive the eye of the spectator, Signor Rosso's achievement would be less worthy of respect; but it may more properly be regarded as an earnest and triumphant demonstration of the sculptor's artistic creed, *Rien n'est matériel dans l'espace*, which may be interpreted as meaning that form seen through the medium of light, colour, atmosphere, and perspective cannot be faithfully rendered in sculpture by considering the material form alone. Signor Rosso has carried out in sculpture the belief which, consciously or unconsciously, has actuated all impressionists in art, namely, that by copying form as it automatically exists you cannot present form as it appears to the human eye. The first canon of impressionism is not merely that "things are seldom what they seem," but that "things always seem other than they actually are." If Signor Rosso had taken a cast of the face by which he was attracted on the boulevard, and then covered this cast with the finest possible screen of transparent marble, he could never have created so true an impression of what he had seen as he has by his own bolder and less imitative methods.

Students of modern sculpture are (or should be) aware that Rosso, born at Turin, came to Paris about twenty-five years ago with his impressionist theories of sculpture already formed and put into execution. There he made the acquaintance of M. Rodin, who was greatly interested in his theories, with which he must have been mainly in agreement. It is curious, however, that in none of the many books on the life and art of M. Rodin which have appeared, is Rosso even mentioned. If the sculptural work of Rodin during the eighties be studied, it will be recognised that his most impressionist effort was *La Défense* in 1880, a competitive sketch for a

"Monument to the Defenders of the Nation." Compare this or the *S. John the Baptist*, which was executed about the same date, with Signor Rosso's *Impression Omnibus*, or *Concierge*, both dating between 1883 and 1884, and it will be seen that Rosso owes nothing to Rodin, that during that decade he was ahead of his more celebrated rival in impressionist theory and practice. How much Rodin owes to Rosso future historians must decide, the aim of this article being not to depreciate the original genius of the great French sculptor, but to direct attention to his pioneer in impressionist sculptures—to a great genius insufficiently known and inadequately appreciated in England.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE DANCE OF MACABRE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the fifteenth century Lydgate translated from the French a work called *la danse Macabré*. On the title-page the poet tells us that in the dance of "Machabree" is vividly expressed and shown the state of man, and how he is called at uncertain times by death, and when he thinketh least thereon. According to M. Gaston Paris (*Romania* xxiv. 131) the old French word *Macabré* occurs first in Jean le Fèvre's *Respit de la Mort* which appeared in the year 1376, and in which the author claims to have written a work called *la danse Macabré*. What is the etymology of the word? M. Gaston Paris thinks *Macabré* may have been the name of the artist who painted the picture which suggested the first poem on the subject. The Oxford Dictionary says the etymology of the word is obscure, but draws attention to the fact that this name for the "Dance of Death" was popularly associated with the history of the Maccabees. In a Besançon document of 1453 quoted by Ducange the "Dance of Death" was called *Chorea Machabeorum*. It was called in Dutch *Makkabeusdans*. But this is doubtless mere popular etymology. I believe the correct etymology of *Macabré* is to be found in Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* (see English edition, note on p. 851). It is there suggested that the word is derived from the Arabic *maqābir* (graves, tombs), the plural of *maqbar* (tomb, cemetery), from the verb *qabar* to bury, inter, so that *la danse Macabré* would mean the dance connected with the tombs. From this Arabic *maqābir* are derived two words which may still be heard in the Iberian peninsula, namely the Portuguese *almocávar* (a cemetery), and Spanish *macabe* a name for cemeteries in Almeria. Dozy in his *Glossaire* tells us that in Tripoli the Arabs call the cemetery outside the town *maqābir*. It may be noted that the cognate of the Arabic word appears in the Hebrew Bible in the name of the station in the wilderness called *Kibroth-kattaavah*, explained in the margin as "the graves of lust."

A. L. MAYHEW.

Oxford.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems I have not made plain my objections to the common method of analysing such sentences as, "It is I who am in fault" (see Mason's "English Grammar," p. 170). My first objection is that *who* cannot agree with *it*; my second, that *it* can never be an antecedent; my third, that a similar difficulty occurs without any *it*; and my fourth, that it does not show the real sense of the sentence. Carson explains the Latin construction, *Sunt qui putent*, by saying that *putent* is the main predicate and *sunt* is part of the subject—which I think is a very sensible way, capable of being extended to many not quite similar expressions in English. Not only may the subject (or object) be put into a clause by itself and thus emphasised, but any extension of the predicate whether adverb, prepositional phrase, or even an adverbial or subordinate clause.

It was a Friar of Orders Gray
Walked forth to tell his beads.

There be some that trouble you.

'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

It was from Mons Gomericus
The first Montgomery came.

It was many and many a year ago
That a maiden lived—

It was not thus I greeted your brother.

Is it because his patience waits
Ye scorn his offered love?

Such clauses are joined by *that*, either relative or conjunction, expressed or understood, but there are hybernicisms in which this cannot be done, such as, *It is nicely she sang*, or *It is very angry he was*.

I see that Burns's use of the second person singular of the verb with *s* instead of *st* cannot always be defended as dialect idiom. But

instances of such usage can be found in other authors. The following is from De Rous's Psalms:

Lo, I do stretch my hands
To thee, my help alone;
For thou well understandest
All my complaint and moan.

Pope's "Universal Prayer" furnishes instances of the omission of the *st*. I have not seen any English grammar that notices that such forms as *Thou gavest, Thou sawest*, are not in accordance with Anglo-Saxon usage. In that language the termination *st* is not added to the past tense of strong verbs.

WM. BIRD.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I can quite understand why teachers of *phonetic* spelling should disagree with my argument, but fail to see where the satisfying results (desired by Mr. Drummond) would come in by their method. At present, at least, even if taught to read a *wee bit* by means of a phonetic system, the *standard* spelling remains, and the meaning of vocabularies can be made plain by any educated person, afterwards. Utterly revolutionise spelling, and I defy any one to prove that the language would not be crippled by the consequent loss in a proper comprehension of a great proportion of the words which help to make up the English language.

Who some of the *educationists* (? faddists) are to whom Mr. Drummond refers I really do not know. I expect, however, not all the doctors agree. Decidedly I am not myself a worshipper of any dry-as-dust specialists (what the Germans call "stubegelehrten"), some of whom, anyhow, have not a practical knowledge of the tongues they profess. At all events, in the days when I went to school, I learnt spelling easily enough with the aid of Butter's Etymological Spelling-Book, in which the meaning of words was made perfectly clear through placing the root of a word as a heading, and showing its derivatives underneath.

Instead of trying to twist the language out of all shape—in fact making a new language of it—for that is what *phonetic* spelling would practically amount to, phoneticians might do better by joining hands with the Esperantists. Mr. Drummond evidently does not, or will not, appreciate how much a language like English is dependent on its past, so for a really good ready-made, though mechanical, "make-shift," useful like phonetic spelling, I can strongly recommend to him *Esperanto*, though, some might consider a study of Latin, Greek, or French, or even English preferable as an intellectual training.

There is, however, no getting away from the fact that for any one desirous of a thorough understanding of our very composite language, a little knowledge of Latin, Greek, etc., roots is necessary, especially in these days of scientific literature. Although some ordinary illiterate labourer, villager, or an individual who does not read much, may be able to jog along with only two or three hundred vocabularies, a person who wishes to understand what he reads requires a knowledge of at least a few thousand, and without being under the necessity of having recourse to a dictionary for an explanation of their meaning. Phonetic spelling, I am afraid, would not help, but hinder in the understanding of the vocabularies, and I, for one, care more about the words themselves and their meaning, than for *phonology* or the mere science of spoken sounds!

F. W. T. LANGE.

December 8.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Save for his desperate assault upon Humor, J. B. Wallis is careful to omit reference to my refutation of his proposition that changes of spelling constitute a process analogous to growth. I acknowledge the compliment.

It has been often suggested that shorthand might serve instead of fonetic spelling. Those who are familiar with shorthand will, however, recognize that the many devices (circles, hooks, loops, contractions, gramalogs, and vocalized and unvocalized outlines—designed originally for a purpose other than fonetic representation: to facilitate speed in reporting, to wit) without considering the disadvantages from the compositors point of view, constitute a real objection to its use for general literary purposes, and as an instrument of elementary literary education in particular. The most valuable code for this purpose will be that which is simplest and most direct in its construction and application.

Spelling reformers are not unaware of the practical difficulties to be overcome in securing the adoption of fonetic spelling; nor of the fact that reformers are, inevitably in the first instance, in the minority, and usually unpopular until after they have been dead a few centuries, when it becomes desirable that others should reform their worshippers. (I have been well-nigh immortalized in Parody and can henceforth afford to complacently await the doom determined for pedants and reformers by generations of heredity) while ritters of real literary ability are content to countenance the forces of indifference and routine, and are manifestly unwilling to ascertain the merits or demerits of the proposed change, it will not be easy to overlook or underestimate the difficulty of the task of reform.

"Who is to give authoritative weight to these innovations?" The question is remarkable asked by one who—in another connection

page 451)—has described his position as an agnostic as that of an intellectual scout. This is not the place in which to undertake the demonstration that there is no necessary antagonism between "whim" and "science." It may be worth while to repeat the suggestion that in the direction of whimsical and competitive schemes of spelling lies the possibility of the eventual selection of a sum consistent scheme adapted to the general purposes of literature. That we are apt through the influence of custom to regard spelling as a combined public possession and taskmaster, it is strictly a marketable commodity, in every practical sense as much as are railways, ships, telephones, bicycles or any other means of facilitating the business of life. And to a recognition of this fact a sum publisher with means and enterprise will presently awake.

"Repetition" our old (ancienne) French teacher used to say "is the father and mother of memory." But if the claims of repetition be examined likely enough it may appear that repetition is but a sort of step-parent to memory, and altogether unworthy of our regard. To exercise the faculty of memory in the holiest and intelligent pursuit of recording and classifying comprehensible facts is to strengthen and develop that faculty; to submit it to the drudgery of retaining masses of uncoordinated items of knowledge—often incomprehensible and self-contradictory, is to weaken the faculty and, further, to lessen the ability to practically apply that which is thus retained. It is precisely at this point where the services of a fonetic code of spelling prove most useful. If the gain could be measured by the superiority of new forms for certain words only, it would not be of sufficient importance to justify the labor of change. But there is a difference between the processes of teaching to read by means of the ordinary and of fonetic modes of spelling which is so great in degree as to amount almost to an essential difference. Those who learn by means of the ordinary spelling are obliged, owing to its inconsistency, to commit to memory each word individually. On the other hand with a fonetic code of spelling it is necessary only to learn to analyze the elements of speech and to commit to memory the signs which represent them; the rest depending chiefly upon constructive ability. In the first case, not only are there scores of devices for representing similar or identical sounds, but there are countless exceptions all to be memorized separately, by repetition oft repeated. See-ay-tea cat, see-ay-tea cat. Who denies that it is injurious? Listen to the droning from the inside or outside of any public school from Monday morning till Friday afternoon. The perceptive and analytical faculties of the mind tortured or destroyed; self-confidence abated; initiative discouraged and penalized—words only. They are worth thinking over and remembering.

The fact that sum shorthand ritters experience difficulty in recollecting the current orthography is also in a large measure explainable by the circumstance that current spelling is got by rote; and that most learners of shorthand unconsciously acquire a knowledge of it in the same way; the memory in such cases being much in the condition of the proverbial lumber-room.

"Since when has *fonetics* become a science apart from language?" The question is timely. The answer is *fonetics* has been a distinct branch of the science of language since the invention of letters. It is that branch of linguistic science which provides for the representation of speech-sounds apart from the meaning of spoken language. That is, ostensibly at least, the office of letters; tho in the case of English spelling the fact is barely discernible—so nearly has it reverted, because of its inconsistency, to a state resembling ideography or hieroglyphics.

I have been in the habit of associating logic with common sense. But this seems to be another case in proof of the theory that the function of words is to obscure meaning—tho, of course, crowds do appear to dispense with that most uncommon possession, common sense, without suffering from the loss of it. "A person of average capacity" is an interesting expression. What does it mean? The ability to correctly use current English spelling depends largely upon visual memory. Thus many persons are uncertain how a word should be spelt until they have written it out and see what it looks like. Others who have not this analytical gift or power of the eye are doomed to remain bad spellers to the end of the chapter in spite of whatever may be their mental capacity otherwise.

The intrusion of the foreign element into our language accounts for much of the existing confusion. To deal with the question in an adequate manner would occupy more space than I should care to ask for just now. But I do not for a moment admit that it is past human skill to supply the remedy. There are French and German foneticians, and a consistent international fonetic alphabet is by no means an impossibility. It is an accomplished fact.

T. TALBOT LODGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In its circular No. 8 issued October 20, 1906, the New York Simplified Spelling Board declares that amongst those who object to its recommendations are some "who misunderstand the aims of the Board and who have been led to believe that it is urging a violent and radical scheme of 'Phonetic' spelling or some kind of 'new' spelling. But this is not at all the aim of the Board. Its . . . purpose is the slow and steady simplification of the existing spelling by the omission of useless letters, and by the removal of senseless exceptions to accepted rules and analogies. Probably the hostility of this first group will cease when its members learn that the Board is not in favour of any freakish orthography."

This disclaimer suggests several inquiries; amongst which the

more important probably are (1) Is this position useful; (2) Is it perfectly candid and sincere; and (3) Are there any good reasons for the misunderstanding?

The principal if not the sole valid reason for the desirability of the revival of real spelling is to be found in the interests of those who are as yet unlearned in and untainted with the present abominable and mongrel concoction which has to do duty for, and is falsely called, spelling. Those who have passed through the mill have had their spirits so broken that they now fondly hug their chains and glory in their shame, so that they weave a glowing web of unreal and absurd sentiment round the fetid corpse of a decayed ruin. No doubt ruins are often quite picturesque when they are horribly insanitary and inconvenient. So it is with conventional spelling. Those who have got used to working this mis-shapen lever would find a straightforward and true analysis of the sounds they use positively grotesque and even painful.

But with the unsophisticated veracious curiosity of the healthy child-like mind the very reverse is the case. The presentation of a true spelling is a joy and revelation which easily becomes as fascinating as a game, and which converts a dreary task into a delicious recreation.

What use in this connection is the magical list of three hundred words? The answer is infinitesimally little. It does no harm, but in itself it does so very little good that it seems hardly worth any effort without counting the magnitude of the effort which it has already cost and is likely to cost. Its utility arises mainly from its being an initiation and a revelation of further possibilities. Is it desirable that this possibility should be disavowed? Is there a greater gain derived from cajoling President Roosevelt into accepting these three hundred words than from continuing to work wholeheartedly and honestly for the object really desired? Can the adoption of a hesitating sham do as much good as a persistent demand for the truth; and nothing but the truth. Spelling is really a matter of conscience. It is nothing short of a downright falsehood to tell a child that in order to produce a sound beginning with *d* and rhyming with *no* and *so* it must not write *do* (which would rhyme with *too*, *loo*, *too*, *woo*), but must compile the unsightly *dough*, or in tonic solfa *doh*. The only way the teacher can save his face as a moral guide to the youngster is to say that the truth is that it is the fashion to misuse the alphabetic elements in this uncouth and barbarous fashion. It is mere fashion, mere custom, mere familiarity which gives a pseudo-justification to these parodies and libels upon the true art of spelling.

And yet it must be admitted that in one aspect the senseless fashion is invincible. It is utterly hopeless to expect that those who have struggled through the crushing and crippling torture chambers can walk erect. To them this would be a fresh and apparently useless torture. The only use for reformed spelling is to make the learning of reading and writing easier, and the only successful way to introduce it is in the teaching of the unlearned. Then the question is what use is the adoption of the three hundred words and what is the alternative? A moment's reflection must convince every thoughtful person that this paltry reform must be troublesome to the learned without doing the learners any appreciable advantage in purging the foul and fetid mass of mis-spelling which they have to face in the recognised orthography. The elaborate compilation of this list and its establishment by copious authorities is in itself a movement quite in the opposite direction from that of proving the baselessness of the belief of a second set of objectors who think that there is an inviolable standard of orthography. The sanctity of the old standard is not overthrown, it is merely transferred or enlarged. So that really the Board ought to do what it repudiates when alleged by the first group of objectors if it means to prove the point which it wishes to use as a reply to the second group, and while it protests that it won't support complete system of true (or phonetic) spelling it quotes as testimonials and justifications of its timorous venture the writing of those who advocate emancipation of the rising and all succeeding generations from the incubus of a so-called spelling which seldom spells truly and in multitudes of cases spells falsely, even according to its own criterion of accuracy, which is after all merely custom as discovered in history.

Piece-meal reform forced upon the learned and then passed on to the unlearned must involve the maximum of disturbances and of effort and yield the minimum of benefit to the race.

The only immediate concern of adults in the matter is the desirability of deciding whether or not they will demand the reform for the helpless juniors together with an implied necessary willingness to tolerate the mixture of styles of writing and printing when it is inevitably forced upon their notice by the practice of the better-taught generations filtering in amongst them and for one short human life elbowing them and hustling them sideways with their superior and new-fangled notions.

For these reasons a pioneer association like the Simplified Spelling Board should not take up the absurd, inconsistent and useless position of protesting that it will not advocate a wholesome thorough change but will continue tinkering at the old hulk of orthodoxy in spelling. The line of attack then must be complete liberty and toleration for the method of teaching.

It has been often demonstrated that a majority of children will reach the attainment of facility in ordinary spelling by the indirect road of practice in Phonetic reading and writing earlier and better equipped than they would have done by a direct attack upon its complexities.

Rules for altering existing spelling are no good to children. What they must first learn is to spell (with a close approximation) any word in the language from its actual sound as they themselves hear and speak it; and this ought to be done thoroughly by means of a

necessarily enlarged alphabet. It is really very easy for any average child to discover unaided the Phonetic elements of any word. In fact this exercise except for the very dull is a delightful pastime and certainly the dull ones find natural spelling much easier than memorising the inconsistent medley of our semi-Phonetic recognised orthography. A young child has been known to spell *hee*, *eh*, *eh* (cake), and *tee ee ysh* wish by its own inventive powers progressing from the slight start, of overhearing elder children repeating some of the less fantastic spellings of short words. No reasonable child would ever suspect or credit the horrible falsehood that *see oh double you* spells cow.

The fact that our spelling is not supported upon an unchangeable standard which the spelling board brings forward against the second group of objectors is only a sort of half truth which in some respects is worse than a downright lie. Though the standard can be shown to have an infinitesimal fringe of optional spellings yet in the main it is alas! only too rigid and too inflexible. It is very useful to show that this stiffness is not quite so firm and so constant as its upholders fancy, though this demonstration might simply lead to efforts to bring the few exceptions under the same unbending domain of authorised custom by means of Academies and what not.

What is required, however, is to persuade people that however impregnably our present spelling may have been hitherto established yet there are such advantages to be derived from a free and easy loyalty to truth at least and especially on the part of future generations that the passing generation must tolerate and even encourage if it cannot actually embrace and adopt the practice in its own writing. While it may be frankly admitted that it would be a matter of obstructive difficulty for those who have completed their acquisition of the current spelling to adopt an altered orthography in their writing; they might still be expected to yield to the claims of the future the smaller difficulty of acquiescing in the reading of manuscripts and letterpress in which Phonetic spellings were more or less frequent or fully prevalent. It is not such a task to read matter written to imitate a dialect or to construe a passage from a partly learned language as to compose and speak either. This task in the matter of true spelling ought to be demanded of the grown up world for a short space of time. It would be no hardship at the very first when wholly unfamiliar and would constantly grow easier.

Nothing is really gained by conscious or unconscious disingenuousness, but certainly a strong agitation wants to be kept up to constrain the world's managers to relax their unintentional tyranny and admit the fresh air of freedom and truth into this old hot-bed of oppression.

GREEVZ FYSSER.

Nov. 26.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reference to this subject there is perhaps no point of more importance than differentiation. There are many couples of words which are phonetically alike, but distinguished orthographically. If the spelling of these words is assimilated, there is a transference of the difficulty but not an extension of it. The difficulty of spelling is lessened but that is secured by an increased difficulty in the reading and comprehending the meaning of what is read. The advantage of this proceeding is by no means evident. Whether the word is *beech* or *beach*, *bark* or *barque*, *know* or *so*, *reach* or *retch*, *rood* or *rude*, *vain*, *vane*, or *vein*, etc., the reader may find it difficult to determine at a glance.

There are, however, two letters in our alphabet which might be dealt with without difficulty, and, I submit, with advantage. The letter *e* when final is an index letter indicating that the preceding vowel is long—can and cane, rag and rage, pin and pine, kit and kite, rob and robe, tub and tube. The duty of final *e* being thus established, as denoting a preceding long vowel, it is worthless and even misleading, and should therefore be removed in: *apposite*, *doctrine*, *engine*, *ermine*, *examine*, *famine*, *feminine*, *granite*, *hypocrite*, *masculine*, *opposite*, *perquisite*, *sanguine* and many others.

The second letter I wish to call attention to is *v*. Some centuries ago it was considered necessary to give *v* the support of an *e*. Nowadays this seems quite unnecessary, and I claim the right of *v* to stand unattended as a final consonant. Such words as *festive*, *motive*, *votive* being spelt without the long-vowel-indicator would be more phonetically represented, and the overworked *e* would be spared. As there are in our dictionaries between two and three hundred words ending in *-sive* and *-tive*, there would be a saving of nearly four hundred *e*'s, even if such pairs as *thief* and *thieve* were not included.

BENJAMIN DAWSON.

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid it is rather late in the day to return to this subject, but unfortunately I have been in a part of the world where the ACADEMY was only procurable by premeditated act, and so did not read Mr. Lodge's letter of December 1 until yesterday.

I am glad that he finds some "real interest and importance" in my objection to spelling reform, but regret that he endorses my plea with so many reservations. He, like others, places faith in "phonetic" spelling, but where I ask is phonetic spelling to be found? It seems to be unknown even of its disciples. Can it be arrived at without either revising the alphabet or adopting signs to indicate in

which of the many possible ways the letter is for the moment being used? Also must not the time-value for which I singly plead be lost utterly, or be left to depend on the haphazard survival of tradition? I would point out that music, in addition to notes (which may be compared to truly phonetic letters), avails itself of many signs; and my argument is that our alphabet cannot indicate English speech accurately, therefore, to suggest it, letters must occasionally be employed eccentrically. In music from the first note to the last every fraction of time can be accounted for with science, but the art of prose is not bounded by restrictions.

And who is to decide, first as to pronunciation, secondly as to the means of symbolising that pronunciation? Surely only those who have proved their fitness in practice. The conclusions of a jury of beautiful speakers and beautiful writers set down by a reporter of accurate technical knowledge and perfect ear might have weight, otherwise there must be much disagreement between those who are haunted by the *h* in *ghost*, and find restfulness and glamour in the *gh* of *light*, and the grave and reverend signors who stumble at the stumbling-stone that that same *gh* prepares for them in the infinite variety of *tough*, *lough*, *through*, etc.; philosophers who "would clip an angel's wings."

On this, unless I am moved to change my mind, I close my share of a protracted argument; for though I appreciate the value of the letter I do not cling to the valuable last word, and reiteration or expansion of what I have already said may be wearisome.

GLADYS JONES.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Stress Accent in Latin Poetry. By Elizabeth Hickman du Bois. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)—It is difficult to award adequate praise to Miss du Bois for the erudition, industry and research she has displayed in this little volume. The work consists of ninety-six pages only, but every paragraph is closely reasoned, and the writer supports her argument in each case with copious quotations. No summary is possible; but a brief statement of the theory may be attempted. It is that besides the accentuation caused by the quantity of a syllable, there is a Stress accent, which does not always coincide with the quantitative accent. It is easy enough to prove this from early Latin verse, which was scanned (if we can call it scansion) by stress and not by quantity. Miss du Bois has collected a large number of instances of this rude form of metre, which, as scholars are aware, survived down to the time and work of Plautus. There are passages in that author's comedies which are metrical if stress accent be accepted as turning a short syllable into a long one, and even a few which can only be scanned if the stress accent on a preceding syllable be accepted as shortening that which succeeds. Plautus, however, was the latest classical writer in whose metre the stress-accent survives, unless we attribute to stress the Virgilian and Horatian usage of occasionally lengthening a syllable naturally short, where the sense and the metre seem to require this treatment. We may fully accept all that Miss du Bois says about the early *Italic metre*, but we think she is carried away by her own theory when she says that the well-known verse

Dabunt malum Metelli Naevius poetae

"would almost seem to be the one thing which the Saturnians are not." If she is right, the whole tradition of Latin scholarship is wrong. We are inclined, indeed, to say that Miss du Bois attributes too much importance to accent as an element in language. There are languages of which it might almost be said that they have no accent. But it would require more space than we have at command, to deal adequately with this topic; and besides, there is a previous question. Is all this minute attention to accent, and even to quantity, worthy of the name of scholarship? We take it that Scholarship means intelligent appreciation of the historian's narrative, the philosopher's thought, the orator's eloquence, the poet's imagination and sentiment. Such appreciation includes pleasure derived from the music of the verse; and to that extent scholarship stands in need of the knowledge of verse structure. It is because of this that verse composition has value as a part of classical education; and all which is beyond this is Erudition, not Scholarship. We find it difficult to believe that any one will be nearer to Scholarship for studying Miss du Bois's book, though we do not deny that she may render service incidentally. Minute knowledge of quantity has ere now helped to restore a lost reading or to correct a false one. It may be that knowledge of accent shall render like service in the future, and if so Miss du Bois may be laying scholarship under an obligation.

The Young People. By one of the Old People. (Murray, 5s. net.)—Perhaps it is natural that the author of this rambling, charming book should wish to remain anonymous, for what he gives us is an intimate picture of family life. He pretends now and then that he stands outside the family himself, but he does not pretend well. The voice speaking is a man's voice, humorous, thoughtful, tender, and a little melancholy because he has not been able to give a beloved wife and children the kingdoms of the earth as well as the treasures of heaven. At least the strain of sadness running through his reflections suggests some sense of worldly failure, although the impression unconsciously and involuntarily left on the reader is that there never was a happier household and that he does what a man can to make it happy. "I

wish to goodness I made more money," he says when his wife comes back from a day in tubes and 'buses with a headache. But perhaps if he had been a successful money-grabber he would not have had time or fancy for those long delightful days with his children here and there in London. When they in their turn are old, they will remember those pilgrimages with greater pleasure than expensive toys and frocks.

Watteau. By Camille Mauclair. (Duckworth, 2s. net.)—In this brief but stimulating monograph on France's most representative painter, M. Mauclair sets out with a double aim; to show that Watteau by his discovery of the decomposition of tones was "the inventor of impressionism and the link that connects Ruysdael and Claude Lorrain with Turner, Monticelli and Claude Monet"; and "that in reality Watteau was no *petit-maitre*, no painter of gay and laughing scenes, but that underneath this decorative exterior lay a great soul that had . . . been stricken by what has been called the 'malady of the infinite.'" In proving his first case, the technical greatness of Watteau, M. Mauclair is completely successful, and if his arguments in the second carry less conviction, they are none the less interesting. M. Mauclair attempts to discover the man in his works and laying great stress on the painter's consumptive tendency, he finds in his pictures "an element that was altogether exceptional and unexpected, namely intellectual distinction, the representation of melancholy and love as they are conceived in the metaphysical poetry of our own time." Delightful though creative criticism be to read it is always open to the suspicion that the critic is putting more in than he is taking out of the picture. Leonardo, we imagine, would be more than a little surprised at Pater's interpretation of his Monna Lisa, and we doubt whether Watteau was conscious of the philosophy of life with which M. Mauclair has endowed him. That Watteau's works are far from being trivial as regards subject-matter, that Watteau expressed in them his views of life, his love of refinement, of quiet, of retreat from action—all this we can believe without going to the extreme of regarding all Watteau's figures as Tristans and Isolde asking each other "with weary grace and languid renunciation that terrible question of despairing love. . . . 'Tristan must we live?'" The illustrations to the volume are well chosen, but the printing leaves much to be desired, subtleties of modelling and daintiness of brushwork alike being lost in vague blurs.

A Century's Progress in Astronomy. By Hector Macpherson, jun. (Blackwood, 6s. net.)—This book claims to record in a small compass the marvellous progress made in astronomy during the past hundred years; and certainly this scheme has been followed out in a lucid and businesslike manner. William Herschel, the pioneer, forms a natural starting-point for the narrative, although indeed being born in 1738 and practically beginning his study of astronomy about 1772, he stretches back a little beyond the century's limit. Herschel was indeed a model astronomer, both in the assiduity with which he observed, the judgment with which he deduced, and the nice admixture of imagination and caution with which he theorised. After dealing with Herschel and his work at considerable, though not undue length, Mr. Macpherson narrates the development of knowledge respecting the sun, moon, planets, comets, stars, etc. during the century; and he very ably associates with each department of astronomy an account of the life and work of the men who specialised therein. Thus, the chapter on the Sun, for example, contains, the story of the various discoveries made, and a brief biography of each astronomer from Schwabe to Newcomb who has made any special contribution to our knowledge with regard to this important subject. Occasionally the references are tantalisingly brief; but after all the author cannot be blamed for adhering to the right proportions of his scheme, and further inquiry is duly stimulated. A work of this kind, owing to its very conciseness, brings out in a striking manner the variation of opinion which has taken place during the century with regard to different astronomical problems. For instance, at the end of the eighteenth century it was generally held that the Moon was a living world with volcanoes in active eruption, surrounded by an atmosphere, and inhabited. In 1837 Mädler declared the Moon to be destitute of life of any kind, while in 1866 Schmidt claimed to have proved the existence of changes upon its surface; and as recently as 1903 Pickering has concluded that volcanic activity upon the Moon has not yet ceased, and that there is a probability of the existence of organic life. Again, the Martian "canals" have had a somewhat chequered career, having been affirmed and denied more than once. However, it now appears that the camera has ranged itself upon their side, and they have finally emerged from the region of ridicule and doubt. Astronomy may be a hard mistress, but it certainly seems to inspire devotion in its followers; and we may learn from this book how most of the great discoveries of the century have been made, not by chance but by years of devoted toil. Thus Schwabe pointed his telescope at the Sun and observed the spots every clear day for forty-three years (this was not in England); and it was only after twenty-six years that he published his sun-spot cycle theory. Bessel spent upon study the hours he spared from sleep. W. F. Denning has devoted himself to the study of meteors for forty years. Neptune, while still unknown, was pursued by Hussey, Bessel and Adams, for eleven years before it was discovered in 1845. The book concludes with a chapter on celestial evolution in which the most modern theories are mentioned. It has a good index. For a later edition, two additions by way of appendices may perhaps be suggested, which would be well within the scope of the book—a bibliography and a biographical table.

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